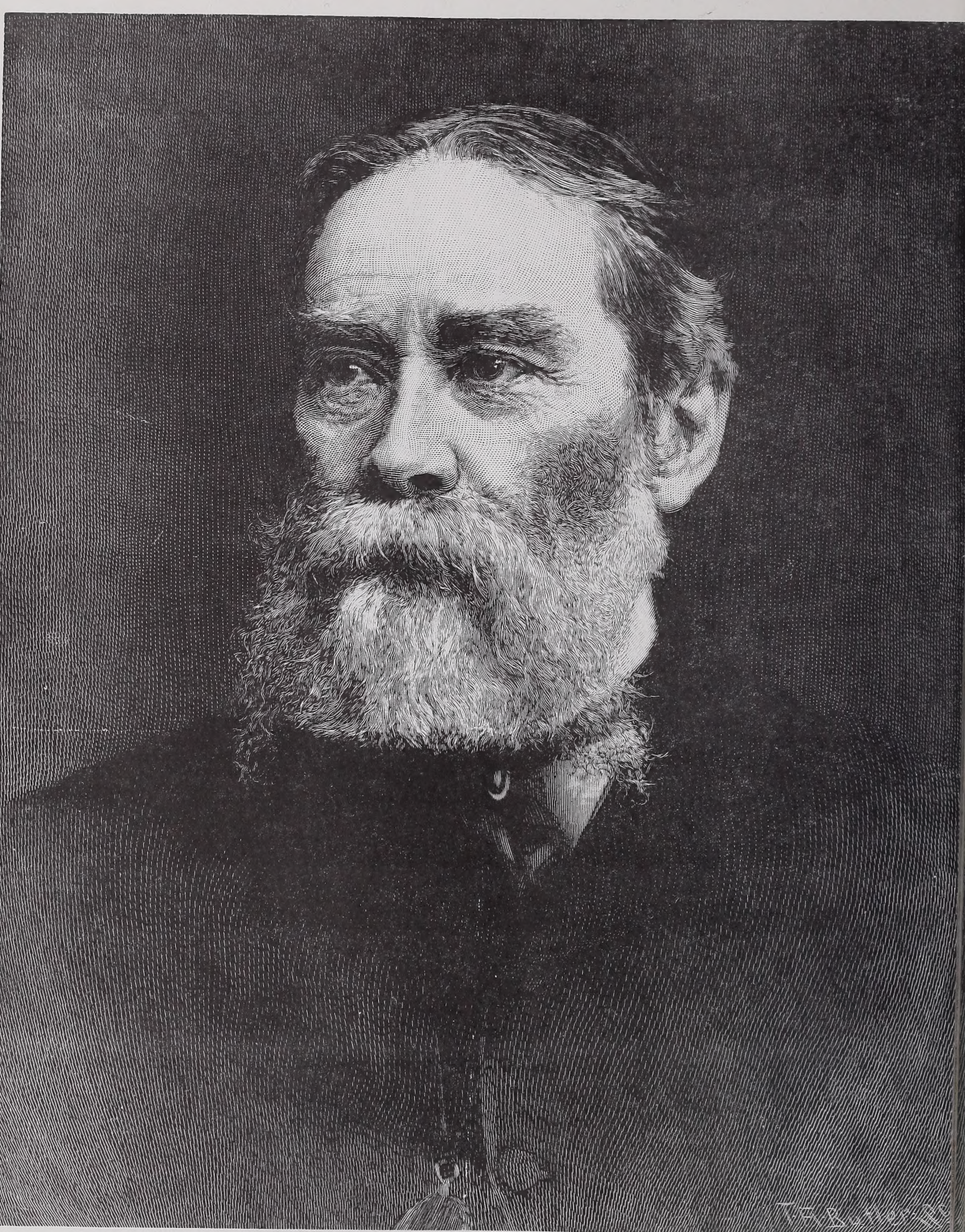


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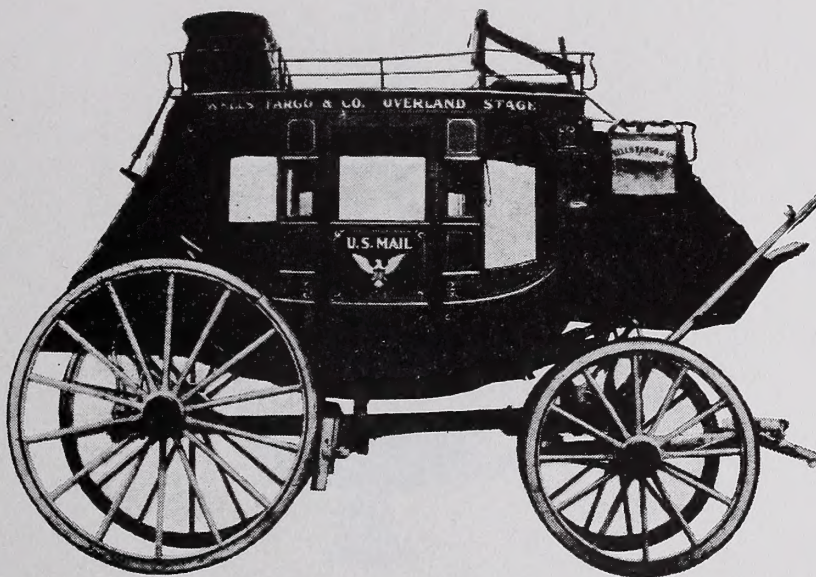


JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

CONTEMPORARY DIMENSION

AN AMERICAN RENAISSANCE LITERARY NOTEBOOK
OF NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS ON ALCOTT, EMERSON,
WHITMAN, THOREAU, HAWTHORNE, LONGFELLOW,
LOWELL, HOLMES, POE, BRYANT, IRVING, WHITTIER
AND OTHERS

Edited by
KENNETH WALTER CAMERON



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TO THE MEMORY OF

FRANCES LOUISA REBECCA (SHOCKLEY) BARKER

WITH LOVE AND GRATITUDE

"Fallax gratia et vana est pulchritudo;
mulier timens Dominum ipsa laudabitur."

Proverbs 31:30

"Spiritus haeres sit patriae quae tristitiam nescit." On the tomb of the wife of Charlemagne in Mayence.



PRINCIPAL MATTERS

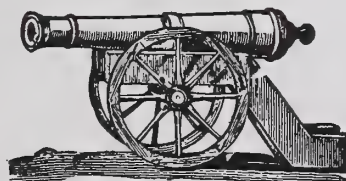
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PREFACE

The reception of Emerson, Thoreau and Concord in Early Newspapers (1958), now out of print, has encouraged me to issue another volume of nineteenth-century clippings with another useful index that can lead the modern researcher to forgotten historical facts and to the "contemporary dimension" so often overlooked in critical studies of the American Renaissance writers. The harvest of journalistic reports included herein owes much to a browned literary commonplace book (rearranged here and occupying most of Part One), which I happily acquired several months ago and which deserves a word of description. The unknown compiler, who read the principal Philadelphia, New York and Boston papers between 1875 and 1895, apparently inherited the scrapbook itself from earlier owners, one of whom, mentioned on the first page, was "General Josiah Harmar of the Colonial Army 1776." If, however, that distinguished soldier or other predecessors contributed to its contents, the evidence is now lacking.

I make no apology for leaving unidentified as to provenance or date many of the clippings reproduced herein. If, moreover, some of the facsimiles leave much to be desired, I here remind the user that I have had to deal with discolored and brittle originals which promised much less than photography has succeeded in capturing. Compared with the newsprint of the 1840's and 1850's (most of which possessed a rag content), that of the 1880's and 1890's was decidedly inferior and never intended for permanence. It disintegrates even when handled under the best library conditions. What I have salvaged, therefore, is likely to be more lasting than the originals. A part of this volume may eventually be unique.

In providing a careful index, I have kept in mind the needs of the researcher in the American Renaissance as well as students of historical journalism. How much of the past is still hidden in daily papers for which no indices have been made or, perhaps, can be made! Contemporary Dimension, like its precursor, aims at a new technique in historical publishing which will, I hope, be its own justification.

K. W. C.

Thanksgiving Day, 1969.

LOWELL THE PATRIOT.

To many of our readers the news of the death of James Russell Lowell will come like a physical blow. There was in his social speech and writing such an exuberance of personality, such a suggestion of treasures of wit and humor undrawn upon, as those who knew the man find it hard to connect with the thought of annihilation. But for the public his works remain. Had he lived, they might have been added to, but we are not deprived of them by his death. They have taken their place, perhaps among the classics of our race, certainly among the classics of our nation. They were among the first to answer the question, *Who reads an American book?* and their author's name will be among those repeated by posterity in answer to the question, *What has America given to the world?*

The present is not the time, nor is this the place, for a discriminating estimate of Mr. Lowell as a poet or as a man of letters. As we have said, his works in those directions will be as much the possession of future generations as of our own. But we cannot forbear dwelling upon an aspect of his character that was to a certain extent independent of his literary gifts, and which was, therefore, peculiarly impressive to the men of his own day. He was in the loftiest sense of the word a patriot. The expression "the Father of his Country" is perhaps commonly used without any very clear apprehension of its meaning, but it is evident that the emotions of a Washington in looking upon the future of the nation whose leader he has been, are not unlike those felt by a father in contemplating the future of his son. Mr. Lowell's patriotism was imbued with a similar feeling. He loved his country; he rejoiced in her strength, in her greatness, in her progress, and in her promise. But it was in her strength when rightly used, in her greatness and progress in spiritual as well as in material things, in her promise of noble and honorable attainment, that he rejoiced. The maxim, "My country, right or wrong," was not to him a patriotic maxim, but the appeal of the demagogue to that contemptible travesty of patriotism, the chauvinism of the mob.

Hence we find him at the time of the Mexican war—the time of that other maxim, "My country, however bounded"—putting forth all his wonderful powers in opposition to the policy of our Government. We were playing the part of a bully towards Mexico, and that, too, not for the aggrandizement of the nation, but for that of the slave power. That it was the duty of a patriot to support his country in such enterprises was not a part of Mr. Lowell's creed, and the "Biglow Papers," with their unrivalled wealth of sarcasm and common sense, of caustic contempt and playful humor, of appeals to reason and to conscience, were pro-

duced. It is a beautiful and honorable thing to die for one's country in a good cause; but it is not less noble to withstand her if the cause is bad. To do this is the part of the highest courage and of the purest patriotism.

The civil war showed that Mr. Lowell could guide and stimulate true patriotism with words as lofty and strong and wise as those with which he had repressed the false. Had the secession of the Southern States been peaceable, it might not have been easy to determine the duty of a patriot. But the wanton attack upon the flag of the Union left no room for doubt, and the righteousness of the cause stirred the profoundest depths of Mr. Lowell's heart and called forth the noblest efforts of his genius. There was no falseness or impurity in the notes of his song; it was always the spiritual, the ideal that he exalted in patriotism. He cried "with clenched hands and passionate pain," but it was Truth that he exalted, in strife and bloodshed and death, Truth that our brothers found,

Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her.
Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unrolled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.
Thus he taught

That death within the sulphurous hostile lines,
In the more wreck of nobly pitched designs,
Plucks heart's ease and not rue.

Thus he sang, in words addressed to a brother poet, of faith to things unseen,

Of freedom's birthright given to us in trust;
And words of doughty cheer he spoke between,
That made all earthly fortune seem as dust,
Matched with that duty, old as Time and now,
Of being brave and true.

And when it was all over, and the victory gloriously won, he voiced the mingled joy and sorrow of his countrymen, their chastened grief and grave exultation, in a triumphal hymn that was a very concentration of patriotism:

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
Thy God, in these distempred days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!
Bow down in prayer and praise!
No poorest in thy borders but may now
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow,
O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,

Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare.
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

It would be but a half recognition of Mr. Lowell's patriotism did we connect it only with our wars. There came a time when the leaders of the nation that had poured

forth its blood so generously for an idea fell to doubting if it would keep its promises to pay money, and when they were ready to drag the honor that had been so nobly exalted through the mire of repudiation. Then again Mr. Lowell's voice rang out in scornful rebuke of this ignoble weakness:

Poured our young martyrs their high-hearted blood
That we might trample to congenial mud
The soil with such a legacy sublimed?

And when his country once more turned from the path of dishonor, none of her children rejoiced more in her virtue. It was not from any love for controversy or capitious criticism that his heart was fed with wrath, and that he felt that he must twist his

little gift of words
Into a scourge of rough and knotted cords
Unmusical, that whistle as they swing
To leave on shameless backs their purple sting.

He loved the pleasures of retreat, to dream "in happy commune with the untainted brooks," or by the fire that "whispered its domestic joy," where, "walled with books," he heard not "the world's unmeaning noise." Nor must it be denied that he loved "to sit, well-dined," with those in other lands as well as this that were congenial. But the "Puritan drop" would not be quiet in his veins when his country was threatened with disgrace, and he turned from no duty towards her because it was distasteful to himself. He could not love his country did he not loathe her shame,

For never land long lease of empire won
Whose sons ate silent when base deeds were done.

Once more Mr. Lowell was called upon to give proof of his patriotism, when the corrupt leaders of a degenerate party made the insolent claim that those who had acted with them for noble ends must follow them in their dirty struggle for the gains of office. To break with associations that had a sacredness far above that of ordinary parties was a cruel requirement of duty; but the course of a patriot was clear and Mr. Lowell did not falter. And as he had honored his country at home, so he brought honor to her abroad, for he could go nowhere that men did not think better of a country that could produce such men. It seems now as if our loss were irreparable. As we listen to the tawdry rant of pensioners seeking mercenary, and as the shadow of financial dishonor once more darkens our future, a feeling of despair comes over us at the dearth of counsels that are at once good and strong, at the loss of that "wider and wiser humanity" that was so finely compounded with enthusiasm into patriotism. But such patriotism is not sterile, and he himself would have told us that in the time of our need the providence of God would raise us up leaders. In his own uplifting words,

Why make we moan
For loss that doth enrich us yet

With upward yearnings of regret?

Bleaker than unmosed stone
Our lives were but for this immortal gale
Of unstilled longing and inspiring pain!
As thrills of long-hushed tone
Live in the viol, so our souls grow fine
With keen vibrations from the touch divine
Of noble natures gone.

N.Y. Evening Post

Mr. Lowell's interest in public affairs was says George William Curtis in the current number of Harper's Weekly, that of a clear-sighted man who knew history and other nations, and had the strongest faith in a government based upon popular intelligence. The country never sent abroad in the person of its minister a better American. Spain and England saw in him not only a man who, by his literary genius, had conferred honor upon his country, but who showed that the finest quality of manhood, a wholesome, commonsense, thoroughly trained and amply equipped, was distinctively American. His patriotism was not the brag of conceit nor the blindness of ignorance, and the America of the hope and faith of its noblest children, was never depicted with more searching insight than in his plea for democracy spoken at a mechanics' institute while he was minister in England; nor were the manly independence and courtesy of the American character ever more finely illustrated than in his essay upon "a certain condescension for foreigners." It was a patriotism which did not admit that arrogance and conceit and blatant self-assertion are peculiarly American, nor insist that every true American was for that reason better than everything which was not American. It was never unmindful that the root of our political system and of our national character was not aboriginally American, nor did it deny to the traditions of an older civilization and to the life of older nations a charm distinctively their own. Our literature has no work more essentially American than the "Biglow Papers," not only in the dialect form, but in its dramatic portraiture of the popular conscience of New England, of Lincoln's "plain people" who have given the distinctive impulse to American civilization, and from whose virtues has largely sprung the American character. It is worth while to lay stress upon this quality of Mr. Lowell, because it is the one to which much of his peculiar influence is due, yet which is often overlooked or denied. That influence sprang from the humanity of his genius, his generous sympathy with noble aspiration and endeavor, his political independence and his steadfast fidelity to the high ideals of his youth.

TRIBUTES TO LOWELL.

WORDS OF AFFECTION FROM ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

A Message from Tennyson—London Press Opinions—Grief of Whittier and Holmes.

LONDON, August 13.—The death of Mr. Lowell is probably more keenly felt in England than in any other American, or, indeed, of any man. With his death there passes into history a really remarkable mind, whose reputation will grow with time. Corrupt politicians are hated him, and by all that is best in America and amid the highest admiration of England."

The Standard says: "America may claim the distinction of his birth, but his fame belongs to the wider republic speaking the English tongue."

The Daily News says: "Mr. Lowell will be lamented in England not less than in America. He was ever a fighter and always on the side of truth, honesty, justice, freedom, mercy, and peace."

All the other London morning newspapers contain similar comments and obituary notices.

Mr. Walter Besant, the well-known novelist and First Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Incorporated Society of Authors, has sent a telegram from Dartmouth, in which, referring to the death of Mr. Lowell, he says: "The English Authors' Society sends its deepest regrets and sympathy with Americans on the death of that great writer, its friend, James Russell Lowell."

Many telegrams from Englishmen prominent in literary, dramatic, and other walks of life are being received in this city expressing deep regret at the death of Mr. Lowell. Among the telegrams received this morning was one from Tennyson, who has recently returned to his residence at Aldworth, near Haslemere, from his summer home at Freshwater, Isle of Wight. The aged English poet was a close friend of Mr. Lowell, and the latter's death has affected him deeply. Lord Tennyson's message says:

"England and America will mourn Mr. Lowell's death. They loved him and he loved them. Pray express for myself and mine our sincerest sympathy with Mr. Lowell's family."

"TENNYSON."

Henry Irving, in a letter received to-day in this city, says, in reference to Mr. Lowell's death: "I, in common with all Englishmen, lament the loss of one we so loved and honored."

All the afternoon papers of this city and the papers published in the provinces have long contained expressions of admiration and regret on this side of the ocean bear eloquent testimony to the reality of the entente between the two great sections of the English-speaking race, which it was one of the objects of Mr. Lowell's life to promote. His place is with Carlyle and Ruskin. What these men have done in prose to kindle faith, stimulate conscience, and direct the energies of their time, Mr. Lowell has done in his prophetic verse."

Mr. Edmund William Gosse, who in 1834-'35 delivered the "Lowell Lectures" in several cities of the United States, has a long article in the *St. James's Gazette* in which he speaks lovingly of his dead friend. In concluding his article, he says: "It is too soon to attempt a final estimate of his place in history. We think to-day of his stainless record, his lofty intelligence, and his life-long devotion to letters. America mourns him as one of her foremost citizens. We, to whom America lent him for a time, may stand by her side and reverently partake of her sorrow."

POSTON, August 13.—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is much affected by the death of his life-long friend James Russell Lowell, although, as he says, he has known it was coming a long time. He declines, however, to talk on the subject for publication at this time.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., Aug. 13.—John

Greenleaf Whittier, who has been forced to return from the mountains by ill health, was much shocked to hear of Mr. Lowell's death. "Too bad, too bad," he said, "indeed a great loss to American literature."

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., August 13.—George W. Cable, the novelist, speaking of Mr. Lowell, said: "Mr. Lowell was one of those American writers who joins the strongest impulses of national citizenship with the world's citizenship, and the highest loyalty to the highest art. What he wrote he was—and much more. He stands this test of greatness, that there is no falling off when we turn to the man and his life from the author and his books."

NORTH CONWAY, N. H., August 13.—Wm. Dean Howells, when informed of Mr. Lowell's death, was deeply affected. He declined to voice his estimate of Mr. Lowell as a poet and a man. "He was too near and too dear to me," he said, "for me to say anything upon the subject at present. His death is a national calamity. Possibly I shall write an article upon him myself, and prefer that what I have to say should be given in my own words."

BAR HARBOR, Me., August 13.—Secretary Blaine, when informed of the death of James Russell Lowell, expressed his deepest sympathy at the sad news. When asked if he would not make some statement of Mr. Lowell's career as a diplomatist, he declined to do so.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Some Recollections of Him by George Ticknor Curtis.

The death of James Russell Lowell has awakened in me a long train of recollections. I knew him when he was a little boy. He was ten years old and I was sixteen when, in 1827-'28, we both attended as day pupils the boarding-school of Mr. William Wells in Cambridge, which was nearly opposite to the house of the Rev. Dr. Lowell, James's father. In that house James was born, and he had the good fortune to live in it all his life, except when he was abroad. His first wife, Maria White of Watertown, was my second cousin. She was a most intellectual person, of highly *spirituelle* nature, and her influence in developing in him a propensity to literary pursuits was very great. Her constitution was extremely delicate, and she died early, leaving a daughter, her only child, now Mrs. Burnett.

I remained at Mr. Wells's school only one year. In August, 1828, I entered Harvard College, leaving "Jimmy Lowell," as we called him, still at the school. Mr. Wells was an Englishman, married to a lady who was a member of the Best family in Boston, and they had three grown-up daughters and two younger sons. Mr. Wells was a fine, classical scholar, and a stern schoolmaster of the old-fashioned English type. I always heard a recitation with the book in his left hand and a rattan in his right, and I know the meaning of a word down came then rattan on his head. But this chastisement was never administered to me or to "Jimmy Lowell." Not to me because I was too old for it, and not to him because he was too young.

I graduated from Harvard in 1832, six years before Lowell. I did not know much about him until after he became engaged to my cousin, Miss White. It was a long engagement, for James had no very good prospect of being established in business as a

lawyer. Miss White's father and some of Lowell's own relatives regarded him as a young man who would not make his way in the world. They did not know his genius, but his Maria did know it and with the fidelity of a true woman she believed in his future. I used to hear a good deal about them in a circle of young people with whom I was intimate, but who were younger than myself. Lowell had a kinsman in Boston who might have promoted his prospects, but this cousin of his always shook his head when James's name was mentioned, and if anyone had predicted James's career in his presence, this cousin would have been utterly incredulous. But this gentleman died before the young poet had gained his reputation. I am not aware that anyone owed his success in any degree to Lowell but himself; still, I think he was not naturally an industrious man. He had, I fancy, a propensity to idleness, which he bravely overcame. Having witnessed the whole of his career, I think I can say that the motto of it given by Canon Farrar is perfectly just.

Undoubtedly the greatest public service that Mr. Lowell ever rendered consisted in what he did to promote and cement friendship between the Government and the people of Great Britain and the Government of the United States. We have had other ministers to England who have done a good deal of this useful and beneficent work. But Lowell was in England at a peculiar time, a time when it was necessary that the work should be undertaken, because the unpleasant feelings engendered by our Civil War were not entirely worn out. For this task Lowell was eminently fitted every way. His genial manners, his tact, his varied accomplishments enabled him to fill with great success a difficult post. [New York Sun.]

LOWELL THE PATRIOT

To many of our readers the news of the death of James Russell Lowell has come like a physical blow. There was in his social speech and writing such an exuberance of personality, such a suggestion of treasures of wit and humor undrawn upon, as those who knew the man find it hard to connect with the thought of annihilation. But for the public his works remain. Had he lived, they might have been added to, but we are not deprived of them by his death. They have taken their place, perhaps among the classics of our race, certainly among the classics of our nation. They were among the first to answer the question, Who reads an American book? and their author's name will be among those repeated by posterity in answer to the question, What has America given to the world?

The present is not the time, nor is this the place, for a discriminating estimate of Mr. Lowell as a poet or as a man of letters. As we have said, his works in those capacities will be as much the possession of future generations as of our own. But we cannot forbear dwelling upon an aspect of his character that was to a certain extent independent of his literary gifts, and which was, therefore, peculiarly impressive to the men of his own day. He was in the loftiest sense of the word a patriot. The expression "the Father of his Country" is perhaps commonly used without any very clear apprehension of its meaning, but it is evident that

the emotions of a Washington in looking upon the future of the nation whose leader he has been, are not unlike those felt by a father in contemplating the future of his son. Mr. Lowell's patriotism was imbued with a similar feeling. He loved his country; he rejoiced in her strength, in her greatness, in her progress, and in her promise. But it was in her strength when rightly used, in her greatness and progress in spiritual as well as in material things, in her promise of noble and honorable attainment, that he rejoiced. The maxim, "My country, right or wrong," was not to him a patriotic maxim, but the appeal of the dema-

LOWELL'S LETTERS.

Letters of James Russell Lowell. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers. 1893.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN, writing of the art of biography in the *New Review*, says that "letters, in the main, are the one essential to a thoroughly satisfactory life." Certainly they are a desideratum, yet the life of a man of action is rarely revealed much through his letters; and in the life of any very busy man his "epistolary correspondence," as our maiden aunts used to call it, represents only his odds and ends of time. Thoreau's remark about keeping a diary, that "we never can write in a diary what most interests us, because writing in the diary is not what interests us," is true of correspondence also. Then there is the drawback that the most vital and essential letters of a man's whole life—those representing the very crises of emotion or purpose—are often, for that very reason, unsuited to publication, and are rightly withheld. This very consideration, for instance, has deprived the volumes now before us of the most intimate and important letters which Lowell ever wrote—those to his first wife at the most formative and momentous period of his whole career. All these considerations show that a line is to be set to that value which Mr. Stephen attributes to private letters as an element of biography. Nevertheless, it may truly be said that, so far as Mr. Norton's volumes represent Mr. Lowell, they represent him most delightfully and yet most fairly, and that there has not, on the whole, been a collection of English letters of such rich and varied quality since those of John Keats.

It is safe to say, also, that few collections of letters have ever had discreeter editorial handling. Prof. Norton is a man of strong convictions, which he sometimes states with such vigor as to seem almost defiant; but he has before now proved himself to possess a wholesome reticence as to himself, with a judicial quality as commentator. His visible contribution, to these two large volumes covers but a few pages, but his careful touch is felt everywhere. In one or two cases he may have been unguarded as to letters referring to persons still living, but this is a thing very hard to avoid. His frank revelation of Lowell's earlier moods—here and there a tinge of morbidness, a shyness masking itself under self-assertion, a glimpse of over-consciousness—is simply ad-

mirable. Nothing is extenuated, nothing held up for censure. The marked transition, in Lowell, from an impetuous and aggressive youth to a benign and genial old age makes itself apparent without formal elucidation. It would have been very easy, for instance, to omit the fact that, in the storm-and-stress period of youth, Lowell once put a loaded pistol to his head but had not the courage to discharge it (ii., 375). Yet how important this fact in the biography of Lowell, nay, in the history of youth itself! Doubtless many a young man, just on the threshold of mature life, has toyed with just such a wayward impulse. The newspapers remind us from year to year that the temptation is not always resisted; and what a lesson is given in the fact that a career so brilliant and useful as Lowell's had been preceded by just such a morbid mood. With equal frankness is given the brief letter

(ii., 51), announcing the fact, to him more momentous than he dreamed, of his first interview with Maria White. Here we see the door by which he escaped from this perilous period of uncertainty, and, like the hero of 'Sartor Resartus,' "immediately began to become a man." His subsequent correspondence with this strong and most attractive woman would further amplify this revelation, if we could have it thrown open before us; and all must respect the unusual dignity and courage of their only daughter in withholding these letters from the insatiable curiosity of the public.

The frankness with which these letters are edited gives us interesting self-revelations by Lowell as to some of his personal criticisms and animosities. In some cases, as in his allusions to what he wrote about Percival, Thoreau, and Masson—all these papers having been a good deal censured at the time for undue vehemence and acrimony—his letters show him quite unconscious of any such intention. The simple fact is, that he grew up under the critical school of Poe, when men practised a good deal of slugging, and thought all fair in the game. His more celebrated criticism on Margaret Fuller, which was perhaps the severest of these instances, receives a good deal of light in successive letters. It was more censured by dispassionate critics than any other of these extreme statements, because it was a mainly personal sarcasm in apparent retaliation for a purely literary criticism. Margaret Fuller had made no personal allusion, but had simply expressed the opinion, in a somewhat offhand and decisive manner, "his verse sounds no depths." The opinion showed want of discernment, though it is to be remembered that Lowell himself finally omitted from his revised works a large part of the poems on which it was founded. It is interesting now to find that Lowell himself demurred at putting her into the pillory of "The Fable for Critics," on the precise ground urged afterwards by others, that it would pass for a bit of retaliation. He writes to his friend Briggs (March 26, 1848): "I think I shall say nothing about Margaret Fuller (though she offer so fair a target), because she has done me an ill-natured turn. I shall revenge myself amply upon her by writing better" (i., 128). Nothing could have been manlier than this last sentence—but, unluckily, he says just after: "However, the temptation

may be too strong for me." He yielded to it, but still convinces himself (I. 131), "with her I have been perfectly good-humored"; though he was unfortunately too hard a hitter for any one else to share this opinion. Even for himself, this bit of pleasing self-delusion did not last long, for he writes to Briggs once more (October 4), "If it be not too late, strike out these four verses in 'Miranda':

There is one thing she owns in her own private right,
It is native and genuine—namely, her spite;
When she acts as a censor, she privately blows
A censor of vanity 'neath her own nose."

Unfortunately, it was too late; the verses remained in the volume; nor were they struck out in the later editions, although Lowell afterwards erased most of those relating to Francis Bowen, whose fellow-professor he had meanwhile become. The fact that, after her heroic life and death, he still retained what he wrote about her, revived the discussion which was then dying out; and it is now very interesting to see, by his successive letters, upon how narrow a chance the whole origin of the feud depended.

All the drawbacks to Mr. Lowell's prose style, so laboriously dwelt upon by such critics as Wilkinson and Kirk, may be found in these

letters; the long sentences, the mixed metaphors, the occasional bad taste, the sparkle of trivial puns, are here also. He who could write of Milton, in a printed essay, "A true Attic bee, he made boot on every lip," and who would assert that no poet ever got much poetry out of a cataract except Milton, "and that was a cataract in his eye," would not be more guarded in his offhand letters; and what most proves him unconscious of these qualities is that he is sometimes most rollicking and nonsensical to some of the most dignified of his feminine correspondents. Indeed, that side of Lowell's nature, the pure bubble and ecstasy, the champagne quality, has never been so thoroughly exhibited as here; and the saying attributed to one of his Cambridge intimates, that "Lowell was always one bottle of champagne ahead of us all," is abundantly exemplified in the figurative sense in which it was intended. His animal spirits were always too exuberant to make much demand upon any artificial exhilaration, although the temporary impulse under which he followed his wife into the total-abstinence movement (ii., 67) appears soon to have passed away. But it is a curious fact that, with all this insuperable vivacity, there was for many years a certain cumbrousness in his written sentences, traceable, perhaps, to the old English writers whom he loved. This he himself recognizes when he says, "My very style belongs to the last century, and drops too readily into the sententious and elaborately historical manner" (i., 369). He adds: "Believe me, I was lively once and may recover it; but I fear me much I have suffered a professor change that has gone too deep for healing." Here he deceives himself. This was written in 1866; but his style was then far less sententious and elaborate than when he wrote for the *Anti-Slavery Standard* nearly twenty years before; and this quality had been actually a ground of complaint among the readers of that paper. When Dickens established the *Daily News* in 1845 and got Lowell to write for it, there was gene-

ral disappointment in the long-windedness of his communications. The truth is that he shortened his sword, instead of lengthening it, as time went on; and the probability is that "the professor change" was on the whole a help to him as to the habit of expression. There was certainly a period when his own style tended towards that quality which he calls, in the case of George P. Marsh, "congregational." The crisp and piquant quality was never far distant, but there were long paragraphs throughout which it was kept in abeyance. This was sufficiently visible in his 'Conversations on Some Old Poets' (1845), where there was occasionally a sentence half a page long.

It is a curious fact that a constitutionally shy and modest man often gets the credit of undue self-assertion from the very effort he makes to overcome his natural reluctance. This was signally the case with Lowell; he never likes his own books, constantly belittles his own poems, constantly laments, in later life, his own shortcomings. Yet he was always a great talker, always given to monologue; wherever he sat, there was the head of the table; it was even said of him in youth, among his most intimate circle of friends, that he never was quite easy unless he led the conversation. It is recorded that at the old *Atlantic* dinners which preceded the "Literary Club" in Boston, he and Dr. Holmes sat at the two ends of the table, and did nearly all the talking. Amid all his social popularity in England, there occurred at times this same imputation of excess. In the amusing papers attributed to Mr. George Russell on "Talk and Talkers of To-day" in the first numbers of the *New Review*, Lowell is highly praised for genuine wit and vast knowledge, but charged with "airy omniscience" and a "minute and circumstantial way of laying down the law." There is added a lively account, which has an irresistible verisimilitude for all who knew Lowell, about his gently taking her task out of the hands of the dignified custodian of an English castle, and telling her and the guests more about its history and traditions than she or anybody else knew before. Lowell himself says in one place: "I suppose it was the extreme solitude in which I grew up, and my consequent unconsciousness of any public, that made me so frankly communicative" (ii., 142). It should be remembered that even the love-poems of his youth were censured as unduly open to the public, and that the very letters which his daughter has now destroyed as too confidential were lent freely about, in their day, among a large circle of friends. The key to all this is to be found, no doubt, in the sentence just cited.

No book of our time is so crowded with "fine things said unintentionally," as was said of Shakspeare's sonnets by Lowell's favorite, Keats. Such are his casual sketches of persons—Andrew Johnson, "whose worst was that he meant well" (ii., 7); Secretary Chase, "a weak man with an imposing presence, a most unhappy combination" (ii., 7); the poet Gray, who holds his own with "little fuel, but real fire" (ii., 86); Rousseau, "a monstrous liar, but always the first dupe of his own lie" (ii., 424); the "Adams flavor, as unmistakable as that of the Catawba grape" (ii., 431); Dana,

who "convinced without persuading" (ii., 432); his cook Mary, who was a cook "merely by a brevet conferred by herself" (ii., 79); the comparison of Wordsworth's poetry to the old baronial housekeeping—"what splendor and what sordidness in one" (ii., 367); the contrast between Parnell and his successor—"McCarthy occupies his throne as the two Kings of Brentford might. The Irish half of him will be always consulting the English half, and there will be no single sharp-edged will as before" (ii., 430). Then there is the delicious characterization of Sibley's 'Lives of Harvard Graduates,' of which he says: "It is the prettiest rescue of prey from oblivion I ever saw. . . . It is the very balm of authorship. No matter how far you may be gone under, if you are a graduate of Harvard College, you are sure of being dredged up again and handsomely buried, with a catalogue of your works to keep you down" (ii., 130).

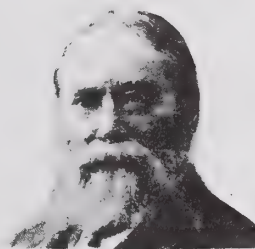
The closing letters are more pathetic, as becomes a somewhat languid old age, yet the champagne sparkles to the last. The whole book leaves a wholesome and even delightful picture of Lowell at Elmwood, surrounded in his arm-chair by vast piles of books, reading twelve hours a day, in vacation (ii., 64), "one of the last of the great readers" (ii., 154), enjoying the blossoming of his elms, loving every living thing about him, even to the centipedes, for which his gout gave him a peculiar pity (ii., 436), and effervescing all the time with strokes of wit like these. While people assumed that his heart was in England, he was homesick when abroad and happiest at home, with an Americanism so pronounced that it perhaps explains the else insoluble problem why Longfellow should have been translated into all European languages and Lowell into none. It is pleasant that he should give us, from time to time, a glimpse of the deeper phi-

losophy which made him so full of sunshine:

"The more I learn, . . . the more my confidence in the general good sense and honest intentions of mankind increases. . . . The signs of the times cease to alarm me, and seem as natural as to a mother the teething of her seventh baby. I take great comfort in God. I think that he is considerably amused with us sometimes, but that he likes us, on the whole, and would not let us get at the match-box so carelessly as he does unless he knew that the frame of his Universe was fireproof" (ii., 51).

How many accumulated Bodies of Divinity and Collections of Posthumous Sermons would it take to make up as solid a platform of religious consolation as is condensed into this seeming irreverence?

The Nation, vol. 57, no. 1487,
Dec 28, 1893



THE death of Mr. Lowell is a grievous loss alike to his country and his friends. Poet, scholar, critic, and statesman, he leaves behind him no more admirable master in each department nor any more truly representative American citizen. His career was one of constant and well-balanced progress, and his influence upon the literary taste and moral earnestness of the younger men of his time was most stimulating and beneficent. With Holmes and Whittier, he was the only survivor of the great morning of our literature. Irving was thirty-six years his senior; Bryant, twenty-five; Emerson, sixteen; Hawthorne, fifteen; and his friend and neighbor, Longfellow, twelve. Upon reaching his seventieth birthday, two years ago, Lowell was singularly vigorous, with the elasticity and spirit of fifty unabused years. But

from the illness of a year later he never recovered. After a long absence in Europe as Minister in Spain and England, and a subsequent residence in this country with his only child, a married daughter, he returned to his own house in Cambridge, only to die; and with him go a charming genius, a noble character, extraordinary literary acquirements, and a picturesque, brilliant, and delightful personality.

Intellectually, Lowell was very remarkable. The quickness, grasp, and originality of his mind, his keen wit, his exquisite humor, the fertility of his resource, and the opulence and readiness of his memory were always surprising. Of Puritan descent, he was as characteristic a New-Englander as Emerson, and his moral nature was as positive as his mental quality. In his youth his verse inspired by antislavery agitation was so Tyrranean that to the end of the orator's life it tipped, as with white flame, the fiery darts of Wendell

Phillips's eloquence. But the poetic imagination chastened Lowell's ardor, and mellowed the radical into the wise interpreter of the national conscience. Of the crucial American controversy of the century, Lowell's *Biglow Papers* and Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are the enduring literary monuments, and American patriotism has no nobler expression and English poetry no loftier strain than the "Commemoration Ode."

Lowell's temperament was that of the poet, and his life that of the scholar. He was class poet at Harvard when he was nineteen; he published his first volume of poems when he was twenty-two. At twenty-four he was editor, with Robert Carter, of a literary magazine. At twenty-five he published another volume of poems; and at twenty-six a volume of criticism upon some of the old poets. Before he was thirty he had published "The Vision of St. Launfal, A

Fable for Critics," and the first series of the *Biglow Papers*. At thirty-six he succeeded Longfellow at Harvard as Professor of Modern Languages and Literature. He was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* for five years and of the *North American Review* for nine years. He published, between 1864 and 1870, a series of new *Biglow Papers*, two volumes of poems, the *Fireside Travels*, and two volumes of critical essays, *Among my Books* and *My Study Windows*. His last work was *Heartsease and Irie*, a volume of poems issued in 1888. In England, before he was Minister, he received in person the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford, and from Cambridge that of LL.D., and, while still Minister in England, he was elected Lord Rector of St. Andrews University, but resigned the office as incompatible with his diplomatic position.

During all this time of literary activity and production his studies in literature were constant and immense. Besides the Greek and Latin authors, he was deeply versed in the old French *fabliaux* and in the Spanish drama, and he was one of the most profound of Dantean scholars. This wide mastery of literature gave his own works extraordinary and captivating richness of illustration; for he carried his learning lightly, and with the grace of a prince wearing an embroidered mantle. He was the master, not the victim, of what he knew. His acquirements were never chains of pedantry; they were the golden

armor of a vigorous manhood and of a patriotic citizenship.

Mr. Lowell's interest in public affairs was that of a clear-sighted man who knew history and other nations, and had the strongest faith in a government based upon popular intelligence. The country never sent abroad in the person of its Minister a better American. Spain and England saw in him not only a man who by his literary genius had conferred honor upon his country, but who showed that the finest quality of manhood, a wholesome common-sense thoroughly trained and amply equipped, was distinctively American. His patriotism was not the brag of conceit nor the blindness of ignorance, and the America of the hope and faith of its noblest children was never depicted with more searching insight than in his plea for democracy spoken at a mechanics' institute while he was Minister in England; nor were the manly independence and courtesy of the American character ever more finely illustrated than in his essay upon "a certain condescension in foreigners." It was a patriotism which did not admit that arrogance and conceit and blatant self-assertion are peculiarly American, nor insist that everything American was for that reason better than everything which was not American. It was never unmindful that the root of our political system and of our national character was not aboriginally American, nor did it deny to the traditions of an older civiliza-

(For the Transcript.)

The King, the last of his line,
Waits in his home today,
Unheeding the rare sunshine,
Or the breezes gentle play.
He waits till the prayer is said
Over his regal head,
Waits for the world's love-sign
Written in flowers divine,—
The King is dead!

Who shall reckon in words
The worth of the king's grand reign?
Number the hearts his chords
Have strengthened in life's sharp pain?
His kingdom wide as the world,
And loyal in Love's full sum,
Stands with its ensign furled
Its pale lips sorrow-dumb—
The King is dead!

No one can wear his crown
Or climb to his empty throne;
In honor, and wide renown,
His name stands high and alone.
Mourn for the last of his line,
O kingdom of thought, his realm!
Silence, the mystic sign
Of a loss that doth overwhelm,—
The King is dead!

Junes that are yet to be,
Swallows of Elmwood caves,
River that flows to the sea,
Trees with your singing leaves,—
Lover and friend has passed
Out from your glory and grace;
Summer in shadow is cast,
Missing the shine of his face,—
The King is dead!

Oh lips that are dumb with pain!
Oh heart weighed low with loss!
What means this sad refrain,
Like a wail from the lifted cross?

Songs are a-wing on the air!
Willows a-quiver with life!
Color and bloom everywhere!
Thought, with his word is rife
Is the King dead?

Boston Evening Transcript

When earthly junes are no more,
And the stars of heaven are old,
Love, that has read time's score
By the light his words unfold,
In the spaces large shall cry,
Soul answering to soul,
"Immortal!" now and for aye!
"Immortal!" the kingdom whole!
Live crown: the King!

J. L. P.

Forbury, Aug. 19



tion and to the life of older nations a charm distinctively their own. Our literature has no work more essentially American than the *Biglow Papers*, not only in the dialect form, but in its dramatic portraiture of the popular conscience of New England, of Lincoln's "plain people" who have given the distinctive impulse to American civilization, and from whose virtues has largely sprung the American character.

It is worth while to lay stress upon this quality of Mr. Lowell, because it is the one to which much of his peculiar influence is due, yet which is often overlooked or denied. That influence sprang from the humanity of his genius, his generous sympathy with noble aspiration and endeavor, his political independence, and his steadfast fidelity to the high ideals of his youth. Something of his personal fascination is felt both in his poetry and his prose, and he has so cheered and inspired much of the best American life of his time that his death will fall as a bereavement upon multitudes who never saw his face.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

FUNERAL OF MR. LOWELL.

SIMPLE BUT IMPRESSIVE SERVICES IN APPLETON CHAPEL.

A NOTABLE LIST OF PALL-BEARERS—THE BODY BURIED IN THE FAMILY LOT IN MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

Boston, Aug. 14.—In the valley of Mount Auburn, and beneath the shadow of Indian Ridge-ave., a stone's toss from where sleeps the dust of the poet Longfellow, was laid at rest to-day by the hands of friends and neighbors the body of James Russell Lowell, and above the grave, one at the foot and another at the head, stand like sentinels two hornbeam trees, whose weird, ragged leaves, never trimmed by the hand of man, will sing their requiem over the body of the poet, author, critic and diplomat. The place of burial is the one selected by Mr. Lowell, and around his body are grouped the graves of generations of Lowells and Putnam's, the latter being the family of Mr. Lowell's only living sister. The family lot is conspicuous on account of its extreme plainness and simplicity. It is unenclosed, being without granite curbing, hedge or even location blocks. No monument marks the spot, and only small, plain tombstones are at the head of each grave, bearing the following inscriptions:

Charles Russell Lowell. Died June 23, 1870.
James Jackson Lowell, Lieutenant 20th Massachusetts Volunteers. Died June 4, 1882.
Samuel R. Putnam. Died December 24, 1861.
William Lowell Putnam, 20th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers. Killed at Ball's Bluff, October 21, 1861.
Annie Cabot Lowell. Died January 7, 1874.
Charles Russell Lowell, Colonel 2d Massachusetts Cavalry. Died October 20, 1864.
Charles Lowell Putnam. Died September 10, 1847.
Rebecca Russell Lowell, daughter of Charles Lowell, D. D. Died Mar. 20, 1872.

The funeral services over the body of James Russell Lowell were as simple and unostentatious as was the life of the deceased man. They were held in Appleton Chapel, where for generations Harvard men have worshipped. Long in advance of the arrival of the funeral procession the seats assigned to the public were filled, and hundreds were unable to get within the portals of the dim old chapel. The officiating clergymen were Bishop Phillips Brooks and the Rev. William Lawrence, dean of the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Cambridge. Shortly after 12 o'clock the funeral procession was led into the church by the clergymen, who were followed by the pallbearers. Then came the coffin, and behind that all the dead poet's relatives and family. Mrs. Barnett, his daughter, was escorted by her eldest son. The music during the service was rendered by the Temple male quartet. The music was in charge of Warren A. Locke, organist at the chapel. The selections included a chant, "Lord, Let Me Know My End," by Buck; "Beati Mortui," by Mendelssohn; "I Heard a Voice from Heaven," by J. C. D. Parker; "Libera Me," by Kallwood. The floral tributes were few in number and modest in character. A wreath picked at Elmwood rested on the head of the coffin. The body was inclosed in a plain black coffin, without ornament, except a silver plate bearing the simple inscription:

Died, August 12, 1891,
James Russell Lowell.
Aged 72 years, 5 months.

The pallbearers were President C. W. Eliot, George William Curtis, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, W. D. Howells, Charles F. Johnson, P. Cranch, Professor Charles D. Norton, Professor Child, C. F. Choate, John Holmes and Professor Bartlett. Their duties were entirely honorary, the coffin being borne into and from the church between them by the undertaker, Mr. Wyeth, and his assistants. The foregoing list of pallbearers is a notable one.

John Holmes is a younger brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and of him Lowell once said that he considered him as witty, if not wittier, than the more well known "Autocrat." Oliver Wendell Holmes, George William Curtis and William Dean Howells are names that need only a mention. Charles Eliot Norton, professor of fine arts at Harvard, was a great personal friend of the deceased man. John Bartlett, of the publishing house of Little, Brown & Co., is the author of "Familiar Quotations," to whom Lowell dedicated one of his poems in token of friendship. Professor Child has been for years at the head of the English department of Harvard College. Charles F. Choate is the president of the Old Colony Railroad Company. Christopher P. Cranch, whose poems have delighted many, was a member of the Theological School when Lowell was a sophomore.

The funeral arrangements were in charge of Chief Usher Edward Jackson. The remaining asters were A. Lawrence Lowell, George Gardner, Ernest Jackson, Francis L. Coolidge, Arthur Lyman and Moorfield Storey. The relatives and family of the deceased poet, the pallbearers and members of the Loyal Legion and Harvard Corporation occupied a dozen reserved pews directly in front of the pulpit. Of the surviving members of Mr. Lowell's class, the class of 1858, the following were present: Samuel Leonard Abbott, William Aspinwall, ex-Minister George Bailey Loring, William Ingersoll Bowditch and James Ivers Trecothick Coolidge. The Loyal Legion, of which Mr. Lowell was a member, was represented by the following gentlemen: General John L. Otis, Colonel Stephen A. Crosby, General Francis A. Walker, Colonel William B. Martin, Colonel Charles H. Goddard, Colonel W. H. Henshaw, Frederick W. Lincoln, Colonel George W. William Endicott, Jr., Colonel Henry Lee Waterhouse, Sturgis, Captain Nathan Appleton, General Edward W. Hinkley, Colonel Arnold A. Rand and Captain Hiram S. Shurtleff.

Among others present were R. B. Anderson, Madison Wis., ex-Minister to Denmark; the Rev. A. C. Henshaw, of Somerville; John Dwyer, of Cambridge; Professor John H. Wright, of Harvard University; Charles T. Russell, the Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Cambridge; Edwin D. Mead, Daniel C. Heath, Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University; H. C. Henshaw, Jr., the Rev. Edward G. Porter, of Lexington; Robert M. Morse, Jr., Joseph Burnett, of Southport; the Rev. Edward A. Rand, of Watertown; W. S. Oliver, of Watertown; George Putnam, Leverett Cotton-tail, Frank B. Sanborn, Mayor Alpheus Alger, of Cambridge; Colonel Henry L. Henshaw, Joseph G. Thorpe, Jr., Richard H. Dana, Professor L. R. Williston, Miss Ellen T. Emerson, of Concord, Mass.; the Rev. D. N. Beach, of Cambridge; the Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, Professor George Wendell Taylor, Dr. H. B. Walcott, of Cambridge; Stella Librarian C. B. Tillinghast, Dr. T. H. Cunningham, of Cambridge; the Rev. A. H. Muzzey, of Cambridge; James A. Fox, Charles Francis Adams, John Quincy Adams, Dr. James Putnam, James Sullivan, of Bedford; Professor T. A. Dean, of Richmond University; Professor H. W. Williams, of Harvard University; George P. Coverly, Professor Ward, of Columbia College, New York; George Abbott Jones, the Rev. Dr. T. P. Prudden, of Cambridge; Dr. William C. Hawkes, James J. Myers, the Rev. Dr. W. C. Winslow, Professor Joseph Cohn, A. B. Hart, William James, Assistant Librarian W. C. Lane, of Harvard University; J. J. Myers, W. W. Newell, J. W. Preese, principal of the Washington Grammar School, Cambridge; Eben Snow, William B. De Las Casas, Postmaster Arthur Gormley, of Cambridge; Geoffrey Morse, and Dr. Henry A. Williams.

The body was not exposed to the view of any one, and was taken to Mount Auburn immediately after the services at the chapel, followed by a procession of friends. There were no services at the grave. While the body was being conveyed to its last resting place in Mount Auburn, the church bells throughout the city were tolled, and the bells displayed at half mace by order of Mayor Algeo.

THE BURIAL OF LOWELL.

Yesterday, after simple services in Appleton chapel, the body of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was laid to rest in Mount Auburn. The presence of a large company of people eminent in our public, literary and

intoxicated his freedom-loving muse.

The same heart from which sprang these exquisite addresses to the dandelion and the birch tree, apotheosizing the one as the "dear common flower," and the other as "the go-between of rustic lovers," contained all the luminous and sunny humor of the fable for Critics, and the rollicking wit and Atto sarcasm and ridicule of the Biglow Papers. Many a name will be perpetuated in the verse of the latter that would otherwise have had no significance beyond the day that furnished but an excuse for its repetition.

for all that he was in himself and still more that his kindling power and perfecting grace can work within us, his attentive listeners.

He lives, and will live, in all he wrote in inspired verse. Especially was he nature's tireless interpreter. Her unnoticed meanings he hung all over his reflective and appealing and humorous poems, as lavishly as he poured her own laughs and branches into the falling snows of coming winter whitened and purified his errant fancies even as the sprouting of the grass in early spring

let him die. He has a lasting name in literature, and especially in that large and ever-growing English literature which is destined to become the true glory of the earth, and at the last to cover it as the waters cover the sea.

This is no time for analysis. The one who leaves behind for his countrymen's appreciation and delight for their intellectual enrichment and inspiration, a heritage of such as Lowell's is for this and the coming generations, is not to be weighed and measured with the expert's scales and standard, but taken joyously and gratefully

social life marked the high place which the poet held in the world from which he has just gone. There were no words of eulogy spoken, and it was well so. Later and better occasions will be found to say what ought to be said in the way of tribute to this grand memory.

The last reported words of the departed poet, like those of many another man of deserved distinction, may be taken to be fully as prophetic in their significance as they were pathetic in their utterance. His pen has written that for which neither his countrymen nor the world would willingly

Such a soul as LOWELL's belongs to his country forever. It was healthy above all else. The lambent lightnings of its wit and humor played continually in its depths and illuminated its surface with their changing forms. It is useless to take such a man on hearsay and at second hand; to know him, and thus enjoy and appreciate him, we must go through the wealth of his poetry again and again. Then we shall most truly realize that not only will he not be forgotten to die, but that for the long continued good he has done for others, in this day and in days to come, a rare spirit indeed has been in our midst and but just now taken its quiet and final departure. Let us treasure such words of his as these:

Thou alone seem'st good,
Fair only thou, O Freedom, whose desire
Can light in muddiest souls quick seeds of fire,
And strain life's chords to the old heroic mood.

MR. LOWELL'S FUNERAL.

Services Held This Afternoon in
Appleton Chapel.

Bishop-Elect Brooks and Dean Lawrence the
Officiating Clergymen—Distinguished Men
Present from Far and Near—Interment at
Mount Auburn.

Alma Mater received her son again for the sacred last rites of honor and of affection. In the silence and the shadows of Appleton Chapel at Harvard University, the body of James Russell Lowell lay at noon today. In the throng that had filled the chapel when the funeral services began there were many distinguished men and women who count no honor or joy that life has brought them dearer than what came from being friends of Lowell. They were all his loving and mourning friends and their tears mingled with those who were only nearer to him by ties of blood and love.

Dr. Phillips Brooks and Dr. William Lawrence, dean of the Episcopal Theological School of the university, were the clergymen, who preceded to the altar the coffin that bore for its simple tribute a wreath of ivy leaves picked at Elmwood by Mrs. Burnett, Mr. Lowell's daughter. This was the inscription upon the coffin plate:

Died Aug. 12, 1891.
James Russell Lowell.
Aged 72 years, 5 months.

A wreath of roses from Mrs. Putnam and a wreath of laurel from Mrs. Fields were the only offered symbols of love. The laurel wreath was hung at Dr. Brooks's right, close to the coffin. Its significance was deeply evident, not merely in its first meaning of crown of fame, but also as the gift of Mrs. James T. Fields, the widow of the man whose fostering of literature made pleasanter the early pathway of the poet.

These gentlemen were pall-bearers: Oliver Wendell Holmes, his brother John Holmes, Hon. E. R. Hoar, Charles V. Storey, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Professor Child, President Charles F. Choate of the Old Colony Railroad, George William Curtis, William Dean Howells and John Bartlett.

The first piece sung was "Lord, let me know my end" (Bach), by a quartet—J. E. Johnson, George W. Went, George H. Remicks, and A. C. Ryder. The musical service included also these numbers: "Beati Mortui," Mendelssohn; "I heard a Voice from Heaven," J. C. D. Parker, and "Libera Me."

The music was under the direction of W. A. Locke, chorister of Harvard University.

No fitter eulogy could have been uttered than that uttered in the voice of Dr. Brooks through the service. There was a note of faith and exaltation in the prayer utterance hearty thanks for "the good example of all those thy servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors."

Out into the sunshine again under the elm boughs of the University yard the coffin was borne and the long line of carriages moved away, following the hearse to Mount Auburn. Mrs. Burnett rode with her eldest son, who takes the name of Lowell. Mrs. Putnam, Mr. Lowell's only remaining sister, and numbers of the friends who were in the chapel, went to the burial in Mount Auburn, in the family lot, in the resting-place chosen by himself. The grave is in the centre of the family lot on the right of Fountain avenue—the first avenue on the left of the entrance.

The lot is a double one near the Longfellow lot, containing the remains of generations of Lowells and Putnams. It is very simple. It is unenclosed and without curbing or location blocks. No monument marks the spot, and only small, plain tombstones are at the head of each grave, bearing the following inscriptions:

Charles Russell Lowell, died June 23, 1870.
James Jackson Lowell, Lieutenant 20th Massachusetts Volunteers, died June 4, 1832.
Samuel R. Putnam, died Dec. 24, 1861.
William Lowell Putnam, 20th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, killed at Balls Bluff Oct. 21, 1861.
Annie Cabot Lowell, died Jan. 7, 1874.
Charles Russell Lowell, Colonel Second Massachusetts Cavalry, died Oct. 20, 1864.
Charles Lowell Putnam, died Sept. 10, 1847.
Rebecca Russell Lowell, daughter of Charles Lowell, D. D., died May 20, 1872.

While the body was being conveyed to Mount Auburn the church bells throughout the city were tolled and the flags displayed at half-staff by order of Mayor Alger.

The ushers at the chapel were Edward Jackson, Ernest Jackson, Arthur Lyman, Francis L. Coolidge, Moorefield Storey, George Gardner and A. Lawrence Lowell.

Noticeable among the vast throng was a delegation of members of the Loyal Legion, composed of General John L. Otis, Colonel Stephen M. Crosby, General Francis A. Walker, General A. P. Martin, Colonel Charles R. Codman, Colonel T. W. Higginson, who had come from Dublin, N. H., to attend the funeral, Hon. Frederick W. Lincoln, Colonel Henry Stone, William Endicott, Jr., Colonel Henry Lee, Major Russell Sturgis, Colonel Arnold A. Rand, Captain Nathan Appleton, General Edward W. Hincks and Captain Hiram D. Shurtlett. Others present were: Hon. R. B. Anderson, ex-United States minister to Denmark, who came to Cambridge from Madison, Wis.; President Eliot of Harvard College; Frank B. Sanborn, J. G. Thorpe, Jr., Richard H. Dana and Mrs. Dana; Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe; Rev. Samuel Longfellow;

Mr. H. E. Scudder; Mayor A. B. Alger of Cambridge; Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, Rev. T. P. Prudden, D. D., of Chicago; Rev. Edward A. Rand; Professor L. R. Williston, Professor William James, Professor Cohen, W. C. Lane, J. J. Myers, George H. Welds, Professor Smith and Professor Mack of Harvard; Hon. George B. Loring, William Aspinwall, Dr. Abbott of Boston, William Bowditch and J. I. T. Coolidge of Mr. Lowell's class of '38 of Harvard; Dr. H. P. Walcott, who attended Mr. Lowell in his last illness; ex-Mayor James A. Fox of Cambridge; ex-Mayor Samuel Greene of Boston; Rev. Dr. Alexander; E. D. Mead; John Livermore of Cambridge; Dr. Thomas E. Cunningham of Cambridge; E. C. Heath; Justin Winsor, the librarian of Harvard College; C. B. Tillinghast, State Librarian; H. O. Houghton, Jr.; Mr. Frank Garrison; Rev. E. G. Porter of Lexington; Postmaster Arthur Gorman of Cambridge; Rev. H. C. Hitchcock, W. S. Clymer, Miss Ellen T. Emerson, daughter

of Ralph Waldo Emerson; Henry L. Higginson, Dr. A. P. Peabody, Rev. D. N. Beach, of Cambridge; Professor George Mendell Taylor, Rev. A. B. Mussey, of Cambridge; Hon. Charles Theodore Russell, Robert M. Morse, Jr., Rev. James Sallaway of Bedford, Mass.; Edwin A. Alger of Cambridge, Professor T. A. Dawson of Richmond University, Professor H. W. Williams of Harvard; Professor Ware, Columbia College, New York; Richard Watson Carter, editor of the Century; Mrs. Louis Agassiz; Rev. Edwin P. Whipple; Mrs. Anna Cabot Lodge; Mrs. James T. Fields.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Poet, Professor, Reformer, Minister to
England and First Citizen of His State
—Full Sketch of His Long, Active and
Distinguished Career.

Hon. James Russell Lowell, eminent as a scholar, poet, diplomat and wit, died at his home, "Elmwood," Cambridge, at 2.10 this morning, after a long illness. His daughter, Mrs. Burnett, was in attendance at the time of his death. The immediate cause of his death was gout and sciatica complicated with other diseases. Mr. Lowell had been in poor health since his return from England in 1885, and for over a year past he had been unable to meet his lecture engagements; but it was not until within a short time that his condition was regarded as critical.

Mr. Lowell was born in Cambridge, Feb. 22, 1819, in the historic old mansion, Elmwood, which he inherited, and which had been his home all his life. He was descended from a long line of men who have stood high in the annals of their country. His father was Rev. Charles Lowell, for many years pastor of the West Church, Boston, and his grandfather was Hon. John Lowell, the statesman who inserted in the constitution of Massachusetts the words, "All men are created free and equal," and by offering to argue in the courts that under it no man could be held in bondage, led to the abolition of slavery in the Commonwealth. He was fitted for college by William Wells, senior of the firm to which we owe the series of Wells and Lilly classics, entered Harvard in his sixteenth year, and was graduated in 1838. His first-published literary production, unless possibly some poems for "Harvardiana," which he edited in 1837-'38, was his notable class poem, composed under peculiar circumstances. At the time of writing it the collegiate senior was undergoing a brief period of rustication at Concord, in consequence of inattention to his textbooks. His forced sojourn in this Arcadia of scholarship and reform brought him into relationship with the transcendentalists, who at that day were in the habit of gathering at the home of Emerson, with whom then began that friendship which, despite the playful sallies of the younger poet in his earlier writings, only terminated with the death of the elder. The young satirist saw the humorous side of the social movements of the day, and the class-poem, scintillating with wit, attacked the abolitionists, Carlyle, Emerson, and the transcendentalists. In the law school of Harvard, he received the degree of LL.B., and was admitted to the bar in 1840. The only record of the practice of his profession is found in a story entitled "My First Client," published in the "Boston Miscellany." Henceforth he gave himself entirely to literature. In 1841 a volume of poems was published under the title of "A Year's Life." The volume was never republished, and of the seventy poems only a small part have been deemed worthy of reprinting by the author. His marriage to the woman who inspired these poems took place in 1844. Maria White was an ardent abolitionist, and no doubt her influence assisted in turning his thoughts

to the serious side of that cause to which he rendered immortal service. To understand Lowell's career, it is necessary to remember that he was not only a poet, a scholar, and a humorist, but always a conservative and a critic. No man was more thoroughly imbued than he with the fundamental principles of American democracy—a democracy without demagoguism—no man more jealous than he of the untarnished reputation of America in politics and literature, no man more quick to see any departure from the high ideal of the republic, and his flaming pen was turned to attack whatever assailed this ideal—at one time slavery, at another time vicious political methods threatening the purity of democratic society. His radicalism was always conservative, his criticism always constructive. Mr. Lowell and his wife were regular contributors to the *Liberty Bell*, and his name appears in 1848 in the *Anti-Slavery Standard* as corresponding editor. In this paper, from 1843 to 1846, his poems during that period mostly appeared. Later the *Boston Courier* was the vehicle of his productions, and in its columns the first series of the "Biglow Papers," was given to the public, beginning in the issue for June, 1846, and ending in 1848. This satire was an event of the first importance in the history of the world's literature. In wit, scholarship, and penetrating knowledge of human nature, it took the place which it has ever since maintained, of a masterpiece. The "Biglow Papers" will no doubt preserve the Yankee dialect, and cause it to be studied ages hence in order to the comprehension of the effect upon our national life of one of the most opportune allies that freedom ever had.

His interest in the anti-slavery contest did not prevent him from purely literary labors. In 1843 he undertook the editing of "The Pioneer, a Literary and Critical Magazine," in joint editorship with Robert Carter; and Poe, Hawthorne, Neal, Dwight, Jones Very, Parsons, Elizabeth Barrett (Mrs. Browning), Whittier and William W. Story were contributors. Only three numbers were published, the venture failing through financial disaster to the publishers. In this magazine was begun a series of essays on the poets and dramatists, which afterwards formed the material for "Conversations with Some of the Old Poets." In 1844 came a volume of verse, containing "A Legend of Britanny," with thirty-three miscellaneous poems and thirty-seven sonnets (among them sonnets to Wendell Phillips and Joshua R. Giddings), written in a vein that foreshadowed and even announced the poet's position in the great anti-slavery revolution. These were followed in 1845 by "The Vision of Sir Launfal," one of the most exquisite productions of his genius, a poem founded on the legend of the Holy Grail, which is said to have been composed in a sort of frenzy in about forty-eight hours, during which the poet scarcely ate or slept. The "Conversations on the Poets" was his first work in literary criticism, and was the basis of his lectures before the Lowell Institute, 1854-'5, and of his lectures in Harvard University during his professorship of modern languages and belles-lettres. A third volume of poems, containing many new anti-slavery pieces, was published in 1848, and the same year was brought out anonymously the "Fable for Critics," a youthfully daring but amusing and racy skit at the American poets, in which the laughing author did not spare himself. In 1849 a collected edition of his poems in two volumes was published, the "Biglow Papers" and "A Year's Life" being omitted. In the mean time Lowell had been a contributor to the "Dial," the "Democratic Review," the "Massachusetts Quarterly Review," in which he reviewed Thoreau's first volume in 1849, and to "Putnam's Monthly" in 1853 and several years later. In 1851 the poet and his wife travelled in Europe, visiting England, France, and Switzerland, and residing for some time in Italy. The chief fruits of this journey were the essays on Italian art and liter-

ature and his eminence as a student and interpreter of Dante. In the autumn of 1852 he was again in America, and in October, 1852, he sustained the greatest sorrow of his life in the death of his wife, who had long been an invalid.

In January, 1855, on Mr. Longfellow's resignation, Lowell was appointed his successor as professor of modern languages and belles-lettres in Harvard University, and after two years' study abroad, during which time he greatly extended his knowledge of Italian, French, and Spanish, and became one of the first authorities in old French and Provençal poetry, he assumed the duties of his professorship. From 1857 till 1863 he wrote many essays, not since republished, for the "Atlantic Monthly," and in 1863 he became, with Professor Charles Eliot Norton, joint editor of the "North American Review," a connection which he maintained till 1872. The "Atlantic Monthly," founded in 1857, of which Lowell was the first editor, was set on foot by Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, and Lowell, and Emerson's study was the scene of the gathering of the great literary lights of Boston, when the enterprise was discussed and the character of the magazine settled upon.

The Kansas struggle, 1856-'8, enlisted Mr. Lowell's sympathies; he was in accord with the leading anti-slavery men, and at one time, says Frank B. Sanborn, contemplated transferring his *Hosea Biglow* to Kansas to report in the vernacular the doings there, but "the flighty purpose never was overtaken." The outbreak of the civil war caused a revival of the dramatic personae of the "Biglow Papers," in which the disunionists at home and their sympathizers in England were equally brought under the lash of his stinging satire. This second series of "Biglow Papers" first appeared in the *Atlantic*, and was published in a volume in 1867. The "Fireside Travels," containing the pleasant gossip about "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago," the delightful "Moosehead Journal," and notes of travel on the Mediterranean and in Italy, had appeared in the mean time. The *Atlantic* for January, 1867, contained "Fitz Adam's Story," a poem intended to form part of a longer one, "The Nooning," which had been announced as about to be published as far back as 1851, but has never been completed. It was omitted from "Under the Willows, and other Poems," with the following explanation:

"'Fitz Adam's Story,' which some good friends will miss, is also left to stand over, because it belongs to a connected series, which it is hoped may be completed if the days should be propitious." The volumes of prose, "Among my Books" and "My Study Windows," issued in 1870, comprising the choicest of Lowell's literary essays, seem to mark the close of his greatest literary activity; but the appearance recently of such a paper as that on the poet Gray shows that only opportunity was needed for the gathering of the maturest fruits of his critical genius. In 1872 he made another visit to Europe, and on his return the Centennial period called out his efforts in the production of three patriotic odes, the first at Concord, 19th April, 1875, the second under the Washington elm, 3d July of the same year, and the third for Fourth of July, 1876. He was a Presidential elector in 1876.

In 1877 he was appointed by President Hayes to the Spanish mission, from which he was transferred in 1880 to the court of St. James. His diplomatic career closed with his recall by President Cleveland in 1885. In Madrid, in an atmosphere congenial to him as a student, he sustained the honor of the American name, and received the confidence and admiration that had been formerly extended to Washington Irving. His residence in London, although clouded and saddened by the long illness and by the death in February, 1885, of his second wife, Miss Frances Dunlap of Portland, Me., whom he had married in September, 1857, was as honorable to him as to the country he represented, an unbroken series of successes in the

world of society and the world of letters. And no man in our generation has done more than Mr. Lowell to raise American institutions and American character in the estimation of our English kin. His graceful and natural oratory was in demand on scores of public occasions. The most noteworthy of his public addresses was that on Coleridge, delivered at the unveiling of the bust of the poet in Westminster Abbey in May, 1885. The volume entitled "Democracy and Other Addresses" includes the foreign speeches, and those spoken at the dedication of the public library of Chelsea and at the Harvard anniversary. Mr. Lowell's political life is confined within the eight years of his terms of office at Madrid and London. His recall brought out expressions of deep regret in the English press. After his return to private life Mr. Lowell's home had been with his only child, the wife of Edward Burnett, at Southborough. He resumed his lectures at Cambridge, and in the winter of 1887 gave a course on the English dramatists before the Lowell Institute. The same winter he read a paper before the Union League Club of Chicago on the "Authorship of Richard III." In the summer of 1887 he again visited England, receiving everywhere the highest honors that could be paid to a private citizen. The degree of D. C. L. was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford in 1873, and that of LL. D. by the University of Cambridge, Eng., in 1874. During his residence in England as minister he was elected rector of the University of St. Andrews.

The following is a list of his works and their various editions: "Class Poems" (1838); "A Year's Life" (1841); "Poems" (1844); "The Vision of Launfal" (1845-48); "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets" (1845); "Poems" (1848); "The Biglow Papers" (1848); "A Fable for Critics" (1848); "Poems" (two volumes, 1849); "Life of Keats" (1854); "Poems" (two volumes, 1854); "Poetical Works" (two volumes, 1858); "Mason and Silldell—a Yankee Idyl" (1862); "Fireside Travels" (1864); "The President's Policy" (1864); "Ode Recited at the Commemoration of the Living and Dead Soldiers of Harvard University" (1865); "The Biglow Papers" (second series, 1867); "Under the Willows, and Other Poems" (1869); "Among My Books" (1870); "The Courtier" (1874); "Three Memorial Poems" (1876); "Among My Books" (second series, 1876); "Democracy and Other Addresses" (1887).

Mr. Lowell combined great literary activity and voracious reading with his professorship duties. He was one of the few men who could read steadily in one book twelve or sixteen hours on a stretch and retain in memory what he had read.

The professorship, which he held down to his departure for Spain, he filled with remarkable success. He was a great favorite with the undergraduates, owing to the unfailing courtesy of his manners, the total absence of all use of authority in the lecture room, and his undisguised admiration of youth and freshness, which, it used to be jokingly said, made it very hard for him to give a low mark to a good-looking, well-mannered young fellow. At the recitations, too, his marvellous fullness of knowledge constantly found vent in talks on the book or topic under examination, which were in the highest degree stimulating as well as interesting.

Mr. Lowell's first wife, to whom he was wedded in 1844, was Miss Maria White of Watertown, herself a poet of culture; her death was commemorated in Longfellow's poem, "The Two Angels." His second wife was a niece of ex-Governor Robert P. Dunlap of Maine. She was stricken with typhoid fever while with her husband at Madrid, and after several days of critical illness her physician pronounced her dead, but it was discovered that she was merely in a comatose condition, and with great care she was finally restored. After a slow convalescence she was able to rejoin Mr. Lowell in London,

whither in the meantime he had been transferred as minister, but she never fully recovered from the effects of this experience, and died Feb. 19, 1836. By his first wife Mr. Lowell had four children, only one of whom survives, Mabel, wife of Edward Burnett. Mr. Lowell was very successful at the court of St. James.

It has been decided that the funeral services shall be held on Friday. All the arrangements will be made by Mr. George Putnam, who is at present at Manchester.

Boston Evening Transcript

TWO LOWELL INCIDENTS.

Two incidents that made a marked impression upon the public, placing Mr. Lowell temporarily in a fierce fire of criticism that only better proved the pure gold of character tried and not found wanting are recalled now. One was the incident of his Chicago lecture. Mr. Lowell had been invited by gentlemen to speak, as he supposed, before gentlemen of one political faith on a topic of politics. He went to Chicago and found that the enterprising members of the club that had asked him had with the freshness of enthusiasm and a great and unthinking youthfulness, hired a big hall and advertised their guest's lecture as a great attraction. A magnificent audience was eager to hear him; but a man who held a position like that of Mr. Lowell could make no sacrifice of personal dignity. He went to the hall, since he was advertised, and he spoke to the people on the most radical literary topic he was prepared to speak upon. Now there are no conservatives in certain matters like the recently enlightened, and Mr. Lowell's Richard III lecture incensed the Chicagoan, even, more than his not speaking on a political subject. They found it hard to forgive him or (collectively) to understand why he acted as he did. There were however many individuals, men and women of fine feeling and generous cultivation who appreciated most warmly the dignity of the action, and took pleasure in the theories advanced about Richard III.

The other incident recalled is that of Mr. Lowell's famous passage at arms with Julian Hawthorne. Soon after the return of Mr. Lowell from England, young Hawthorne, who was writing for the New York World, went to Southborough where Mr. Lowell was staying with his daughter. Hawthorne was welcomed heartily by the old friend of his father; they spent a long afternoon together and Mr. Lowell talked with the greatest freedom of English affairs, doubtless putting into his talk more or less of that whimsical half-critical spirit which one member of a family may use in speaking to another member of a third. In such spirit one's just or final estimate of a brother is never given, and Mr. Lowell did not dream as he walked to the station with Julian Hawthorne, talking with this sort of freedom, that all he said and much more than he ever dreamed of saying would appear in print with flaming headlines in the New York World. It did appear, however, over the signature of Julian Hawthorne. Hawthorne accused of betraying a friend, wrote and said he told Mr. Lowell he was on the New York World and Mr. Lowell knew he was being interviewed. Then Mr. Lowell wrote a letter to the Advertiser to say he did not know this was intended. With boyish vehemence Hawthorne, who of course believed himself a journalist when he was not, wrote and repeated his assertions and Mr. Lowell was forced to say in a printed letter that it must be left as a question of veracity between himself and the son of his old friend. Julian Hawthorne was afterwards forgiven by Mr. Lowell.

The whole affair, which had at first seemed to put Mr. Lowell into the position, horribly incongruous for a diplomat lately returned, of making free with the royal family's foibles and criticising with biting sarcasm and picturesque personal vituperation matters of policy in a foreign nation, which no diplomat could discuss with dignity, only served to show him at the last in a still more gracious light.

PROF. LOWELL.

Prof. Lowell's illness is a source of serious concern to his friends and to the public who are aware of the circumstances attending it. Though a considerably younger man than Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes, he has done more varied work than any of them, from the constant attention he has given to public affairs. Beside being a poet, an essayist and a humorist, and in all of the first rank, he has been a political writer from the time he first engaged in editorship, upon the Anti-Slavery Standard. His essays upon the political state of the country in Putnam's Magazine and in the Atlantic Monthly in the period preceding the war, are the most effective discussions of the kind that have appeared in our country, and will rank with the best political essay writing of the Edinburgh and the Quarterly Reviews of England. His speeches and lectures, while on the mission to England and soon after his return, are of the highest order of ability. Mr. Lowell began his political life by being among the extremist radicals, but he has constantly grown conservative as he advanced in age. He has been one of the truest Americans, and one of the most faithful to the support of moral ideas in politics and in public life, through it all.

James Russell Lowell.

The death of the foremost American in the world of letters will send a thrill of pride, together with the pang of grievous loss, through the breast of every countryman of the dead poet who has any appreciation of his genius and his achievements. The new world has given another of its sons to join the little company of those who may fairly be held to have won undying fame in the service of beauty and truth, and the consciousness that nobody survives to fill the place left vacant by Lowell's death cannot make Americans rejoice the less in the luster which he has shed upon their country and their name.

Europe's ripest civilization could not produce a more rounded and gracious personality or give a more rich and varied store, by the hand of one man, to the world's treasures of scholarship and beauty. The poet, essayist, diplomat, teacher, editor, and orator who has passed away at Cambridge was in many respects the most gifted man of his times. Neither in America nor elsewhere

can there be found a poet who approached him in power and beauty that might for a moment be thought of as his rival in the diplomatic service of a great nation, in finish and force as a public speaker, or in mastery of prose in all its forms. As editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and of the *North American Review*, as Minister of the United States at Madrid and London, as professor in Harvard University, and as an essayist in whose pages power and beauty of thought find expression in classic prose such as no other American could command, James Russell Lowell would have been assured of an honorable place in the history of his country even though he had not touched the highest level yet attained by American poetry.

It may be contended with much force that he was too much the scholar and man of affairs to be the greatest of his country's poets. Lowell himself has recorded his judgment that he preached too much for a devotee of the beautiful. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that he proved in more than one immortal poem, his ability to reach heights never passed, if attained, by any of his countrymen. His work in that realm where his genius found its fairest field of labor is very uneven and marred by many blemishes. None will deny that much of his verse is wholly unworthy of its author. But shall a poet be judged by his worst or his best? If the latter is the true standard then the author of the "Commemoration Ode," the "Vision of Sir Launfal," and many more masterpieces was the Tennyson of America and a poet worthy of the best age of any nation.

MR. LOWELL'S LAST DAYS.

Exactly what caused Mr. Lowell's death is not at present known, but it is understood that gout brought on liver trouble and led to other complications, too great to be resisted by a man of Mr. Lowell's age and feebleness. Last Sunday a bowel trouble developed, making his case absolutely hopeless.

It appears that the poet was taken sick about five weeks ago. His old physician and friend, Dr. Morrill Wyman, being abroad, the doctor's son-in-law, Henry P. Wolcott, M. D., was summoned to take charge of the case. It is understood, too, that Dr. Wyman's advice by mail was called for. Two professional nurses were put on duty, so that there was never a moment when the patient was not closely watched. About two weeks or more ago he became delirious, and up to Monday he recovered consciousness only at brief intervals, when he gave members of his family signs of recognition. He seemed to think he was far away from home and appeared to long to get back to Elmwood and his family. At times, too, he fancied he was entertaining royal visitors. Though unquestionably the pain was very great he made no complaint.

Last Sunday he seemed better, and the delirium left him. On Monday he appeared brighter than at any time during his long illness. Up to that time the room had

been cool, but he then began to show the effect of the heat. On Monday afternoon, when the nurses changed the bedding, he suffered intensely when moved, and finally said, "Oh! why don't you let me die?" These words were his last. He seemed from that time to lose heart, and gradually his life faded away. He continued in a comatose condition until 2.15 o'clock this morning, when the last spark of life went out. Beside him in his last moments were the sister of his first wife, his daughter, Mrs. Edward Burnett, and her husband, the ex-congressman, as well as the nurses and the servants of the household, to whom he had always been so kind that a strong attachment had sprung up.

There is one touching incident in connection with this matter. It appears that Dr. Wyman, when informed of Mr. Lowell's illness mentioned to some friends in England that the disease would undoubtedly result fatally. This led to the writing of a letter of sympathy to Mrs. Burnett, who thus received, a few days ago, her first intimation of the serious aspect of her father's case. Since that time she has been constantly at Elmwood.

Transcript

Dr. Bartol, of Boston, says that Lowell owed a great part of his power to his mother, and adds: "She was a woman of such force of character that her admiring physician had frequent opportunities to test her wit and will, and his own signal determination found such a foil as gave him occasion, with characteristic quaintness, to remark: 'Had it pleased the Lord to drop her spirit into the pantaloons she would have been a great general.'"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The death of Mr. Lowell has not been unexpected, and yet it is an event for which the public was not prepared. The public had fondly hoped that his illness was not critical or final, and his death will be a shock to the thousands to whom he was endeared by his writings and by his private and public services. He has ranked for many years among our most eminent men of letters, and in this community was our chief authority in literature and in the higher lines of political teaching. His address on "The Place of the Independent in Politics" has not been forgotten, and his Birmingham address on "Democracy" made a profound impression in England. In recent years his public services have obscured to some extent his literary fame. Yet he did not sink the man of letters in the diplomat while in England, and his literary addresses delivered while he was at the court of St. James make one of his most interesting volumes. He was a many-sided man. But he was chiefly and foremost a man of letters, a thoroughly accomplished scholar, one of the rarest and most completely furnished men in belles lettres that Harvard has ever produced. His work at Harvard, where he succeeded to Mr. Longfellow's position, brought him into contact with the rising literary men of the present generation, and he had much to do with the direction of their thought. Still more had he to do as an editor with this work. In the Atlantic for several years, and later on in the

North American Review, he did what was, perhaps, the most notable work of his life. Before that time the first series of the "Biglow Papers" had appeared, and he had obtained fame both by his early poems and by certain prose essays, as well as by a work entitled "Conversations on the Old Poets," which is not included in his collected writings. In 1853 he was at the trysting time of his development; at the point of doing his best work. He was midway through his life, full of the stir of genius and in the daily companionship of the men who fed upon his wit and were in sympathy with his ideas.

Perhaps no other American has counted for so much in our literature as Mr. Lowell, if you measure his position by the double standard of excellence of cultivation and breadth of field. Mr. Longfellow was a poet, and stood apart from the active interests of life. Mr. Emerson was a seer and thinker, but you had to go to Concord to find him. Mr. Lowell was both a genius and a working literary man, and he was in touch with all the active forces in American letters. Few aspirants to authorship in America failed to consult him, and no one came from abroad who did not visit him. He was the soul of the Saturday Club, where Agassiz and Longfellow and Emerson and Holmes were his peers, and there was great comfort in New England, and particularly in Boston, in knowing that over in Cambridge dwelt a man who stood confessedly at the head of our literature. Mr. Lowell has done notable work in several distinct departments of letters. He has been poet and essayist and critic and humorist and political writer by turns, and in every department in which he has employed his strength, his work would have attracted attention if he had done nothing else. His poetry has, perhaps, given him most fame; certainly his humorous poetry has made him known wherever the English language is spoken. Hosea Biglow was his impersonation of whatever belongs to the Yankee character, and it is a unique creation in literature. He never did anything in the line of a genuine creation equal to this. Dr. Holmes in "The Autocrat" was not more truly dealing with original materials than Mr. Lowell in his impersonation of Hosea Biglow. His serious poetry is largely ephemeral in character. It grew out of special occasions, and was not the fruit of consecrated effort. "The Cathedral," "The Commemorative Ode" and "The Vision of Sir Launfal" belong to the higher order, but in much of Mr. Lowell's poetry there is, not a lack of power, but a seeming unwillingness to give his best to the poetical sentiment and to the higher calls of his nature. His thought and spirit were akin to those of Milton, but he never quite rises to the plane of Miltonic effort.

We must look in other directions for what is best in Mr. Lowell. It is in his critical writings, both political and literary, that we find him at his best. Here he is able to use his wealth of scholarship and the ample resources of his thinking. His essays on Dante and Chaucer and Shakespeare and Wordsworth have worked an epoch in critical writing. They are on the plane of the greatest efforts by the English essayists, and nothing like them has ever appeared in this country. Both his literary and political essays were chiefly written from twenty to twenty-five years ago, when he was in the full strength of his faculties, and when he and Prof. Norton made the North American Review the foremost organ of contemporary thought then to be found in the English language. In estimating his writings as a whole, one instinctively turns to these productions as his best work. Mr. Lowell very early entered upon the study of what Goethe calls world literature, and his survey and estimate of literary work were on the basis of a knowledge of all the great literatures of the world. In reaching a judgment of his services, his distinction as a diplomat should not be

If not a politician, he was certainly a statesman in his command of public questions and in the discretion which he brought to their direction. The nation felt honored by his conduct as an English minister, and he brought not only the literature, but the common life, of the two nations closer together by his residence in England. We do not quite apply the distinction of greatness to Mr. Lowell, but in many directions he was foremost among his contemporaries, and if he had given all his strength to one or two things, as Emerson and Longfellow did, he might have done his best with an emphasis that would have carried him into the foremost rank of men of genius. If we do not concede to him the highest distinction among the men of his generation, it is not from any lack of appreciation of what he did, but from the conviction that the kindest thing to be said of the one whose loss we mourn is to speak the truth with the freedom and force which he would have employed in the judgment of others.

MR. LOWELL'S AMERICANISM.

The condescension of foreigners which moved the indignation of Mr. Lowell to such an eloquent extent, twenty-five years ago, has assumed a peculiarly exasperating phase since his death. A large number of small English critics are explaining that Mr. Lowell was not an American poet at all. That he was a poet they admit; that he was born in America is not to be doubted; but the conjunction, they argue, did not make him an American poet. It is perfectly true that there may be instances of a writer so entirely foreign in thought to the country, of his birth that his nativity alone places him in the catalogue of its authors. But Mr. Lowell was not one of these. By birth, by

Since his return to this country, Mr. Lowell has not been able to take a very active part either in literature or in public affairs. He felt the personal losses which are the severe penalty of advancing life. The last time I met him I congratulated him that he was at Elmwood, and he said, with his tender smile, "Yes, it is good to be but the house is full of ghosts." Indeed it was. But he could not be so. He would not oppress his friends with a story of his own sorrows; and though I could not but remember when we were together of his cordiality, affection and tender sympathy.

LOWELL GENTLY CRITICISED.

A Careful Estimate by an Eminent English Litterateur.

[From the London Athenæum, Aug. 22.]

An evening newspaper, in some interesting reminiscences of Lowell, alluded the other day to the fact that my own friendship with him "began in a tiff"—began in some warm words that I was impelled to address to him in answer to certain warm words of his against England. The anecdote is true enough; and it is also true, as the writer of the paragraphs goes on to say, that it was my fortune to witness "the rise and progress" of what certain Americans called his "Anglomania," until at last, when he began to praise our climate, I was obliged as an honest cosmopolitan to check such fervid John Bullism.

The truth is that Lowell, having been thrown into the best circles—best, I mean, as regards their wide knowledge of man and of men—discovered (as Emerson had done before him) that the voice of the mob of New York is, in its Anglophobic temper at least, as far off from being the voice of God as that of any people under the sun. He found that between an American of the true strain and an Englishman of the true strain there is a stronger attraction than exists between men of any other strain, however good. He found that John Bull is not quite so offensively taurine as the American pressmen paint him; that he is not in the habit of greeting Jonathan with "a certain condescension," but, on the contrary, is in the habit of treating him as an absolute equal in most things, and as a superior in some. He found that in England, notwithstanding an ornamental monarchy, and notwithstanding an aristocracy not quite so ornamental, there is as much personal liberty as in America and a little more. In fact he found himself (as every American of the right strain finds himself) extremely comfortable in England. And he dared to say so. No doubt an average Englishman would in like circumstances have rejoiced to speak out. But then the earthly paradise has not yet come in England. English intelligence and culture and good breeding are not as yet under the feet of Whitechapel. Lowell knew very well that his comfortable life in Lowndes square would be adjudicated upon at the New York gutters and that the verdict would be "Too darned comfortable." Like every American, he had inherited a respect for that gutter verdict which to English people is a little puzzling. But what he had to do was to tell the truth, "the whole truth and nothing but the truth." He told it, and the gutters took offence. In courage, in truthfulness, in everything, he was the type of the Puritan idea in its most bracing expression, as Hawthorne (a man of rarer and finer genius) is a type of fevered Puritanism on its most unhealthy side. His courage, his honesty, his proud uncompromising independence, were all his own, but Puritanism fostered them. With all his love of England, America did not hold a more loyal son than he. In her glorious destiny he had a faith as strong as it was wise. Though for many years America has been peculiarly happy in the ministers she has sent to St. James's, never did she send a nobler son than Lowell, and never was he more loyal than at the very moment when he was saying those kind words about England which angered certain Americans whose loyalty to their country means "bump-tiousness," or else a selfish hardening of the national conscience.

In England his position was unique. In the high places of our land, where everything worthy is cherished and recognized except pure literature, a man like Lowell and in Lowell's position must form the only link

between the English world of letters and the world of diplomatists and courtiers. History will have to record that this state of things has been the most noticeable and interesting feature of the present reign, but it will point to Lowell as the man who formed a link between the two worlds. Lowell's only true ambition being literary success, he was continually moving from one of these worlds into the other. His diplomatic functions shed lustre upon him as a literary figure, howsoever little his literary fame may have added to his position in that other world.

During one and the same day he might be met at luncheon at the house of a certain great poet, at a five-o'clock tea at Mrs. Procter's, and at dinner with people to whom these names conveyed some meaning perhaps, but less meaning than did the name of the late Mr. Fordham of Newmarket. But it might not be easy to say at which house Lowell made himself the most agreeable. To talk, as many Americans have talked, of Lowell's subservience to the English aristocracy is to talk with as much ignorance as spite. That stiffness of bearing in what is called specially "society," which at first used to be commented upon, but which soon passed away, was simply the raw expression of an invulnerable independence which once was rather too dogged and aggressive. He used to speak of himself as being an exceedingly shy man by nature. On one occasion I asked him to lunch with me to meet an eminent man of letters whom he had never seen and wanted to see. Noticing that he hesitated, I said—in irony of course—"I am afraid that the American minister who has hosted most of the grandees in Europe feels shy." He said, "I do, but never with grandees."

In order to realize what was the temper of the great Puritans of old, such as Milton and such as Cromwell, it was, I believe, almost necessary to be brought into personal contact with Lowell. Puritanism has been, and still is, a favorite butt with the poets, and no doubt in England in our own day it has got so mixed up with blatant quackery as to lend itself to ridicule. But this is not so in America in the circles where Lowell moved. Simply noble is such Puritanism as that. Have those who sneer at it ever asked themselves what true Puritanism is? Not they! It is the expression of a deep instinctive movement of man's nature. It has always existed, and its function has always been to act as a corrective to the over-activity of the pagan instinct which leads man to yield to the demands of the flesh. Without Puritanism the human race would have come to an end long ago. Man is in a different position from the lower animals. In yielding to the indulgence of the appetites the lower animals rarely exceed healthy limits, even in feeding, and never in sexual intercourse. The gorging of an animal like the boa constrictor (whose dinners are so few and far between) is healthy and necessary, and tends to preserve the race. The gustatory appetite of the animal is never, as in the case of the London alderman, tense and flogged into unhealthy activity by the exercise of a reasoning imagination learned in the niceties of "calipash and calipee." And so with the sexual appetite. It is in man only that the mental processes come in and interfere with the economies of nature; it is in man only that increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on. Without the Puritan instinct for self-dominance the pagan instinct for self-indulgence, stung to unhealthy activity by man's mental processes, would long before Buddha's time have played havoc with the race in the great struggle for life. That English Puritanism when planted in the New World should flourish there with more vigor than ever it flourished in Europe was in the nature of things. The old, simple, single-handed struggle with Nature was there in a measure renewed, and the very instinct of self-preservation demanded a vigorous exercise of man's self-dominance, otherwise the "Injun" and the backwoods combined would have made short

work with him. It was inevitable, therefore, that the Puritan element in man should flourish there, and, indeed, bear a new fruit racy of the soil. And, surely, a splendid fruit it is. Although America has in late years produced no man in whom has been exhibited so much of the old Puritanical fire as was shown by Gordon, still it may well be said that the greatest and strongest man of our time was Lincoln, and that great as is the distance between him and Garfield, no Englishman can properly be set between them.

To give literary voice to the best form of Puritanism—such as this was the glory of Lowell. Puritanism, indeed, lives at the heart of all that he ever wrote; it lives in his humorous work with as much vigor as it lives in his serious poetry. All humor is, of course, the expression of a sense of the incongruity of things as they are when compared with some ideal standard existing in the humorist's mind. The incongruity between the Christianity of Christ and the Christianity advertising itself from one end of America to the other is the subject matter of all Lowell's humorous work. If the doctrines of the New Testament were put into general practice for a single day in the country that, besides a few true Puritans, has produced Barnum, Jay Gould and McKimley, the entire structure of civilization would fall down like a house of cards. In America as in England, Christianity is non-existent as a practical creed; and this is by far the most amazing phenomenon that history has ever shown. In the Buddhistic countries there is a real relation between the social doctrine and the

social organism. It is the same with Islam; but in the so-called Christian countries of the Western world the social doctrine and the social organism contradict each other at every turn. The incongruity is absolute. Life in London and in New York is one harlequinade. It is Lowell's apprehension of this incongruity which explains what has been called his blasphemy. A disciple of Christ making mouths at the blasphemous Jewish mob would be open to the same charge. That remarkable poem called "Old Souls to Mend," by the English parable-writer, Dr. Gordon Hake, treating the same subject in the same temper, has also been called blasphemous, and with the like lack of reason. The same sense of the incongruity between the modern Christianity and the doctrine of Christ is the basis of several of Lowell's serious poems. In the poem called "A Parable," for instance, he gives a picture of Christ returning to the earth in order to learn

How the men my brethren believe in me.

The motive of the poem is the incongruity between the pomps and splendors of the paganized Christianity that receives him and the kind of reception he expected.

The same incongruity is expressed, though in a more oblique way, in the "Vision of Sir Launfal," where a knight who has travelled the world in quest of the Holy Grail finds that the cup which he has filled at a streamlet in order to quench the thirst of a leprous beggar is the very Grail itself, and that the beggar is Christ. In each case an admirable conception is developed with great subtlety and suggestiveness; but in each case the "criticism of life" is so apparent that the poem is removed from the region of pure poetic art. Perhaps I ought to say exactly what I mean by challenging the poem because it is a criticism of life. It is always difficult to know when Matthew Arnold is in earnest and when he is playing with his readers; but if he was in earnest when he defined poetry to be a "criticism of life," he certainly achieved in one famous phrase a definition of poetry which for whimsical perversity can never be surpassed. Had he said the opposite of this—had he said that all pure literature except poetry may be a criticism of life, but that poetry must be a simple projection of life in order for it to be separated from prose—he

might perhaps have got nearer to the truth, although, as regards prose, it must not be forgotten that the difference between writers like Balzac and writers like Scott is this: that inasmuch as the one criticises life, while the other projects it, the one adopts the prose method, while the other adopts the poetic method.

If there is in any literary work a true projection of life, it must sometimes be classed as poetry, even though the writer shows but an imperfect conception of poetic art. Although much of Browning's noble and brilliant writing is a "criticism of life," and is therefore, as I think, not poetry, a very considerable portion of his work is poetry, because it is a true projection, and not a criticism, of life. But Lowell's verse is all "criticism of life." Of poetic projection there is almost nothing at all. Most noble and brilliant and splendid writing it is, to be sure, and as such we cannot admire it too much. It was, moreover, entirely the expression of his own individuality.

In life his most striking characteristic—a characteristic indicated not only by the watchful gray eyes and the apparently conscious eyebrows that overshadowed them, but in every intonation of his voice and every movement of his limbs—was a marvellous sagacity. Delightful as was personal intercourse with him, the charm was not quite undisturbed. Every now and then you felt yourself to be under the microscope of a Yankee naturalist. You felt that you were being examined, weighed and classified for America, perhaps for Boston. It is this sagacity that gives life to his prose. What is called his wit is merely this almost preternatural sagacity in rapid movement. What is called his humor is this same sagacity at rest and in a meditative mood. The obtuseness, however, of sagacity in poetry, unless it be in worldly verse, is fatal. Byron, the most sagacious of all nineteenth-century poets before Browning, seems so have been aware of this either by intention or reflection; for it is only in his poems written in the mock-heroic vein, such as "Don Juan," "The Vision of Judgment," "Beppo," etc., that he allows his sagacity to display itself and interfere with the impression that all serious poets must make in order to be accepted—the impression of being inspired by something deeper than sagacity. But the odd thing is that Lowell as a critic was perfectly conscious of all this. The vice of knowingness was, however, the one which he could never conquer. To say a thing epigrammatically and brilliantly was to him more than to say it poetically. The same remark applies to his humorous poems. Even in humor, paradoxical as it may appear to say so, the humorist's sagacity may be too much in evidence, if it interfere with that poetic glow which belongs to the very greatest humor, whether it be quiet and Cervantic or Rabelaisian and noisy. In all first-rate humorous work the basis of the structure should seem to be not worldly sagacity, but poetic enjoyment illumined and strengthened by worldly sagacity. This will be seen at once if we compare the "Man Made of Money" and the "Chronicles of Clovenhook" of that once popular humorist, Douglas Jerrold, with the humor of Dickens, even when the latter has passed into satire. In the "Biglow Papers" everything seems to be vitalized, not by humorous enjoyment, but by Lowell's keen sagacity. The writer's intention to pour intellectual matter into humorous forms is too apparent. The highest humor is poetic in its substance and consists of a projection rather than of a criticism of life, as we see in a thousand instances in Shakspeare and in Sterne. Christopher Sly's interjection—

"'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady,"
"Would 't were done!"

and the remark of the "foolish fat scullion" in "Tristram Shandy" on getting the news of her young master's death, are typical examples of the humorous way of projecting rather than of criticising life displayed by

the greatest masters of poetic humor.

With regard to Lowell as a serious poet, there are those in his own country who think that in seeking the poet's crown he was, all his life, hunting a shadow.

Immediately after the death of an eminent writer it is not pleasant to indulge in any criticism of his work, except that of a laudatory kind; but it is very specially unpleasant to do so when the eminent writer is an American and the critic an Englishman. Lowell himself was wont to speak of the British critic as an "insular person," and it is undeniable that the British critic is a person living in an island. Geography has always played an important part in man's conceptions of man. French criticism is not insular, for France is not an island; and the same remark applies to American criticism. As my ideas about Lowell as a poet coincide with those expressed in the following quotation, I think it wise to stand behind the buckler of so good an American as Mr. George S. Hillard:

"Mr. Lowell has more of the 'vision' than the 'faculty divine.' He has the eye and mind of a poet, but wants the plastic touch which 'turns to shape the form of things unknown.' His conceptions are superior to his power of execution. We are reminded in reading his poetry of the observation of a judicious critic in a sister art—that the picture would have been better painted if the painter had taken more pains. In this volume there is more of the ore of poetry, but little of it in its purified and polished state."
* * *

In all that belongs to the form and garb of verse there is room for great improvement." The critic dwelling on an island who should dare to write in this way about any American poet must needs be a bolder man than I. But it is amusing to observe the way in which other American critics speak of poetic art as being a thing apart from poetry itself. To say that form is essential to poetry is not enough. In the deep and true sense poetry is form. Even in prose the way of saying the thing in pure literature is as important as the thing said. It is science that deals with the *Verstand* of man. For pure literature has only to do with the *Fernunft*, leaving science to address the *Verstand*; and as there is so little to tell the soul which it does not already know, and did not know ages and ages before Homer chanted the "Iliad," the way of telling it is almost everything, even in prose. "*Le style c'est l'homme*" has thus a deeper meaning than Buffon himself supposed. But in poetry the way of saying the thing is of the first importance, as Lowell the critic well knew, or he would never have said (following Wordsworth), "In all real poetry the

form is not a garment, but a body." That a man of Lowell's amazing gifts should not, when he set himself to write in verse, apply his own principles to his own work would be scarcely conceivable were it not for certain other examples which shall be nameless. No poet with a true ear could so persistently throw the accent upon weak words as he does in that fine poem the "Commemoration Ode." He is constantly forgetting that underlying all rhythms is the rhythm of nature, the free movement of the thoughts and emotions passing into words; and that, as I have said on a previous occasion, the object of all metrical expression is to achieve such complete mastery over the metrical form adopted as to make it seem this free movement. The simpler the metrical form, the more easily can this movement be rendered by means of verbal melody. But in all metres the poet should never rest till he has made the structural emphasis peculiar to the form meet and strengthen the natural emphasis of the emotion. Wherever there is a sense of effort in reading a poem, such as we experienced in reading the "Harvard Ode," the "Sir Launfal," and the sonnets of Lowell, it arises from a struggle between the rhythm of nature and the rhythm peculiar to the metrical form, such as is never seen in the work of the great masters, but such as is constant-

ly seen in Lowell, and, indeed, in most American poets except Poe and one or two living writers. The relation between quantity and accent in modern metres seems to be almost ignored in America.

As a critic Lowell was one of the best equipped men of our time. His reading was both thorough and wide, and he never ceased to be a reader. His studies of Dante and of Dryden would alone give him a high place both as a student and as a critic. The "Dryden" is an unequalled performance. There is scarcely a sentence in the essay that does not coruscate with intelligence, and almost the same thing may be said in regard to the "Dante." As to Dante, however, it is a remarkable fact that poets who make a special study of the great Italian seem to be but little influenced by his supreme method. Dante's masterful conciseness and starlike purity of style, scornful of adjectives, even those of color and form, were the special admiration of Rossetti, as they were of Lowell; and yet one remained as absolutely uninfluenced by the Dantesque method as the other. Is it that the richness of Shakspeare and those who have followed in his wake has so dazzled the English imagination that the high clarity of Dante is out of their compass? If so, it is a pity, for Dante's style is so pure and so high that it may be called the ideal style. By the side of him other poets may all be called mannered. It is the voice of Nature herself speaking; and if it is the fact that a poet of high order like Rossetti can give his days and nights to Dante and yet fail to seize any one of his excellences, while the voice of Shakspeare is recalled in many a lovely turn and daring image, it shows how impossible it is to escape the influence of poetry written in one's mother tongue. THEODORE WATTS.

--James Russell Lowell once wrote in an album:

To pressed to wait, upon her slate
Fame writes a name or two in doubt;
Scarce written, these no longer please,
And her own finger rubs them out:
It may ensue, fair girl, that you
Years hence this yellowing leaf may see,
And put to task, your memory ask
In vain, "This Lowell, who was he?"

LOWELL, THE CITIZEN ^{Dorchester Journal}

James Russell Lowell was the first citizen of Massachusetts. He filled this exalted position by virtue of the impartial opinion of those of his contemporaries best able to decide as to his high qualities of mind and heart, his manly individuality and courage to accomplish whatever duty demanded. The influence which James Russell Lowell exerted on the intellects and consciences of Americans, by means of his pen, cannot be dissociated from that volume of humane forces which finally gave us a free republic in reality, but it was notable. He never waited for public opinion to form itself in the right way as he conceived it. His mental and moral constitution had no such drawback. He recognized the obligation that he should do a man's work, and nobly he did it all through life, in stimulating popular thought to meet and overthrow the great evils which had become a part of our representative system. As personifying in part the majesty of the republic abroad, Mr. Lowell recommended the country whose diplomatic agent he was by his nobility of character and unshrinking purpose, while maintaining the honor of the nation which looked to him for advancing its international prestige, that the power vested in him should never directly or indirectly aid in lessening friendly relations between England and the

United States.

Mr. Lowell was one of that type of politicians who elevate politics by their connection with it; and the swarms of partisans who are continually buzzing around for preferment and place should contemplate his career, and look up to him as a pattern and exemplar. Office was never necessary for a citizen of Mr. Lowell's cast. It was when he was in a feeble and despised minority, preaching the truth in almost imitable verse that his real self shone the most resplendently. Of his enviable position in the republic of letters the opinion of the civilized world has been so often registered that it requires no gift of prophecy to say it will never be reversed.

Born to the best social position, so far as family name and lineage may count in this country, and not oblivious to such considerations in the choice of his associations, Mr. Lowell never wrapped himself up in the purple, or was satisfied to dwell in the Cambridge colony of hermits. He considered himself none too good for open, working association with politics, agitations and social movements of many kinds. Whosoever were like himself interested ardently in helping on civilization and his country—even were they "long-haired men and short-haired women"—were his fellows. Mere wealth and its possessors as such he simply treated as beneath notice, and he was as unconscious of the attempted patronage sometimes extended to him in such quarters as he was of angry abuse for his heterodoxy in party politics. Of the cheap criticism as to his fondness for things British, one characteristic trait of English public men he introduced in his own person—individuality and independence; and no importation could be better to engraft upon our too easy-going, complacent American temper and habit of thinking down to what we call the "average man."

TO HIS SEPULCHRE.

Lowell's Remains will Rest in Mt. Auburn
—Bishop Philips Brooks will Conduct the Services

Today the mortal remains of James Russell Lowell, America's illustrious poet and diplomat, will be consigned to their grave in the family lot at Mt. Auburn.

The funeral arrangements are complete and will be under the especial charge of Mr. Edward Jackson.

The cortege will leave the Lowell home-stand shortly before noon, and proceed to the Appleton chapel, Harvard University, where services will be conducted by Bishop Phillips Brooks, assisted by Dean William Lawrence of St. John's Episcopal theological school.

Mr. Warren A. Lock, chorister of Harvard University, will have charge of the music, and the Temple quartet will render selections.

The following pallbearers will act as escort from the house to the chapel: President, Charles F. Choate of the Old Colony railroad; Mr. John Bartlett of Cambridge, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton of Cambridge, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Holmes, W. D. Howells, Christopher P. Cranch.

His Lines on Death.

Following are some lines from the dead poet's pen on death:

My love, I have no fear that thou shouldst die:
Albeit I ask no fairer life than this;
Whose numbering clock is still thy gentle kiss,

While Time and Peace with hands locked fly.
Yet care I not where in eternity
We live and love, well knowing that there is
No backward step for those who feel the bliss
Of faith as their most lofty yearnings high;
Love hath so purified my being's core
Me seems I scarcely should be startled even
To find some morn that thou hadst gone before:
Since with thy love this knowledge, too, was given—
Which each calm day doth strengthen more and
more—

That they who love are but one step from heaven.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Condolence from the Queen.

The Queen of England has conveyed her regret at the news of Mr. Lowell's death. Mr. Burnett received the following message yesterday:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13, 1891.

To the Hon. Edward Burnett, Cambridge, Mass.:
The British minister at this capital has forwarded to this department the following telegram from the Marquis of Salisbury:

"The Queen desires to express her sorrow and regret at the news which has just reached this country (England) of Mr. Lowell's death."

WILLIAM F. WHARTON,
Acting Secretary of State.

LOWELL'S LAST POEM.

Written a Year Ago and Printed Last Winter. *Cosmopolitan Journal*

The last poem of Mr. Lowell which was published in an American journal is his "My Brook." It appeared in the New York Ledger's Christmas issue, Dec. 13, 1890, in a four-page souvenir appendix, and was illustrated with four large cuts from drawings of Wilson de Meza. Mr. Lowell wrote the poem while he was in England in the summer of 1890, and subsequently revised it on seeing the proofs. The amount paid for it was \$1000. The poem excited varying opinions among critics, but all praised it for its music, its polish and graceful diction. The poem is given in part below:

MY BROOK.

It was far up the valley we first plighted troth,
When the hours were so many, the duties so few;
Earth's burthen weighs wearily now on us both—
But I've not forgotten those dear days; have you?

Each was first born of Eden, a morn without mate,
And the bees and the birds and the butterflies thought
'Twas the one perfect day ever fashioned by fate,
Nor dreamed the sweet wonder for us two was wrought.

I lloitered beside you the whole summer long,
I gave you a life from the waste-flow of mine;
And whether you babbled or crooned me a song,
I listened and looked till my pulses ran wine.

'Twas but shutting my eyes; I could see, I could hear,
How you danced there, my nautch-girl, 'mid flag-rod
and fern,

While the flashing tomons tinkled joyous and clear
On the elm wrists and ankles that dished in their turn

Ah, that was so long ago! Ages, it seems,
And, now I return sad with life and its lore,
Will they see my gray presence, the light-footed dreamer,
And Will-o'-wisp light me his lantern no more?

The life that I dreamed of was never to be,
For I with my tribe into bondage was sold,
And the sunbeams and moonbeams, your elf-gifts to me,
The miller transmutes into work-a-day gold.

What you mint for the miller will soon melt away;
It is earthy, and earthy good only it buys,
But the shakels you set me are safe from decay;
They were coined of the sun and the moment that flies.

Break loose from your thraldom! 'Tis only a leap;
Your eyes 'tis but shutting, just holding your breath;
Escape to the old days, the days that will keep.
If there's peace in the mill pond, so is there in death.

You are mine and no other's; with life of my life
I made you a Naid, that were but a stream;
In the moon are brave dreams yet, and chances are rife
For the passion that ventures its all on a dream.

Leapt bravely! Now down through the meadows we'll go
To the Land of Lost Pears, whither all the birds wing,
Where the disks move backward and apophelion's blow;
Come flash you tomons again, dance again, sing!

Yes, flash them and flash them on ankle and wrist,
For we're pilgrims to Dreamland, O Daughter of Dream!
There we find again all that we wasted or mist,
And Fancy—poor fool!—with her bauble's supreme.

As the Moors in their exile the keys treasured still
Of their castles in Spain, so have I; and no fear.
But the doors will fly open, whenever we will,
To the prime of the fast and the sweet of the year.

MR. LOWELL AS A TEACHER.

(From the Boston Globe.)

After much persuasion Mr. Lowell had been induced in 1883, after his return from England, to occupy the chair of Smith; professor of the French and Spanish languages and literatures and professor of belles lettres at Harvard.

His subject was Dante, the "Vita Nuova" and the "Divina Commedia."

A few men began at once the study of Italian and by sticking hard at it during the summer were able to get Mr. Lowell's permission to enter the class; and yet there were not over half a dozen men on his list as regular students says a writer in the Globe.

The lectures were held in a room in the old University building. Up to the time that Mr. Lowell conducted this course the walls had been bare, excepting here and there a puzzling map, showing some matters related to political economy; but Mr. Lowell swept out the uncanny charts belonging to the dismal science, and brought down from "Elmwood" a great many engravings and photographs of Old World cities, palaces of the Medici, the bronze doors of Ghiberti and Brunelleschi's dome which Michel Angelo hung on St. Peter's, until the old rude-furnished room was thoroughly freed from all signs of the late dreary hobgoblin presence as if it had been blessed and sprinkled with hyssop and holy water.

Mr. Lowell's method of instruction was fitted for university, not for college, work. It was true research, the desire for learning for its own sake, not the study for discipline, nor for the information alone, but the cultivation and storing of the mind for the pleasure in the acquisition. There was no delay with syntax or prosody.

An hour and a half at a time was given to the poem in hand; Mr. Lowell had the class read, or he himself read, right on, through good and bad.

As some in the class read the text slowly, Mr. Lowell broke in at quick intervals with comments, criticisms adverse or favorable. Now, the wilfulness and superfluity of the rhyme was pointed out; even the cruellest part of Dante's genius was exhibited, all in the easiest manner, as if the students were a group of visitors at "Elmwood" drawing out the man of letters on poetry, men and places.

Towards the close of the hour Mr. Lowell talked. The class sank into silence. There were no more questions, and for the remaining fifteen minutes Mr. Lowell read, larding the soft language of the text with personal talk, reminiscent in character, full of incidents from his years in Italy. Giotto's bell tower and the little Arno, shrunken by the summer sun, were sketched in few words to the imagination of the students on the benches.

The lines "Font il mio bel San Giovanni" caused him to tell of the children whom he saw baptized just where Dante was christened so long before. And then quickly he returned to the tremendous story of the infernal precipices, black whirlpools, the odor of huge loathsomeness, the giants at twilight standing up to the middle in pits.

Suddenly the professor, glancing at his watch on the desk, stopped, bowed and quickly walked out of the room, the men rising to their feet respectfully as he passed.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Some Recollections of Him by George Ticknor Curtis.

The death of James Russell Lowell has awakened in me a long train of recollections. I knew him when he was a little boy. He was ten years old and I was sixteen when, in 1827-8, we both attended as day pupils the boarding-school of Mr. William Wells in Cambridge, which was nearly opposite to the house of the Rev. Dr. Lowell, James's father. In that house James was born, and he had the rare good fortune to live in it all his life, except when he was abroad. His first wife, Maria White of Watertown, was my second cousin. She was a most intellectual person, of highly *spirituelle* nature, and her influence in developing in him a propensity to literary pursuits was very great. Her constitution was extremely delicate, and she died early, leaving a daughter, her only child, now Mrs. Burnett.

I remained at Mr. Wells's school only one year. In August, 1828, I entered Harvard College, leaving "Jimmy Lowell," as we called him, still at the school. Mr. Wells was an Englishman, married to a lady who was a member of the Best family in Boston, and they had three grown-up daughters and two younger sons. Mr. Wells was a fine classical scholar, and a stern schoolmaster of the old-fashioned English type. He always heard a recitation with the book in his left hand and a rattan in his right, and if the boy made a false quantity or did not know the meaning of a word down came the rattan on his head. But this chastisement was never administered to me or to "Jimmy Lowell." Not to me because I was too old for it, and not to him because he was too young.

I graduated from Harvard in 1832, six years before Lowell. I did not know much about him until after he became engaged to my cousin, Miss White. It was a long engagement, for James had no very good prospect of being established in business as a lawyer. Miss White's father and some of Lowell's own relatives regarded him as a young man who would not make his own way in the world. They did not know his genius, but his Maria did know it and with the fidelity of a true woman she believed in his future. I used to hear a good deal about them in a circle of young people with whom I was intimate, but who were younger than myself. Lowell had a kinsman in Boston who might have promoted his prospects at the bar; but this cousin of his always shook his head when James's name was mentioned, and if anyone had predicted James's career in his presence, this cousin would have been utterly incredulous. But this gentleman died before the young poet had gained much reputation. I am not aware that Lowell owed his success in any degree to anyone but himself; still, I think he was not naturally an industrious man. He had, I fancy, a propensity to idleness, which he bravely overcame. Having witnessed the whole of his career, I think I can say that the estimate of it given by Canon Farrar is perfectly just.

Undoubtedly the greatest public service that Mr. Lowell ever rendered consisted in what he did to promote and cement the friendship between the Government and people of Great Britain and the Government and people of the United States. We have had other ministers to England who have done a good deal of this useful and beneficent kind of work. But Lowell was in England at a peculiar time, a time when it was necessary that the work should be undertaken anew, because the unpleasant feelings engendered by our Civil War were not entirely worn out. For this task Lowell was eminently fitted in every way. His genial manners, his tact and his varied accomplishments enabled him to fill with great success a difficult post. [New York Sun.

THE FUNERAL.

Services Over the Remains of James

Boston Russell Lowell.

Journal

Harvard College Chapel Crowded

With a Noted Assemblage.

The Interment Private in the Mt. Auburn Family Lot.

Simple but impressive funeral services over the remains of the late James Russell Lowell were held in Appleton Chapel, Cambridge, at noon Friday. The chapel was crowded to overflowing, and many who desired to be present were unable to gain an entrance. Seldom has there been witnessed such a gathering of those distinguished in the literary and other professions as gathered to pay the last tribute of love and respect to the deceased author, critic, poet and diplomatist, to whom the words of his own tribute to another's greatness might well be applied—

"Placid completeness, life without a fall
From faith or highest aims, truth's breachless wall,
Surely if any fame can bear the touch,
His will say 'Here!' at the last trumpet's call."

Representatives of all these varied walks in life which the deceased so delightfully graced were present. A very noticeable feature too, was the attendance of a large concourse of citizens of Cambridge, Mr. Lowell's native city, showing the falsity, in this case, of the old saying that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

The officiating clergymen were the Right Rev. Phillips Brooks, Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts, and Rev. William Lawrence, S. T. B., Dean of the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Cambridge.

The body was driven in the hearse from Elmwood at 11.30 o'clock, followed by three carriages containing the Burnett family, nurses and servants. The cortege arrived at Appleton Chapel just at noon. Shortly after 12 o'clock the funeral procession into the church was led by the officiating clergy, followed by the pall bearers, then the body, and behind all the relatives and family. Mrs. Burnett, daughter of the deceased, dressed in deepest mourning, was escorted by her oldest son. Mr. Burnett and the rest of the children came next followed by the nurses and servants. As the funeral procession moved up the aisle the voice of Dr. Lawrence was heard uttering the familiar opening words of the Episcopal burial service for the dead. The Scripture was also read by Dr. Lawrence and the prayers by Bishop Brooks.

The music during the service was rendered by the Temple Male Quartette, consisting of T. E. Johnson, first tenor; George W. Want, second tenor; George H. Remelo, first bass, and A. C. Ryder, second bass. The music was in charge of Warren A. Locke, organist at the chapel. The selections included a chant, "Lord, Let Me Know My End," by Buck; "Beati Mortui," by Mendelssohn; "I Heard a Voice from Heaven," by J. C. D. Parker;

Mr. Lowell had a horror of dead-heading, as appears from the little note he wrote to Mrs. Caroline Hall Washburn upon her sending him a couple of complimentary tickets to a parlor entertainment, at which his presence would have been nothing short of a boon and a boom. There is a ray of the true gem in the delicacy and wit of every little memento of the poet-diplomat that comes to light, such as this:

68 BEACON STREET, Jan. 4, 1889.
Dear Mrs. Washburn: I shall hope to obey your orders on Monday, and shall if not hindered by some *force majeure*.

I have sold one of the tickets you kindly left with me, and shall expect to pay for the other. As my visits approach nearer and nearer to extinction, I am, not unnaturally, more jealous of being "deadheaded." I conceive a personal application in it.
Faithfully yours,
J. R. LOWELL.

LOWELL'S EARLY DAYS.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale Pays a Tribute to the Memory of His Friend.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale writes in part thus to the Boston Commonwealth of Mr. Lowell:

The death of Mr. Lowell will be heard with sorrow among all people who use the language which he used so well. In this neighborhood, however, which is his home, there is a world of personal recollections of the most tenderness. I am quickened by the announcement that we are not to see his face again, or meet his cordial salutation. The young men who were around Mr. Lowell in his college days knew, 50 years ago, that he was to be one of the greatest poets of the time, as well as they know now that he has achieved that promise. There is, indeed, a touching anecdote, perfectly authenticated, of the half plaintive way in which dear Dr. Lowell, his reverend father, said to a friend that James had promised him that he would give up writing poetry and would take to study. There is hardly a father in the world who would not feel gratified if his son at the university made him such a promise. But as one recalls the story now, it is simply to be thankful that Dr. Lowell misapprehended the precision of the promise, so that the poet found it impossible for him to make good his words. The university did not, indeed, show its foresight in its handling of one who, fifty years after, it was proud to make its center. The tradition was that the government were very unwilling to proceed to the harshest measures, but, at the very last, and the central point of pressing his attendance at chapel—where he almost always found himself too late for entrance—he was suspended from the college and was not able himself to read the poem which he had prepared for Class Day. Well-authenticated tradition says that he witnessed the ceremony of the dance around the tree through the chinks of a covered wagon in which he had ridden from Concord, which was his place of exile. His loyalty to his alma mater, however, afterward showed that he took no offence for any harshness of her treatment.

It is one of the finest illustrations of the readiness with which America submits her diplomatic business to men of conscience and character, without asking from them what is called a diplomatic education, that Mr. Lowell, in the missions to Spain and to England, discharged so admirably the duties which were intrusted to him. If anybody supposed that here was a mere man of letters, ignorant of the ways of action of men of affairs, Mr. Lowell's dispatches undeceived them. Since his return to this country Mr. Lowell has not been able to take a very active part either in literature or in public affairs. But whoever has met him has found the old cordiality and simplicity and readiness to render service where service came within his power. He felt the personal losses which are the severest penalty of advancing life. The last time I met him I congratulated him that he was at Elmwood, and he said, with his tender smile, "Yes, it is good to be there, but the house is full of ghosts." And so indeed it was. But he could not be morose; he would not oppress his friends with the story of any of his own regrets; and the last and earliest memories which we have of him are of his cordiality, affection and tender sympathy."

"Libera Me," by Kaliwoda.

The floral tributes were very few in number and modest in character. An ivy wreath picked at Elmwood rested on the head of the casket, another wreath of ivy from Mrs. James T. Fields hung over one corner of the reading desk, and a wreath of roses from Mrs. Putnam lay upon the floor at the base of the pulpit. The body was enclosed in a plain black broadcloth casket, without trimmings except a silver plate bearing the simple inscription:

Died Aug. 12, 1891,
James Russell Lowell,
Aged 72 years 5 months.

The pall-bearers were President C. W. Eliot, Hon. George William Curtis, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, W. D. Howells, Christopher P. Cranch, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, Prof. Child, C. F. Choate, John Holmes, Professor Bartlett. Their duties were entirely honorary, the casket being borne into and from the church between them by the Undertakers Wyeth and their assistants.

The foregoing list of pall-bearers is a most distinguished one. John Holmes is a younger brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and of him Lowell once said that he considered him as witty, if not wittier, than the more well-known Autocrat. Oliver Wendell Holmes, George William Curtis and William Dean Howells are names that need but a mention. Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of Fine Arts, was a great personal friend of the deceased. John Bartlett, lately of the publishing house of Little, Brown & Co. is the author of "Pannian Quotations" and to him Lowell dedicated one of his poems in token of friendship. Prof. Child has been for years at the head of the English Department of Harvard College. Charles F. Choate, Esq., is the President of the Old Colony Railroad Company. Christopher P. Cranch, whose poems have delighted many, was a member of the Theological School when Lowell was a sophomore.

The funeral arrangements were in charge of Chief Usher Edward Jackson. The remaining ushers were Messrs. A. Lawrence Lowell, Geo. Gardner, Ernest Jackson, Francis L. Coolidge, Arthur Lyman and Moorfield Storey. The relatives and family of the deceased, the pall-bearers and members of the Loyal Legion and Harvard Corporation occupied a dozen reserved pews across the church directly in front of the pulpit.

Of the surviving members of Mr. Lowell's class, the class of 1838, the following were present: Samuel Leonard Abbot, A. M., M. D.; William Aspinwall, LL. B.; Hon. George Bailey Loring, M. D.; William Ingersoll Bowditch, LL. B. and James Ivers Trevellick Coolidge, S. T. D.

The Loyal Legion, of which the deceased was a member, was represented by the following delegation:

Gen. John L. Otis, Col. Stephen M. Crosby, Gen. Francis A. Walker, Col. Augustus P. Martin, Col. Charles R. Codman, Col. T. W. Higginson, Hon. Frederick W. Lincoln, Col. Henry Stone, William Fadicott, Jr., Col. Henry Leo, Maj. Russell Sturges, Capt. Nathan Appleton, Gen. Edward W. Hincks, Col. Arnold A. Rand and Capt. Hiram S. Shurtleff.

Among those present and not already mentioned were: Hon. R. B. Anderson, Madison, Wis., ex-Minister to Denmark; Rev. H. C. Hitchcock of Somerville, John Livermore, Esq., of Cambridge, Prof. John Henry Wright of Harvard University, Hon. Charles Theodore Russell, Rev. Dr. Alexander of Cambridge; Mr. Edwin D. Mead, Mr. Daniel C. Heath, Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University, H. O. Houghton, Jr., Rev. Edward G. Porter of Lexington, Robert M. Morse, Jr., Mr. Joseph Burnett of Southboro', Rev. Edward A. Rand of Watertown, W. S. Clymer of Watertown, George Putnam, Esq., Hon. Leverett Saltonstall,

Frank B. Sanborn, Mayor Alpheus Alger of Cambridge, Col. Henry L. Higginson, Mr. Joseph G. Thorpe, Jr., Richard H. Dana, Esq., Professor L. R. Whilliston, Miss Ellen T. Emerson of Concord, Mass.; Rev. D. N. Beach of Cambridge; Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D., Prof. George Mendall Taylor, Dr. H. P. Walcott of Cambridge; State Librarian C. B. Tillinghast, Dr. T. H. Cunningham of Cambridge, Rev. A. B. Muzzey of Cambridge, Hon. James A. Fox, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Hon. John Quincy Adams, Dr. James Putnam, Rev. James Sallaway of Bedford, Prof. T. A. Dwyer of Richmond University, Prof. H. W. Williams of Harvard University, George P. Coverly, Esq., Prof. Ware of Columbia College, New York, George Abbott James, Esq., Rev. T. P. Prudden, D. D., of Chicago, Dr. Wm. C. Hawkins, James J. Myers, Rev. W. C. Winslow, D. D., Prof. Adolph Cohn, A. B. Hart, Wm. James and Assistant Librarian W. C. Lane of Harvard University, J. J. Myers, Esq., W. W. Newell, Esq., J. W. Freese, Principal of the Washington Grammar School, Cambridge, Eben Snow, Esq., William B. de las Casas, Esq., Postmaster Arthur Gormley of Cambridge, Godfrey Morse, Esq., Hon. Edwin A. Alger, Dr. Henry A. Williams, President Wheeler of the Cambridge Common Council, Dr. Howland Holmes of Lexington, W. C. Lane of the Harvard College Library, John A. Glidden, Esq., of Dover, N. H., George P. Davis, Esq., of Boston, Robert H. Tappan, Esq., of Cambridge, Rev. Wilson Waters of St. Anne's Church, Lowell; William Lloyd Garrison, Mrs. Agassiz, Mrs. Dr. Sprague, Mrs. William Blake, Mrs. Burt Dexter, Mr. Arthur Dexter, Mrs. Nelson Blake of Arlington, Mrs. J. H. Shapleigh of Brookline, Mrs. F. L. Gould of Cambridge, Mrs. Henry Whitman of Beverly, A. W. Blake of Brookline, A. S. Parsons of Cambridge, Prof. Francke, Nanahe Kozaki and K. Fukushima, Japanese students of Harvard.

The body was not exposed to the view of any one and was taken to Mt. Auburn immediately after the services at the chapel, followed by about fifteen carriages. There were no services at the grave.

While the body was being conveyed to its last resting place in Mount Auburn the church bells throughout the city were tolled and the flags displayed at half mast by order of Mayor Alger. The grave is in the centre of the family lot, on the right of Fountain avenue—the first avenue on the left of the entrance. The lot is a double one, containing the remains of generations of Lowells and Putnams, the latter being Mr. Lowell's only living sister's family. It is conspicuous on account of its extreme plainness and simplicity. It is uninclosed, being without granite curbing, hedge or even location blocks. No monument marks the spot, and only small plain tombstones are at the head of each grave, bearing the following inscriptions: Charles Russell Lowell, died June 23, 1870. James Jackson Lowell, Lieutenant Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers, died June 4, 1862. Samuel K. Putnam, died Dec. 24, 1861. William Lowell Putnam, Twentieth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, killed at Ball's Bluff Oct. 21, 1861. Annie Cabot Lowell, died Jan. 7, 1874. Charles Russell Lowell, Colonel Second Massachusetts Cavalry, died Oct. 20, 1864. Charles Lowell Putnam, died Sept. 10, 1847. Rebecca Russell Lowell, daughter of Charles Lowell, D. D., died May 20, 1872.

The spot which has been selected for the poet's grave, and which, it is understood, was of his own choosing, is romantically situated under two large hornbeam trees, one of which is directly at the foot of the grave and the other on the right of its head. These trees are never trimmed, and their chief charm is their natural and weird growth. The lot is in a valley in the rear of the cemetery, and directly in the shadow of the Longfellow lot, on Indian Ridge avenue, where rest the remains of America's famous bard. Thus the two poets, who were neighbors in life, may be said to occupy the same relation in death.

THE FUNERAL OF LOWELL.

Although many of those who would otherwise have been present were out of town, the funeral of Mr. LOWELL at Cambridge yesterday was the occasion of a large and distinguished gathering. Men eminent in every walk of life were there to testify to the respect in which they held the memory of the dead, and the sorrow which they expressed was keen and sincere. There was no ostentation in the ceremony, which was conducted by Bishop Brooks and the Rev. WILLIAM LAWRENCE according to the beautiful Episcopal ritual, and the eloquence of its fine simplicity was in perfect keeping with the spirit of him who is dead.

The death of Hon. James Russell Lowell, poet, critic and patriot, is a loss to the whole country. Our foremost man of letters, and one whose genius was recognized abroad as well as at home, without a spot on his reputation either as a private citizen or a public servant, a gentleman in the best sense of that much abused word, and a devout believer in God, his memory will be revered by every true American. Born in 1819, he has passed away just as he was beginning to enter upon what was hoped would be a prolonged and beautiful old age.

LOWELL'S FAME ABROAD.

The New York Evening Post refers to the fame of Lowell as an author as not being international, and instances Longfellow, Cooper, Mrs. Stowe and Bret Harte as excelling him in this respect. It might have added Hawthorne, and, perhaps, Henry James to the number. There is one American author who depends upon England and France for his fame more than upon his own country. We refer to Edgar A. Poe. Poe was almost neglected here until he received the certificate of genius from abroad, and we are inclined to think he is not very much read at home by this generation. Lowell's essay writing is not of a kind to receive general reading anywhere; it is, the most of it, too much the work of what is recognized as a distinctively literary man. His humor, from its dialect character, appeals rather to our own people than to those abroad. Among British scholars and men of letters, however, Lowell is appreciated and highly estimated.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[For the Transcript.]

From purest wells of English undefiled
None deeper drank than he, the New World's
child,
Who, in the language of their farm-fields,
spoke
The wit and wisdom of New England folk.
Shaming a monstrous wrong. The world-wide
laugh
Provoked thereby might well have shaken half
The walls of Slavery down, ere yet the ball
And mine of battle overthrew them all.

J. G. W.

THE POET'S DIRGE.

The following lines from James Russell Lowell's "Dirge" have a pathetic appropriateness just now:

Poet! lonely is thy bed,
And the turf is overhead—
Cold earth is thy cover,
But thy heart hath found release,
And it slumbers full of peace.

Thy body findeth ample room
In its still and grassy tomb
By the silent river.
But thy spirit found the earth
Narrow for thy mighty birth
Which it dreamed of ever!

A correspondent R. B. A. sends a bit of loving criticism of Lowell from her journal of March, 1869.

I have just read Lowell's new volume "Under the Willows." It is full of music, of pictures, of high thoughts and of passionate truth. Ah! who that has lost the heart's treasure will not understand the despairing grief of the poems "After the Burial," and "The Dead House." These are words that bring back the sorrow that blotted out the day and hid God's face in deepest night, until there was left

"To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the flesh its sweet despair,
Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket
With its anguish of deathless hair."

In "Pictures from Appledore" there is a description of the effect of the sun shining upon the rocks quite unique. There is a witchery in the way the words are used, in recalling what is delightful to the imagination and to the heart. "A Winter Evening Hymn to My Fire" is full of pleasant fancies. Who before has ever celebrated the Fire-spirit in such appreciative and almost loving strains? A Persian fire-worshipper would be charmed. One could fill pages in praise of "Under the Willows." The author will hereafter ever be to me under the laurel.

Mr. Lowell's Letter-Writing—

(Regular Correspondence of the Transcript.)

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.

It is hard to realize that James Russell Lowell is no longer in this world, and it is hard to realize that old age was against him in his struggle for life. Mr. Lowell never seemed like an old man. It is said of him that, no matter what the age of the other men in the room might be, Mr. Lowell was always the youngest man there. His interest in life and in every thing that was worth being interested in was as keen as a young man's, up to his last illness.

Mr. Lowell was old-fashioned in only one thing—that was his correspondence. His letters were not telegraphic despatches, they were letters, and I am happy to say that I possess a goodly number of them. I don't think that there is one of them, not even the shortest, that is not worth preserving for some bright thought or witty line. Mr. Lowell in the latter years of his life realized, I fancy, than anything in his autograph had a money value in addition to its literary worth. When he sent poems and manuscripts to the magazines they were copied out in another hand than his, his own manuscript being given to a friend whom he wished to benefit by its sale after his death. His letters, however, were all written

in a clear, scholarly hand on handsome paper. I say this to show that bad penmanship and indifferent stationery are not the necessary accompaniment of the man of letters. A letter written by Mr. Lowell was a delight to the eye as well as to the mind. His handwriting was quite as legible as Mr. Longfellow's, without being as clerical in its cut:

POETRY AND JUSTICE. *Phila. Press*

Before the embers of the election fire have died out, let us rescue this fragment of a dozen lines, written by James Russell Lowell. It has done hard duty in the campaign, and has been much quoted by McClure, Harrity and others of the saints:

With generous curve we draw the moral line;
Our swindlers are permitted to resign;
Their guilt is wrapped in deferential names,
And twenty sympathize for one that blames.
The public servant who has stolen or lied,
If called on, may resign with honest pride;
As unjust favor put him in, why doubt
Disavow as unjust his turned him out?
Even if indicted, what is that but fudge?
To him who counted in the elective judge?
Whitewashed, he quits the politician's strife,
At ease in mind, with pockets filled for life.

This is "poetry," the work of a master hand, but is it justice?

Swindlers, says Mr. Lowell, if we may be permitted to condense his poetry into cold controversial prose, are permitted to resign from public stations they have degraded; their crime treated with respect, and in their resignations have the sympathy of nineteen-twentieths of the community. This is a carefully condensed statement. Upon what is it based? Where is the swindler, since the Government began, who has ever been permitted to resign under the circumstances described? Where is the community nineteen-twentieths of whom sympathize with resigned swindlers? Was this the fate of Aaron Burr or Secretary Belknap, the two public men who may have been in the poet's mind? Their history is a terrible example of the stern justice which the Republic visits upon them who trifle with their duties as citizens and statesmen. Better they had died in chains and in the dungeon than live, as they did, in the pitiless Alpine infamy of scorn.

Mr. Lowell alludes also to some public servant who had stolen and lied, and who was permitted to resign in "honest pride." There is no such case in American history and can only be found in the English memoirs of such glorious reigns as those of the four Georges. Mr. Lowell also discovered that a Judge under our elective system treated the indictments of public officials who had stolen and lied as "fudge." Can any student of the eminent poet give us the name of this Judge or of any judicial officer who ever attempted to condone crime and not fall into instant ruin in the attempt? The books are open. The criminal records are before all men. Give us names, dates, time, and place. Then we can rate the poetry at its value.

Mr. Lowell describes a public man who steals and lies, avoids prison by collusion with a corrupt Judge, leaves politics rich,

"whitewashed," and "at ease." Is this true? We have known a few instances of men who escaped conviction by some technicality, by the obtuseness of a jury or the nimbleness of the advocate. But this has happened to murderers as well as to faithless officials. Can it fairly be called a description of the relations between crime and the American bench? Has not public condemnation been instant and pitiless? Society would not take such men with their gildings. To them, as in bitterness they learned, better the wooden bed, the platter and the cell, than the living scorn of a people's contempt.

The "moral line" is never drawn with "a generous curve" of public opinion, the verses of even as great a poet as Mr. Lowell to the contrary. Therein is the strength of the Republic. Sins that the throne might hide grow darker under the light of republicanism. There are many things which might be improved as the world goes. We are trying to better them every day. Not, however, in the moral standards we exact from our public men. We could not be more implacable in what we demand from them, nor more severe in our resentment of their failures to do their duty.

This is the truth of history and current observation, as opposed to the poetry of Mr. Lowell. The elections are over, and there is no harm in speaking it.

THE LISTENER.

Transcript?

The Listener struck an odd account of Mr. Lowell yesterday in a copy of the *Independence Belge*, the great newspaper of Brussels. It was written from London to that paper, and is interesting here from its evident opinion that Mr. Lowell was a very different man from the great majority of his fellow citizens, and from the hitherto locally unknown anecdote it contains. "There is no greater pleasure for the citizens over the Atlantic," says this Belgian writer, "than that of railing against their mother country, and playing her all sorts of *enfant terrible* tricks. In their nasal twang, they call it *tordre la queue du lion britannique*; or as we say, 'pulling grandmother's wig.' 'Why,' said a Manchester man to Mr. Lowell one day, 'aren't you an Englishman?' He was astonished to find an American out in the measure of Belgravia. And the Yankee poet replied, with a wit which his countrymen have as yet failed to see the delicate justice of, 'Yes, I am an Englishman—because I'm not a red-skin.' It is possible that his was a case of atavism. Of Puritan origin, his grandmother, although an emigrant to the New World, never forgave the Americans for having shaken off the yoke of England. When, each year, close by her residence of Elmwood, in Massachusetts, where her illustrious grandson has just died, the lamps were lighted and the petards began to explode which were to glorify the memory of the 4th of July, 1776—the day of the declaration of American independence—then the aged and noble lady went into the deepest mourning, piously fasting and lamenting, in the midst of other people's fireworks, 'our recent and deplorable quarrel with his most gracious majesty, our King George!'"

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After learning thus of Mr. Lowell's Tory grandmother, we are told by the Belgian writer—who wields a facile and bookish pen, by the

way—that, "though he was more completely reconciled to the flag of the United States than his grandparent, James Russell Lowell retained in his blood a homesick love for the old beginnings, for the first fatherland of his people. He was more an English poet than an American; he belonged with Tennyson, with Matthew Arnold, with Thackeray and Lamb, and not with Poe, with Mark Twain and Bret Harte. [The reader will put in his own whistle, in his own way, at this point.] His manner and fashion of looking at things utterly lacked the savor of the soil: it brought to us nothing of the flavor of wild fruits and the copper-red tones which impregnate the prose and the verse of the emigrant definitely assimilated to the atmosphere of the Californian Sierras or the prairies of the Far West. He drew his inspiration exclusively from the fountains of Old World literature. He had everything, in short, which is lacking in the authentic type of the young and too quickly risen American—the distinction of manner, the aristocratic grace of bearing, the correctness of waistcoat, the subtle charming air superficial with many, inborn with him, of the accomplished gentleman, which is the ideal of the English social type. And, by his example, he proved to England that all Americans have not made their fortunes in the pork trade; that they do not all dine with their feet on the table, and that there are among them some who are very well lettered, very artistic, very refined, who have had the time to shake off the mud of their plantations and put polish and varnish upon their shoes."

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Speaking of Mr. Lowell, the Listener has heard several people mention the criticism of the dead poet's work and appreciation of his character contained in Mr. Theodore Watts's *Athenaeum* article, copied in the Transcript Saturday. Mr. Watts was an artist before he was a poet and a critic, and has the artist's and poet's way of expressing himself without much regard for logic—of painting right out with words, as it were, the precise thought that is in him. Some of his remarks about Mr. Lowell's Puritanism, and that of New England people in general, seem a little dogmatic. Of course we are glad to believe that Puritanism, in the high and complimentary sense in which Mr. Watts speaks of it, does exist in New England in very large measure; and it is evident that it permeates Unitarians, Anglicans, Catholics, as well as the old "orthodox" New England communion. But it is not so radically predominant a thing here as an English critic might suppose; and if Mr. Lowell had not escaped in a considerable degree from Puritanism at almost every step he would never have been the great poet that he was. A man who could live as Mr. Lowell did, in the thought and almost worship of trees and birds, must have had a good deal of redeeming pagan virtue in him. That much of Mr. Lowell's poetry was not musical has been known a long time. Mr. Watts puts Mr. Lowell and Dante Gabriel Rossetti into the same category in their tendency to throw the accent in their lines upon weak words; and what superb poets both men were! Is it not possible that both were conscious that there is a melody above melodies, and an accent of thought and color as well as one of sound? For all this, Mr. Watts's study was an excellent one; and what he says about the relation of Americans and Englishmen is well worth American reading.

.... Mr. Lowell's memorial speech on Garfield made at Exeter Hall in London, on Sept. 24, ten years ago, is one of the most thrilling and touching of his addresses; it may be found in the sixth volume of the new ten-volume edition of his works. It is worth while to read again Lowell saying of Garfield—

He was so human. An example of it was his kissing his venerable mother on the day of his inauguration. It was criticised, I remember bearing at the time, as a sin against good taste. I thought then and think now, that if we had found the story in Plutarch we should have thought no worse of the hero of it.

...Mr. Lowell was the only honorary vice president of the Egypt Exploration Fund ever elected to that highly honorable position. His sympathy with its work and other archaeological undertakings is but one of many proofs of the breadth of his mind and his appreciation of every department of study and investigation that helped on man's knowledge of man.

.... "Who listens to an Englishman's speech?" This is the clever way the New York Commercial Advertiser pays back an old score for "Who reads an American book?" and it adds, "If Englishmen are ever to acquire again the lost art of speaking it will be by the study of just such consummate masters of that art as was Mr. James Russell Lowell."

LIBRARY AND FOYER.

Sir Edwin Arnold's extraordinary classification of James Russell Lowell's standing, in American letters, as inferior to that of Poe and Walt Whitman, is based, one may hazard a guess, not so much on his own or his nation's standards, as on what he and his nation are led to believe are the American standards of literary achievement. Poe is bizarre and unconventional; Whitman is conspicuously and determinately uncouth, and often resolutely and impossibly vulgar: Lowell was above all things in his work as in his life, a gentleman. Given, in each, a certain measure of literary ability, and an Englishman takes for granted that the American will exalt, as more representative of America, the ability expressing itself in bizarre and uncouth forms, over the ability expressing itself in forms of recognized beauty, gentleness and grace.

Mr. Lowell rendered much enduring service to American letters: and among his most individual and enduring gifts to our literature is the picture he has painted for us of the old-fashioned, all-round Yankee; the only complete and comprehensive and artistically-finished picture of him, one is tempted to say, ever painted. Hosea Biglow is not Sam Lawson, the village exception, he is,—or was, a thousand times alas for his passing!—the village type; easy-going in easy matters, and as fixed as New England granite, in deeper ones; shrewd, profoundly humorous, quaint, plucky, kindly; unwearied in argument, effective in action; "slow" to contention but slower to quit; a character, no more like the endless parodies and travesties of him, than John Bright was like the "John Boule" of the *Petit Journal* pour Rire. Such a man Lowell sketched for us—or, with far subtler art, made all unconsciously to sketch himself for us, in the most memorable dialect verse of our literature; and to sketch, not only himself, but the now rapidly fading atmosphere and surroundings in which he had being. How exquisitely is older New England epitomized in "The Courtin'!" What a model for realists is that incomparable bit of verse, with its faithful presentation of simple, homely life, touched with transfiguring light from within! Where shall we look for a sweeter, more appealing picture of gentle girlhood than Huldry, as she

* * * * *
All kind o' smily round the lips,
An' teary round the lashes!

Lowell, like Abraham Lincoln, was fond of hinting in a pungent anecdote, doubts or disapprovals he did not care for the moment to express outright. Thus when the elective system began to be a burning question at Harvard, and extremists were inclined to preach an absolute freedom of choice in undergraduate studies,

Lowell was asked, at a Phi Beta Kappa dinner, for his opinion on the question. "Well," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "I have been thinking that the Faculty might meet with the same difficulty that an old landlord whom I knew, once did. He had a great many original gastronomic theories; and confided to me, once, his conviction that ordinary ducks could be made to attain precisely the same flavor as canvas-backed ducks by feeding them largely on celery-seed. I asked him why he did not try the experiment; and he replied mournfully that he had often endeavored to; but, said he, 'the trouble is the blamed things won't eat the seed!'"

And of all the giants there were on the earth in those days, how few are left! Bancroft, Sumner, Emerson, Longfellow, Agassiz, Lowell—where are their peers?

"Something that shone in them hath made us see
The archetypal man, and what might be
The amplitude of Nature's first design."

We cannot find them. Nothing now is left
But a majestic memory. They, meanwhile,
Wander together in Elysian lands."

The mention of Agassiz's name recalls a delicious little story of the great naturalist, which I am quite sure has never found its way into print. He once took a voyage on a United States man-of-war, as the guest of one of our commodores who was his warm personal friend. He planned to cast dredging nets here and there, at certain stages of the journey, to secure specimens of fish peculiar to those waters; and near the Straits of Magellan he was overjoyed on drawing in his nets to find he had two fishes of so exceedingly rare a sort that probably they had never hitherto been accurately classified and described. Too delighted to weigh his English phrases, he stood murmuring over and over again, "Ah, the luscious morsels—the luscious morsels!" and gave them temporarily in charge of a sailor in attendance, while he put away his paraphernalia. An hour afterward, at dinner, a plate was deposited by the respectful steward in front of Professor Agassiz, bearing two small fishes, fried to an appetizing brown. An awful foreboding darted through his brain. "What—what are these?" he gasped. "They're the fish you took this afternoon, sir!" said the steward, promptly and agreeably. "The man he said you said, sir, as how they were 'luscious morsels,' and he thought, sir, they'd better be cooked while they were fresh!"

The expression that settled on Agassiz's face, is a legend in the navy to this hour. They say that he walked up and down the cabin for an hour with a fish in each hand, bewailing his and their cruel fate.

A timely literary gem is the following remarkable tribute to Mr. Lowell. It is printed in all solemnity, and with the approbation of a prominent place in the poetry column, by the *San Francisco Bulletin*:

LITERARY LIGHTS.

Words of Condolence Dedicated to the friends of the Immortal Lowell.

Another "Light" across the way,
Brightening our path to follow;
The last faint echo of the boatman's oar
Is lost in its empty hollow.

The way, once dark, is now so light
They're clearing up superstition.
Clipping the twigs of a dangerous blight
With love, the remaining condition.

"The 'Light of a Lowell' over the way
A radiance will shed forever;
As there on the rim of another day
He plants his light by the river.

"Tis only a step. I plainly see—
A sleep divested of sorrow.
I marvel not what the darkness be,
I shall clearly see tomorrow.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From the crayon by S. W. Rouse in the possession of Professor Charles Eliot Norton



ROBERT GOULD SHAW

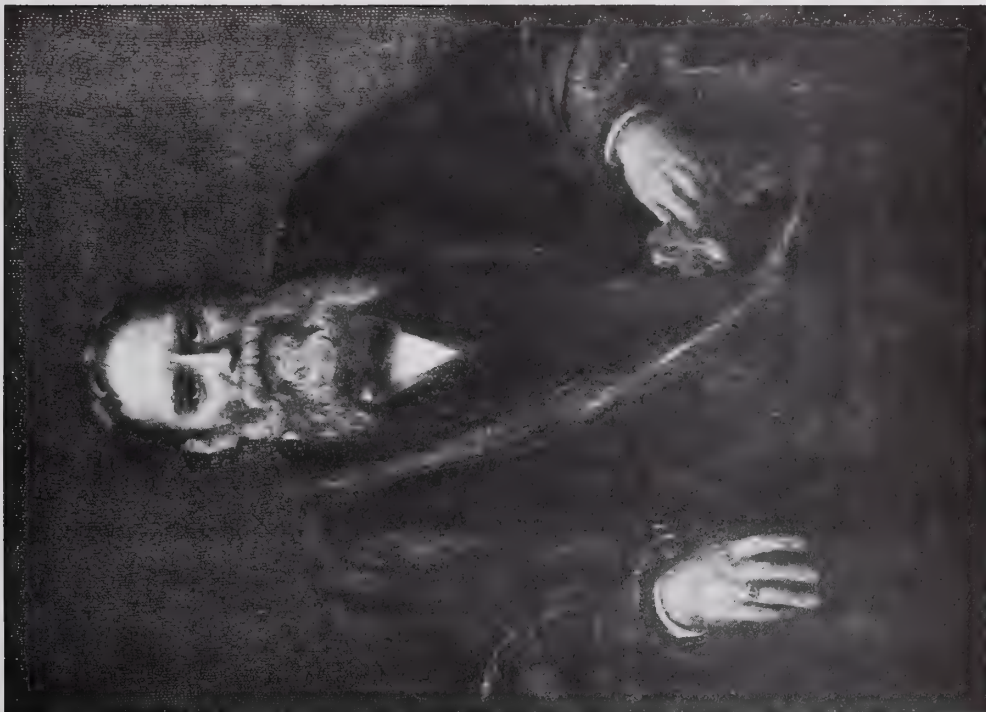
WILLIAM LOWELL PUTNAM

CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL

JAMES JACKSON LOWELL



ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE



LOWELL IN HIS OXFORD GOWN

The human leaf falls one by one
From the tree of life eternal—
Under the warmth of another sun
Will bud and blossom eternal.
New York, August, 1891. MAY FAL

Mr. James Russell Lowell died yesterday at his home in Cambridge. We give in another column a critical account of his career and of his place in the world of letters. But no tribute to his memory in the *Nation* would be complete or adequate which failed to mention how much it owed to his sympathy and encouragement from the day of its foundation, and how unstintingly these were given to its conductors. His rare contributions to its columns, though very valuable, were but a very insignificant part of the support it received from him. What was most valuable was his constant and very frequent private expressions of praise and appreciation. These never ceased for any great interval during twenty-five years of good and evil report, and they, we need not say to readers of his works, and still less to those who knew the man himself, came from the hand of a master in politics as well as in literature, and, what was still better, from the hand of one of the warmest and staunchest of friends. Of no American of our time might it be more truly said, "Nec vero ille in luce modo atque in oculis civium magnus, sed intus domique præstantior. Qui sermo, quæ precepta!"

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The Nation, August 13, 1891
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was born at the residence called Elmwood in Cambridge, Mass., February 23, 1819. He came of a family which in every generation has rendered public service in some form. His father, the Rev. Charles Lowell, D.D., was prominent in his day as a clergyman, though now best remembered for the wholesome brevity of his sermons; he was one of the conspicuous early Unitarians, although he never would accept that or any other denominational name. Dr. Lowell's father was the Hon. John Lowell, United States Chief Justice for the New England circuit, who has permanent fame as author of that clause in the Massachusetts Constitution which abolished slavery, and it is worth noticing that he was also the author of an English poem in the Harvard "Pietas et Gratulatio" of 1761. Judge Lowell's father was the Rev. John Lowell, a clergyman of Newburyport, Mass., and there now hangs at Elmwood a painted panel representing this worthy divine, with several others, sitting around a table with pipes and tobacco, the motto being appended, "In necessariis unitas, in non necessariis libertas, in omnibus caritas." The father of the Rev. John Lowell was Percival Lowell, a merchant, who came from Bristol, England, in 1639 and settled in Newbury, Mass. James Russell Lowell was thus of the fifth generation from one of the founders of New England. His brother, the Rev. R. T. S. Lowell, is also an author, as is his sister, Mrs. S. R. Putnam;

and among his kinsmen, not through direct descent, have been John Lowell, the prolific pamphleteer of Madison's Administration; Francis Cabot Lowell, the founder of the cotton manufactures of New England; John Lowell, the founder of the Lowell Institute in Boston; the present Judge (John) Lowell; and the younger authors, Percival, Abbott Lawrence, and Edward Jackson Lowell. Two of James Russell Lowell's brother's children, Gen. Charles Russell Lowell and Lieut. James Jackson Lowell, were killed during the civil war. It is doubtful whether any family name in New England represents so large a total of conspicuous usefulness.

Prof. Lowell's mother, Harriet (Spence) Lowell, was the daughter of Robert Trall Spence of Portsmouth, N. H., an officer of the United States Navy. She is described by those who knew her as affording the greatest contrast to her gentle and dignified husband, she having a strain of Celtic blood which gave her great vivacity, wit, and impetuosity of manner, all combining to make her very attractive. She lost her intellectual powers with advancing years, and was the subject, under those circumstances, of one of the most powerful and pathetic of her son's poems—"The Darkened Mind."

The house in which Lowell was born was one of several fine old mansions on Brattle Street (Cambridge)—a street bearing the name of a prominent Loyalist of the Revolution—known in the last generation as "Tory Row." The Baroness Riedesel in her Memoirs has described these houses as they were during the Restoration, when occupied by a series of families all connected, all rich and prosperous, and all upon the Tory side. Elmwood was built in 1767 by Lieut.-Gen. Thomas Oliver, and was the scene of a popular outbreak in 1774, when the occupant was compelled by a mob to decline office as Mandamus Counsellor in these pithy terms: "My house at Cambridge being surrounded by about 4,000 people, in compliance with their command I sign my name, Thomas Oliver." The house was afterwards occupied by Gov. Elbridge Gerry, from whom the Rev. Dr. Lowell purchased it. The beautiful trees which now adorn it were mostly planted by him. Nearly opposite, across Brattle Street, in another of those large colonial houses, was kept for many years the classical school of William Wells, who then had the reputation of fitting boys better than any one else for Harvard College. This was probably true, but it was nevertheless a rough, old-fashioned school of the English type, upon which none of its boarding pupils look back with much pleasure. Lowell, however, was a day scholar, as was his lifelong friend and fellow-worker, William Story; and among the younger pupils who afterwards developed literary tastes were T. W. Higginson and Charles C. Perkins. The training was mainly classical, Mr. Wells being himself the author of an excellent Latin grammar and editor of the first American edition of Cicero.

From this school Lowell entered Harvard College in 1834, taking his degree of A.B. in 1838, and that of A.M. in 1841. He was a college classmate of his friend Story, of Hon. Charles Devens (of Boston), Hon. Rufus King (of Cincinnati), Dr. G. B. Loring (our recent Minister to Portugal), Gen. H. L. Eustis, the

Rev. Drs. E. A. Washburn, Rufus Ellis, and J. I. T. Coolidge. Socially, he was one of the favorites of his class and one of the editors of the College periodical, *Harvardiana*; but he was rather irregular as a student, and was suspended on the eve of graduation for a boyish escapade. This prevented the delivery of his class poem, but it was subsequently published without his name, and partly for this reason has now become so rare that copies of it command a high price. It contains some boyish satire upon the abolitionists and other reformers, but showed the nascent spirit of reform in an eloquent protest against the eviction of the Cherokees, and also in a tribute to the Rev. Dr. Channing. He never reprinted it among his works, but it is very probable that its publication did something to commit him to the career of letters.

A far more powerful influence was, however, brought to bear upon him, in the same direction, soon after. A young poet's love is always a prime factor in his career, but rarely one so altogether controlling as in the case of Lowell. The object of his attachment was Maria White, the sister of one of his classmates. She lived in Watertown, the town adjoining Cambridge, where her father was perhaps the most influential citizen; she had a good deal of beauty, and this of a thoughtful and poetic type, and, under a peculiarly serene and gentle aspect, concealed great strength and fervor of nature. Lowell was, as he has since said of himself, by "temperament and education of a conservative tone." She was, on the other hand, a natural reformer, and, though partly educated in a convent, had already thrown herself with ardent sympathy into the reformatory spirit of the times, and especially the anti-slavery movement; she had also attended Margaret Fuller's classes. That this reformatory spirit was with her a matter of temperament as well as conviction—something in the blood—is indicated by the fact that her brother, only a few years older, gave up all for reform, travelled about the country with Frederick Douglass and others as an anti-slavery apostle, and afterwards gave equal energy to the temperance agitation.

All this reformatory atmosphere determined Lowell's career: his love made him a poet, the object of his love made him a reformer. The same end might have been reached in other ways, but this was the way in which it actually came. For the rest, he and his betrothed became the centre of a circle of very clever and joyous young people, who had several pleasant headquarters in Boston, Cambridge, and Watertown, and who all accepted these two lovers as their natural leaders, or, as the phrase among them was, their "king and queen." Lowell was then studying law, or just essaying his powers in that direction; he could not yet afford to be married, and it was understood that the prospective father-in-law withheld his consent until Pegasus should have learned to work in harness, thus giving the needed flavor of opposition. Meanwhile, the love affair interested the whole circle. It was a composite romance; there was, moreover, a theory of publicity about it—it was too sacred not to be spoken of—and the love-letters of the young people were shown freely from hand to hand. Perhaps it

was all a little exaggerated, but it was pretty and innocent, and the real genius and earnest purposes of the parties gave it a certain dignity. They meant to lead a life as ideal as that of Dante and Beatrice, and, incidentally, to reform the world.

Lowell's first volume, 'A Year's Life' (1841), shows primarily the influence of Maria White, and secondarily that of Keats and Tennyson; he and his betrothed being among the first readers of the two thin volumes which then imperfectly predicted the well-earned fame of the present Laureate. As the first work of a youth of twenty-one, 'A Year's Life' had doubtless much that was crude and imitative, but it struck a note then new in our literature, and found at once a circle of warm admirers who did not hesitate, with youthful daring, to claim that the most gifted of American poets had appeared. Margaret Fuller, who later criticised him in a more trenchant way, said acutely of the work that its best encomium was to be found in the perhaps exaggerated admiration of these young people; and Lowell has since been his own severest critic by omitting most of it from his published works. Perhaps he has done this too rigidly, but it nevertheless remains in literature as a beautiful example of shaping influence from a pure and devoted love.

Its reception, at any rate, weakened his hold upon the law, his brief experience, which is best recorded in a paper by him entitled "The First Client," and published in the *Boston Miscellany*. This periodical was an outgrowth of the "Brothers and Sister" as the coterie of young friends called themselves, it being edited by Nathan Hale, one of the leaders of the group, and he being aided by the contributions of Lowell and Story. The two volumes edited by Hale (1842-3) are still worth inspection as a landmark in American literature, exhibiting the first step out of the *Godey's Lady's Book* period towards the magazine of to-day. The fashion-plate was still retained, the type was dingy, the criticisms were conventional, but a step was taken. Lowell himself attempted a still further step in the *Pioneer*, a magazine which he essayed to conduct, in 1843, after Hale had surrendered the *Miscellany*.

The *Pioneer* took at once a higher stand than any previous American magazine. The element of costume was now wholly disregarded, and there were substituted "outlines" from Flaxman, as being better than "a host of tawdry fashion plates." The editors secured the best corps of purely literary contributors to be had in the country—Hawthorne, Poe, John Neal, T. W. Parsons; Elizabeth Barrett sent one poem; Maria White printed two really noble and beautiful sonnets, addressed to her betrothed, but without her name; while Lowell and Story wrote profusely under various names. Whether it was too good to live is now uncertain, but it died after its third number, leaving, however, a promise which gave great encouragement to the later *Putnam's Magazine* and the final *Atlantic Monthly*. After all, the absence of capital may have been the simpler key to its fate. Lowell could have commanded

very little, in those days, of this essential requisite, while his associate, Robert Carter, had less. But Lowell's poems were in demand in a moderate way; indeed, it was considered quite a triumph of the muse when he was offered \$100 for ten poems to appear in *Graham's Magazine*. The same periodical contained a very eulogistic paper on the new poet, signed "P.," and generally attributed to Poe, but really the work of the late Charles J. Peterson of Philadelphia.

The following year Lowell was married and entered on a wedded life which fortunately did not disappoint its early promise. He and his young wife took up their abode at Elmwood with the Rev. Dr. Lowell; and Fredrika Bremer remarked, on her visit to this country, that it was the only house she had entered where two successive generations had been born. Two children were there given to them, of whom the elder, Blanche, died young, only the younger surviving—now Mrs. Edward Burnett, who still resides with her children at Elmwood.

Lowell's volume called 'Poems' (1844) showed a maturer development of his powers, although, as often happens with young authors, the long poem, "A Legend of Brittany," was one of its least successful portions. More significant was the sonnet to Wendell Phillips, in which he distinctly took sides with the abolitionists, thus predicting the current of many of his coming years. The sonnet on the opposite page, "In Absence," was by Maria Lowell. Next followed the 'Vision of Sir Launfal' (1845), and in a few years his first prose work, 'Conversations on Some of the Old Poets' (1848), his wife contributing to this also, in the form of a graceful illuminated cover which she designed. This volume was based on his papers on the English dramatists in the *Boston Miscellany*. He chose for his book that conversational form which Landor had then made popular, but not permanent; there is very little of dramatic variation in Lowell's two interlocutors, and the form really added nothing. The style was, moreover, somewhat crude, and had a certain cumbrousness from which he did not free himself for many years; but the book was a work of love, represented a great deal of reading, and showed the author's wonted taste in selections and citations. In his preface he makes an apology for the defects of the book, on the ground of haste, but makes no apology for the haste itself, and alludes, rather defiantly, to that introduction of his anti-slavery opinions which was by no means to his discredit. Another volume, entitled 'Poems: Second Series,' followed in 1848, containing a touching poem by his wife, "The Morning Glory." It included also his ringing verses entitled "The Present Crisis," which had been first published anonymously in the *Boston Courier*, and had attracted more attention, perhaps, than anything he had written, being at first attributed to Whittier. Lowell had now, for some time, been established, in Willis's phrase, as "the best-launched poet of his time."

He had by this date thrown in his lot with the abolitionists, as a vice-president of anti-slavery societies, a corresponding editor of the *Anti-Slavery Standard* (1848), and a frequent attendant at conventions, although he never

spoke. Moreover, he had begun in 1846 to write for the *Boston Courier*, under the name of Homer Wilbur, those satirical verses which were to give him perhaps his greatest fame. Such was his personal reputation for wit that no one was surprised at his writing them, but his best friends were hardly prepared for the extraordinary combination of talent which appeared in the collected volume of 'Biglow Papers' (1848)—the learning, the allusion, the Cotton-Mather quality of the whole setting of the book, alloyed only here and there by a visible touch of Carlyism, then so prevalent. Twenty years after, in returning a second time to the 'Papers,' he wrote in his preface a full explanation of the circumstances under which the original book was written.

During the same year appeared his other work of humorous genius, 'The Fable for Critics' (1848). This was begun as a mere squib, to amuse a friend in New York, but grew upon his hands, and was published anonymously, yet with little attempt at concealment. It had an immediate success, and had many brilliant and many graceful passages. It cannot be fully estimated, however, without remembering that it was written at a period more trenchant than now—the Poe period—when literary personalities were still in order, and when it was considered becoming in literature, as now in politics, to "get even" with an opponent, as did Lowell in this case with Margaret Fuller and with Professor Bowen of Harvard University. Having become an associate of the latter in the University, he modified that part of the poem, and it was hoped by some of his friends that he would also modify that in regard to Miss Fuller, whose heroic Italian life and tragic death had meanwhile disarmed personal criticism; but he never did.

In 1851 he visited Europe with his wife, whose health, never strong, became more and more delicate until her death, October 27, 1853, formed another era in his life. It seemed to produce almost a reaction against former scenes and companionships, now painful through bitter association with her; and although he allowed his name to stand in connection with anti-slavery societies, he was generally regarded as having cooled in sympathy. This was unjustly attributed to his becoming, in 1855, a professor in Harvard University, then rightly regarded as very conservative. He visited Europe again, wrote in *Putnam's Magazine*, and became, in 1857, the joint editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In this capacity he showed much acumen and ability, with some want of method and systematic industry. Later (1862-1872) he was editor of the *North American Review*, with his life-long friend Norton as co-editor. Soon after his wife's death his brief 'Life of Keats' was published (1854), prefixed to a new edition of that poet; this was, however, probably written earlier, and for nearly ten years after her death he printed nothing important. Even then his 'Fireside Travels' (1864) was almost wholly a reprint of papers written long before, and seemed hardly enough of a harvest to justify so long a fallow period, although it contained the delightful and semi-autobiographical "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago."

In 1855 Mr. Lowell was appointed to the Harvard professorship vacated by his friend Longfellow, his title being that of "Smith Professor of the French and Spanish Languages and Literatures and Professor of Belles-Lettres." In this capacity he gave lectures and had classes; but there was a certain constitutional indolence about him which made academic life not altogether attractive; his pupils sometimes complained that he came into the recitation-room yawning, and their parents that he put a little cynicism into his interpretations of the great historic legends—such as may be seen, for instance, in his poem of "Blondel." He was always personally popular, however, and reflected distinction on the University by his character and attainments. In 1857 he married his second wife, Miss Frances Dunlap, of Portland, Maine, an accomplished and agreeable woman, who had been his daughter's governess. To this marriage no children were born.

Meantime the storm of the Civil War had begun to gather over the land; three of Lowell's nephews—Gen. C. R. Lowell, Lieut. J. J. Lowell, and Lieut. J. J. Putnam—fell in the struggle, and it seemed to give a new impulse to his productivity. The second series of the 'Biglow Papers' followed (1865), and his magnificent "Ode" was recited at the Harvard commemoration services, July 21, 1865, taking rank at once as the one great poem of the Civil War. A period of new activity followed; there succeeded in quick succession 'Under the Willows, and Other Poems' (1869), 'The Cathedral' (1870), 'Among My Books' (1870, second series, 1876), 'My Study Windows' (1871), and 'Three Memorial Poems' (1876). He was a Presidential elector in this last year, and in the following was appointed by President Hayes (of whose Cabinet his classmate, Gen. Devens, was a member) as United States Minister to Spain. This was the beginning of his diplomatic career.

The Spanish mission had been by tradition, since the days of Irving, a literary distinction rather than a public function. Mr. Lowell found the social duties very agreeable. Without the training of a diplomat, he had many of the essential qualities—cultivation, *bonhomie*, patience, and a ready wit. Even a certain indolence of nature stood him in stead, since a large part of diplomatic duty consists in waiting. On his transfer to the Court of St. James's, he found some duties more complex awaiting him, in the settlement of various questions relating to Irish-American "suspects"; and he encountered some criticisms at home which now seem to have been unreasonable. His social accomplishments made him exceedingly popular in London, and if this popularity seemed to lie rather in the direction of the conservative than of the more progressive English sentiment, this proceeded evidently from circumstance, and not—as was at one time widely reported—from a want of proper American feeling. Any doubts on this subject were at once removed, in all reasonable minds, by his remarkable address on "Democracy," delivered (October 6, 1884) at Birmingham, England, on assuming the Presidency of the

Birmingham and Midland Institute. A more admirable statement has never been made of the working, not merely of guarded republican institutions, but of the principle of democracy itself up to the present day, and it will go permanently on record as a broad statement of the very spirit of the age by one of its finest minds.

It was published in a volume, 'Democracy, and Other Addresses' (1885). This contains a variety of admirable addresses, mostly literary, and all delivered in England, except the address at Chelsea, Mass., and that pronounced (November 8, 1886) at the 250th anniversary of the founding of Harvard University. The whole volume shows a very distinct literary advance above all his previous work; there is a mellowness of tone and a judicial quality which were not always visible in his earlier critical writings. The style is terser, and wholly disarms some of the criticisms which had been earlier made upon him, not wholly without reason, for too great accumulation of metaphor and too great prolixity in the structure of his sentences. These defects, all growing in reality from an excess of wealth, were keenly pointed out long since by Prof. W. C. Wilkinson in 'A Free Lance in the Field of Life and Letters,' and by John Foster Kirk in *Lippincott's Magazine*; but their objections certainly do not hold against this his crowning volume.

The second Mrs. Lowell died in London, after a long illness, in February, 1885. His diplomatic life closed in 1885, not abruptly, like Motley's, but with his full consent, and in the most cordial relations with his successor, Mr. E. J. Phelps, for whom Lowell predicted at the outset that successful career which followed. Returning home, Lowell resumed, in a slight way, his connection with the University, being, however, transferred soon after to an "emeritus" position. He delivered lectures before the Lowell Institute on the old English dramatists, and gave various public addresses. For a time he resided with his daughter in Southborough, Mass., but in 1889 returned with her and her children, after prolonged absence, to his birthplace, and occupied himself during a period of broken health in a Life of his old friend Hawthorne, for the "American Men o' Letters" Series.

It is too early to anticipate the judgment of posterity on Lowell's position in literature. All will now admit him to have been the author of the finest single poem yet produced in this country, the "Commemoration Ode"; to have reached in his 'Biglow Papers' the high-water mark of American humor; to have been unquestionably, despite all necessary allowances, our foremost critic; and to have done more, probably, than any man to command for our institutions, in all their aspects, the respect of the English-speaking world. His fame was not, like that of his friend Longfellow—or even like that of Cooper, Mrs. Stowe, and Bret Harte—international; few of his writings, if any, were translated into other languages than his own. But this is, after all, a very uncertain test of merit; and it is probable that no American author, unless it be Emerson, has achieved a recurer hold upon a lasting fame.

In his political aspect, nothing can be more certain than that his reputation will grow with time, and that, to say nothing of the vigor and originality of his thought, his independence, which of late years brought down upon him a shower of partisan abuse hardly to be matched in any country, or in any age, for indecency, will be rated among his crowning glories.

SILENTLY SUMMONED

Boston Journal

James Russell Lowell, Poet and Diplomat, Passes Away at His Cambridge Home.

His Career as Minister to Madrid and the Court of St. James.

A Remarkable Cheerfulness Maintained Despite His Many Years of Suffering.

How His Wife Prevented Him From Injuring His Health by Overwork.

He Converted Gladstone to Home Rule for Ireland—Sketch of His Life.

BOSTON, August 12.—Hon. James Russell Lowell died at his home in Cambridge at 2:15 this morning. Mr. Lowell himself never inquired as to the nature of his malady. From inquiries it was ascertained that an old enemy of his, the gout, has afflicted him almost constantly of late, and that sciatica, hemorrhages, and latterly a severe type of liver disease have in turn affected him. Mr. Lowell's health has been impaired ever since his return to this country in 1835 after concluding his diplomatic services of eight years, three years at Madrid and five at the Court of St. James. The death of his wife, in the midst of his social and diplomatic success in London as the representative of this country had an untoward effect upon his health, which was then becoming broken. He returned to his home at Cambridge, that Elmwood so full of history, and where with brief intervals he has spent the whole seventy-two years of his life. His wife's loss weighed heavily upon his mind. Even then he was beginning to fail visibly in a physical way, and went into society little, preferring to enjoy quietly the companionship of his books, and gradually dropping into the reclusive life of a semi-invalid. He was forbidden to take the long walks which he so much enjoyed and which yielded such abundant fruit in his works, and later driving even was prohibited. His friends, when they called at Elmwood, invariably found him with an open volume be-

fore him, but ready to lay it aside and converse on every day topics with all the mental vigor he ever possessed. Three Cambridge gentlemen, old friends of his, who had with him formed a whist club, found that for some time he had been making unusual efforts to be present at the game, of which he was so fond, and learning that it was at the expense of his failing health, this, the last social enjoyment he indulged in, was also given up. A year and a half ago his condition became so serious and a fatal termination was feared, but his health then had the chance of recovery.

His life at Elmwood has been almost devoid of incident. One or two friends have dropped in from day to day, his studies have been pursued whenever possible, and his geniality and lightness of spirit even when suffering have been remarkable. A complete revision of his works in prose and verse was undertaken and completed, a task in itself of considerable magnitude and which undoubtedly made a decided strain upon his impaired vitality. He had also written a charming introduction to "Isaak Walton's Works" and contributed a few pieces of verse to the *Atlantic*. Mrs. Burnett, his only child, has been with him constantly. She is his only near relative, except a brother, Robert, whose whereabouts uncertain.

It appears that the poet was taken sick about five weeks ago. About two weeks or more ago he became delirious and up to Monday he recovered consciousness only at brief intervals when he gave members of his family signs of recognition. He seemed to think he was far away from home and appeared to long to get back to Elmwood and his family. At times, too, he fancied he was entertaining royal visitors. Though unquestionably the pain was very great he made no complaint. Last Sunday he seemed better, and the delirium left him. On Monday he appeared brighter than at any time during his long illness. Up to that time the room had been cool, but he then began to show the effect of the heat. On Monday afternoon when the nurse changed the bedding he suffered intensely when moved and finally said: "Oh, why don't you let me die." These words were his last. He seemed from that time to lose heart, and gradually his life faded away. He continued in a comatose condition until 2:15 o'clock this morning, when the last spark of life went out. Beside him in his last moments were the sister of his first wife, his daughter, Mrs. Edward Burnett, and her husband, the ex-Congressman, as well as the nurses and servants of the household to whom he had always been so kind that a strong attachment had sprung up.

At the mansion of the Elmwood estate, where Lowell died, there were no members of the family to-day but the daughter and the son-in-law of the poet. His body lies in his own sleeping apartment, where the last hours of his life were spent. The nurse who watched over him during his illness is still at the house. She was present at his bedside from the time when he became unconscious Monday evening until he died, early this morning, except for absence of a few minutes. His death was extremely peaceful. Although it was known that he could not live much longer, his death was, nevertheless, rather unexpected.

Late Monday afternoon, after a few hours of brightness, he began to wander again, and whatever he said after that time was aimless. In a few hours he became unconscious, and he never regained his mind. The transition from sleep to death was so easy that for a few moments nobody in the room observed that he had ceased to breathe. There were present at his bedside when he breathed his last, his daughter Mabel and her husband, Mr. Burnett, with his first wife's sister, Mrs. Howe, and the nurse. His eyes were closed and they never opened. He passed away with only a heavy sigh to indicate the separation of the great soul from the worn out body.

The funeral will be held Friday at noon in Appleton Chapel, Cambridge. It is probable that Bishop-elect Phillips Brooks will officiate.

Mr. Lowell had greatly regretted that the state of his health would not admit of his passing this summer at his usual summer resort in Southboro. The one regret of his publishers was that he would not write more. For more than thirty years Houghton, Mifflin & Co. had been his publishers. They say his manuscript was always in his own handwriting, and was "beautiful copy," perfectly legible, and had very few erasures. Mr. Lowell, they said, was a charming caller. He could not write them a short, informal note even upon a matter the most trivial without making it bright, witty, and characteristic. Speaking of the great ode which he read at the dedication of Harvard University Memorial Hall they remarked that he had in this production achieved the greatest work of the age in this direction, and they said that he had in its composition, in addition to the incentive of patriotism, the sense of personal loss, three of his nephews having participated in the conflict, and one of them, the lamented Colonel Shaw, a young man of the brightest promise for the future, having been slain in battle.

Mr. Lowell had a period of literary inactivity after the death of his first wife, but the outbreak of hostilities between the States broke up his lethargy and sorrow. The same thing happened after the death of his second wife. The bereaved husband was for a long time utterly inconsolable. During this season of sorrow many feared for his health, and there were some, indeed, who dreaded the result to the sensitive mind of the stricken man. Besides being in closest sympathy with him in his literary predilections, she was ever solicitous for his physical comfort. The affection of this pair for each other was most tender and deep. She made it her personal care to see that he was not permitted to pursue his literary work or recreation to the injury of his health. However charming the volume in which he might be for the time engrossed, and however intent he might be elaborating and rounding out the particular trope or stanza, whenever Mrs. Lowell deemed that the time was come for exercise and food, she would invade his hall of delight and bear him off her prisoner. And her care was needful, for, although Mr. Lowell was regarded as a leisurely writer, and although as an author he could do nothing or would do nothing, as he himself admitted, upon compulsion; when the mood was upon him he would read or write unceasingly for hours at a time. Persons who claim to know the facts say that Mr. Gladstone declared to an American visitor that it was to the unanswerable arguments and the flawless logic of Mr. Lowell that his own conversion to home rule for Ireland was due. The same gentleman stated that so far from any decline having taken place in Mr. Lowell's republican principles during his residence in England, he was if anything more intensely American than ever after his return to this country. He would declare to the younger men of his acquaintance that the glorious destiny of this country and the permanency of her institutions were not for a moment to be doubted nor despaired of; and he added that although Mr. Lowell was a man of the kindest nature, he had no compunction in ruffling the plumage of such American young men as he met with in whom residence abroad had engendered a slighting tone of mind towards their native land and her people. This gentleman related the fact of the great friendship which Mr. Lowell had for Mr. Gladstone and the Earl of Derby as an illustration of the American Minister's mental fairness. The English peer and the great commoner were as wide as the poles from each other in political ideas, but Mr. Lowell saw in each of them purity of motive and integrity of purpose.

Sketch of His Career.

James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., on February 22, 1819. His father, Rev. Charles Lowell, was for more than half a century pastor of the West Congregational Church, of Boston. The American founder of the house came from Bristol, Eng., to Newburg, Mass., in 1639, only nine-

teen years after the landing of the Pilgrims, and the family had long been well known in New England before its most famous member began his career.

The poet whose death is announced this morning was educated at Harvard, where he graduated in 1838. His class poem was published and attracted some notice. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1841, but his literary bent was too strong to permit him to follow the practice of his profession. Mr. Lowell's first volume of poems appeared in 1841, and it contained some verse which retains a place in later collections of his works. In 1843 he published, with Robert Carter, an illustrated magazine called the *Pioneer*. Poe and Hawthorne contributed to it, but the venture proved a financial failure. The next year another volume of poems appeared, showing a noteworthy advance over the author's first efforts. In 1849 a third volume of verse attracted wider attention to Lowell's genius. It contained strong anti-slavery poems which stirred the heart of New England and put the young master in the front ranks of the struggle for liberty in the South. His "Vision of Sir Launfal," published in that year, established his fame in the highest realm of lyric poetry as firmly as the Biglow papers (first series), did his reputation as a master of satire and humor. The second series of these immortal dialect poems appeared during the civil war in the *Atlantic Monthly*. In 1848, also, was published that brilliant critical essay in verse, "A Fable for Critics," which was a wonderful production for a young scholar of twenty-nine. In 1851 Mr. Lowell went to Europe, and for several years thereafter he published nothing but articles in the

North American Review and other periodicals. In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages and belles lettres in Harvard and spent a year of preparation in Europe. In 1857, while zealously discharging his college duties, he became the editor, at the same time, of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which was started in November of that year. After five years of successful work in this field he resigned, but soon joined his friend, Charles E. Norton, in conducting the *North American Review*. In 1864 he published a new volume, "Fire-side Travels," and in 1867 another series of Biglow Papers. The beautiful and noble "Commemoration Ode" and other brilliant poems graced the volumes of verse published in the next two years, "Under the Willows" appearing in 1868 and "The Cathedral" in 1869. In 1870 and 1871 his charming prose essays, "Among My Books" and "My Study Windows," were given to the world.

In 1872 Mr. Lowell again visited Europe and was honored by Oxford and Cambridge with the degrees of D. C. L. and LL. D., beside receiving other recognition of his great talents. In June, 1877, President Hayes appointed him Minister to Spain. In 1881 he was promoted to the British mission, which he filled until he resigned in 1885, when Cleveland went into office. In these high diplomatic stations he added greatly to the reputation of his country for scholarship and culture, and many high honors were bestowed upon him. Since his return to his native land he has lived a quiet life, occasionally delivering a notable public address and issuing various poems of all his old power and beauty. His "Democracy and other Addresses," a collection of some of his most notable public utterances, proved him one of the greatest of orators and students of current problems. Until the last he retained his interest in current events, and his love of study never flagged.

TO THE SPOT OF HIS CHOOSING

The Remains of Lowell Will Be Borne Today.

Grave Romantically situated in Mt. Auburn in the Poet's Family Lot, Near the Tomb of Longfellow—Queen Victoria Sends an Expression of Sorrow.

Everything is in readiness at Mt. Auburn to receive the remains of the late James Russell Lowell, which will be buried today.

The grave is in the centre of the family lot on the right of Fountain avenue—the first avenue on the left of the entrance.

The lot is a double one, containing the remains of generations of Lowells and Putnams, the latter being Mr. Lowell's only living sister's family. It is conspicuous on account of its extreme plainness and simplicity. It is uninclosed, being without granite curbing, hedge or even location blocks. No monument marks the spot, and only small, plain tombstones are at the head of each grave, bearing the following inscriptions:

Charles Russell Lowell, died June 23, 1870.
James Jackson Lowell, lieutenant 20th Massachusetts volunteer, died June 4, 1862.

Samuel R. Putnam, died Dec. 24, 1861.
William Lowell Putnam, 20th regiment Massachusetts volunteers, killed at Ball's Bluff Oct. 21, 1861.

Annie Cabot Lowell, died Jan. 7, 1874.
Charles Russell Lowell, colonel second Massachusetts cavalry, died Oct. 20, 1864.

Charles Lowell Putnam, died Sept. 10, 1847.
Rebecca Russell Lowell, daughter of Charles Lowell, D. D., died May 20, 1872.

The spot which has been selected for the poet's grave, and which, it is understood, was of his own choosing, is romantically situated under two large hornbeam trees, one of which is directly at the foot of the grave and the other on the right of its head. These trees are never trimmed, and their chief charm is their natural and weird growth.

The lot is in a valley in the rear of the cemetery, and directly in the shadow of the Longfellow lot, on Indian Ridge avenue, where rest the remains of America's famous bard. Thus the two poets who were neighbors in life may be said to occupy the same relation in death.

The dead poet's remains lie in the room in which he died, on the second floor in the southeast corner of "Elmwood."

There will be no services at the house or grave, but only at Appleton chapel.

The pallbearers will be Messrs. Charles F. Choate, John Holmes, Oliver Wendell Holmes, W. D. Howells, Christopher F. Cranch, Charles Elliot Norton, John Bartlett and Prof. Child.

Yesterday a large number of friends called at Elmwood, and many strangers viewed the house from the street, while some, in carriages, drove through the grounds.

Mrs. Burnett's so greatly improved that she will be able to attend the funeral, which at first was doubtful, owing to prostration caused by her father's death.

Cablegrams were received yesterday from a number of friends of Mr. Lowell, with whom he became intimate when at the court of St. James.

AN INSPIRER OF PATRIOTISM.

R. W. Glider's Feeling Tribute to James Russell Lowell.

(Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.)

MARION, Aug. 13, 1891. Mr. R. W. Glider of the Century said today, speaking of the death of James Russell Lowell, that, although he had learned of Mr. Lowell's condition from the family, the actual news of his death came as a shock, and great personal bereavement to both himself and Mrs. Glider; but aside from grief at the loss of a friend, he felt that the country suffered greatly at what was

really an untimely death, for, until this last illness, Mr. Lowell's youthfulness of spirit and apparent vitality gave promise of years of intellectual productiveness.

"Mr. Lowell," added Mr. Glider, "was not only a great poet and a great scholar, but a great citizen. I regard him also as one of the most able and effective politicians that this country has ever produced, using the word in its true and unadorned sense. Not only by his example and the inspiration of his career did he foster American literature, but also by his quickness to recognize talent and a pure intention in others, especially in his juniors.

"He was an inspirer also of American patriotism, a fearless critic of our country's shortcomings, but a firm and prophetic believer in its high destiny.

"Many a young writer has been helped to success by his generous encouragement, and he was one of the first, if not the very first, of his group to discover and widely promulgate the political virtue and sagacity of Lincoln.

"We shall have other great poets and patriots, but never another Lowell."

THE QUEEN EXPRESSES SORROW.

The Queen of England has conveyed her regret at the news of Mr. Lowell's death. Mr. Burnett received the following message yesterday:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13, 1891.

To the Hon. Edward Burnett, Cambridge, Mass.: The British minister at this capital has forwarded to this department the following telegram from the Marquis of Salisbury:

"The Queen desires to express her sorrow and regret at the news which has just reached this country (England) of Mr. Lowell's death."

WILLIAM F. WHARTER, Acting Secretary of State.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

(For the Transcript.)

THE SILENT POET.

The poet sleeps; no more he dreameth dreams
Beneath the glittering stars,—to wake and tell.
No more he, clarion-voiced, will sing away
Men's heavy burdens and with mighty minstrelsy

Smite, note by note, their fetters free.
Ah! what divine and wondrous themes
Are his to choose whose feet now stray
In heavenly fields, who, living, loved so well
The flowers that hidden in the wild woods dwell
That every tender grace they wore
He set in some sweet song to bloom forevermore!

The poet sleeps. His was no wearied flight
That circled upward to the infinite,
And yet deep-hidden he wore the scars

That shone to heaven like stars.
How deep and wonderful the peace
He wearied now! Death with its high release
Has brought him sweep
Of the illimitable harmonies.

So—let him sleep;
New visions and new flowers he sees,
And unastonished hears
Sublime immensities of song outtutted by the spheres.

O silent poet! in thy hushed heart lies
Knowledge of uncompassed mysteries.
Thou sleepest well; and yet—our eyes are wet.
If thy mute lips could breathe the world's regret
Then fit the song. Elsewhere thy soul has found

Music ineffable, and so been crowned
With cadences celestial; thou art
Of the Eternal Symphony a part,
And 'neath thine eyes

In the white light of heaven eternal beauty lies.
MR. WHITON-STONE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The Cause of His Death—Arrangements for the Funeral on Friday—Reminiscence.

Mr. Lowell's death was due to a tumor on the liver, the origin of which goes back to his seri-

ous illness of 18 months ago. During this period he had been an intense sufferer, but he had borne his sufferings with immense fortitude, patience and cheerfulness. He died in ignorance of the nature of his malady, never having cared to be informed about it. The disease took on an acute form two or three weeks ago, since which time he had been more or less under the influence of opiates. His delirium was the natural consequence of a very severe sickness, but never during his confinement was there the least particle of evidence of mental decay. Mr. Lowell was under the skillful and watchful care of his son-in-law, Dr. H. P. Wolcott, in the absence abroad of Dr. Morrill Wyman, who had always been his physician, although the latter's advice had been received by mail on more than one occasion. In addition to the services of his physician two trained nurses had been constantly by his side.

Although on Sunday he seemed brighter and his delirium left him, the hot weather of the last two days put him back again to where he was before.

Monday, as reported at the time, he passed an unfavorable day. When the nurses changed the bedding in the afternoon he seemed to suffer intense pain, and finally exclaimed, "Oh! why don't you let me die?"

From that time he seemed to lose heart. On Tuesday his condition demanded the unremitting attention of his physician, and, although the doctor was with him a good part of the evening, he did not anticipate death, and in fact was not with the patient when he passed away.

Mr. Lowell's death and the long and constant attention given him by his daughter, Mrs. Burnett, has completely prostrated her and she is utterly unable to see any one.

The arrangements for the funeral of Mr. Lowell have been definitely completed. Services will be held at Appleton Chapel Friday at 12 o'clock and will be conducted by Rt. Rev. Bishop Brooks and Rev. William Lawrence. The burial will be at Mt. Auburn.

Reminiscences.

Prof. John Fiske of Harvard, in speaking of Mr. Lowell yesterday to a Journal reporter, reverted to the time in his college days when he began the study of Italian under Prof. Lowell's instruction. Prof. Fiske said that when he and six or eight fellow-students were ready to enter the advanced class Mr. Lowell suggested that it would be pleasant to hold the recitations at his house, and the offer was taken advantage of. There the speaker said, he spent many most delightful hours, two evenings in the week. Mr. Lowell was a matchless Dante scholar, and no commentator was necessary with him present. "No experience," said Prof. Fiske, "was so valuable and no instruction in the whole course of my college career was pursued with so much pleasure as under these auspices. There was no professor of whom I was fonder, and since then through life Prof. Lowell has been a warm friend of mine. I last saw him in June, and felt afraid then that I should not see him alive again. I had anticipated his death, and was therefore prepared when I heard of it. The dead poet's life had been a remarkably complete and well rounded one, but we would have been glad to have had it a longer one."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, at his summer residence at Beverly Farms yesterday afternoon, was asked to speak a few words in tribute to his deceased friend. This, however, he courteously declined to do.

"I have not the least desire," said he, in the course of a pleasant conversation, "to cast any reproach upon the newspapers, for I understand the demands of a voracious public. But in this case I must not speak. Mr. Lowell was my valued literary and personal friend for many

years. He is hardly yet 'cold.' The usual obituary notices have, I presume, been printed in the newspapers. I feel that anything further just now would not be in the best taste. Later on perhaps something in the way of 'tributes' or reminiscences might be well, but not now. Sometime someone will have the very serious task of giving to the world an account of Mr. Lowell's life and work."

An amusing incident is related of Mr. Lowell and an old Irishman who Mr. Lowell knew very well. A friend of the Irishman had the misfortune to become a brogue of the county at the East Cambridge Jail, and the prospect was that he would be incarcerated there over the Fourth of July for the simple reason that he was unable to meet a \$10 fine. The Irishman went to Mr. Lowell for assistance, saying to him, after a good deal of hemming and hawing that he (Mr. Lowell) was a Cambridge boy and his friend was also a Cambridge boy, he thought he would be willing to help this friend out by advancing the money to pay the fine. Mr. Lowell did so without argument.

Another time Mr. Lowell, upon coming to Cambridge after returning from abroad, was seen shaking hands cordially with an old Irish man, and likewise with an acquaintance not very high up in the social scale. Some friends took exception to his actions, but Mr. Lowell replied in effect that the two men were old schoolmates of his and that they were Cambridge boys, and that he always recognized a Cambridge boy when he met him.

These incidents not only go to show Lowell's love for his native city and its people, but illustrate his characteristically plain, domestic and concrete qualities even to those who were beneath him.

ISAAC F. WOOD, of Rahway, New Jersey, a correspondent of the New York Evening Post, says: "Among my autographs (so-called) is one from the late James Russell Lowell, sent me years ago. I have never seen it in print. It is characteristic, and may interest your readers:

"Leave what to do, and what to spare,
To the inspiring moment's care—
Nor look for payment—
But just to wear
Unspotted raiment."

—James Russell Lowell

LOWELL, THE MAN OF LETTERS.

Boston

Transcript

Now that the day of death has come, and the Poet of Elmwood is at rest after long and grievous illness, there is surprise mingled with the sorrow of all the thousands who mourn him. Mortality is forever incredible to the living, and it is difficult to believe that the voice that spoke and the pen that wrote always in the service of truth are stilled. The chief actions and dates of the life of the dead citizen and poet, the story of his life in its general form,—these are given elsewhere.

From the days when James Russell Lowell "Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness,"

gave to the world his first poems, poems strenuous with youth's ardor for Truth on to the day when his last verses were written, there has been on his part no very long period of complete silence. His has been mainly a sustained strength in spite of deep sorrows and the peculiar trials that afflict an ardent poet's temperament forever in process of blending with a finely restrained and high conservatism. It has been a strength like a tower to those who knew their Lowell deeper than the mere shifting conditions of daily acquaintance or political opinion. Lowell was first and last a poet, a seer.

"What know we of the world immense
Beyond the narrow ring of sense?"

he asked in the last long poem that he has left us, "How I Consulted the Oracle of the Goldfishes," and he gives there testimony he has gone to prove:

"It lies about us yet as far
From sense sequestered as a star
New launched, its wake of fire to trace
In secreties of unprobed space,

whose beacon's lightning-pinioned spears
Might earthward haste a thousand years
Nor reach it. So remote seems this
World undiscovered, yet it is
A neighbor near and dumb as death,
So near we seem to feel the breath
Of its hushed habitants as they
Pass us unchallenged, night and day.

"Never could mortal ear nor eye
By sound or sign suspect them nigh,
Yet why may not some subtle sense
Than those poor two give evidence?"

The poem is more answer than question, although it keeps the attitude of question, discovering a serenity of confidence in the unknown and the unseen. The closing words in the poem to the goldfishes are deeply significant now:

"The things ye see as shadows I
Know to be substance; tell me why
My visions, like those haunting you,
May not be as substantial too?"

"Yet I shall fancy to my grave
Your lives to mine a lesson gave;
If lesson none an image, then,
Impeaching self-conceit in men
Who put their confidence alone
In what they call the Seen and Known.
How seen? How known? As through your glass
Our wavering apparitions pass
Perplexingly, then subtly wrought
To some quite other thing than thought.
Here shall my resolution be:
The shadow of the mystery
Is haply wholesome for eyes
That cheat us to be overwise,
And I am happy in my right
To love God's darkness as his light."

Since the publication of these words in the Atlantic Monthly for August, 1889, but two poems by Mr. Lowell have appeared—one was the sonnet (in July, 1890), in a Volume of Sir Thomas Browne, closing with the words:

"All potent phantasy, the spell is thine;
Thou lay'st thy careless finger on a word,
And there, forever, shall thy influence shine,
The witchery of thy rhythmic pulse be heard:
Yea, where thy foot hath left its pressure fine,
Though but in passing haunts the Attic bird."

Quite the last poem published was in the Atlantic Monthly of last September:

INSCRIPTION FOR A MEMORIAL BUST OF
FIELDING.

He looked on naked Nature unabashed,
And saw the Sphinx, nor bestial, nor divine,
In change and rebchange; he nor saw, nor blamed.
But drew her as he saw with fearless line.
Did he good service? God must judge, not we;
Manly he was, and generous and sincere;
English in all, of genius blithely free:
Who loves a Man may see his image here.

But since this purely literary fragment, there came in the Contributor's Club of the Atlantic last December a chapter of prose in Mr. Lowell's sweetest tone and sunniest mood. It begins with some talk of the trials that proof-readers inflict upon long-enduring authors, and upon the severer trials of a cultivated proof-reader himself, and so going on to the important topic of Americanisms of spelling and of phrase, explaining their dignity with the true Lowell charm, all the more winning for the way he speaks of himself as "Mr. X." Articles in the Contributor's Club are unsigned, but the name of this "Mr. X." is written ineffaceably into the style that's the man in this essay, doubtless now that we know it is his last. It is entitled "Thou Spell, Avaunt":

I was once honored by the friendship of a man, of explosive prejudices. He was a proof-reader, and worthy to be coupled with Alexander the Corrector. Amenity itself in the commerce of private life, in his office he was immitigable. His honesty was aggressive; his frankness had the inhuman innocence of childhood. Like some other zealous magistrates, he made incursions beyond the legitimate boundary of his province. No misquotation but he set it in the pillory; no mixed metaphor but he pursued it through all its windings like a ferret. He was killing frost to every over-venturesome flower of speech; none such could take his winds of March with its beauty; a faulty construction quailed before him like a prevaricating witness before Jeffries, and every solecism found in his a Torquemada. His were, indeed, bloody sizes, and on the margin of a proof-sheet the red pencil left a calamitously sanguine trail be-

hind it. He would have dealt as unmercifully with his own epitaph, could he have had the chance, and I trust there is no misplaced commiseration to disturb his well-earned rest. But above all, his bile was blackened by any indecency in spelling.

I had occasion to visit this Rhadamanthus one day, where he sat in chambers at the printing house. Ordinarily his good-mornings were ceremonious, and one approached his business by a gentle slope through health and weather; but now he turned upon me with a glare in his spectacles as of personal wrong, and without preliminary greeting blazed forth: "Mr. X, when I come down to my office in the morning, it is my habit to begin the duties of the day by reading a chapter of the New Testament. But if by any chance it should happen that I found the words of my Blessed Redeemer printed in the Websterian caecography, I'd hurl them behind the back!" All this in a single jet, and with an absence of punctuation that would never have escaped him in a proof-sheet. Recovering himself with a courteous apology for his abruptness, he explained that he had been correcting a manuscript polluted with those heresies of spelling. I confess that I share these orthodox antipathies and resentments; that I, too, glow with these sacred heats. Are they the less grateful that they are unreasonable? They are pre-emptory as instincts, and will not be denied.

You will say, perhaps, that the meaning is the main thing, and provided that be clear the spelling may exchange. But stay: since we have but twenty-six letters to spend upon our literature, since Shakespeare had no more for his all-potent incantations, should there not be method and frugality in the administering of so small a patrimony? Not that a seemly superfluity should not be indulged on occasion. Does not "honour" lose something of its state and "flavour" lose something of its state in each as has been economized? A cynic will grow at this as a trifling ceremonial, but such niceties are the thin partitions that divide us from barbarism. Nay, the mere misplacing of a letter or an accent may vulgarize a fine sentiment or make a harmlessly erroneous statement offensive. If a man write that he was standing in the centre of the street when he means the middle, does not his crime call for sterner discipline if he calls his impossible whereabouts the "centre"?

I suppose that I prefer the old-fashioned, switch-tailed "cheque" to the docked form my countrymen have adopted. To me this has the air of a disrespectful nickname for that species of literature which has the supreme art of conveying the most pleasure in the least space. Not that I am fanatical, for the editor would not find me implacable who should write to me that he "enclosed his check" for double the amount I expected. Yet there are outrages in the like kind which it would be pusillanimous to endure meekly. Such is the Revised Version of the Scriptures, for example. It may be more true to the letter that killeth, but does it not prosaically evaporate that aroma of association at once the subtlest and the most potent grammar of imagination? Does it not make the Almighty speak like a spruce writer of leaders? To drop figures of speech for those of arithmetic, I believe that the American vocabularies contain more words than the British; but in spite of this victory of superior numbers, it is becoming in us to be merciful, and to admit that the English have some rights in their mother tongue which an American is bound to respect. When our cousins are in good humor, they talk of our common language; when they are not, they tax us with an common language and spice their abhorrence of it with modes of speech in which I am quite willing to renounce any share whatever. I have put upon these reflections by seeing in Notes and Queries the copy of a letter from Mr. W. E. Norris to the editor of the London Times, protesting against any complicity in the spelling used in a book of his printed in England from plates made in America.

Mr. W. E. Norris is the author of several entertaining novels, written in a very comfortable English, as times go. He tells us that he wrote his letter "with tears running down his pen," and it would be easy to turn the tables upon him by hinting that a careful analysis could detect no salt in the water which he mixes with his ink. But this were a cheap advantage to take, especially in the case of one to whom I am a debtor for much wholesome and innocent entertainment. Besides, it is not with Mr. Norris that I have a crew to pluck, and I have said enough to show that I entirely sympathize with his feeling of the indignity that has been put upon him. No; what I protest against is that his letter should be printed under the heading of "Americanisms"—a heading under

which certain contributors to Notes and Queries seem eager to show how easy it is to trip over ignorance into ill manners. They write about the English and American languages without knowing the rudiments of either. To drop the "plout" of "honour" or to write "plov" for "plough" may be archaisms, if you will, but they are not Americanisms. Formerly, all English words derived from French originals ending in *eur* changed it to *our*; and properly enough, since the accent fell on the last syllable, as may be seen in Chaucer.

Do Englishmen never read their older literature in the original editions, as Charles Lamb loved to do? Such spellings are not Americanisms, but survivals. True Americanisms are self-coining phrases or words that are wholly of our own make, and do *not* work shortly and sharply at a pinch. Of the former we have invented many so bewitching for their quaintness or brevity, their humor or their fancy, that our English cousins have not been squeamish in corroborating the urbanely laugrid ranks of their diction with these backwoods recruits. Of the latter we have coined too many that are refused admission to the higher society of the vocabulary because they are unidiomatic or vulgar, or both. Of acceptable and sure-to-be accepted words I cite "shadow" and "stage" as active verbs, both in unassailable analogy with "coach," "floor," "ship," and so many others. "To voice," which is laid at our door, is an inheritance, and though I cannot now lay my hand on the reference that would prove it, I feel sure that "to shadow" will yet prove its Elizabethan origin, as its features seem to warrant. These and their like spare us cumbersome periphrases, and are sure of adoption because they chime in with that instinct for short cuts which connotes English as the language that, beyond all others, means business and the hurry implied in it.

I believe that one of the spellings that were too much for Mr. Norris's sensibilities was "center." I do not wonder. But this again is no Americanism. It entered the language in that shape, and kept it at least so late as De-foe.

The best English commerce alike with the shelf and the street. Formal logic can never be applied to language, which has a logic of its own of more than feminine nimbleness, and verbal critics should learn their own tongue before they meddle with others. As for idioms, I should advise such critics to ponder deeply what the Rev. E. Young in his *Pro-Raffaellism* says of definitions: "It may be almost said of them as Confucius said of the gods: 'Respect them; take care not to offend them; have as little to do with them as possible.' And on our side we should remember that we have every right in the language we have inherited which our elders and betters had, that we may enlarge, enrich and modify; but may not deface it."

It is only last year that Mr. Lowell edited the Riverside edition of his works, now complete in ten volumes. Six of these are prose, four poetry. The first four in prose are "Literary Essays" and include all the essays that in earlier editions appear under the various titles, "Fireside Travels," "Among My Books" and "My Study Windows."

In the prefatory note written last year at Elmwood, Mr. Lowell expresses a certain regret for not having put into form the verbal illustrations that went with most of these chapters when they were first given at Harvard to his classes and to other members of the university. He says, too, that because they were written for the ear rather than the reason, they have a rhetorical tone. Few of his readers would be willing to forego that personal tone, although many will feel far more regret than he that we must forever miss much of the illustration referred to in this paragraph of the prefatory note:

Though capable of whatever drudgery in acquisition, I am by temperament impatient of detail in communicating what I have acquired, and too often put into a parenthesis as a note conclusions arrived at by long study and reflection when, perhaps, it had been wiser to expand them, not to mention that much of my illustration was extemporaneous and is now lost to me.

Mr. Lowell says of his earlier work in this revised edition:

I have refrained from modifying what was written by one—I know not whether to say so much older or so much younger than I—but at any rate different in more important respects, and this partly from deference to him, partly from distrust of myself.

The fifth and sixth prose volumes are "Political Essays," the fifth opening with "The American Tract Society," the sixth with the superb address "Democracy," and including the noble "Harvard Anniversary" with its warnings "from the reefs and shallows of popular doctrine."

A work, long hoped for by the reading public, long intended by the life-long friend of our great romancist was a "Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne," by James Russell Lowell. Writing it was to have been the pleasant occupation of these later years that have been so much clouded by suffering. Only in imagination now can we have even an idea of the joy such a book would have been. It is an irremediable privation that our literature sustains in this hope unfulfilled.

Its grief for us will always lie across the bright memories of the associated lives of these two friends. So much we should have found of revelation and inspiration and delight in this book that might have been.

To turn from his work—and what a rich and abundant and enduring work it is!—to the personality of Mr. Lowell, this opens the door to rich associations that are already sacred memories. In his home he was a devoted husband, father, friend, host, and the elms that were his "lifelong leafy friends" welcomed him back from the absences in foreign lands which were after all very short seasons in the life of more than three score and ten years that Elmwood was his home. The intense happiness of his first Italian days long ago, with his young wife, the scholarly and satisfying stay at Madrid, the dignified and gracious years that he represented his country at the court of St. James and subsequent visits in England, all these counted up but a fraction of a long life in the home of his birth. The sonnet headed with an Italian quotation, referring to something he had once said and had been criticised for (he had spoken of America as "the land of broken promises") shows the intensity and tenacity of his patriotism in his later days:

If I let fall a word of bitter mirth,
When public shames more shameful pardon won.

Some have misjudged me, and my service done,
If small, yet faithful, deemed of little worth:
Through veins that drew their life from Western earth

Two hundred years and more my blood hath run

In no polluted course from sire to son,
And thus was I predestined ere my birth
To love the soil where with my fibres own
Instinctive sympathies; yet love it so
As honor would, nor lightly to dethrone
Judgment, the stamp of manhood nor forego
The son's right to a mother dearer grown
With growing knowledge and more chaste than snow.

The splendor of the Commemoration Ode precluded Mr. Lowell from much later writing of patriotic poetry; but the height and fervor of his patriotism need no apology from those who understand the dignity and firmness with which he held the bonds of friendship between our country and the mother Isle at a time of extraordinary difficulty, when in hands less skilful they would certainly have been strained and only the gods know whether or not they would have been snapped.

The story is ended, the last poem is written, the last strong word for fineness and right and truth is spoken and the grave of James Russell Lowell will presently be another place for pilgrimage from far states and lands to Mount Auburn. There the nearest whom he has left behind will follow him to the place beside the graves of those who have gone:

'T were indiscreet
To vex the shy and sacred grief
With harsh obtrusions of relief

Yet, Verse, with noiseless feet,
Go whisper: "This death hath far choicer ends
Than slowly to impeach in hearts of friends;

These obsequies 't is meet
Not to seclude in closets of the heart
But, church-like, with wide door-ways to im-

part
Even to the heedless street."

Dr. Hale on Lowell.

Edward Everett Hale writes in the Boston Commonwealth, published today, the following tribute to the memory of Mr. Lowell:

The death of Mr. Lowell will be heard with sadness among all people who use the language which he used so well. It will be heard with sadness, also, among the leaders of Spain, where his life was so honorable to himself, and where he renewed the warm relations which have united Spain and the United States. He was gifted with that greatest of gifts, the art of making friends; and in every circle which has known him there are pathetic remembrances of the friendships which he had formed and steadiness with which he maintained them.

It is one of the finest illustrations of the readiness with which America submits her diplomatic business to men of conscience and character, without asking from them what is called a diplomatic education, that Mr. Lowell, in the missions to Spain and to England, discharged so admirably the duties which were entrusted to him. If anybody supposes that here was a mere man of letters, ignorant of the ways of action of men of affairs, Mr. Lowell's despatches undeceived them. He was appointed, as I suppose, to England, simply because he was the most capable diplomatist whom we had abroad.

He felt the personal losses which are the severest penalty of advancing life. The last time I met him, I congratulated him that he was at Elmwood, and he said, with his tender smile, "Yes, it is good to be there, but the house is full of ghosts." And so indeed it was. But he could not be morose; he would not oppress his friends with the story of any of his own regrets; and the last and earliest memories which we have of him are of his cordiality, affection, and tender sympathy.

472. Who was it that wrote the line,
To win the secret of a weed's plain heart?
ALICE.

Ans. James Russell Lowell. The line will be found in Sonnet XXV., which is so characteristic of the poet that we quite sit in full:

I grieve not that ripe Knowledge takes
away
The charm that Nature to my childhood
wore.

For, with that insight cometh, day by day,
A greater bliss than wonder was before.
The real doth not clip the poet's wings.—
To win the secret of a weed's plain heart
Reveals some clew to spiritual things,
And stumbling guess becomes firm-footed art.

Flowers are not flowers unto the poet's eyes,
Their beauty thrills him by an inward
senser.

He knows that outward seemings are but
lies.

Or, at the most, but earthly shadows,
whence

The soul that looks within for truth may
guess

The presence of some wondrous heavenliness.

MR. LOWELL'S PLACE IN LITERATURE.

It is not easy and perhaps it is not decorous or fit to attempt to determine the permanent place in literature of a great writer who has but just joined the silent majority. The sense of loss is keen; recollection of a winning personality blends with appreciation of literary excellence, and the impressive figure is still too near to be seen in a proper perspective. But in the case of Mr. Lowell he was

so versatile, his writings were so varied and he achieved fame in so many different fields of literary effort that it is natural to conjecture as to which of his writings will survive the longest. Will it be as critic, as satirist or as poet that ultimately he will be remembered? His writings in the department of criticism constitute the greater part of his prose. They are rich in scholarship, keen and discriminating, delightful in style, and exhibit Mr. Lowell's qualities, with the single exception of imagination, in their freshest and most virile expression. But criticism, however brilliant and just, rarely becomes literature, and it may easily happen that thirty or fifty years from now Mr. Lowell's critical essays, while they will not have been forgotten, will be read as little as are those of Hazlitt at the present time.

It is probably by the Biglow Papers that Mr. Lowell is most widely known among readers to-day. Satire has rarely been used with as telling effect in modern verse as in those remarkable productions, which, seizing upon the Yankee dialect with an absolute mastery of its possibilities, voiced at once the New England conscience and humor in their relation to great crises in the national history. But it is safe to say that the Biglow Papers were more read twenty years ago than now, and safe to predict that they will be less read twenty years hence than to-day; and this simply because for the full appreciation of their allusions one must have lived either in the times about which they were written or not long after them. The more remote become the issues which were caught up in these vigorous and telling lines the less definite the impression made by the lines themselves.

It is in our judgment as a poet, and by two or three poems in particular, that Mr. Lowell will take his highest rank in the estimation of posterity. There are not a few who would accord him the foremost place in the list of American poets, and the most conservative must admit that the first three or four names among American poets cannot be mentioned without including Mr. Lowell's among them. No poet of his generation, on either side of the sea, has given us a more memorable production of its kind than Mr. Lowell's Commemoration Ode. He had a noble theme and he treated it nobly. That poem is the finest and strongest utterance of American verse to the present time. And where shall we find anything more delicate in its beauty of form and thought, or finer in its spiritual suggestiveness, than "The Vision of Sir Launfal"? If Mr. Lowell had written nothing but these, his place in literature would have been secure, and it is these, we think, that will be longest remembered among his writings.

this was not before he had written and published poems the sweetness and tenderness of which are still remembered. There is, indeed, a touching anecdote, perfectly authenticated, of the half plaintive way in which dear Dr. Lowell, his revered father, said to a friend that James had promised him that he would give up writing poetry and would take to study. There is hardly a father in the world who would not feel gratified if his son at the university made such a promise. But as one recalls the story now, it is simply to be thankful that Dr. Lowell misapprehended the precision of the promise, or that the poet found it impossible for him to make good his words. The instinct of the poet was in him, and it was not to be trampled out by any firm resolution of the student.

The University did not, indeed, show its foresight in its handling of one who, fifty years after, it was proud to make its orator. The tradition was that the Government was very unwilling to proceed to the harshest measures, but, at the very last, on the central point of pressing his attendance at chapel—where he almost always found himself too late for entrance—he was suspended from the college, and was not able himself to read the poem which he had prepared for Class Day. Well-authenticated tradition says that he witnessed the ceremony of the dance around the tree, through the chinks of a covered wagon in which he had ridden from Concord, which was his place of exile. His loyalty to his Alma Mater, however, afterward showed that he took no offence for any harshness of her treatment. And as professor, and as orator on the great day of her quarter-millennium, he repaid to her a hundred-fold all that he had received from her. And in all that he has done for literature and education in America, he has shown himself not unworthy of her best traditions.

He felt the personal losses which are the severest penalty of advancing life. The last time I met him I congratulated him that he was at Elmwood, and he said, with his tender smile, "Yes, it is good to be there, but the house is full of ghosts." And so indeed it was. But he could not be morose; he would not oppress his friends with the story of any of his own regrets; and the last and earliest memories which we have of him are of his cordiality, affection and tender sympathy.

EDWARD E. HALE.

THE QUEEN'S SYMPATHY.

Queen Victoria Sends a Message of Condolence.

Many Other Tributes to the Memory of Mr. Lowell.

Funeral Arrangements and Words from Eminent Men.

The following message from Lord Salisbury was received at the State Department in Washington Thursday, and was forwarded to Cambridge by Acting Secretary Wharton:

The Queen desires to express her sorrow and regret at the news which has just reached this country of Mr. Lowell's death. SALISBURY.

Acting Secretary Wharton said in reply to Sir Julian's telegram, as follows: "The President desires me to acknowledge the receipt through you of the telegram from the Marquis of Salisbury conveying the Queen's condolence on the death of Mr. Lowell, and to convey an expression of the President's appreciation of Her Majesty's sympathetic message."

The death of Mr. Lowell brings words of condolence and of tribute to his memory from all lands and the most eminent people.

Mr. Walter Besant, the well-known writer and novelist and first Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Incorporated Society of Authors, has sent a telegram from Dartmoor to a news agency in London, in which, referring to the death of Mr. James Russell Lowell, he says: "The English Authors' Society sends its dearest regrets and sympathy with Americans on the death of that great writer, its friend James Russell Lowell."

Bret Harte has written concerning the death of James Russell Lowell: "To my pride, as an American, in the frank admiration and living appreciation shown of Lowell's intellect and character personally here I have to add my own expression of sorrow at the loss of one of the most fastidious and cultivated professors in my calling, and one of its gentlest yet manifest critics."

John G. Whittier said, when informed of Mr. Lowell's death: "I knew Lowell when he was a young man just out of college and reading law. He was a wonderful fellow then, brilliant and witty. We expected greater things from Lowell than from any of the rest of us, and I think he did some things that were better. His poetry was very superior, perhaps better than his prose, if any comparison could be made. His 'Biglow Papers' was a great work. It did much for the abolition cause; perhaps did as much to free the slave almost as Grant's guns. It aroused the whole country."

Mr. Howells said: "Mr. Lowell was too near and too dear to me to say anything upon the subject at present. He was one of my earliest and one of my best friends. He was the editor of the Atlantic when I began to write, and he encouraged my early attempts. I really could not say anything about him now. Probably I shall write an article upon him myself, and prefer that what I have to say should be given in my own words."

Mr. Dana, editor of the Sun, writes: "I first knew Mr. Lowell when he and I were Harvard sophomores. He used to come to chapel every Sunday with Story, now the sculptor, and they both attracted unusual attention because Lowell wore a broad turned-down collar and Story a very wide-brimmed hat. Lowell's connection with Harvard College was maintained until Mr. Hayes started him upon that career of diplomacy in which he gained the opportunity of perhaps his greatest distinction, by appointing him Minister to Spain. From Madrid he was transferred to Buenos Aires, and there his elegant cultivation and fine critical faculty, evinced in after-dinner speeches and occasional addresses, found a congenial audience and high and just appreciation. These addresses were, perhaps, the most finished, well balanced and satisfactory of his literary labors. They deserved, as they received, unqualified admiration, and he returned to Boston surrounded with a popularity and a renown which relieved, if it did not obliterate, the relation he was assuming to the Presidential fraud of 1876. During the civil war he was an earnest patriot, and he wrote his elaborate and laborious ode on the murder of Lincoln after its close. But an admixture of pharisaic

DR. HALE ON LOWELL'S COLLEGE DAYS.

[From the Commonwealth today.]

The young men who were around Mr. Lowell in his college days knew, fifty years ago, that he was to be one of the greatest poets of the time, as well as they know now that he has achieved that promise. The members of his own class with perfect unanimity appointed him their class poet, and

moral sentiment was too strong to leave his judgment of public questions comprehensive. In a word, he was finally a Mugwump, and an antagonist of American democracy."

Dr. George B. Loring said on Thursday in Salem: James Russell Lowell was a classmate of mine and an intimate friend for many years during and after our college course. The intercourse we had with each other extended from 1834, when we entered college, to 1857. Our correspondence was constant, and we interchanged visits frequently during that period. I have now lying on my table "A Year's Life," the first book of poems he published, in 1841, and I remember well his reading these poems to me in manuscript during his visits to my father's house. The letters he wrote during that period are full of wit, humor, satire and that fresh, boyish spirit which charmed his associates and which lies at the foundation of his "Fable for Critics" and "Biglow Papers," from which he secured his highest fame. It was as the author of the latter, as the professor told him that the degree was conferred upon him at Oxford. This spirit ran through all his brilliant youth and lies at the foundation of his ripe greatness. I have a hundred of these letters, which should be published, not only as specimens of a boy's literary capacity, but as illustrations of that power which is in after life developed into genius. It has been given to few men to enjoy such friendship and association.

Lowell was not only bright and keen in his mental processes, but he always impressed his associates and the world with his purity of integrity. He knew no such thing as equivocation. At times he appeared a little sharp, but he was always true and always encouraged exact truth in his companions. His vitality was unbounded. He was a sportsman, and I have now the fowling piece he gave me when he retired from the hunter's field. He was untiring in his pursuit of letters. While we were in college he spent most of his time with Chaucer and the old English dramatists. As Secretary of the Hasty Pudding Club his work was inimitable, and the record book will be found well filled with his bright and telling little poems on the events and fellows of the society. That he was careless of his college studies his ratification at the close of the Senior year, when he formed his intimacy with Emerson and lived with Barzillai Frost at Concord, will testify. His tone and spirit and cheerful audacity and keenness of his mind are best illustrated in his "Fable for Critics," which has had no equal in wit and caustic review except the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

Of Mr. Lowell's maturer life the world is in full possession. His achievements as a poet, an essayist, a diplomatist, are known of all men. The people of the United States always felt that while Lowell represented them abroad their intellectual power, their honor and their highest tone were well represented. In Spain and in England his touch was always with the greatest and best. While he was always guided at home and abroad by the highest loyalty and patriotism, his mind exercised a scholar's independence in examining and analysing the questions of the day which were brought to his notice. I knew him as a strong abolitionist and an ardent temperance man under the sweetest domestic influence that ever fell to the lot of man, a decided Whig in the lifetime of that dignified old party, a Republican of most decided turn during the days of Lincoln and the war, a Democrat, as the times demanded, a brave, outspoken man through it all, a joy to his friends and an honor to his country. That in all this

career we differed is not surprising—but we never divided in all those sentiments which bind men together, and which constitute the true friendship of life. I wish I had time to discuss his literary greatness, but it has been better done by others, and I only wait for an opportunity to present his fine character as boy and man to his fellow-citizens.

The Funeral.

The pall bearers at the funeral of Hon. James Russell Lowell at Appleton Chapel this noon will be Messrs. Charles F. Choate, John Holmes, Oliver Wendell Holmes, W. D. Howells, Christopher P. Cranch, Charles Eliot Norton, John Bartlett and Professor Child. Music will be furnished by the Temple Male Quartette.

English Tributes to Mr. Lowell.

LONDON, Aug. 13. The Times says: "The death of Mr. Lowell is probably more keenly and widely felt in England than would be that of any other American, or, indeed, of any man not a fellow countryman. With his death there passes into history a really remarkable mind, whose reputation will grow with time. Corrupt politicians hated him, but he goes to the grave mourned by all that is best in America and amid the heartfelt regard and admiration of England."

The Standard says: "America may claim the distinction of his birth, but his fame belongs to the wider republic speaking the English tongue."

The Daily News says: "Mr. Lowell will be lamented in England not less than in America. He was ever a fighter and always on the side of truth, honesty, justice, freedom, mercy and peace."

All the other London morning newspapers contain similar comments and long obituary notices.

Mr. Henry Irving, the well-known actor, in a letter received to-day in this city, says in reference to Mr. Lowell's death: "I, in common with all Englishmen, lament the loss of one we so loved and honored."

All the afternoon papers of this city and the papers published in the Provinces have long and loving articles on Mr. Lowell.

Mr. Edmund William Gosse, who in 1884-85 delivered the "Lowell Lectures" in several cities of the United States, has a long article in the St. James Gazette, in which he speaks lovingly and reverently of his dead friend. In concluding his article Mr. Gosse says: "It is too soon to attempt a final estimate of his place in history. We think to-day of his stainless record, his lofty intelligence and his life-long devotion to letters. America mourns him as one of her foremost citizens. We, to whom America lent him for a time, may stand by her side and reverently partake of her sorrow."

Many telegrams from Englishmen prominent in literary, dramatic and other walks of life are being received in this city expressing sorrow, and deep regret at the death of Mr. Lowell. Among the telegrams received this morning was one from Baron Tennyson. The aged English poet was a close friend of Mr. Lowell, and the latter's death has affected him deeply. Lord Tennyson's message says: "England and America will mourn Mr. Lowell's death. They loved him and he loved them. Pray express for myself and mine our sincerest sympathy with Mr. Lowell's family."

FURTHER TRIBUTES TO LOWELL.

LONDON, Aug. 14.—In response to a request Sir Edwin Arnold wrote last night for the New York Herald's European edition the following tribute to Mr. Lowell:

Since you invite it, I too will venture to lay this small laurel wreath on the bier of James Russell Lowell. I take my private share in the public grief for his loss, both as a humble citizen of that republic of letters of which he was the glory, and also as an outside friend.

I knew him as a man, and in knowing him I know no jot of my admiration and affection for him as an author, which does not often happen. After Longfellow, Poe and Walt Whitman, I should rank him the best of your American poets. But he was even greater as a critic and supreme judge of literature than as the writer of that magnificent commemorative ode and the inimitable "Biglow Papers." It is much when all the world must say that the least of the many distinctions of this sweet and sublimated man of letters was, that he held with a noble usefulness and perfect loyalty to "both Englands," so great a post as that of Minister from the United States to Great Britain.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

The "small laurel wreath" which Sir Edwin ARNOLD ventures to lay "on the bier of 'JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'" is a curious one. Sir EDWIN modestly speaks of himself as "a 'humble citizen of that republic of letters 'of which he was the glory.'" But it is a pale sort of glory which comes "after LONGFELLOW, POE and WHITMAN," especially the two latter. It is of LOWELL as a poet, of course, that Sir EDWIN is speaking when he uses this comparison; but while LOWELL's place in poetry is perhaps not so supreme as his place in criticism, it is certainly not a good judgment which compares him to his disadvantage with the author of "The Raven" and the author of "Leaves of Grass," whatever may be thought of LONGFELLOW's relative place among our great singers. The tributes which LOWELL's death have called forth in England and in America are grateful to his countrymen; but they will feel that TENNYSON's simple words strike a truer note than the labored and pretentious dictum of

"HE SLEEPS WELL"

James Russell Lowell Laid to Rest in Mt. Auburn.

James Russell Lowell now sleeps in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, almost by the side of his friend and fellow poet, Longfellow. Hither the body was borne yesterday at noon after a simple service in Appleton Chapel. The spot is a romantic one, in a little valley, and the grave is shaded by two hornbeam trees. The poet himself, it is said, expressed a wish to be laid to rest in this particular nook of the family lot in the great city of the dead.

At Elmwood, Mr. Lowell's late home, the morning hours were as quiet as they were sad. Promptly at 11:30 o'clock the casket, with a wreath of ivy, was placed in the hearse by Mr. Wyeth, the undertaker, and his assistants. It was covered with black broadcloth, and was without ornament, save a silver plate bearing this inscription:

Died Aug. 12, 1891.
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,
Aged 72 years 5 months.

The honorary pall-bearers were President C. W. Eliot, the Hon. George William Curtis, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, W. D. Howells, Christopher P. Cranch, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Professor F. J. Child, C. F. Choate, John Holmes and Professor John Bartlett. The mourners were in three carriages, the first two containing Mr. and Mrs. Edward Burnett, the son-in-law and the daughter of the poet, with their children and nurse, while in the last carriage were the sorrowing domestics of the family, many of whom had been at Elmwood the greater part of their lives. The cortege passed from the grounds into Elmwood avenue, through Brattle street,

to Mason, and thence through Garden street, passing the historic Washington elm and the Cambridge Common and across Peabody street, through the central gateway to Appleton Chapel.

IN APPLETON CHAPEL.

The chapel was crowded. Representatives of all classes had come here to show their respect and esteem for the rare genius which had flowered "in this beautiful and blossoming Cambridge." Here were gathered, too, men and women famous in literature, the arts and sciences. The dignity and the solemnity of the occasion were a little unusual. The very hush which characterizes such gatherings even seemed more awe-inspiring.

At length the funeral cortege arrived. Bishop-elect Brooks, who was to officiate, assisted by the Rev. William Lawrence, dean of the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Cambridge, met the mourning party at the church door, and preceded them up the broad aisle, Dr. Lawrence repeating the opening words of the burial service, "I am the resurrection and the life." The prayers were by Dr. Brooks. There was no discourse. The music, which was entirely vocal, without organ accompaniment, was under the direction of A. W. Locke, the chorister of the Harvard Chapel. It was furnished by a male quartette, consisting of T. E. Johnson, first tenor; G. W. Went, second tenor; G. H. Kemela, first bass; A. C. Ryder, second bass. The selections rendered were the chant at the opening of the service—"Buck's" "Lord, Let Me Know Mine End"—the "Beati Morti" of Mendelssohn, C. D. Parker's "I Heard a Voice from Heaven," and Kalliwoda's "Libera Me."

The decorations in the chapel were not elaborate. At the base of the pulpit rested a wreath of roses, a token from the poet's sister, Mrs. Putnam. Mrs. James T. Fields hung a laurel wreath close to the coffin. Other than these there were no floral tokens of love. The funeral arrangements were in charge of Chief Usher Edward Jackson. The other ushers were A. Lawrence Lowell, George Gardner, Ernest Jackson, Francis L. Coolidge, Arthur Lyman and Moorfield Storey. The relatives and family of the deceased, the pall bearers and members of the Loyal Legion and Harvard Corporation occupied a dozen reserved pews across the church directly in front of the pulpit.

MANY PROMINENT NAMES.

In the chapel, among the prominent people were the following: Charles Theodore Russell, the Governor's father; Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard College; H. O. Houghton, Jr., W. B. Clymer, George Putnam, the Rev. Dr. Alexander of Cambridge, the Rev. Edward G. Porter of Lexington, the Rev. E. A. Rand of Watertown, Edwin D. Mead, Leverett Saltonstall, State Librarian Tillinghast, Frank B. Sanborn, Mayor Alger of Cambridge, President Wheeler of the Cambridge Common Council, Henry L. Higginson, Newton G. Martin, Joseph G. Thorpe, Jr., Richard H. Dana, Professor Charles Elliot Norton, George William Curtis, W. A. Vaughn, the Rev. Dr. J. I. T. Coolidge, the Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, Charles F. Putnam, Dr. Henry P. Wolcott, J. J. Putnam, W. C. Lane and Frank Carney of the Harvard College Library, Professor George Mendall Taylor, John A. Glidden of Dover, N. H.; George P. Davis of Boston, Robert H. Tappan of Cambridge, Mrs. J. T. Fields, the Rev. Wilson Waters of St. Anne's Church, Lowell; ex-Mayor Green of Boston, J. J. Myers, Mrs. Augustus Lowell of Brookline, Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, William Lloyd Garrison, Mrs. H. O. Houghton, Jr., Mrs. Agassiz, and sister, Misses Howe of Cambridge, Mrs. William Blake, Mrs. Burt Dexter, Arthur Dexter, Mrs. Nelson Blake of Arlington, Mrs. J. H. Shapleigh of Brookline, Mrs. F. L. Gould of Cambridge, Mrs. Henry Whitman of Beverly Farms, Charles Francis Adams, William Aspinwall of Brookline, A. W. Blake of Brookline, A. S. Parsons of Cambridge, Professor Ware of Columbia College, Professor Francke, Nauck-Kozaki and K. Fukushima, Japanese students of Harvard; Professor Cohn of Harvard, General A. P. Martin, William Kendall, Captain James A. Fox, the Rev. A. B. Muzzey, Dr. William James, Professor T. A. Dwyer of Richmond

University, Professor H. W. Williams, George T. Coverley, William B. de las Casas, Professor Ware, Columbia College, New York; Richard Watson Gilder, George Abbott James, the Rev. T. P. Prudden, D.D., Chicago; Dr. Thomas H. Cunningham, the Hon. Godfrey Morse, Postmaster Gormley of Cambridge and Miss Ellen T. Emerson, daughter of the poet Emerson.

A delegation was also present from the Loyal Legion, of which Mr. Lowell was a member, as follows: General John L. Otis, Colonel Stephen M. Crosby, General Francis A. Walker, Colonel Augustus P. Martin, Colonel Charles R. Codman, Colonel T. W. Higginson, the Hon. Frederick W. Lincoln, Colonel Henry Stone, William Endicott, Jr., Colonel Henry Lee, Major Russell Sturgis, Captain Nathan Appleton, General Edward W. Hincks, Colonel Arnold A. Rand and Captain Hiram S. Shuttle.

IN THE CEMETERY.

While the body was being moved to Mt. Auburn Cemetery, the bells of Cambridge rang out lamentations, and many flags floated at half mast, by order of Mayor Alger. In the cemetery there was a considerable number of people, but only the mourners were allowed at the grave. Dr. Brooks made the last prayer, and the sad rites were over. Although Mr. Lowell was a Unitarian, it was his wish that the funeral service should be that of the Episcopalian Church.

MARTON, Aug. 14.—Mr. R. W. Glider of the Century said, in speaking of the death of James Russell Lowell, that aside from grief at the loss of a friend, he felt that the country suffered greatly at what was really an untimely death, for until this last illness Mr. Lowell's youthfulness of spirit and apparent vitality gave promise of years of intellectual productivity. "Mr. Lowell," added Mr. Glider, "was not only a great poet and a great scholar, but a great citizen. I regard him also as one of the most able and effective politicians that this country has ever produced, using the word in its true and ungraded sense. Not only by his example and the inspiration of his career did he foster American literature, but also by his quickness to recognize talent and a pure intention in others, especially in his juniors. He was an inspirer also of American patriotism, a fearless critic of our country's shortcomings, but a firm and prophetic believer in its high destiny. We shall have other great poets and patriots, but never another Lowell."

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard fills the greater part of a column in the Mail and Express this afternoon with a tribute to Mr. Lowell. In part it says: "He was thoroughly literate, a master of his own language, and a scholar in other tongues—ancient and modern. There was no literary position which he could not have filled with honor and no literary work which he could not have performed with distinction. His prose was admirable, lively, spirited, energetic, fluent, humorous, witty, sparkling with epigrams and enlivened with recalcitrant illusions. His forte was criticism, not merely of English letters of which we all suppose we know something, but foreign literatures, French, Italian, Spanish, German and the great literatures of Greece and Rome, which is and ought to be, the despairing admiration of generations like ours. No English critical writing of the time, and certainly no American critical writing, is so generally intelligent and catholic, so accurate and wise, so judicious and just, so liberal, so large and so decisive as that of Mr. Lowell. We may cavil at his verse, which is not flawless, but we cannot, without hypercriticism, cavil at his prose, which, equal to any that we have produced for the interchange of opinions, is superior to all that we have produced in the shape of critical analysis and study and judgment. We have lost in him a critic who had a right to be heard, he had so thoroughly fitted himself for the chair which he occupied, and to whom we were bound to listen thoughtfully, if not reverently, for he spoke as with authority, and not as do the scribes who are so numerous among us; and we have lost in him a poet of originality and distinction, who, if he wrote less poetry than he might have done, and we think ought to have done, wrote enough to distinguish his name and enrich our literature. We have other men of letters of the earlier generations to lose, but none whose taking off will affect us like that of Mr. Lowell."

The Rev. Edward E. Hale contributes to the Commonwealth, published today, the following reminiscences and personal tribute to the memory of his friend: "The death of Mr. Lowell will be heard with sadness among all people who use the language which he used so well. It will be heard with sadness also among the leaders of Spain, where his life was so honorable to himself, and where he renewed the warm relations which have united Spain and the United States. In this neighborhood, however, which is his home, there is a world of personal recollections of the utmost tenderness, which are quickened by the announcement that we are not to see his face again, or meet his cordial salutation. He was gifted with that greatest of gifts, the art of making friends; and in every circle which has known him there are pathetic remembrances of the friendships which he had formed and the steadiness with which he maintained them.

The young men who were around Mr. Lowell in his college days knew, fifty years ago, that he was to be one of the greatest poets of the time, as well as they know now that he has achieved that promise. The members of his own class with perfect unanimity appointed him their class poet, and this was not before he had written and published poems the sweetness and tenderness of which are still remembered. There is, indeed, a touching anecdote, perfectly authenticated, of the half plaintive way in which dear Dr. Lowell, his revered father, said to a friend that James had promised him that he would give up writing poetry and would take to study. There is hardly a father in the world who would not feel gratified if his son at the university made him such a promise. But as one recalls the story now, it is simply to be thankful that Dr. Lowell misapprehended the precision of the promise, or that the poet found it impossible for him to make good his words. The instinct of the poet was in him, and it was not to be trampled out by any firm resolution of the student.

The university did not indeed show its foresight in its handling of one who, fifty years after, it was proud to make its orator. The tradition was that the government were very unwilling to proceed to the harshest measures, but, at the very last, on the central point of pressing his attendance at chapel—where he almost always found himself too late for entrance—he was suspended from the college, and was not able himself to read the poem which he had prepared for Class Day. Well-authenticated tradition says that he witnessed the ceremony of the dance around the tree through the chinks of a covered wagon in which he had ridden from Concord, which was his place of exile. His loyalty to his Alma Mater, however, afterward showed that he took no offence for any harshness of her treatment. And as professor, and as orator on the great day of her quarter-millennium, he repaid to her a hundred-fold all that he had received from her. And in all that he has done for literature and education in America, he has shown himself not unworthy of her best traditions.

Since his return to this country, Mr. Lowell has not been able to take a very active part either in literature or in public affairs. But whoever has met him has found the old cordiality and simplicity and the readiness to render service where service came within his power. From the inexhaustible stores of his reading he would always contribute to the necessities of any one who applied to him; and with the freshness of youth added to the experience of manhood, he kept his eyes open to whatever was interesting in the literature of our time or in the study of our language. He felt the personal losses which are the severest penalty of advancing life. The last time I met him, I congratulated him that he was at Elmwood, and he said, with his tender smile, "Yes, it is good to be there, but the house is full of ghosts." And so indeed it was. But he could not be morose; he would not oppress his friends with the story of any of his own regrets; and the last and earliest memories which we have of him are of his cordiality, affection, and tender sympathy."

TRIBUTES TO LOWELL.

WORDS OF AFFECTION FROM
ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

A Message from Tennyson — London Press Opinions—Grief of Whittier and Holmes

Boston Evening Post

LONDON, August 13.—The *Times* says: "The death of Mr. Lowell is probably more keenly and widely felt in England than would be that of any other American, or, indeed, of any man not a fellow-countryman. With his death there passes into history a really remarkable mind, whose reputation will grow with time. Corrupt politicians hated him, but he goes to the grave mourned by all that is best in America and amid the heartfelt regard and admiration of England."

The *Standard* says: "America may claim the distinction of his birth, but his fame belongs to the wider republic speaking the English tongue."

The *Daily News* says: "Mr. Lowell will be lamented in England not less than in America. He was ever a fighter and always on the side of truth, honesty, justice, freedom, mercy, and peace."

All the other London morning newspapers contain similar comments and long obituary notices.

Mr. Walter Besant, the well-known novelist and First Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Incorporated Society of Authors, has sent a telegram from Dartmoor, in which, referring to the death of Mr. Lowell, he says: "The English Authors' Society sends its deepest regrets and sympathy with Americans on the death of that great writer, its friend, James Russell Lowell."

Many telegrams from Englishmen prominent in literary, dramatic, and other walks of life are being received in this city expressing deep regret at the death of Mr. Lowell. Among the telegrams received this morning was one from Tennyson, who has recently returned to his residence at Aldworth, near Halesmere, from his summer home at Freshwater, Isle of Wight. The aged English poet was a close friend of Mr. Lowell, and the latter's death has affected him deeply. Lord Tennyson's message says:

"England and America will mourn Mr. Lowell's death. They loved him and he loved them. Pray express for myself and mine our sincerest sympathy with Mr. Lowell's family."

"TENNYSON."

Henry Irving, in a letter received to-day in this city, says, in reference to Mr. Lowell's death: "I, in common with all Englishmen, lament the loss of one we so loved and honored."

All the afternoon papers of this city and the papers published in the provinces have long and loving articles on Mr. Lowell.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The universal expressions of admiration and regret on this side of the ocean bear eloquent testimony to the reality of the *extents* between the two great sections of the English-speaking race, which it was one of the objects of Mr. Lowell's life to promote. His place is with Carlyle and Ruskin. What these men have done in prose to kindle faith, stimulate conscience, and direct the energies of their time, Mr. Lowell has done in his prophetic verse."

Mr. Edmund William Goss, who in 1894-'95 delivered the "Lowell Lectures" in several cities of the United States, has a long article

in the *St. James's Gazette* in which he speaks lovingly of his dead friend. In concluding his article, he says: "It is too soon to attempt a final estimate of his place in history. We think to-day of his stainless record, his lofty intelligence, and his life-long devotion to letters. America mourns him as one of her foremost citizens. We, to whom America lent him for a time, may stand by her side and reverently partake of her sorrow."

BOSTON, August 13.—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is much affected by the death of his life-long friend James Russell Lowell, although, as he says, he has known it was coming a long time. He declines, however, to talk on the subject for publication at this time.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., August 13.—John Greenleaf Whittier, who has been forced to return from the mountains by ill-health, was much shocked to hear of Mr. Lowell's death. "Too bad, too bad," he said. "It is indeed a great loss to American letters and to the world."

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., August 13.—George W. Cable, the novelist, speaking of Mr. Lowell, said: "Mr. Lowell was one of those American writers who joins the strongest impulses of national citizenship with the world's citizenship, and the highest loyalty to the highest art. What he wrote he was—and much more. He stands this test of greatness, that there is no falling off when we turn to the man and his life from the author and his books."

NORTH CONWAY, N. H., August 13.—Wm. Dean Howells, when informed of Mr. Lowell's death, was deeply affected. He declined to voice his estimate of Mr. Lowell as a poet and a man. "He was too near and too dear to me," he said, "for me to say anything upon the subject at present. His death is a national calamity. Possibly I shall write an article upon him myself, and prefer that what I have to say should be given in my own words."

BAR HARBOR, Me., August 13.—Secretary Blaine, when informed of the death of James Russell Lowell, expressed his deepest sympathy at the sad news. When asked if he would not make some statement of Mr. Lowell's career as a diplomatist, he declined to do so.

Mr. Lowell's death has brought out a flood of affectionate reminiscence and anecdote. The *Evening Post* prints the "well-authenticated story" that Mr. Gladstone's adoption of his Home Rule policy was hastened by the influence of Mr. Lowell, while Minister to Great Britain. It was in repeated conversations with Mr. Gladstone that Lowell sowed the seed which may some day be productive of Irish liberty. This statement is said to be corroborated from an English source—possibly from Mr. Gladstone himself.

Mr. Stedman, in speaking of him yesterday, said: "Lowell's governing instinct was literary. Anyone who knew him in his home life at Cambridge associates him with shelves of rare books, early folios and all things suggestive of scholarship and literary investigation. At the same time he also had the genuine New England character, and never could be contented to figure as a mere bookworm. He took the greatest interest in human life, and was born to touch life at all its points. You might say that he was born with convictions to which he continuously added through life, and it seems to me that the phrase which he applied in the 'Fable for Critics' to Emerson applies, of all men in the world, to himself; he had a Greek head on right Yan-

kee shoulders. Hence he was in a state, I would not say of conflict, but of perpetual change between his ethical bent, which took on a polemic form, and his taste and love of beauty. This you can see constantly in his poetry."

5.

When a stripling I went to see Mr. Emerson about a certain course of reading and study. I remember that the venerated sage of Concord delivered himself of the rather pungent opinion that "most of the students of Harvard might as well be in the Back Bay"—because they had not the eyes with which to see their opportunities. After some cordial and very common-sense advice of his own, he sent me to Mr. Lowell, and so it was that I saw the Master of Elmwood and talked with him in his own house. How helpful he was, how kind and gracious, all who have ever known the magic courtesy of his manner can well imagine. To me it seemed the first opening of the door of the great world, and so I told him.

Years afterward, meeting Mr. Lowell in Madrid, I ventured to remind him of the small visit of the immature lad prompted by the good Emerson, and he was kind enough to say that he remembered it. The years had touched him lightly at that time. It did not seem to me that from 1868 to 1879 he had aged a minute. Mentioning this to Castelar a day or two afterward, the eloquent Spaniard turned upon me with one of his sweeping gestures. "Lowell," he said, in his picturesque fashion; "how should he grow old? Is he not one of the immortals?"

6.

Few people ever knew what an omnivorous, indefatigable reader Mr. Lowell was. He read on, read ever. In those days which I have just mentioned his wife was seriously ill with a lingering malady, destined to terminate fatally in London a little later. Mr. Lowell watched by her bedside all night long, never closing his eyes until the next day after the duties of the Legation were over, when he allowed himself an hour or two of sleep. "I am obliged," he said, "to prop myself in a certain position in my chair to avoid any danger of dozing; then I group my books around me and read and attend to my patient alternately." After this had gone on for some weeks, he said, "they formed a plot against me and brought out an English nurse from London. On the night of her arrival I was banished to bed at a normal hour. But as luck would have it, the new nurse fell asleep on the first night of her watching; she was awakened by a cry from my wife, who saw the candles setting the bed clothes on fire, and after this alarm I insisted on returning to my post. So there I am back again, arm chair, books and all."

The temporary recovery of his invalid wife filled Mr. Lowell with joy, and his lips overflowed with thanksgiving. Madrid was a pleasant place of sojourn for him personally. He cared little for the exaggerated etiquette of the Court, but he liked the good literary society. There were, however, he said, a great many "professors of mere phrasing" in Spain; authors with good sense of literary fame without many ideas to convey in it. Of Castelar's robust and vigorous genius he was never weary of speaking in terms of highest praise. He thought that the contemporary school of Spanish poetry had a high destiny.

NEVER was truer word spoken than that remark of "Taverner's" concerning James Russell Lowell, reprinted in today's *Post*:

To understand the influences which developed Lowell's genius, we must go back to the simple life of his boyhood and youth in his native town, where, instead of the artificial character which has since penetrated it, there was a delicious natural environment.

It remains to be seen what the present Cambridge will produce for the benefit of American letters and life. Perhaps it is too soon to have expected the new conditions there to fructify.

DR. HOLMES AND MR. WHITTIER are all of the elder men of letters of the distinctive first period of our literature who remain, and their association with Mr. Lowell was naturally so warmly personal that their feeling is now more like that of brothers of blood than mere brothers of the pen. A visitor to Dr. Holmes yesterday at his summer home at Beverly Farms was told that it is not likely that his old friend will attempt a biography of the dead poet. That will be a work for a younger man. "Three weeks ago I paid my last visit to him," said Dr. Holmes, "and could see that he had failed greatly. He was reading a volume of Scott when I entered and though greatly debilitated, was cheerful." Mr. Whittier spoke of the narrowing of the little circle—Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Motley and himself—until now only two were left. "We had expected much good work from Lowell, even after 70," he continued. "It was hoped that he would have ten good years to work after he returned from Europe. It was supposed he might do some work even superior to anything he had produced." Mr. E. C. Steedman, asked for his estimate of Lowell, replied that "there is but one thing to say—he ranks as our very foremost man of letters."

LOWELL'S EARLY LIFE.

Hon. Stephen M. Allen's Reminiscences.

Boston Manuscript.

"Accidental circumstances in early life brought me an intimate acquaintance and association with James Russell Lowell, which lasted for a number of years. His deep, comprehensive and versatile talent, coupled with a wide range of theoretic training, under the influence of a vivid imagination, gave him a most instructive and interesting character. There was no subject, from the highest spiritual and ethical, down to the aggregation and correlation of matter, that he was not ready to converse upon and discuss. His range of thought reached round that circle which enclosed all that social and industrial life, and gave character to the moral, political and progressive success of a free and independent people.

In his early days he became warmly attracted to those of independent thought and character who had been educated in a different school or sphere from his own. This was the secret tie which held us together for ten or fifteen years. His was a smooth, easy life up to twenty-five years of age, while mine had been one of rare intensity, toil and hardship. When at eight he was studying his Latin accidence under the tuition of an indulgent and distinguished father, knowing no pecuniary wants and free from mental and bodily suffering, it was my lot, while having as good a father, though but an obscure village school-master, to be studying the mixture of colors in a calico print-works, for ten or twelve hours a day and reciting progress at home after the day's work was done. While Lowell at twelve felt himself already on the way to the enjoyment and security of a remunerative profession of belles-lettres in some literary institution—for he ever studied to be independent of others for personal

support—it was expected of me to be able to draw every piece of machinery then needed in a cotton mill, preparatory to a future profession of a mechanical engineer.

Lowell was quick to learn the real history of his young associates, and made them feel that their personal experiences became one with his own in mutual works for the common good. Hence the necessity of dwelling upon personalities in this reminiscence. Perhaps the coincidence that our grandfathers were active revolutionists and abolitionists in the olden time—that his, as the judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, abolished slavery in 1773 in the State—that our fathers were born the same year, 1782, and that we both saw the light but a few weeks apart, in 1819, had something to do with both our minds in thus becoming sympathetically attached. At any rate we formed resolutions that to a greater or less extent affected the efforts of our whole subsequent lives. In those plans slavery was to be abolished in some way; national and State politics were to be purified; the basis of municipal government was to be honor, integrity and economy; the best men were to have place and position; the public schools were to become more "technically practical" in their teachings; industrial art and labor should be better encouraged and protected; temperance should be enforced and promoted by all proper moral and legal effort that could be made available,—with many other principles of political economy theoretically laid out.

Lowell's family, collaterally, at least, had been foremost in the promotion of the cotton manufacture in New England. He felt that it could be extended to advantage South and West. He became theoretically acquainted with its first introduction in England and Scotland, and particularly with the efforts of David Dale, Robert Owen and William Allen of Lanark. He liked their plan of schooling their operatives, the co-operative schemes for benefitting their help. He did not like the socialistic idea of communities, as sinking individuality too far, by generalizing the duties of life that should be personal as a constant spur to moral and religious activity. In 1843 we spent our first summer vacation together with some other friends at Nantasket beach. William W. Story, Lowell's intimate friend, was one of the guests. George Tyler Bigelow and George T. Curtis came there occasionally; James White and two sisters and the sister of Story, whom Mr. Curtis subsequently married, were there for the season. There were also there representatives of the highest commercial and manufacturing interests of the State, which with some teachers and young people, made up the whole number of guests. Lowell was then engaged to Maria White, whom he subsequently married. She was a most beautiful and accomplished lady—somewhat undemonstrative and retiring, more so than her sister, but she seemed always the embodiment of dignity and kindheartedness. The brother was a whole-souled, thoroughly practical gentleman—a rank abolitionist. He afterward lost his life mysteriously in the West, it was said, in efforts to assist the fugitive slaves to escape, through the underground railroad for that purpose. His body was found floating near the beach

of Lake Michigan. He was the son of Abijah White, a wealthy citizen of Watertown.

Story was then trying, as was Lowell, to earn a living at the practice of law. Both failed in that department. Neither of them liked the profession. Story became the distinguished sculptor, and Lowell the diplomat. Story had great literary talent and quite a poetic taste, particularly for blank verse and the heroics. There was a jealousy of Lowell, who was always the life of the guests, by a few of the lords of the manufacturing interests, who naturally were aristocrats. They felt that their names should be at the head of the list of American manufacturers, and never lost opportunities to place them there. On the contrary the name of Lowell gravitated there through its own volition alone. Such were disposed to sneer at the Whites for bringing their silver forks, not then in general use, as being an affectation, though they all were as unaffected and simple in habit as high-bred custom could guarantee.

All the guests were in harmony with the accustomed athletic sports. Few were early risers except occasionally Lowell and myself, who went out with the fishermen at three for cod and haddock, returning always by breakfast time generally well loaded down with fish. Mackerel were then plenty in the bay, and Story, with Lowell and myself, often went out, making great hauls. One morning Story said he would stop in a cleft of the ledge on the point, to write on his Phi Beta Kappa poem, and Lowell and I went off in the boats. The success was such that Story seeing us desired to be taken on board, but Lowell would not permit him to come, which angered Story somewhat. Lowell and myself were seated directly in front of Story when he delivered his poem at Cambridge, and it was plain to observe the change of style when the school of mackerel jostled the harmony of the poem. The orator looked up and gave us a smile and then went on, getting great applause at the end.

One morning when Lowell and myself were going towards the beach we heard screaming and saw quite a commotion in the water some ways out from the shore. We ran for and launched our boat, and in a short time were through the surf. Continued screams of "A shark! a shark!" came over the water, and we speedily rowed to the scene of activity. Two young ladies who were expert swimmers were in the habit of going out sometimes a quarter of a mile without boat or escort, and this morning became surrounded with a school of menhaden, among which a mackerel-shark was feasting, sometimes coming near enough to be clearly seen by them. When told what the real trouble and danger was they declined assistance from us and struck for the shore, which they soon reached with perfect safety.

One evening, just before sunset, while Story, Lowell and myself were bowling, a man came up asking assistance. Story had the last roll, and Lowell was already engaged in talking with the tramp when Story appeared. Story fixed his eyes on him for a moment, and then told him plainly that he was an impostor, and that he [Story] had seen him before at such and such places. The tramp turned pale, and started off

without reply. Story remarked to me that it was fatal for a man to suffer him to get a full view of his face which could never after be effaced from his mind. In the call referred to it had been three years since he had casually met the tramp, and them but for a minute or two. I have often called this to mind since Story became distinguished as a sculptor, as showing a native talent for physiology.

Lowell's office was at 10 Court street, Boston. He, like many other lawyers and good men, was sometimes short of money. One morning I called upon him and he was walking the floor excitedly. After exchange of salutations he looked up and said "Allen can you tell me how and where I can earn an honest dollar?" I had been successful and comparatively independent in my humble sphere and answered that I could tell him where he could get a hundred if he wished, and offered to supply him with ready money. "That is not what I want," said he. "I want to earn some money." There were then associated with us a few mutual friends, who strove to aid each other in the stern conflict of life. Lowell one day proposed that we have a name for our club, and he furnished one, "The Mutual Admiration Society." Each member informally was to bring in his friends for the purpose of mutual aid and sympathy. They are most all gone now. Colonel Ezra Lincoln, Lowell's friend, was an engineer, and was a polished gentleman. He was ever active in business as well as politics. James T. Fields probably had the most to do personally with Lowell in regard to literary matters. When Mr. Lowell got up the Paul Morphy demonstration as a tribute to the "champion chess player of America," a banquet was given at the Revere House. There were those that spoke for the first time on such an occasion, and some of our first men broke down, including Judge Shaw, Agassiz and others. Lowell and Fields held the fort and by their pleasantry and mirth brought up the spirits that flagged under the gravity and seriousness with which some of the older guests spoke.

Lowell's marriage in 1844 changed his plans of active life so far as the practise of the law was concerned. His literary labors became both arduous and remunerative. He always claimed that every man should really earn his own living independently of others, and this has been his own and most vigorous plan since boyhood. His appointment as professor of belles-lettres at Harvard as well lecturer in the Law School, cut off the opportunity of working with effect upon many of his early pet theories; but, so far as I know, he never changed much in his ideas of what should be, but only as to what practically could be carried out under them. Many of the benevolent and philanthropic societies originating in Boston during the last forty years he had sympathy with, and aided directly or indirectly. These subjects included art, science, mechanical industries, political economy and technology as a method of teaching, and many other purely benevolent organizations.

The war changed everything around him, and death and other circumstances took from him the most active of those that in early life were led through his genius and

activity to join in plans and works of general reform. After the war he became a man of the public, and served it faithfully to the end of his days.

Many years have passed since there was much intimacy of association between us. Each had his own sphere of life, its duties and cares to sustain, and my own had been all-absorbing. Our last personal meeting was some three years since, when he called at the room of the Webster Historical Society. We were then old men, or at least were fast becoming such. More than twenty years had passed since we had compared notes. Forty odd had slid by since those luminous plans of early manhood had been made with such enthusiasm and faith to govern our future; they contemplated a high state of mutual improvement, and a faithful disinterested citizenship beyond ourselves, as servants of the country we were to represent. What had we accomplished? We looked at each other with clasped hands, though but little was said. A tear dropped from Lowell's eyes as he gazed into mine. I am not ashamed to admit that mine responded with many in return. We planned to meet again, but never did; and so I parted from the man to whom I was most indebted for my first assurance and enthusiastic encouragement that it was possible for a business man to cultivate a taste for letters and literary associations while pursuing his vocation of mechanical or mercantile labors.

STEPHEN M. ALLEN.

LOWELL'S COTEMPORARIES

Reminiscences by Hon. Stephen M. Allen.
II.

James Russell Lowell, like Daniel Webster, at eighteen years of age had decided and to a certain extent fixed ideas of the political economy both of Europe and America. He at twenty-five by no means glorified England, as many have felt that he did liberally towards the last of his life. It had not occurred to me that he had changed, only as all change when they begin to see that it is quite one thing to have glorious ideas of government with men and things, and the uses to which they should be put, and another to be able to see them fully carried out through any influence we may personally exert in their behalf. To his mind then, homely expressed, the British Government individualized was more of a bully than a philanthropist. In the acquirement of her Indian territory in the East, and the millions of benighted with it, coming under her arbitrary control, she outraged humanity and treated them more as slaves or serfs than as freemen, and never lost sight of the pecuniary advantage of such a citizenship. On the character of her warriors and statesmen, of the influence of the East India Company upon civilization, Lowell discoursed in his younger days quite freely. He believed that both Marlborough and Chatham had "doubles" within themselves of which they never were conscious, but which made their lives a contradiction of misapplied energies. Warren Hastings acted like a robber and pirate, and Wellington as a legated butcher. He appreciated Sheridan, Burke and Fox, but deprecated the

small amount of real political principle they enunciated for posterity applicable to a growing civilization of any kind. Their record altogether would not amount to that left in print by Daniel Webster. Pitt he thought a precocious ghou, whose whole selfish and bigoted acts were simple trigs to human progress, fixing a pecuniary debt upon the government, that would, with the costs of royalty, drag a majority of the people down to permanent poverty and suffering. Jeremy Bentham was then Lowell's ideal of a practical moralist, whether as an expounder of legal, mercantile or social jurisprudence.

Robert Owen stood at the head of coöperative industrial reform. It was always interesting to Lowell's young friends to see with what facility he could turn from deep, serious subjects to those of a light and jovial character, without losing the application or importance of either, as an impressive fact, or making the universality of life a common subject of interest. He could alternately be the gravest of the grave, or the most jolly and genial associate, without creating a hiatus. One always felt that there was such proper connection between the two subjects, as he treated them, as to make up a most beautiful and harmonious whole. Before Lowell, in 1844, gave name to the mutual admiration society, as mentioned in my previous letter, there had been a general awakening of young men in Boston to the importance of coöperating in various ways to aid the cause of successful industry, education and morals. These were brought together by him so far as he practically could do under the circumstances surrounding each case.

There were more than a hundred in all that thus directly and indirectly were informally brought together for work. The governing principle was, however, to be that while each should do what he could privately by himself, no general mention should be made of the result of a public character. Lowell was equal to the secret booming of such effort, so far as to keep up the individual courage or interest of each worker in his sphere of action. When it became necessary to disband the old city fire department, forty young men instantly came forward, from all social and business circles, to man each "tub." It may not be generally known at this day that the salaries of these were pledged to build churches, or be disposed of in charity, or that some of these men afterwards were sent to Congress, while others became quite eminent in their respective professions.

One member in particular, still living, a graduate at Harvard, may be mentioned as doing regular duty at the "tub," often taking some of the members home after a fire to give them lessons in chemistry or physiology. At a later day, and for a long series of years after, he was the successful manager of the Lowell Institute. This institution has been a godsend to literary culture in Boston, as well as a practical art school, for forty years, where the poor student could always get instruction free gratis. Another object of the club was the establishment of medical dispensaries where the poor could get treatment and medicine free from charge. Some of these have been in successful existence and operation for forty years. An incident connected with the establishment of one of these will long be remembered

by the writer, who was the subject of a practical joke perpetrated by Dr. Webster, from whom he took a few lessons in chemistry. While alone in the dissecting-room of an evening, in the old Mason-street Hospital, where there were on the tables sixteen subjects in process, the key was turned upon me and I was detained for an hour or two before the door was opened. It was my privilege to have known both Dr. Webster and Dr. Parkman, being a frequent visitor at both their houses, having charge of the ventilating process for use in the new hospital then building. I cannot pass without adding my protest to the assertions of some that Dr. Parkman was an avaricious, hard man upon his fellows. It was not so. He had his eccentricities, and one of them was being very exacting. He was, however, a most benevolent, kind-hearted man. He gave his whole time and the use of his money for aiding the poor and needy. He was one of the best friends the mechanics ever had, and would loan them small sums of money, on indifferent security, to accommodate, but never taking more than six per cent interest. Lowell did not like him very well until he learned the real character of the man. Among the old citizens of Boston who deeply sympathized with the young active members of the society some of them before it had name, were the elder Nathaniel Bowditch, Thomas Perkins, and Jonathan Mason. They soon passed away. Of those younger, few of whom are now living were Charles Scudder, Stephen Fairbanks, John Benson, Frederick D. Allen, James W. Converse, Franklin Haven, Henry W. Dutton, Charles G. Greene and Daniel Safford, with Mr. Parkman and many others who contributed to different enterprises.

One of the early enterprises they patronized was starting a charity Sunday school to take in poor children, with an auxiliary society for clothing such as could not otherwise get suitable garments to wear. This numbered some seventy-five young boys, many of whom were reclaimed and educated and subsequently held good positions here and in the West. One of them became mayor of Cambridge, one is the present postmaster in a large Western city. The second superintendent of this school was a young lawyer, a graduate of Cambridge and a friend of Lowell's. Boston was small forty years ago, and the United States had but a small population compared to the present. The ideas of the mass of the people were very different. A young man that was known to smoke in those days was looked upon as unfortunately contracting a pernicious habit. A fine of five dollars was the penalty for smoking in the street. Lowell was always fond of smoking, however. In the winter it was a common practice for some of the church dignitaries to hold morning prayer meetings, Deacon Benson's house, corner of Federal and Channing streets, was a popular resort for that purpose. The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics Association and Amos Baker had evening schools for apprentices, and the Mercantile Library Association gave public lectures free. Lowell patronized the latter as did many of his friends. E. P. Whipple and J. T. Fields often gave them lectures.

Many of the poor foreign-born working

men had very poor accommodations for living. Many resided in basements, and a movement was made for their relief, which resulted in the erection of a large number of comfortable dwellings. This was accomplished through the indirect and direct aid of the society. The sanitary condition of Boston was one of those questions that engaged a great deal of attention, and Lowell became much interested in the cause. The city of Boston was urged to lay out more parks and sell lands at a reduced price. Chester Park was enlarged, and all the streets south to Ruggles street in Roxbury were raised and restricted to what was called the dry dock grade at Charlestown, placing them above tide water. This was done entirely through the influence of members of the society. Daniel N. Haskell, editor of the Transcript, was a member, and published a great deal of matter in aid of the movement in that paper. The Artists' Association was organized in Boston in 1841, with a great number of distinguished patrons, in which Lowell with others of his friends took great interest. Two of the artists, Carleton and Hollingsworth, became attached to the Lowell Institute as teachers and remained there during their lives.

T. Buchanan Read came with letters from Cincinnati and with an original painting of General Harrison which was his first great effort of the kind. He was introduced to Chester Harding and other artists and subsequently to Lowell, and became a great favorite with all. His appearance in these days was that of a light-complexioned, small-sized boy of eighteen, though he had the character, when animated, of a man of thirty years. Unfortunately his tastes as criticised by some were considered too versatile for him to succeed well as a painter. Harding was one of the members, and came to me one morning quite excited after reading a poem of Read's, then published for the first time by the Mercantile Library Association, before which it had been delivered, and begged me, if I had any influence over Read, to "entreat him to stick to his crayons" and let poetry alone. Lowell did not think so, but believed a man might be both painter and poet. Read's painting and poem of Sheridan's Ride is an evidence of the correctness of his judgment. Read went to Rome with letters to Story, with whom he became quite intimate, but returned home and died. The Artists' Association was well patronized for a time by the public; but few of the members are now living. Healy had been one of of Harding's young pupils who afterward went to Europe and painted Louis Philippe. On returning to Boston he was encouraged by some of the Boston merchants to make an historical picture of Webster's answer to Hayne, and did so after four years' labor. When done, it was sometime before he could realize upon it and he became very poor and discouraged. The city had offered \$3000 for it. One of Lowell's friends offered \$4000, though he did not feel able to buy it. The city then offered \$5000 and got it. It is now the principal attractive painting in Faneuil Hall and is probably destined to remain there for all time.

Ross Winans was a rich and very successful railroad and locomotive-builder of Baltimore. He took with other friends the contract

to build the railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and came to Boston for the assistance of engineers. Colonel William R. Lee, a graduate of West Point, was then superintendent of the Boston & Providence Railroad and gave him support. Major Whistler also became connected with the enterprise. I think it was Colonel Lee who first suggested the starting of evening schools in Russia along the line of the road, where the young Russians could be taught mechanical work and engineering in connection with ordinary studies. Many young mechanics of Boston were invited to go to Russia as instructors—some did go, and enough to make the system a success. Lowell afterward became much interested in the matter.

General H. B. Sargent, a friend of Lowell, was the first in his class at Harvard, and one of the most brilliant students in the Law School during my membership. It was wholly through Lowell's influence that I read law. Many of the students distinguished themselves in after life. Rutherford B. Hayes became president of the United States, Judge Richardson became secretary of the treasury, Anson Burlingame minister both to China and Russia. Governor Arnold, Judge Lowell, the two Parkmans, Nathan Morse, Robert Codman, Ebenezer W. Stone were members of the class. General Sargent was intimate with Lowell, and wrote an essay some thirty-five years ago upon the labor question which pleased Lowell very much. He took the laborers' side of the question and subsequently interested himself in building houses for the working classes. The Legislature of 1851 brought together many young men that became reformers and that joined in organizing the Republican party of Massachusetts in 1854. The leaders were self-made men. George S. Boutwell was elected governor. Henry Wilson, president of the Senate; Nathaniel P. Banks, Speaker of the House; Amasa Walker, secretary of State. There was a great deal of talent in the Legislature of that year. Ezra Lincoln, Caleb Cushing, B. B. Curtis, Sidney Bartlet, John Mills, General Whitney, James M. Keath, William Aspinwall, F. O. Prince, Theodore Dunne, Henry Gardner, Otis Kimball, William Schouler and G. M. Wightman were members.

At the funeral of Daniel Webster at Marshfield in October, 1852, there were many who had grown rich in property and honors, through the influence of Webster, some of whom had gone back on him, but were very prominent actors in the services. The young Governor Boutwell was there representing the State. A few of the old political liners, who had before been in the habit of first naming the candidates for governor, but who had been disappointed in their choice, were disposed to give the cold shoulder to the governor. He conducted himself with a great deal of dignity, as usual, and paid no particular attention to them, more than to the thousands of honest but humble people present on the occasion.

The organization of the Republican party at Worcester, July 20, 1854, where it first received its name in Massachusetts, is a matter of written history. It was purely accidental that I was called upon to preside over that convention for the most of the day and through all of its business action. It adjourned to Sept. 7, when Robert Rantoul,

Sr., presided. John A. Andrew wrote the resolutions and Charles Sumner spoke for over an hour. The conventions of 1856, nominating Fremont; the Brooks outrage upon Sumner; the Burlingame duel; threats of Brooks to attack Wilson and Banks, who was then Speaker, are all matters of history. Mr. Lowell was active in all those measures in his quiet way, but exercised a powerful influence through others. As to my own humble effort in all these things I can only say that Lowell prompted me to action more than any other person. The war brought freedom to the slaves and established that emancipation which we in early life felt could be done with money. Alas! for human selfishness; thousands of millions of dollars, and millions of lives, directly and indirectly, were sacrificed to this end.

STEPHEN M. ALLEN.

LOWELL'S CONTEMPORARIES.

To the Editor of the Transcript: In a recent issue of your paper appeared a communication, signed "C. O. Stickney," wherein the writer names several contemporaries of James Russell Lowell, and states that, with one exception, they have all passed over to the "other shore." Allow me to say to him, and to distant friends who may be misled by this assertion, that another shining exception exists in the person of Dr. Thomas W. Parsons, whom we still have among us, and whose tribute to Lowell in a recent number of the Transcript—most tender and beautiful—antedating your correspondent's communication, ought not to have escaped his notice.

Fully recovered from a recent illness, the doctor lives to cheer his many friends and to frequent his much-loved haunts of Scituate and Wayland.

W. R. W.

Concord, Aug. 24.

[Wheldon]

MY LOVE.

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear:
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening-star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know:
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair:
No simplest duty is forgot;
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,
And though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman—one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own free will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.
[James Russell Lowell.]

Y. AUGUST 13, 1891

LATEST

NOT AMERICA'S ALONE.

England Equally Laments
Lowell's Death.

Words of Love and Esteem Spoken
on Every Side.

He Was Always on the Side of
the Best in Life.

LONDON, Aug. 13. The Times says: "The death of Mr. Lowell is probably more keenly and widely felt in England than would be that of any other American, or, indeed, of any man not a fellow-countryman. With his death there passes into history a really remarkable mind; whose reputation will grow with time. Corrupt politicians hated him, but he goes to the grave mourned by all that is best in America, and amid the heartfelt regard and admiration of England."

The Standard says: "America may claim the distinction of his birth, but his fame belongs to the wider republic speaking the English tongue."

The Daily News says: "Mr. Lowell will be lamented in England not less than in America. He was ever a fighter and always on the side of truth, honesty, justice, freedom, mercy and peace."

All the other London morning newspapers contain similar comments and long obituary notices.

Tribute of Bret Harte.

Bret Harte has written concerning the death of James Russell Lowell, the American poet, as follows: "To my pride, as an American, in the frank admiration and living appreciation shown of Lowell's intellect and character personally here, I have to add my own expression of sorrow at the loss of one of the most fastidious and cultivated professors in my calling, and one of its gentlest yet manliest critics."

English Authors' Society Sends Regrets.

Mr. Walter Besant, the well known writer and novelist, and first chairman of the executive committee of the Incorporated Society of Authors, has sent a telegram from Dartmoor to

a newsagency in this city, in which, referring to the death of Mr. James Russell Lowell, he says, "The English Authors' Society sends its deepest regrets and sympathy with Americans on the death of that great writer, its friend, James Russell Lowell."

MINISTER LOWELL IN LONDON.

When Mr. Lowell was Minister to the Court of St. James, the London World included in its series of "Celebrities at Home" a readable sketch of the distinguished *littérateur*, which is appended:

An unpretending house in a quiet London square, painted that dull red color—an American importation, by the way—with which we are now so familiar in the western districts of the metropolis. It is the residence of a minister who represents the vast Republic of the West, over which the sun takes four hours to rise, and which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There is nothing ambassadorial in his surroundings. The arms of the United States are nowhere conspicuously emblazoned, as would be those of some petty German State. Mr. Lowell is not approached through an antechamber filled with secretaries and gilded attachés. You are introduced by a manservant out of livery into a little room on the ground floor at the back of the house, which contains a few well-filled bookshelves, a writing-table strewn with papers and letters, while a few simple engravings here and there cover the walls. Seated in an easy chair reading is a slight spare man with a profusion of curling hair and a luxuriant beard which is almost white. His manner as he rises to greet you is singularly quiet and unaffected, and though he has made the Yankee dialect of New England immortal, you cannot detect in the tones of his voice

the slightest trace of Americanism. He has long passed his sixtieth birthday, having been born in the same year as Queen Victoria, yet it is impossible to regard him as old. He reminds you of nothing so much as the beautiful Indian summer of his native land, differing only from midsummer in the circumstance that the subdued tints of the foliage, and the still dreamy air, tell you instinctively that they are the heralds of coming winter. Taking a well-colored little meerschaum from a rack he proceeds to smoke, and hands his visitor a box of cigarettes. Leaning back then in his chair, he turns toward you his full, deep, gray eyes at once thoughtful and penetrating, and seems more inclined to listen than to talk. The conversation drifts from one subject to another, and it is only when some chord which interests him is struck that you catch a momentary glimpse of the varied knowledge, the rich cultivation, the genius and power which have made for him so great a name on both sides of the Atlantic. Those who are familiar with Mr. Lowell's life know that he has not only shed a brilliance over the New World, but also done much to cement the bonds of union between the Old World and the New. As a poet he can hardly be considered inferior to Longfellow, though far less widely known and read; while as a humorist he must take his place in history with great masters of wit and satire like Swift and Thackeray. His modest house in Lowndes square seems but a resting-place by the way. His home is in the beautiful suburbs of Cambridge, in his native Massachusetts, on the banks of the sluggish Charles. Through all his wanderings in many lands, beautiful Elmwood, the home of his father, the place of his birth, the grave of his children, and the spot where sixty years of his life have been spent among his books, seems always to claim him as its own.

Mr. Lowell comes of a good old English stock. His ancestors emigrated from Bristol in 1639, and settled in New England.

Many of the Lowells were foremost men in the annals of their adopted country. His grandfather was a member of the convention which framed the constitution of Massachusetts and excluded slavery from its borders. His father was a distinguished Congregationalist minister, and a year before the poet's birth he purchased Elmwood, a plain structure of wood, whose want of picturesqueness is relieved by the fine timber in which it is embosomed. In the library, which contains a large and choice collection of books, there hangs a portrait by Page of Mr. Lowell in his youth. The dark auburn hair, parted in the middle, falls in thick curls over a white collar thrown back loosely from his neck. There is a dreamy poetry in the deep-set gray eyes, and the expression is one of almost mournful sadness. One may well marvel that the "Biglow Papers" could have been produced by the grave, melancholy looking youth, who might have sat as a model for Goethe's Faust. The coat of coarse brown cloth he wears gives a spice of Puritan simplicity to the portrait. In an upper room, which was the poet's study in his father's lifetime, there hang touchingly over a picture frame some pairs of baby's shoes; and from the window may be seen the pretty wooded slopes of Mount Auburn Cemetery, the last resting-place of the little feet; all his children, but one daughter, having died in infancy. It was this which gave the tinge of sadness to much of his early poetry:

"As a twig trembles which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred:
I only knew she came and went."

The death of his children was followed, after nine years of domestic happiness, by the loss of his wife, referred to in those touching lines of Longfellow:

"T was at thy door, O friend! and not at mine
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Fading, descended, and with voice divine
Whispered a word that had a sound like
Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin,
And softly from that hushed and darkened
room
Two angels issued where but one went in."

Mr. Lowell has shown himself to be a writer of graceful, powerful and versatile prose, which alone would have made the reputation of a lesser man. His lectures on the great poets of the world are models of criticism, and display at once the brilliant powers of his vigorous mind, and the stores of varied knowledge acquired in years of thoughtful, patient study, and extended travel in the lands of the Old World. His more serious poems are full of graceful imagery, of noble thoughts clothed in noble words, while some of them possess the impassioned fire of true poetic genius. They want, perhaps, that something which Longfellow's Muse possesses; or possibly it is that the older poet had gained the popular ear before the younger one became known, and his melodies fell on somewhat unheeding ears, so long accustomed to the familiar strains of the old master. But it is on his marvellously humorous prose and still more marvellous poetry that Lowell's fame will rest, and he can well afford not to be placed by posterity in the first rank of the poets of sentiment. A distinguished modern writer has said that if you want to see the England of the seventeenth century, you must go to New England; and Mr. Lowell has told us that if we want to listen to the English which was spoken in the days of the Stuarts, we must go still to New England, where it lingers yet in such places as the remote districts of Massachusetts. Railroads are fast destroying their Old World character, and the Yankee speech is being grubbed up by the school marmas as diligently as the thistle in Canada; but in the "Biglow Papers" it is enshrined forever, like the fly in amber; and peers and country baronets whose titles were purchased from needy James I. can read therein in what fashion

their fathers spake. The first and by far the best series of these remarkable papers were written at the time of the Mexican War. They are designed to expose the iniquity of a conflict undertaken in the interest of slave-holding States, as a means of extending the area of slavery. No satirical pieces of modern days approach them except, perhaps, the "Letters of Major Downing," "Sam Slick," or some of Hood's inimitable verses. Hosea Biglow, Rev. Homer Wilbur and Birdofredum Sawin are characters which may take their place, as portraits from life, with Squire Western or Dr. Primrose. These papers are a mixture of poetry and prose, written in the broadest Yankee dialect of New England, interspersed with imaginary notices of the press, designed to satirize the ludicrous ignorance and absurdity of prevailing American newspaper criticism. Many of the words and expressions in the "Biglow Papers" have become a part of the English language as it is spoken in America today. At the time they were in every body's mouth, and became cant phrases, like the "What, never?" of "Pinafore," or the "Why, certainly!" of "The Colonel."

"But John P.

Robinson he

Sez he wunt vote for Guvener B."

crossed the Atlantic, and became, with local variations, a catch-song in the streets of English towns. Whoever reads these wonderful sketches, so full of humor and wit, an keen political satire from which men shrink as from a scalpel, and is able to understand something of the point of the allusions, experiences a sensation he will never forget. Here is a description of a Yankee orator, inimitable in its truth to nature, and which, *mutatis mutandis*, might be applied to some parliamentary orators we wot of, Irish and otherwise:

Subjick stalted; 'expanded; delayed; extended. Pump lively. Subjick stalted ag'in, so's to avide all mistaiks. Ginnle remarks; continooed; kerried on; pushed fuder; kind o' gin out. Subjick re-stalted; deloated; stirred up permiscuous. Pump ag'in. Gits back to where he sot out. Can't seem to stay thair. Ketches into Mr. Seaward's hair. Breaks loose ag'in, an' stalts his subjick; stretches it; turns it: folds it; onfolds it; folds it ag'in so's 't no one can't find it. Argoos with an imedjinary bean that ain't aloud to say nothin' in repleye. Gives him a real good dressin', an' is settyside he's rite. Gits into Johnson's hair. No use tryin' to git into his head. Gives it up. Hez to stalt his subjick ag'in: does it back'ards, sideways, endways, criss-cross, bevellin', no ways. Gits finely red on it. Concluds. Concluds more. Reads some xtraz. Sees his subjick agosin' round arter him ag'in. Tries to avide it. Wun't do. Mis-states it. Can't conjectur' no other plawable way of staytin' on it. Tries pump. No fr. Finely concluds to conclud-yeels the flore.

Underlying this satire, of the broadest and most farcical kind, runs a current of the strong religious feeling which everywhere distinguishes Mr. Lowell's writings. At every turn we catch glimpses of that old Puritan faith, with its simple fervid zeal, which the Pilgrim Fathers planted on New England shores.

Mr. Lowell's life has been an eventful one, the milestones on the road being, for the most part, the dates of the many volumes which owe their birth to him. His long residence at Elmwood was unbroken save by a year or two's European travel. His distinguished services to the Northern cause at the time of the Civil War, as an able opponent of slavery, were recognized in 1874 by the offer of the Russian ministry. This was declined, and in the same year the degree of doctor of laws was conferred upon him by the sister University on the Cam—an honor perhaps more appreciated than expatriation to the court of the czar. In 1877 he accepted the mission to Spain, and two years later, on the withdrawal of Mr. Welsh, he was transferred to London. Seldom has an American minister been received in this country with more cordiality, or become more generally popular than Mr. Lowell. The University of St. Andrews has bestowed the highest distinction in her gift upon the successor of Longfellow at Harvard. Few men could

do greater honor than Mr. Russell Lowell to the position of lord rector of that ancient scholastic foundation. His election will be regarded, in the land of his birth, not only as a high compliment to one of America's most distinguished men of letters, but as a graceful act of international courtesy on the part of that old land which he is proud to own as the fatherland of his race.

Robert T. S. Lowell.

Robert Trall Sponce Lowell, brother of James Russell Lowell, died yesterday morning at his home in Schenectady, N. Y., within less than a month of his seventy-fifth anniversary. He was a faithful clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church and a man of letters of no mean order, both as poet and as novelist, having earned a title to remembrance by "The New Priest in Conception Bay," "A Raft That No Man Made," and "Stories from an Old Dutch Town." Mr. Lowell was born October 8, 1816, in Boston, where his father, Rev. Charles Lowell, was pastor of the old West Church. He was educated at the Round Hill School of George Bancroft and Joseph G. Cogswell in Northampton, and at Harvard College, where he was graduated in 1833. He took a full course at Harvard medical school, but instead of practising medicine he went into trade. In 1839 he began the study of theology. By invitation of Bishop Spencer of Newfoundland he went to Bermuda, where he took deacon's orders in 1842 and priest's in 1843, and was appointed chaplain to the bishop and inspector of schools. He was afterward appointed to the parish of Bay Roberts in Newfoundland ("Peterport" in "The New Priest") and made the record of a devoted servant of Christ, especially in the famine of 1846, when his medical training was of the utmost value to the people; he was chairman of the relief committee of the district and wore his health out in his arduous work, so that he was compelled to return to the United States. Mr. Lowell's next work was among the poorer people of Newark, N. J., where he gathered a congregation called Christ Church, and in 1849-50 built a stone church, which was open and free to all, with daily services. Between 1850 and 1859 he was rector of Christ Church, Dunesburg, N. Y., and then for four years was head master of St. Mark's School in Southborough.

It was while he was rector of the parish at Newark that he sent to press his first and most important work, "The New Priest in Conception Bay." The novel was published by Phillips, Sampson & Co. in the fall of 1858, and such was the interest in the work that, though sent out anonymously and followed almost immediately by the failure of the publishers, the first edition was exhausted in a short time.

The slender volume of poems which appeared in 1860 under the title of "Fresh Hearts that Failed Three Thousand Years Ago, and Other Things," was but a small part of the poetry which he kept back in manuscript, and it was filed out in the next edition, published in 1863, with many new pieces, and dedicated to his old teacher, Dr. Cogswell.

The famous war poem, "The Massachusetts Line," written to the air of "Yankee Doodle," was sung with wonderful inspiration during the Civil War. Still another of these poems is the one entitled, "The Little Years," a song for the elder graduates at Harvard, which is an unforgettable poem. Still another, written in a different vein, but equally unforgettable, is "The Brave Old Ship, the Orient;" and yet another, entitled "Burgoyne's Last March," written in 1877, is a fine specimen of the way in which he treated an historical theme.

When Dr. Lowell gave up the charge of St. Mark's School, he made his home in Schenectady, N. Y., and in 1873 became the professor of the Latin language and literature in Union College, where he remained for six years. After retiring from this post in 1879, he did not

undertake any further public duty, but continued to reside in Schenectady, and identified himself strongly with its interests and associations. Out of his residence there grew "Stories from an Old Dutch Town."

Dr. Lowell's home was on the banks of the Mohawk, and from the foot of his garden he could take his boat and go up and down the river at his leisure. He was a great student of the classics, and delighted to write to his friends in Greek, or Latin, or English, as they were able to follow him in the expression of his thoughts. He kept up his interest in the ancient languages to the end of his life.

Since the death of his brother, his health, which was very much impaired by the death of his wife last year, became more and more uncertain, and his sudden death has not been unexpected. He had five children—three sons and two daughters. His eldest son, James, and his son Charles survive him. His two daughters, Mary and Rebecca, are living in Schenectady.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1891

REGARD FOR LOWELL.

Sorrowful Words at the Death of the American Poet.

LONDON, August 13.—The provincial press and the London afternoon papers contain long and affectionate articles upon the late James Russell Lowell. Expressions of sorrow for his death come from every quarter.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The universal regret for Lowell's death and admiration for his character and achievements expressed on this side of the Atlantic are an eloquent testimony of the reality of that entente among the English-speaking race which it was one of the objects of Lowell's life to promote. His place in literature is with Carlyle and Ruskin."

Edmund Gosse, in an article in the *St. James Gazette*, says: "It is too soon to make an estimate of his final place in history. We think today only of his stainless record, his lofty intelligence and his devotion to letters, and we reverently partake of America's sorrow."

Henry Irving writes as follows:

"In common with all Englishmen, I lament the loss of one we so loved and honored."

LONDON, August 13.—Lord Tennyson wires from Haslemere saying: "England and America will mourn Lowell's death. They loved him and he loved them. Pray express for myself and mine sincerest sympathy with the family. 'TENNYSON.'"

Walter Besant, the well-known writer and novelist and first chairman of the executive committee of the Incorporated Society of Authors, has sent a telegram from Dartmore, in which, referring to the death of Lowell, he says: "The English Authors' Society sends its deepest regrets and sympathy with Americans on the death of that great writer, its friend, James Russell Lowell."

SOME AMERICAN TRIBUTES.

BAL HARBOR, ME., August 13.—Secretary Blaine, when informed of the death of James Russell Lowell, expressed his deepest sympathy at the sad news. When asked if he would not make some statement of Mr. Lowell's career as a diplomat he declined to do so.

BOSTON, August 13.—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is much affected by the death of his life-long friend, James Russell Lowell, although, as he says, he knew it was coming a long time. He declined, however, most imperatively to talk on the subject for publication at this time.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS., August 13.—John Greenleaf Whittier, who has been forced to return from the mountains by ill health, was much shocked to hear of Mr. Lowell's death. "Too bad, too bad," he said. "It is indeed a great loss to American letters and to the world."

NORTH CONWAY, N. H., August 13.—W. D. Howells speaks of Lowell's death as a national calamity. He declines to be interviewed, but says he may write an article on Lowell at some other time.

COMPOUND INTEREST.

A new way of laying up money is described by a writer in the *Contemporary Review*, and the story is the more interesting because of the celebrity of the involuntary inventor of the method in question—no less a person than the author of the *Biglow Papers*. In 1835, says the writer, Longfellow having resigned his place as professor of modern languages and literature in Harvard College, Lowell was appointed his successor, with leave of absence to perfect himself in his studies.

Lowell at once went abroad, but did not remain so long as he had intended. In later years he used to tell how he happened to cut short his European studies.

It appears that he left instructions with his London bankers to notify him as soon as his account was reduced to a specified sum. Then he settled down to his work, drawing upon his bankers as he needed money, but keeping no account of his drafts. He was still in the midst of his studies, when one day he received word that his balance had been cut down to the specified figures.

The news was surprising; he had supposed himself still well within his limits; but as he had no records of his own there was of course no disputing the banker's statement, even had it occurred to him to do so. He packed up at once and returned to America.

Some years afterward he received a letter from the bankers, stating that, owing to the error of a clerk, his account had been charged with a certain sum which had been drawn, not by him, but by another Lowell, a kinsman of his.

The bankers apologized for the blunder, and of course had placed the amount of the draft, with compound interest, at his credit. They kindly suggested that if he were not in present want of the money, they would invest it for him in a way which they believed would turn out to his advantage.

Mr. Lowell thanked them, and asked them to invest the amount at their discretion. About a year afterward he received a draft for nearly seven hundred pounds, and found it very timely, as he was just then wishing to furnish a house. Thanks to his own carelessness and the blunder of a clerk, he was able to do it in a fairly sumptuous manner.

To illustrate Mr. Lowell's devotion to nice points of social usage, "The Boston Advertiser" relates this anecdote: When he was Minister to England a freshman from one of the big American universities called upon him with a letter of introduction. Mr. Lowell made it very pleasant for his young visitor, talked charmingly with him, gave him some friendly advice concerning his tour, and several favors in the form of letters which an American Minister alone had the power to confer. The undergraduate was profuse in his thanks, and was bowing him-self out of the room after his interview—had even got so far as the outer door—when Mr. Lowell caught sight of his hat, which was of the ordinary derby pattern. He peremptorily called the young man back, and speaking kindly, yet dryly, said: "Mr. S—, no real gentleman in England wears derby headgear. You should purchase a silk hat at once. Your social duties here will demand it. That is all. Good-day."

The Bulletin.

A Parable June 1885

Said Christ, our Lord, "I will go and see how the men, my brethren, believe in me." He passed not again through the gate of birth, but made himself known to the children of earth.

Then said the chief-priests and rulers, and kings,

"Behold, now, the giver of all good things, Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state Him who alone is mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread Wherever the Son of Man should tread, And in palace chambers lofty and rare, They lodged him and served him with kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim Their jubilant floods in praise of him; And in church, and palace, and judgment-hall, He saw his image high over all.

But still, whatever his steps they led, The Lord in sorrow bent down his head, And from under the heavy foundation stones The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church, and palace, and judgment-hall, He marked great fissures that rent the wall, And opened wider and yet more wide As the living foundation heaved and sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then, On the bodies and souls of living men? And think ye, that building shall endure Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

"With gates of silver and bars of gold Ye have fenced my sheep from the Master's fold; I have heard the dropping of their tears In heaven these eighteen hundred years."

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt, We build but as our fathers built; Behold thine images, how they stand, Sovereign and sole, through all our land."

"Our task is hard,—with sword and flame To hold thy earth forever the same, And with sharp crooks of steel to keep Still, as thou ledest them, thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan, A low-browed, stunted, haggard man, And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set he in the midst of them, And as they drew back their garment-hem, For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said he, "The images ye have made of me!"

—[James Russell Lowell.]

MR. LOWELL'S LAST LETTER.

The *Athenæum* publishes the following letter, which was written by the late James Russell Lowell to Mr. R. A. Kinglake shortly before his death:—

Dear Mr. Kinglake,
I am highly honored in the dedication of your pamphlet, which I read with great interest. I think your plan of Local Vallhallas to supplement that at Westminster an excellent one. While it admits men of national reputation, like Blake and Fielding, it admits also men of less renown, but deserving some lasting commemoration in a less degree. A collection of the busts of worthies (in old Fuller's sense) is both a recognition and a stimulus. I am not well enough to cherish any hope of seeing England again this year. My recollections of the old home are among the dearest of my life. Should you see Archdeacon Denison, I pray you to recall me kindly to his memory. With kindest regards to your daughter,
I remain, faithfully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

Nation
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LOWELL Sept. 17, 1891
PIEVE DI CADORE, August 27.

In the notice of the life of Lowell in the *Nation* of August 18, there is a passage which seems to me to admit, if not require, a fuller explanation than is there given. After mentioning the death of his first wife and the consequent change in his manner of existence, it says: "And although he allowed his name to stand in connection with anti-slavery societies, he was generally regarded as having cooled in sympathy. This was unjustly attributed to his becoming, in 1855, a professor in Harvard University, then rightly regarded as very conservative." The disclaimer is correct, but purely negative; and, as a fact, the imaginary cooling, which was nothing more than the natural effect of grief and a morbid melancholy, preceded any hint of his appointment to succeed Longfellow, and was broken up by it and his subsequent visit to Europe.

It happened that I made Lowell's acquaintance shortly after the death of his first wife and while he was still overwhelmingly affected by it. I went to Cambridge to secure the assistance of the literary men resident there for the carrying on of an art journal which I had then projected and afterwards edited, the *Crayon*, and the acquaintance grew into a warm friendship, of which one of the first fruits was an invitation to come and stay with him at Elmwood. He was in a state of apathy and incipient hypochondriasis, from which, as one of his later letters shows, my intrusion into his solitude partially aroused him, and he was grateful for the diversion. The grief for the death of his wife was keen, and his feeling was expressed in the "Ode to Happiness," which he read me from his note-book one day during this visit. He spoke of it as unfinished, but, so far as I recollect, it was then as it was printed later. What oppressed him, however, more than his bereavement was a profound conviction that his brain was menaced by, or actually undergoing, a process similar to ossification, and that he was doomed to die, as his mother had died, insane; and this gloomy presentiment, coupled with his sorrow, produced that apathy which was regarded as a cooling off of his human sympathies; he considered himself as already the victim of a terrible death, and all his constitutional buoyancy could not resist the obsession.

I had just gone through one of those disillusionings which young men consider great griefs, and this excited a certain sympathy which took him out of himself, while the efforts I made to arouse him out of his apathy and despondency were grateful to him and, I hope, useful. I was an intense admirer of his poetry, and had most of the then published poems by heart, and I made him talk of them and read me what he had unprinted. He told me that he had written "Sir Launfal" in two evenings, and had never retouched it—an omission I gently reproved him for, but he replied in a way which made me think that he did not hold his work in such high esteem as to induce him to spend much labor *limas* on it. The fact was, I suspect, that he could not take up revision without its becoming remaking, for his versification was so spontaneous that he

could write in verse faster than in prose,* and it was easier to write new than to remodel the old. This facility was curiously shown in one of our Adirondack excursions. We had halted to camp on Tupper's Lake, and the guides and myself constructed for the occasion a huge bark shanty, and when it was finished, I said to Lowell, "We have built you a house; now give us an inscription for it"; and he began what I at first took for a reply, but what was really, without casting about for a word, an impromptu:

"Whom rain doth welter
Or heat sweeter,
Respect this shelter,"

and went on with a history of the shanty, the part taken by each of us in the work, giving the names of the whole party, which was composed of ten visitors and nine guides, all without an instant's hesitation and as if it were a part of the conversation.

He did afterwards, however, in spite of his reluctance to retouch his work, rewrite for the *Crayon* the little poem so well known, "The First Snow-Fall," which had been for years circulating in the newspapers, gathering misprints. He sent me many contributions for the *Crayon*, for which he could never be induced to accept the slightest remuneration. He never could remember or rewrite anything that was lost, and he used to tell with a comic distress the losing of "the funniest thing he ever wrote" in a German hotel, while he was abroad rubbing up his German preparatory to his assuming his professorship at Harvard.

Prior to undertaking the publication of the *Crayon*, I had been engaged as art editor on the *Evening Post*, then edited by Bryant; and talking with him of Lowell, I thought I perceived a certain soreness at the criticism Lowell had passed on him in the 'Fable for Critics,' and I mentioned it to Lowell. When he came to New York to embark for Europe, on the occasion alluded to, I gave him a dinner, chiefly to bring him and Bryant together, as they had never met; and Lowell, remembering Bryant's feeling on the subject of the criticism, did his best to captivate the elder poet, and, as I satisfied myself later by talking with Bryant, succeeded completely, and though there were in the company several of Lowell's old friends, Bayard Taylor, Charles Sumner, E. P. Whipple, and others, the conversation between the two was hardly interrupted during the entire evening. We separated at a late hour, Bryant and I leaving Lowell and Taylor at the Turkish café of Oscanayan enjoying a nargileh.

I resided in London during a large part of the time in which Lowell represented the United States there, and can endorse what the *Nation* says of his political aspect. He was accused of servility to rank and of indifference to the social pretensions of Americans in London. He simply understood his business at the

court to which he had been sent, which was, as I have since heard it formulated by one of the greatest of English diplomats, Lord Dufferin, not to introduce his countrymen to the society of the court, but to represent his Government at that court. Americans inflated by a local importance came to London wearing their Congressional-district halos, and expected to be presented to the Queen, wearing them; Lowell, measuring them by the larger standard of a court where all the world comes, declined to use his great personal influence to the disregard of that standard. His feeling, which was just and diplomatic, was that no American, because he is such, is entitled to a presentation at court or an introduction to English society, but that it is for the Queen in one case, and society in the other, to choose whom they will see, and that without some distinction which makes them of interest to the one and the other, the presentation is an intrusion. A Minister who considered it his duty to be the usher of all the Americans who come to London, would find that he had neither time nor influence for his diplomatic duties.

Lowell knew every detail of the court etiquette, and while, on the one hand, he never permitted himself to be led into a violation of it, on the other he never allowed any derogation of the ceremony which his position as the representative of a great Power entitled him to. He maintained that a sovereign democracy had the same right to the formalities established for the court as a monarchy, and abated none of them. A lady of rank at whose house I was visiting, expressed the desire to make the acquaintance of the Minister, and I undertook to make him acquainted with her wish. He inquired her rank, and as she was a marchioness, he replied, "I cannot, as Minister Plenipotentiary, make the first call on anything less than a duke; the Marquis must make the first call." People who know nothing of the importance of precedent may consider this snobbish in the representative of a republican country, but it was just this which made Lowell the stickler for the letter of the law of precedence which he was. He would not allow, even by a careless acquiescence in a neglect of one of the rules of diplomatic etiquette, any disregard of the least of them which might seem to abate the deference due him as the representative of a republic.

Your comment on his second wife, "an accomplished and agreeable woman," does very imperfect justice to her qualities. She was one of the noblest women I have ever known, and I knew her from early in her entry into his family nearly till the day of her death. She was fully worthy of him and made his married life with her supremely happy. He told me that his attachment for her had begun before he left home for Germany, but that he waited till he had roved by protracted absence that it was solid before declaring himself. My opinion is that she influenced his life even more than his first wife, though I judge of the earlier period only from what he and others who knew him then have told me. There was an intensity of sympathy in her nature, coupled with the highest moral standard, which he felt the full value of and reposed on. For reasons which I do not recollect, I did not at the time of their marriage write to con-

*[Witness Lowell's own testimony in that inimitable "Letter from Boston" of December 27, 1846, written "in steamboat haste."—ED. NATION.]

"Dear M., By way of saving time,
I'll do this letter up in rhyme,
Whose slim stream through four pages flows,
Ere one is packed with tight-screwed prose,
Threading the tube of an epistle
Smooth as a child's breath through a whistle."

gratulate him, but, a considerable time after, I did so and apologized for the neglect, and he replied that the congratulations "hit the white," for he was very happy. I have not, I believe, seen him since her death.

W. J. STILLMAN.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A STUDY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY S. H. THAYER.

I.

The Christian Union

June 25, 1885

A PEOPLE finds in its leaders of thought, in its best translators of sentiment and of life, fitting exponents of its language, learning, and spirit. Each determinate civilization, modern or ancient, has its own commentators, and poetry, of various distinctions, made classic for their interpretation of the environments and essential ideals of its respective periods. The enduring monuments of thought, in whatever form expressed, are thus related to their time; men grow great by appropriating and elucidating the eminent principles and passions of their age and race.

We, as a people, need not be ashamed of our own distinguished names, although time has not, as yet, applied its supreme test to them. Letters, poetry, the distinctive products of literary creation, are perhaps of the slower fruits that ripen in a new civilization, so that of these names we may count only a rare few. Irving and Bryant are of the illustrious dead; Emerson, whose serene mountain-thought has given fresh force and grace to the ideas of liberty and ethical philosophy, has more recently gone before; Longfellow, beneficent and beloved not only by one race, but in a hundred climes, who has typified the home sanctities in living song, who has relit the altar-fires of old-time legendary lore in his marvelous verse, has followed these; while Whittier and Lowell are far along on the western horizon, their work largely accomplished, and their records principally made. Of the latter, whose literary career has, for a time, been interrupted, this paper treats. His work and vogue are somewhat of a unique cast; there is in them an especially articulated relish of the humanities, modulated by a modern critical tendency. Whether humorous, or serious, in poetry or in prose, he is a broader, larger mold of the Matthew Arnold type, plus genius. His thought has more warmth and blood, more imagery, and more humor and enthusiasm than that of the fibrous Englishman; there is a certain bountifulness of wealth, an unfettered optimism, that gives a flavor and picturesqueness to his commentaries. His art creed is not held as severely or tenaciously as Arnold's, his critical discussions are more instinctive, less polemic, less consciously impressive, less methodical. Arnold has made his model after the classic Greek form; his stress is laid on the construction, the expression, which are the superficial endowments of language—these are the first articles in Arnold's creed, which, like most literary creeds, is frequently broken by the author. But there is an exuberant freedom in the movement of Lowell's thought and art that is hail-fellow and reciprocal, which attracts rather than compels a following. I am speaking now rather of his prose than poetry.

Lowell was the product of a long succession of worthy ancestors. Nearly 250 years ago they came over from Worcestershire, England, and settled in Middlesex County, Mass. Lowell, the city of looms, was named

after them. Lowell's grandfather was a distinguished judge; his father was a Unitarian clergyman in Boston, where he himself grew under the shadow of Harvard University. He early and thoroughly imbibed the spirit of its high order, and through patient fostering prepared for and entered its regular course at the age of fifteen, became class poet, and graduated at nineteen. From his studies here he was booked for the law—the law, that dream so prone to end in drudgery. I believe it is Alexander Smith who says that "skylarks are primarily created to sing, although a whole choir of them may be baked in pies." Imagine Lowell trained to the musty tomes of this most voluminous profession; Lowell, so natively a "law unto himself," incrustated in traditions and precedents, and buried in briefs! He escaped; indeed, like Irving and Bryant, he could never find clients, and they could never find him. He spent a year at it, and at the end of it, in 1841, published a volume of poems entitled "A Year's Life." One suspects a more appropriate title would have been "A Year of Death." Is it strange that in these early poems we find an imitation of the laureate master whose lyrics had already captivated the eye and ear of the younger poets of both shores? These notes from "The Sirens" are echoes from across the sea, and no mean ones:

"The sea is lonely, the sea is dreary,
The sea is restless and uneasy;
Thou seekest quiet, thou art weary,
Wandering, thou knowest not whither.

Come to the peaceful home of ours,
Where, evermore,
The low west wind keeps panting up the shore."

Young songsters, like young birds, mimic some elder until they find their own aerius. In his "Serenade," which commences—

"Under the window I sit alone,
Alone, alone—ah, woe! alone!"—

do we not detect the cadence of Shelley making a tragedy in thought? Lowell had yet to find his vein, but meanwhile his ear would catch sounds that lured him everywhere. Yet there was little of the dilettante in his nature; he was wholesomely fresh, and sufficiently trained by study, thought, and aptitude to feel the pulse of life, and to draw from nature's springs new revelations. Lowell, of all American poets, early found for himself green pastures and game forests; he would not long infringe on another's preserves, he must possess in his own right. There is a mark of high manliness—not brusqueness, but the strength of gentleness—found in this earlier work. We find it in the picture he draws entitled "Love":

"A love that doth not kneel for what it seeks,
But faces truth and beauty as their peer,
Showing its worthiness of noble thoughts
By a clear sense of inward nobleness."

The theory of art for art's sake alone, that French speech grafted on to English lips, found no reiteration from him. He would use art as a means, not an end. He was a free translator of Puritanism, but the quality of moral supremacy found in its blood coursed through his nature. He could say, as he did, that "Puritanism had an abiding faith in the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God." Two things stand foremost in Lowell's prose and poetry alike. The first, an intrepid moral nobility, both in mind and character; the second, which continually manifests itself, an almost vagrant

scope or the insignificant.

Lowell is not polemic for its own sake. His determinate ideas are not overexact; he loves room himself, and gives it to others; so it has come to pass that he has written somewhat out of school. Emerson has said, somewhere: "The student must have a style and determination, and be a raster in his own specialty; but, having this, he must put it behind him." Lowell sat at the feet of Emerson, and it availed him. Pedantry, that

ness, and the American's keen insight and tact—for Lowell is a pronounced product of the New World; he is intuitively critical, not studiously so, nor technically or narrowly so. It is the essential, the main thing, that determines him. No critic of the nineteenth century is more searching for, or appreciative of, values than he. He never weighs the grains and pennyweights in pound scales. It is the full and consummate strength of the work that challenges his judgment, not the micro-

waywardness of imagination, which, in its eagerness for exploration, wanders "at its own sweet will" through all the outlying provinces of his theme, in such manner as often to lose him his way. He never could "blaze his way," as the forester says, yet he has none of the sheer idler's will, or want of will; somehow he finds the best pastures in his foragings, he gets at the heart of the beautiful and the true, he is unpremeditatedly sane; what he writes has purpose, faith, acute-

spire-like narrowness of a certain class of scholarship, is apart and remote from its, which is of a wider range, wrought out of various contiguity with the civilities and thoughts of men and the world. We can frequently only contrast critics, as we do orators and poets, not compare them. Of Stedman, who, as a contemporaneous critic, is in close sympathy with Lowell (the two constituting, perhaps, the accepted umpireship in strict literature, on this side the water), it is fair to say, he possesses the keener detective edge of the two. There is a nicety in his distinctions, with a compactness of style (placing a word for a sentence) which gives pungency to his judgment, and exceptional felicity of meaning to his statement. Lowell has a power of impressing, different, but not less effective; he has a less delicate but more lavish imagination; he employs his resources more irregularly, less strenuously, than Stedman. There is that in the latter's method that dispenses with extended comment. It possesses somewhat the force of a projectile deftly and surely aimed; while Lowell hates to part with his theme, takes views from many standpoints, and gives the effect of a larger outlook. In a sense the two critics are complementary (in treatment at least); the disciplined yet delicate touch of the one, and the more careless range of the other, serve to fill out and complete the interpretation. Yet they are both poets, and find numberless similitudes in tendency and feeling.

We sometimes imagine that the poetical and critical faculties, when united in one, tend to impair the conditions of power for either gift in the possessor, yet somehow recognize the futility of poetic criticism save by a poet. It is for this reason, perhaps, that lovers of poetry are drawn instinctively toward these two critics; for a critic must have in himself the power to master another's secrets. But we forbear further reference to his critical scope.

The poetry of Lowell (the earlier of which we referred to in opening) constitutes the finer, more characteristic body and soul of his work, and certainly illustrates better his free imagination and various-sided genius. This first poetic strain was scarcely indigenous; in it he was testing the point of his cimeter, or rather casting about for his real weapon of service. I have said that Lowell is a true American; he is also a progressive one. His moral forecast and his mental outlook were prophetic of the gathering crisis between slavery and freedom, and his spirit did not shrink from the conflict. When great men are borne on the tide of mighty forces, when thought becomes instinct with life, convictions burning, and the conscience alive and palpitating under the stress of a vast moral and social evil, genius finds its armory as well as the soldier. What an array of moral potency arose at the alarm of this momentous outcry! Whittier, Phillips, Dana, Pierpont, Garrison, Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, and Lowell, all thrilled with their protests against the broken commandment. Lowell had written some of his "Biglow Papers" in the period of the Mexican War; they had served as a protest against a war of conquest. Charged with a novel invective, pointed with satire, wit, and humor, they revealed, both to Lowell and the world, his weapon. "I soon found I held in my hand a weapon, instead of a fencing-stick, as I supposed," he said. These papers were cast in an idiomatic vernacular, grotesquely droll to a fault, but beneath all drollery, beneath all laughter, there was a stern presentment and a burning impeachment. They contained a lurking whip

that scourged. None but a born humorist, and one natively learned in all the idiosyncrasies and inconsistencies of American society and politics, could have fitted his thought to such a mold as this. They had the rare quality which quickened laughter and the conscience at the same time. They charged on slavery, and put the slaveholder in the pillory. They excoriated the wily politician who would coo gently as the dove, and make over his manhood for the paltry pottage. Others were persecuted and buffeted for their devotion; but the "Biglow Papers," not a whit less true or severe, were without an adversary with which to cope. Lowell challenged slavery, challenged rebellion, challenged political chicanery, the triple curses of the times, but he found no opponent who could match his unique logic. Who could discomfit Parson Wilbur, who confound Hosea Biglow? We have in the humorists of these present days sheer nonsense, odd ways of saying funny nothings; but the ground of the "Biglow Papers" is veritable. They contain a wealth of fertile, prolific ideas, they pierce to the quick the crystallized follies and the embodied wrongs of their day, and in their own way disclose the inventive genius of an original mind, with infinitely various resources, working neither for spoil nor praise, but enlisted for the cause. The dainty little cultures of the artistic school, strained through the mesh of modern vogues, eliminate the individual and demand the model and the copyist, but the vigorous spirit and independent naturalness of Lowell passes by the school and the model, and asserts itself. Lowell's gift of communication is generally a fortunate one; he does not affect words to mystify his phrases, neither is he overprudent in his qualifications; there is a certain energy and glow of feeling which leads one to forget the mere lacework of style. He is equally removed from the highly distilled attenuations of a Swinburne and the definitely harsh abbreviations of a Browning; he manages to blend, even with his illusive themes, a certain virility, giving to their vaguer meanings a tenure that relieves them from obscurity. Lowell is the sworn enemy of sham in style, as in character; like others who abound in fullness, however, he frequently writes that which, while it translates to himself his own thought and meaning, demands a close study before it clarifies to the reader. Yet the richest mining is not always on the surface, and you are pretty sure that pretension has no hand in molding into form the heat and tension of his thought. That which breathes through his body of poetic creation is a real interpretation of passion working itself outward into real pulsations. There is but little of grave meditative philosophizing, abstract soliloquies, such as prevail in the verse of Wordsworth. Life vivifying life, with large and free movements, stirs him, to his best. In his poem on Columbus, wherein he says,

"Life, the one block
Of marble that's vouchsafed wherefrom to carve
Our great thoughts,"

he has a subject that touches the key of his nature. When he makes Columbus say,

"My heart flies on before me as I sail;
Far on I see my lifelong enterprise,"

we feel that his intervening verse, wherein he moralizes on patience, mysteries, solitude, and the still stars, are but preludes to the coming reality. Later, the divining soul, translated from the mere theater of life, is raised as on wings to a profounder spiritual conception, as in that beautiful poem, "The Vision of Sir Launfal"—Columbus the discoverer of earth, Sir Launfal the discoverer of another life.

a far-away legend. Its first prelude is a spontaneous tribute to the fresh and exhilarating springs of nature. In elevation of theme the poem proper outranks Tennyson's "Idylls," however else it falls short. The situations are not demonstratively striking; no strained plot to arrest the coarser sense of feeling. "Sir Launfal's Vision" advances through an inward as well as outward process, which elevates and at last sanctifies life, until the climax comes, when he is ripe for the revelation,

dream of his fancy; second, the more tangible period, where life is strenuous, realistic, or projective, as in "Columbus," in "Biglow Papers," and in various poems on nature, in which he reveled with so keen an appetite. In these he felt the thrill and the efficacy of life. And in the third period, the deeper influx, the ideal relations of mind to life, possessed him, and through these, the greater, he informed and transformed the less. The "Vision of Sir Launfal" was coined from

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A STUDY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

By S. H. TRAYER.

II.

LOWELL has the three distinctive periods delineated in his poetry—the formative, where the lyrical and legendary spirit evokes the melody and

which but registers the interpretation of the sacrificial idea of which he has already partaken. The leper, glorified, stands before him the living Master, and utters his saying :

"In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail.
Behold, it is here, this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now :
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water his blood that died on the tree."

In this simple yet beautiful versification we may miss the intonations of a Tennyson, with their grooved and flawless modulation of expression ; but there is freedom and fitness. Going back to this passage in the prelude, so famous :

"And what is so rare as a day in June ?
Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it, softly, her warm ear lays."

How untrammelled is this ! Like the wild vine, it runs without let or hindrance. And this other grander epitome :

"'Tis heaven alone that is given away ;
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

Lowell springs many such compact felicities on the reader, that electrify. They write themselves in the memory for their unqualified probity and nobleness. He reminds you of some musical genius who, in his affluence, evokes from the keys the ebb and flood of his own feelings, taking light heed, as a bird sings. Nature, foremost, has made such an one bountiful. Longfellow's nicety of fancy, unerringly cast into beautiful intaglios of thought, may be contrasted, but cannot be compared, with Lowell's way, whose imagination breaks into venturesome excursions, as a careless boy from school. There is nothing tentative about him. He confidently makes a song of his own. What a glad, free overflow is that passage from his "Al Fresco," beginning—

"The dandelions and buttercups
Gild all the lawn ; the drowsy bee
Stumbles among the clover-tops,
And summer sweetens all but me.
Away, unfruitful love of books,
For whose vain idiom we reject
The soul's more native dialect !"

And ending—

"Oh, might we but of such rare days
Build up the spirit's dwelling-place !"

Lowell, we fancy, would rather make his way, in spirit, through June days and blossoming fields, with the south breezes blowing, than through introspective questionings, which would vex his soul with their fine-spun speculations. He is not disdainful of profound or subjective things ; he does not scorn the philosophies ; but he will not drudge it. These traits are ingrained ; they pervade his work, and give their atmosphere and color to his thought ; they are the wings on which he soars—not a fashion taken on. They may prove, sometimes, a hindrance, by means of which he is led to fall below the true key of his song. There is an elasticity in such a temperament that lets down, as well as lifts ; and Lowell not infrequently lapses in manner and expression, causing a revulsive twinge in the reader. No serious poem illustrates this tendency more aptly than "The Cathedral," with its large design, fine sweep of meditative tone, and its modern yet reverent soliloquies, uttered within the dim solemnity of lofty arch and shadowed nave. But, as if the theme were too

majestically exacting, Lowell's irrepressible humor lurks about, and scores its light word, sometimes a disagreeable surprise to the feelings, and which we wish well out. The exalted beauty and purpose of the poem add to the incongruity of this lapsing tone. There are a number of passages which, by their startling antipathies, disconcert and weaken the effect of the whole. Yet, in spite of these, the poem is rich in imagery, and powerful for its interpretation of moods and traditions. I do not know of another ambitious poem of his so irregular in its execution, so strong and weak by turns.

We cannot write of Lowell, as of other American poets, that he has a prescribed or partial vein in which he works. His range is a wide one ; he is a poet appealing to the humanities ; a bountiful poet of nature, philosophical in a bright, sententious way ; a poet of fancy, of the affections too, as his deep, spontaneous verses "The First Snowfall" so beautifully testify, and, withal, a rare genius that can respond grandly to a great occasion. Occasional poems, as a rule, are without pre-eminence. They frequently suggest a knack, exhibit an aptitude for filling an appointment creditably on proper notice, yet seldom burn with genuine flame. But where do we read a poem charged with such elevation, such inspiration, and crowned with a nimbus like "The Harvard Commemoration Ode" ? What organ tones are here ! The theme, the occasion, and the poet are at one ; it has the unquestionable sign of greatness ; eulogistic in cast and spirit, but without the sins of eulogistic redundancy. The war sounds were silenced when Lowell wrote this ode. A million graves had been freshly made, in one of which slept the martyred President. The "great deep" of a nation's heart had been sounded. A million homes were desolate ; while the nation's life and honor, preserved, stood as the offset to this desolation. Lowell, whose whole nature had gone forth with the conflict, now felt its pangs as if every bitter weed were his to wear. Yet he felt the triumph as if every fetter had fallen from his own limbs. In this supreme tension of mind and spirit he arose to a splendid achievement, where there is heroic passion, largeness, and an undaunted sweep. It stands pre-eminent, unrivaled, among our war or post-war poems, beautiful for its grand pathos, as for its artistic structure and free movement.

The passages which I would quote if I had space would illustrate how wholly modern in impulse, how free from the stilted rhetoric of the eighteenth century, or opposed to the overdone classical tediousness of the imitators, is this poem. It was not made, it was a true interpretation, written when the pulse of a nation was beating time, and the heart of the poet trembling with emotion. He felt its full compass, he felt it all. Art is pygmy alone, but art plus the soul is a giant. We have said that Lowell had an independent, a creative, genius. It is an originality which goes beyond manner and vogue, though these are of it, and shines in thought. Originality of thought is not new thought, indeed ; but it is the illumining of the old with new or more significant meaning. "What is new is not true, and what is true is not new," is as true to-day as ever. Yet the magic of a poem is largely imparted by the individual ; some mark, some sign, that transcends in beauty, and clothes the old with new power, beguiles us. Some things take their value from the fact. Kepler's rules relating the planets and the sun are valuable for themselves ; their scientific accurateness is their beauty and eloquence. But a poem flashed from the imagination, ideal, artistic, inspired, takes its color and its atmos-

phere from the genius that creates it. Lowell does not so much depend for effect on subject ; he takes, as all masters do, the old themes. The dainty versifiers may strain for some rare bit, some fanciful legend, thinking to catch the curious with their novelty. 'Tis a concert, and passes for what it is worth. The muse does not haunt the great poets thuswise. The mighty songs are not tentative in theme ; they spring from the common faiths, frailties, and passions of humanity. The famous

lyrics of all time are of common ways and things ; to make them great is the province of the poet. Tennyson knew this, and handled these universal thoughts and passions with the master's touch. His greatest poem is on "Love," his odd conceits, his far-fetched fitful themes, ill serve him. Neither did Wordsworth or Burns explore for these nondescripts ; Longfellow and Whittier picked up their titles on the highways, not in the museums. Lowell wrote of men, of the

world, of the heart, of still nature. "The dandelions and buttercups gild all the lawn" with him, not the æsthetics. Finally, Lowell's genius is grounded on a broad cast ; he stands, unperturbed, midway between the extremists ; he is neither the sensualist, the realist, nor the transcendentalist. He seems in this to have followed in the line of Keats, whose way came to so untimely an end. The world has for him a store of good and

bountiful gifts of which he partakes, but he blends them with the finer gold of things ideal and imaginative. He does not dwell in the rare ether of Shelley's sublimated thought, elusive, visionary as it is; sense and time possess for him tangibility; earth is solid, not dreamland; his horizon is wide and human, while it glows with rays from the "Borderland." His scholarship is servant, not master; modern tendencies and study do not betray him into losing the wealth of the world's legends and traditions; he searches with a generous and reverent spirit for the spoils of time, and holds lightly the modern scientific creed, so far as it trenches on the pre-emption of the poet's realm; his mind is catholic; 'tis open to the four winds, which bring to his ear and heart the harmonies and fragrance of earth, and through these the unspeakable gift of song.

Let us hope that with his release from the official prison-house of diplomacy, in which for eight years he has been bound, the voice well-nigh silent for this long period will break forth again, giving to the world some final confirmation of a genius which has already proved its peerage with "the immortals of our western choir."

IN MEMORIAM: JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Journal of Education BY OLIVE E. DANA. pp 181-182

1. James Russell Lowell, noted for the brilliancy of his genius, the variety of his endowments, the strength of his character, and the scope and efficiency of his work, as man, patriot, and poet, died at his home in Cambridge, Aug. 15, 1891. He was a representative New Englander, and, though he came in time to be almost cosmopolitan in his sympathies and affiliations, as well as world-wide in his fame, he has always been her loyal son.

2. He was born in Cambridge in the house which was his life-long home, on the 22d of February, 1819. He was the son of Dr. Charles Lowell, a Unitarian clergyman. The Lowells were of distinguished ancestry and English descent. They were prominent in the early history of New England. His grandfather, Judge Percival Lowell, was a member of the Continental Congress of 1781, and chief justice of the first circuit court of the United States. He was efficient in securing the abolition of slavery in Massachusetts. Francis Cabot Lowell, a son of Percival, was known as the first to discover and employ the supplies of water-power in New England. Lowell, the busy manufacturing town on the Merrimac, was named, on this account, for him. It was his son, John Lowell, Jr., a cousin of James Russell Lowell, who founded the Lowell Institute in Boston.

3. The poet's mother was Harriet Spencer. She was of Scotch descent, who loved ardently and knew familiarly old romance and poetry, and whose love was only shared by her children. Said Mr. Lowell, looking backward from the vantage of his manhood on the happy associations of his childhood: "A mythology that broods over us in our cradles, that mingles with the lullaby of the nurse and the winter evening legend of the chimney-corner, that brightens day with the possibility of divine encounters, is of other substance than one which we take down from our bookcase, sapless as the shelf it stood on."

4. The Lowell homestead is near Mount Auburn, Cambridge's beautiful silent city. The house is square and three-storied, painted yellow, and set among English elms, which give it its name,—Elmwood. There are several acres of land appertaining, where are trees, flowers, and birds, and where the five Lowell children, of whom the poet was youngest, made friendships with nature that were life-long.

5. In the poet's boyhood Cambridge was a town of quiet and

almost suburban loveliness, affording to the children reared within its limits many of the delights of the country itself. He was sent first to a genuine district school, thence to a school for boys in Cambridge, from thence to a classical and preparatory school in Boston, and thence he went, at the age of sixteen, to Harvard. He was not fond of mathematics; he liked the languages, and found still greater pleasure in general reading. He graduated in 1838, as class poet. Many men, since become eminent, were in the class; among them, William W. Story, the sculptor and poet, Rev. Nathan Hale, Hon. George B. Loring, and Prof. W. P. Atkinson.

6. After collegiate came law studies, and Mr. Lowell received the degree of LL.B. in 1840. He opened an office in Boston, but would rather write tales and poems than briefs. When only twenty-one he published a book of poems, "A Year's Life," and in 1844, the year of his marriage, a second volume. These little volumes, though holding some pieces which he afterward discarded, contained much that was beautiful, and the latter held two or three exquisite poems, familiar wherever his verse is read, one of which is the poem "My Love." This was inspired by the poet's young wife, a lady of rare loveliness of person and character. She was herself a poet, but the fragrance of her stainless life and loving deeds is sweeter and more enduring than the memory of her poetic gifts. There is not in English literature a finer portraiture of womanly character, actual or ideal, than our poet's lines.

7. Recitation:

MY LOVE.

"Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

"Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

"Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair.
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

"She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

"She hath no scorn of common things,
And, though she seems of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

"Blessing she is; God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
For hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless"?

8. Mr. Lowell early began to think seriously of literature as a profession, and indeed was engaged in it more earnestly than in his law business, which he abandoned. With a friend, Robert Cutter, he attempted the publication of "The Pioneer," an illustrated magazine with some distinguished contributors. It proved unprofitable, however, and was given up. His first prose work was published in 1845. It was entitled, "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets," and was the first of a long and delightful series of studies in literature, ancient and modern, which have enriched American letters for all times, and are a treasurer-house of learning, wit, and wisdom.

9. But not happiness, nor nature, nor his studies, could detain him when he felt, as he began to feel, the need of brave voices to speak for the oppressed. He had described the poet as one

—“to whose heart his fellow-man is nigh,
Who doth not hold his soul's own freedom dearer
Than that of all his brethren, low or high,”

And had declared:—

“They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.”

10. Mr. Lowell had written already glowing stanzas in defence of freedom, and in warning against approaching national perils. But all that had been done seemed ineffectual and of little worth as weapon or argument. He determined to try satire as a vehicle of truth, and alive with patriotic passion, wrote and published in the *Boston Courier*, in 1847, the first of the unique and inimitable “Biglow Papers.” They were irresistible, and were quoted everywhere. It was while the Mexican War was in progress, and their influence in modifying public sentiment was most salutary. They were published as a volume in 1848, and have never lost their popularity. In the same year he published his well-known “Fable for Critics.”

11. In the same year, too, he published the noble poem, “The Vision of Sir Launfal,” with its fine prelude and its exquisite presentment of the secret of Christian brotherhood and service.

12. In 1851 Mr. Lowell and his wife went to Europe, hoping that the sea voyage would restore her health, then failing, but she died in 1853. In 1855 Mr. Lowell delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, and in the same year he was appointed Longfellow's successor as professor of modern languages in Harvard University.

13. In 1857 the first number of *The Atlantic Monthly* was issued with James Russell Lowell as its editor. He was at its head for five years, and subsequently, for nine years, he edited *The North American Review*. The civil war drew from him the second series of the “Biglow Papers.” In them he gave invaluable aid to the defenders of his country,—nay, was himself one of her most valorous and efficient helpers. Nor have their interest and their popularity diminished since their purpose was accomplished. If, as he modestly asserted, they are not “Yankee Portraits,” they present and preserve the typical New England character at its best, in mind and morals, at its homeliest and home-likest in speech and manner, at its brightest and keenest in argument and humor.

14. In 1865 he was asked to write a poem for the Harvard Commemoration Services, but answered that nothing must be expected from him. But inspiration came, unexpectedly, and a day and night of rapid writing completed the “Commemoration Ode.”

15. This ode is full of a noble patriotism, quickened to passion with grief, loyalty, and hope. He asks:

“How could poet ever tower,
If his passions, hopes, and fears,
If his triumphs and his tears,
Kept not measure with his people?”

“’Tis no man we celebrate,
By his country's victories great,
But the pith and measure of a nation
Drawing force from all her men.

16. “Be proud! for she is saved, and all have helped to save her!

She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all mankind!

“What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We risk not what we gave thee,
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!”

17. In 1868 Mr. Lowell published “Under the Willows”; in 1869, “The Cathedral”; in the following year, “Among My

Books,” and “My Study Windows.” In 1877 he was appointed United States Minister to Spain, and after three years of service there he was sent to represent our country at the English Court. In England the most distinguished honors were paid him, and by all classes. The worth of the man, his rare endowments as a scholar and genius, and most of all, his helpful manliness, were everywhere recognized and honored.

18. Mr. Lowell delivered an address at the unveiling of the bust of Coleridge in Westminster, another at the dedication of the memorial of Samuel Pepys at St. Olaves; and still another at the Longfellow Memorial Services at Westminster. In 1884, he gave, before the Midland Institute in Birmingham, Eng., an address on “Democracy,” regarded, as it has been said since his death, “as, on the whole, the finest interpretation of the American idea which has yet been made.” When he returned to America no expressions of regret, and these were numberless, were more significant, and none touched him more deeply, than the resolutions passed and presented to him by bodies of English workmen.

19. In America he was received with warmest welcomes, and with graceful poetical tributes, from all the *literati*. In 1886, on the 6th of November, he gave an oration on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard College. It was scholarly and earnest, abounding in counsels for the teacher, the student, and the man of affairs. He said:

“The founding of the first English college here was what saved New England from becoming a mere geographical expression.”

“They (the Colonists) meant that their venture should be gainful, but at the same time believed that nothing could be long profitable for the body wherein the soul found not also her advantage.”

20. “I think that a wise teacher should adapt his tasks to the highest and not the lowest capacities of the taught.”

“Next to the five points of Calvinism, our ancestors believed in a college education; that is in the best education that was to be had.”

21. “The only way in which our civilization can be maintained, even on the level it has reached, . . . is by bringing the influence of the more cultivated to bear with more energy and directness, and by opening more inlets to those indirect influences which work for refinement of mind and body.”

“The measure of a nation's true success is the amount it has contributed to the thought, the moral energy, the intellectual happiness, the spiritual hope and energy of mankind.”

“The most precious property of culture and of a college as its trustee is to maintain high ideas of life and its purpose.”

“The influence for good of a highly trained intelligence and a harmoniously developed character is invaluable.”

22. In 1887 Mr. Lowell lectured before the Lowell Institute; in the same year he published a volume of addresses entitled “Democracy,” and he has lately revised all his works.

His second wife had died in England while the poet was minister there, and sorrow wore upon him. For a year or two Mr. Lowell has been seriously and severely ill, suffering with a most cheerful patience. He died on the 14th of August, 1891, universally mourned, and was buried at Mt. Auburn two days later. He rests with his kindred, not far from the grave of Longfellow.

Dr. Phillips Brooks and Dean Lawrence conducted the service, and President Eliot of Harvard, and three of the professors, —Child, Norton, and Bartlett,—with the authors Holmes, Curtis, Howells, and Cranch, bore him to his rest.

23. “They love truth best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.

— Ah, there is something here
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,
Something that gives our feeble light
A high immunity from Night,
Something that leaps life's narrow bars
To claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven;
A seed of sunshine that doth leaven
Our earthly dullness with the beams of stars;
And glorify our clay

With light from fountains older than the Day;

A conscience more divine than we,

A gladness fed with secret tears

A veering, forward-reaching sense

Of some more noble permanence;

A light across the sea,

Which haunts the soul and will not let it be,

Still glimmering from the heights of undegenerate years."

—From the "Commemoration Ode."

THE BUST OF LOWELL

Walter Besant Writes in Favor of Placing
It in Westminster Abbey.

It is proposed to set up the bust of Lowell in Westminster Abbey. There will be a certain amount of protest, on the ground that the Abbey is for Englishmen, and not for foreigners; also on the ground that Lowell's position in letters was not such as to command the right to a monument in the Abbey. There is no other objection possible. As regards the first, anyone who advances literature in America does so in Great Britain as well. The converse is also true. Therefore, if we admit men of letters to the Abbey at all, we ought to admit Americans as well as Britons. Whatever else we have not, our literature we do have in common. For the second objection, consider what a very eminent man Lowell was. His writings profoundly affected his own people during the civil war, and greatly modified opinions here; his collected essays may compare for style, for delicacy of thought and criticism, with anything in the language; he occupied—with the greatest credit—the most important foreign post his country has to bestow—that of Minister at our Court; if his poems do not rank with those of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, they are a long way above the work of our minor poets, and he was, if always an American, always an Englishman, too. In talking with him one perceived the Puritan; one understood the Pilgrim Fathers; one went back in imagination to a little group, embarking for a land where they could hold their own faith undisturbed, and where they could, also undisturbed, forbid, under penalties of the whipping post, anybody to hold any other faith. There are not so very many Americans of the old stock left. Those who do remain are the strongest allies we have for the maintenance of affection and friendship between the two countries.

There is another objection which must be mentioned, because it has already cropped up. I do not consider it serious. One man, representative of many men, writes to ask why we should be always "truckling to them Yankees," and getting nothing in return. My friend, let us be very well assured that we shall get nothing at all in return. At the next Presidential election as many insults will be publicly offered to this country—a friendly country—as ever, in order to catch the Irish vote. So much we expect, and whatever courtesies we offer, we shall not be disappointed in this respect. These things have nothing, however, to do with our plain duty, which is always to behave with the urbanity due from one great nation to another, to take no notice of rude speech and to perform those acts of politeness which one gentleman should always exercise towards another without asking whether they will be returned or not. We will put up this bust to Lowell, because we are bound to do so in acknowledgement of cousinship and in admiration of a great character. It will be put up, though from every platform in the States every speaker is out-vying his rival in malignant abuse of this country in order to catch votes. We do not like it; we feel the mischief of it, the pity of it, the neediness of it. In private our

American friends mourn over it. We see what might be done for the world—yea, and shall be done—when we, once for all, conclude that mighty federation of which we spoke last week. Meantime the next Presidential election is drawing near, and I dare say the tail-twisting of the lion will very shortly begin. Go on twisting, gentlemen, but—in the Abbey—silence, if you please. The organ peals; the anthem rings along the arches, and the echoes repeat it from pillar to pillar. There walks down the aisle a procession, headed by the dean; one draws aside a curtain. Lo! The face we know so well; the calm, wise, meditative face; the broad forehead, the gray beard, the soft sad eyes, the sweet mouth. It is the face of Lowell. Hush! noisy demagogues. One moment; let us listen to him who speaks in praise of our great departed—ours, my American friends, as well as yours. You have his body; we, as well as you, will keep and guard his soul.

WALTER BESANT.

Latest Literary Essays and Addresses. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892. *Boston Post*

THE volume in which Lowell's last essays are garnered is almost exclusively of literary interest. To an unusual degree it is a student's book. The occasion of several of the essays, meant as prefatory to other matter, limited their scope and kept the discursive habit of the critic somewhat in check. Lowell required a large field to give him the natural freedom of movement that secured the best results. He was not analytic in method, but intuitive; he illuminates the subject, but does not organize knowledge about it; and consequently the brief monograph, which most demands self-restraint, afforded poor facilities for his genius. The meagreness of some of these pages, in contrast to the common abundant overflow of his mind in discourse, is thus accounted for. The essay upon "Richard III.," for instance, took up the single question of the authorship of the play, and while the topic permitted the author to write of Shakspeare's general characteristics, he wrote fluently and delightfully, with equal penetration of thought and breadth of treatment; but there he stopped, and, having stated the point of view and suggested a general argument by naming the tests of authenticity, he leaves the main question at loose ends. For completeness, for conviction, it was necessary to develop the argument and apply the tests in detail, but to do this was not consonant with his habit of mind. The result is, that one learns Lowell's doubt whether Shakspeare wrote the play, but has no opportunity to judge the merits of the case without private study.

The essay on Landor, in the same way, is hardly more than a sketch and a reminiscence. He had written on the main subject before. His immediate task was to furnish an introduction to certain letters of Landor published in a magazine. The slightness of the occasion

explains the character of the paper, which was of a temporary interest. The essay upon Milton's "Areopagitica" was similarly a preface to a reprint of that work, and the one upon "The World's Progress" served a like purpose. Interesting as each is—one for the characterization of Milton as a man alien from his age even in dealing with contemporary politics, the other for the view it gives of what impression science made on Lowell's mind—neither of them is written or conceived in the large manner which we associate with their author's ordinary prose. All these papers reflect the lettered ease of a mind no longer strenuous except on great occasion; they show the scholar among his books, handling his thoughts with a certain unconcernment, content to let them go as they come.

In the three remaining essays there is a more marked engagement of the mind with the subject. Walton is treated with the touch that one gives only to a favorite author. The old angler's personality, his times and friends, interested Lowell, and what we had almost called the unliterary charm of Walton's phrase and moods, his freshness, felicity that seems unsought, his generous share of "nature," stimulated the pleased senses of the critic and drew out his sympathies; so that, in this instance, though the essay was also originally a preface, it takes a place of its own with the other studies in literature which make up the body of Lowell's work.

Gray, however, is the author of whom the best essay is made in this collection. The poet, both in his personality and his fame, gave "ample room and verge enough" for Lowell's distinctive powers. As is so often the case in the long-familiar essays on the older poets, the critic cannot confine himself in any definite limits. He must make his entry through a large portal and discuss the whole century before he has time to remember the particular poet he is to meet at the bar of criticism. Gray is out of sight at the opening, and remains reclusive for a considerable waiting-spell. Meanwhile the eighteenth century is surveyed, its great names recalled, its traits singled out with much regretful contrast of past and present humorously thought, and from paragraph to paragraph the page is studded with those brilliant *sententiae*, compact condensations of taste and judgment, which give to Lowell's best prose its air of world-wisdom. A more just characterization of the century which is the puzzle of our own, and which, by our ineptitude to understand its ways, almost convicts us of that illiberality we most zealously shun, is not to be found; it is worth chapters of literary history as such history is written when that period is treated of. It is brief, but complete and exact, though broad. Of course the figure of Dryden is large on the page, since Lowell never resisted the desire he had to speak of him, just as he always brings in Ben Jonson on the least provocation; but when Gray is finally reached, the special study of his life and genius is conducted with the acuteness, the light revealing touch, the disinterested self-possession, which inevitably force the spirit, whoever he may be, to render up the tale of what he was.

Gray needs to be treated with consideration, with excellent breeding, for otherwise the most personal phases of his aristocratic

and retiring nature would fall of their effect. Lowell's literary manner on this occasion is as perfect as an actor's. He illustrates Gray's character by the way he behaves towards him. We do not undertake to say that this is conscious art; it is probably only literary instinct. But the issue is most happy. We learn the truth about Gray, and our poet is not disappointed by the inquisition. There was a kind of felicity in this that Lowell was master of in all his subtler work, but the secret of it was constitutional, or, as we now say, temperamental.

Akin to this, so well illustrated in the paper on Gray, is the indefinable quality that escapes definition but not perception in the address on the Study of the Modern Languages, by virtue of which, while defending his thesis loyally and better than a more partisan supporter could have done, Lowell yet conveys the impression that he has half the truth in his other hand, and even playfully lets you see it from time to time. The modern languages have the field, it is true, but if courtesy stands in the foreground, honesty looks out behind, and will have to be reckoned with, amicably, of course, but justly. The orator turns the silver side of the shield, and makes it glitter in the light, but his hand is on the dark gold behind, and he can't quite keep his eyes off it; or, to drop metaphor, let us say that here, too, Lowell makes his attitude of mind express a large part of his story. In this address, next to the essay on Gray, is the largest portion of that thought, now practical, now profound, which especially distinguishes his last words; and if the entire volume is less rich in this value than preceding ones, it is their light that casts the shade.

G. MARCH 28, 1892.

WALT WHITMAN DEAD.

THE "GOOD OLD GRAY POET" SINKS
CALMLY INTO REST.

INCIDENTS OF HIS LAST HOURS

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND THE BOOKS
HE WROTE.

HOW THE POET LIVED AND DIED

THE FUNERAL SERVICES TO BE HELD
AT THE TOMB.

Walt Whitman is no more. After hovering between life and death for the past three months, his death occurred at 6.43 on Saturday evening, at his humble residence, No. 323 Mickle street, Camden, where he had lived for about eight years, and where many of his friends, prominent in the literary and professional world, have visited and cheered up the venerable and beloved poet in his declining years.

While he had been confined to his room for over seven months, only going out once or twice in his wheeled chair since last summer, he was not taken seriously ill until Wednesday, December 16th, when he had a

heavy chill, which lasted for nearly two hours, leaving him in a very weak condition, from which he occasionally rallied for short intervals. It was only a few days after he was first taken with the chill that pneumonia was developed, and since that he had taken little nourishment at a time.

The physicians state that the prolonging of his life was due largely to the strong and vigorous constitution of the man, although after he realized that he was, indeed, seriously ill, he did not by word or gesture, indicate that he wanted to live, and during the earlier weeks of his illness he remarked several times, in his usual characteristic way: "It don't make any difference whether I live or die," and seemed perfectly resigned, calmly awaiting the final summons to another world.

Several times during the past three months his physicians thought that final dissolution was near, and on Christmas eve it was not thought possible that he could survive another 24 hours. His personal friend and biographer, Dr. Bucke, of Canada, Dr. Alexander McAllister and others remained at the house all of that night, expecting death at any moment, but the venerable poet rallied and grew somewhat stronger during the week which followed, but he was able to take but very little nourishment. From that time until Thursday of last week his condition remained practically unchanged, and his nurse was almost constantly at his bedside, attending to his wants and turning him from side to side whenever the aged bard expressed the desire.

His Last Hours.

On last Thursday he grew very restless, and wanted his position in bed changed many times during the day and night.

On Saturday afternoon, at about 4.30 o'clock, he called his housekeeper, and signified his desire to change his position in bed. At this time she noticed a marked change in his condition, and Dr. McAllister, Mr. Harned and Mr. Traubel were sent for. Dr. McAllister arrived about 5.30 o'clock, and found the old poet lying on his side, and it was then plainly noticeable that he was nearing final dissolution.

In answer to a query from Dr. McAllister he answered faintly that he felt no pain, and when the doctor again asked him if he could do anything for him the aged bard murmured softly: "No." He then lay quiet for a short time, and suddenly asked for his housekeeper, Mrs. Davis. She approached the bedside, and he whispered: "Won't you lift me up?" Mrs. Davis and the nurse changed his position, as requested, and he remained quiet for some time then with his eyes closed, and seemed to be resting easier. Shortly after 6 o'clock he opened his eyes, and in his last whisper said: "Warry, shift." The nurse, Warren Fritzing, carefully changed his position again, and the dying poet, opening his eyes, smiled faintly, as though showing his appreciation of the efforts of those about him to render him all the comfort possible in his last hours.

He did not speak after this, and lay very quietly, his respiration growing shorter until 6.43, when Dr. McAllister, who was bending over the dying poet, carefully noting each breath, pronounced him dead.

About fifteen minutes before he died he opened his eyes again, and, raising one hand, grasped his wrist to feel for his pulse. He held it only for a moment, and then calmly felt the other wrist, apparently perfectly conscious of all his surroundings.

The following notice was placed on the front door immediately after his death:

"CAMDEN, N. J., March 28, '92.—Whitman began sinking at 4.30 P. M., and continued to grow worse until he died, at 6.43. The end came peacefully. He was conscious until the last. There were present at the bedside Mrs. Davis, Warren Fritzing, Thomas B. Harned, Horace L. Traubel and myself.

"ALEXANDER McALLISTER, M. D."
Thomas Eakins, the well-known painter

of Philadelphia, and William O'Donovan, a sculptor of New York, yesterday made a plaster death mask of the deceased, Mr. O'Donovan coming from New York in answer to a despatch for that purpose. The work occupied about four hours. The physicians last night made an autopsy, the result of which was not made known. This was in accordance with the desire of the old poet, who, in December last, gave his consent to the proposition in the interest of science.

His brother, George Whitman, and wife arrived at the house yesterday, and are assisting in the arrangements for the funeral, which will take place on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. It is the intention to have the remains exposed to view at the house, from 11 to 2 o'clock on the day of the funeral, and the services, if the weather will permit, will be held at the tomb in Hurlough Cemetery. Dr. Bucke and Robert G. Ingersoll are expected to be present and make addresses.

For a number of years the old poet was in the habit of dining on Sundays with his personal friend and legal adviser, Thomas B. Harned, Esq., at his residence on Federal street, above Broadway, where he met at dinner many men of prominence in the world of letters, as well as in the legal and other professions. He, however, had not dined at Mr. Harned's house since last spring, owing to his feeble condition.

The last will and testament of the aged poet, made and signed on December 24th, is now in the possession of Mr. Harned, to whom he gave it immediately after signing the document. On January 1st he added a codicil to the original document.

The house in which he died he purchased about eight years ago, and has since lived there, spending very much of his time in his "den," a room comfortably furnished and strewn all over with books, papers, magazines and manuscript, which, he once remarked, he found great difficulty in keeping straight.

The last letter he wrote prior to his serious illness was one to Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, in answer to a very complimentary acknowledgment he had received from Mr. Ingersoll on the receipt of his completed book of poems, "Leaves of Grass."

His Last Letter.

The following is a copy of the last letter written by Whitman, and which was sent to his friend, Dr. Johnston, Bolton, England: "CAMDEN, N. J., U. S. America, Feb. 6, 1892.—Well, I must send you all, dear fellows, a word from my own hand—propped up in bed, deadly weak yet, but the spark seems to glimmer yet. The doctors and nurses and New York friends as faithful as ever. Here is the advertisement of '92 edition. (Advertisement appended.)

"Dr. Bucke is well and hard at work. Colonel Ingersoll has been here, and sent a basket of champagne. All are good—physical condition, &c., are not so bad as you might suppose, only my sufferings much of the time are fearful. Again I repeat my thanks to you and cheery British friends—may be the last, my right arm giving out.

"WALT WHITMAN."

On the bottom of the above was appended the following:

"Feb. 7.—Same condition continued—more and more it comes to the fore that the only theory worthy our modern times for great literature—politics and sociality—must combine all the people of all lands, and not forgetting the women. But the mustard plaster on my side is stinging, and I must stop. Good-bye to all. W. W."

During his illness he received many telegrams from inquiring friends in this country and also on the other side of the Atlantic. One of the cablegrams was from the Whitman Circle at Bolton, England. A large amount of domestic and foreign mail matter has also accumulated during his illness, much of which yet remains undisposed of.

Many men of prominence called during his illness to inquire after his health, but he was too weak to see them, and by advice of

his physicians there were not admitted to the sick chamber.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Walt Whitman was born at West Hills, New York, on the 31st of May, 1819. His early life was passed in New York city and Brooklyn, where he attended the common schools of that day and was said to have been a hard worker and an apt scholar, mastering one branch of study before taking up another. He manifested a great liking for printing offices at an early age, and was a great reader, eagerly scanning everything that came within his grasp in the shape of literary works.

For about 12 or 15 years of his young manhood he was engaged in teaching school or working in printing offices. When but a boy of some 12 years he entered the office of the *Long Island Patriot*, where he continued for several years, and during that time contributed a number of sentimental pieces to that paper. His next contributions were to the New York *Mirror*, published at that time (1832) by George F. Morris. In writing in late years of his early contributions to that journal he speaks as follows:

"I remember with what half-suppressed excitement I used to watch for the big, fat, red-faced, slow-moving, very old English carrier who distributed the *Mirror* in Brooklyn, and, when I got one, opening and cutting the leaves with trembling fingers. How it made my heart double-beat to see my piece on the pretty white paper in nice type!"

In Journalism.

Walt Whitman's adventures in journalism are thus described by himself in an article which he contributed to the *Camden Courier* in its initial number:

"My first real venture was the *Long Islander*, in my own beautiful town of Huntington, Long Island, New York, in 1839. I was about 20 years old. I had been teaching country school for two or three years in various parts of Suffolk and Queens counties, but liked printing. I had been at it while a lad, and learned the trade of compositor, and was encouraged to start a paper in the region where I was born. I went to New York, bought a press and types, hired some little help, but did most of the work myself, including the press work. Everything seemed turning out well (only my own restlessness prevented my gradually establishing a permanent property there). I bought a good horse, and every week went all around the country serving my papers, devoting one day and night to it. I never had happier jaunts—going over to South Side, to Babylon, down the South road, across to Smithtown and Commack, and back home. The experiences of those jaunts, the dear, old-fashioned farmers and their wives, the stops by the hay fields, the hospitality, nice dinners, occasional evenings, the girls, the rides through the brush and the smell from the salt of the South roads come up in my memory to this day, after more than forty years. The *Long Islander* has stuck it out ever since—is now in the hands of Charles E. Shephard, who was born to brevity, the chase and the ink-block, and prints the best country weekly for local news I know of anywhere.

"I next went to the *Aurora* daily in New York city—a sort of free lance. Also wrote regularly for the *Tattler*, an evening paper. With these and a little outside work I was occupied off and on, until I went to edit the *Brooklyn Eagle*, where for two years I had one of the pleasantest sits of my life—a good owner, good pay, and easy work and hours (it came out about 3 o'clock every afternoon). The troubles in the Democratic party broke forth about those times (1848-49), and I split off with the Radicals, which led to rows with the boss and 'the party,' and I lost my place.

"Being now out of a job, I was offered promptly (it happened between the acts one night, in the lobby of the old Broadway

Theatre, near Pearl street, New York city), a good chance to go down to New Orleans, on the staff of the *Crescent*, a daily to be started there, with plenty of capital behind it, in opposition to the *Picayune*. One of the owners, Mr. McClure, who was North buying material, met me walking in the lobby, and, though that was our first acquaintance, after 15 minutes' talk (and a drink), we made a formal bargain, and Mr. McClure paid me \$200 down to bind the contract and bear my expenses to New Orleans. I started two days afterwards; had a good, leisurely time, as the paper wasn't to be out in three or four weeks. I enjoyed my journey and Louisiana venture very much. I believe the *Crescent* is an institution there yet.

"Returning to Brooklyn a year or two afterward I started the *Freeman*, first as a weekly, then daily. Pretty soon the *Sevenson* war broke out, and I, too, got down to the current Southward, and spent the following three years there.

"Besides starting them, as aforementioned, I have had to do, one time or another, with a long list of papers, at divers places, sometimes under queer circumstances. During the war the hospitals at Washington, among other means of amusement, printed a little sheet among themselves, surrounded by wounds and death, the *Armory Square Gazette*, to which I contributed. The same long afterward, casually, to a paper—I think it was called the *Jimplecute*—out in Colorado, where I stopped at the time."

An Army Nurse.

The work to which Mr. Whitman referred in the last paragraph was his experience as a volunteer nurse with the Army of the Potomac at Washington from 1861 until the close of the rebellion, in which position he was said to have been one of the most valued nurses in the hospitals, his great strength mentally and physically and his uniform kindness, attention and patience to the wounded soldiers endearing him to all with whom he came in contact. In later years he has always spoken of his work among the wounded soldiers as one of the greatest works of his life, and one of which he was very proud. Soon after the war he was attacked with paralysis, which has troubled him more or less from that time until his death, but never seeming to affect his mental faculties.

From 1865 to 1874 he held a Government position at Washington, until recurrence of his paralytic affliction compelled him to leave Washington and locate where he thought would be to his benefit physically. He started for the seashore, but stopped for a few days in Camden, and, liking that city, concluded to settle there, and did so. He has lived for a number of years in an unpretentious house at 223 Mickle street, where he was surrounded with books and periodicals, and where he passed the greater portion of his time.

A few years ago he was presented with a horse and carriage, and on pleasant days he enjoyed long drives through the country, enjoying the beauties of nature the country afforded, and he was never tired of expressing his thanks for the thoughtful friends who presented to him his team. When he was able to go out more he would stroll down to the ferries and would ride on one of the boats between Camden and Philadelphia a number of trips, watching the ferryboats and other craft on the river for hours at a time. He was never of a communicative nature on such occasions, unless approached by some one whom he knew, and then he would usually answer any queries in monosyllables only. He was always very courteous to newspaper men, and would enter into a conversation with them on almost any subject, and always welcomed them to his home. He became very sociable with some of the crews of the ferryboats and seemed to enjoy the familiar talks he would have with them on matters connected with boating on the Delaware.

One of the things he used to take great d

light in was to give the ferrymen and oar drivers presents of gloves, and on some cold nights he has been known to bring to the ferry in his pockets several pairs of these useful articles, and before he would leave for home he would give them all away, receiving the heartfelt thanks of these men for his kind remembrance.

His Literary Works.

Although Walt Whitman was a prolific writer he leaves behind very few books to perpetuate his memory. The chief of these was "Leaves of Grass," which was first published in 1855.

"Leaves of Grass" was republished in 1856, 1860, 1872, 1876 and 1892, the last edition being enlarged and rearranged. The first edition is now very rare and commands high prices. "Drum Taps" appeared in 1865. His other works include memoranda during the war, published in 1867; "Democratic Vistas," a series of prose essays, 1870 (this has been republished as one of the "Camelot" series in England, 1889); "After All, not to Create Only," 1871; "Passage to India," 1871; "As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free," 1872; a series of poems, including "Democratic Vistas," "Centennial Songs," and "Passage to India," published under the title of "Two Rivulets," 1876; "Complete Works," in two volumes, 1878; "Specimen Days and Collect," 1882, and "November Boughs," 1888.

He corresponded for some time with Alfred Tennyson, but of late years their letters have been few, owing to the fact of Tennyson's blindness, which compels him to have his writing done by others. Many other prominent people were among his friends and correspondents.

Among his late distinguished visitors was Sir Edwin Arnold, author of the "Light of Asia" and "Light of the World."

His Tomb Prepared.

The old plot will be placed in the recently completed tomb in Hartleigh Cemetery, on the outskirts of the city of Camden, a spot selected by Mr. Whitman when he was enjoying his usual health, and where he visited many times during the construction of the tomb.

The idea of the tomb was his own, and one his friends could not dissuade him from. He selected his own lot, which is in a portion of the cemetery known as Woodlawn, and the tomb is built in the side of a hill in the grove. When asked why he selected such a spot he replied, "I would rather go in the woods."

The tomb is a substantial structure built of massive granite blocks, some of them, it is said, weighing over seven tons.

The door is of granite, six inches thick, and measures 4 feet 2 inches in width by 6 feet 4 inches in height. No rods, bolts or other fastenings are used in the structure, the four corners being held together by interlocking or morticing the blocks of granite.

The only metal used is the heavy hinges on which the door swings and the massive brass lock that secures it. The entrance to the tomb is 3 feet 6 inches by 6 feet, and the vestibule in front of the catacomb is 11 feet 3 inches wide, 7 feet deep and 8 feet high.

The tomb contains receptacles for eight caskets or coffins, arranged in two tiers. They are constructed of marble, and will be sealed with polished marble slabs. The roof is also of granite, the top piece containing simply the name Walt Whitman.

The poet's wish is that the remains of his mother, which are buried in Evergreen Cemetery, and those of his father, buried in Brooklyn, be exhumed and deposited in the tomb. This wish will be complied with by those to whom he entrusted the request.

An Attack on Walt Whitman.

In the American edition of "The Macleise Portrait Gallery" one finds the following foot note, entitled "The Walt Whitman Hoax," says a correspondent of the New York Sun:

"An eminent litterateur, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, laid a cunning plot to test the gullibility of the public in matters of taste and criticism. He dug up an American 'poet' who had never written poetry in his life, and in all he had written was bombastic, coarse, conceited, and irreverent, or generally meaningless.

"He reprinted him in England, wrote a eulogistic preface, and engaged some really clever fellows—Prof. Dowden, A. C. Swinburne, Robert Buchanan, &c.—to aid the scheme by unstinted and indiscriminate laudation. The bait took. Men who had never read Washington Irving or Whittier echoed the cuckoo cry, and 'Walt Whitman' was the noblest transatlantic 'tone' yet heard.

"Prof. Bayne in an able article in the Contemporary Review (December, 1875), pretty well shook the bean out of the puppet 'poet,' but the impetus he got at starting still carries him on, and, like a spent ball, he may yet roll on languidly for a time."

WALT WHITMAN.

What Has Been Said by Distinguished Critics of the Good Gray Poet.
[From the Supplement to Allibone's Dictionary of Authors.]

"In him we meet a man not shaped out of Old World clay, not cast in any Old World mould, and hard to name by any Old World name. In his self-assertion there is a manner of powerful nonchalance which is not assumed; he does not peep timidly from behind his works to glean our suffrages, but seems to say, 'Take me or leave me, here I am, a solid and not inconsiderable fact of the universe.' He disturbs our classifications. He attracts us; he repels us; he excites our curiosity, wonder, admiration, love; or, our extreme repugnance. He does anything except leave us indifferent. However we feel towards him, we cannot despise him. He is a summons and a challenge. He must be understood, and so accepted, or must be got rid of. Passed by he cannot be. . . . He is the first representative democrat in the art of the American continent. Not that he is to be regarded as a model or a guide; great principles and great passions, which must play their part in the future, are to be found in his writings; but these have not yet cleared themselves from their amorphous surroundings. At the same time, he is before all else a living man, and must not be compelled to appear as mere official representative of anything. He will not be comprehended in a formula. No view of him can image the substance, the life and movement of his manhood, which contracts and dilates, and is all over sensitive and vital. . . . As in all else, so with regard to the form of what he writes, Walt Whitman can find no authority superior to himself, or rather to the rights of the subject which engages him. There is, as Mr. Rossetti has observed, 'a very powerful and majestic rhythmical sense' throughout his writings, prose and verse (if we consent to apply the term verse to any of them), and this rhythmical sense, as with every great poet, is original and inborn. His works, it may be, exhibit no perfect crystal of artistic form, but each is a menstruum, saturated with form in solution. He fears to lose the instinctive in any process of elaboration, the vital in anything which looks like mechanism. . . . One feels, as it has been well said, that, although no counting of syllables will reveal the mechanism of the music, the music is there, and that 'one would not for something change ears with those who cannot hear it.' . . . Nevertheless, when we read not the lyrical portions of Whitman's poetry, but what may be called his poetical statements of thoughts

and things, a suspicion arises that if the form be suitable here to the matter, it must be because the matter belongs rather to the chaos than the kosmos of the new-created world of art."—E. Dowden.

"One great anomaly of Whitman's case has been, that while he is an aggressive champion of democracy and of the working man, in a broad sense of the term working man, his admirers have been almost exclusively of a class the farthest possible removed from that which labors for daily bread by manual labor. Whitman has always been truly caviare to the multitude. It was only those who knew much of poetry, and loved it greatly, who penetrated the singular shell of his verses and rejoiced in the rich pulpy kernel. Even with connoisseurs, Whitman has been somewhat of an acquired taste. A cardinal sin in the eyes of most critics is the use of French, Spanish and American-Spanish words, which are scattered here and there, as if Whitman had 'd' them up, sometimes slightly incorporeated from wandering minstrels, Cubans, natives from one of Walker's raids. He crudely the American way of incorporating into the language a handy or high-sounding word without elaborate examination of its original meaning, just as we absorb the different nationalities that crowd over from Europe. His thought and his mode of expression are dim, often flat, very often monotonous, like our great sprawling cities with their endless scattering of suburbs. Yet when one gets the 'hang' of it, there is a colossal grandeur in conception and execution that must finally convince whoever will be patient enough to look for it. His rhythm, so much burlesqued, is all of a part with the man and his ideas. It is apparently confused, really most carefully schemed, certainly to a high degree original. It has what to the present writer is the finest thing in the music of Wagner—a great booming movement or undertone, like the noise of heavy surf. . . . He certainly represents, as no other writer in the world, the struggling, blundering, sound-hearted, somewhat coarse, but still magnificent, vanguard of Western civilization that is encamped in the United States."—*Essays from The Critic*, 177, et seq.

"In spite of an uneven and emphatic key of expression, something trenchant and straightforward, something simple and surprising, distinguishes his poems. He has sayings that come home to one like the Bible. We fall upon Whitman, after the works of so many men who write better, with a sense of relief from strain, with a sense of touching nature, as when one passes out of the flaring, noisy thoroughfares of a great city into what he himself has called, with unexcelled imaginative justice of language, 'the huge and thoughtful night.'"—R. L. Stevenson, "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," 116.

A CHAT WITH DR. HOLMES.

HOW HE RECEIVED A NEW HAVENER.

F. H. Cogswell Tells of an Hour That He Recently Spent With the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"—His Literary Work Ended—A Story of Commodore Hull.

Frederick H. Cogswell of this city, who has just returned from a short visit to Boston, relates with pleasure and a feeling akin to pride that the most memorable incident of his trip was an hour's chat with the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. In recounting his experiences last evening Mr. Cogswell said:

"While I have always been an ardent

admirer of Dr. Holmes' writings it was not until a year ago that I acquired a personal interest in the doctor himself. At that time I sent him a picture of Commodore Hull and a picture of the old war ship Constitution as it is now. Commodore Hull is one of my ancestors, and being interested in his career, both from a genealogical and historical point of view, I traced up the old Constitution to Portsmouth, N. H., had some photographs taken of it and sent one to the author of

"Aye! tear her tattered ensign down"
"Long has it waved on high."

"The poem that undoubtedly saved the ship from destruction by the naval authorities at one time. Dr. Holmes acknowledged the receipt of the pictures in a characteristic letter, which afforded me much pleasure and gratification.

Accordingly last Wednesday when I was in Boston I made up my mind to call on Dr. Holmes, at his Beacon street residence, and pay my respects to the distinguished author. I sent up my card by the servant and was informed that Dr. Holmes would see me in a few moments, but that he was now engaged with some callers from a distance. He requested me to take a seat in the small library, near the hallway, and here I waited nearly an hour, but I would not have minded staying longer in that room. The walls were hidden on all sides by bookshelves laden with books, presented by the authors themselves with their autographs. They were books from nearly every author of any importance that has lived during Dr. Holmes' lifetime. On the mantel was a silver loving cup, presented by his last medical class in Harvard college.

"Finally Dr. Holmes appeared and showed his visitors the door himself, which indicated that they were very close friends of his. After bidding them 'Good bye,' he came into the room where I was waiting, extended his hand and apologized for keeping me so long. I told him that he must be very tired, for it was then nearly 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and that I would call some other day. But he replied that he didn't feel at all tired and invited me to come up into his library upstairs. He climbed the long staircase with more ease than would be expected of a man of 82 years, and on reaching the library which is his working room he asked me to be seated by the fireplace, while he took a seat opposite and comfortably put his feet on the fender. As he sat there I noted that he was a little man physically, with a small but finely shaped head and an eye of unusual brilliancy. There were few wrinkles in his face and his hair was snowy white and quite thin. In conversation he was very animated. He immediately remembered the pictures I had sent him, and began asking questions about Commodore Hull, in whose personality he seemed greatly interested. He told about the dinner which was given to Commodore Hull in Boston after the famous battle in 1812, and spoke with great glee of the commodore's discomfiture when he was called upon for a speech. The allusions to him I had been very complimentary during the dinner, and the hero's face was covered with blushes most of the time. Finally, in response to repeated calls, the commodore arose and tried to say something. He 'hemmed and hawed,' as Dr. Holmes expressed it, but was unable to finish any sentence he might begin. Finally he gave up in despair and exclaimed: 'I'd rather fight that battle over again than to stand here and make a speech!' and sat down amid tremendous applause.

"I referred to the fact that his poem on 'Old Ironside' had undoubtedly saved the old 'Constitution' from being demolished, but he modestly refrained from endorsing that statement. He said that some years ago several canes were sent him, which were sawed from the timbers of the old ship,

while being repaired, but he had no idea of what had become of them. He had no recollection of giving any of them away, but supposed his friends had helped themselves. He said he presumed very little of the original ship remained and I told him that my own investigation had unearthed the fact that there was nothing left of the famous ship but one of the cat-heads. He then spoke with great humor of the idea of people visiting the ship and reverently gazing at the boards and timbers which were standing in a joust, no doubt, at the time the heroes trod her decks. Here he recited an old bit of doggerel that he remembered seeing when a boy, concerning the surrender of Capt. Dacres. I cannot recall the beginning of it, but it described the great humiliation of Dacres as he stepped upon the deck of the victorious Constitution and offered his sword to Hull. The last part of it ran like this:

"He did not look the dandy, O!
 "Then up spoke gallant Isaac Hull,
 "What makes you, Dacres, look so dull?
 "Cheer up! Cheer up! We'll go below!"
 "And take a glass of brandy, O!"

"It was a rare treat to hear Dr. Holmes recite this, appreciating, as he did, the humor of the situation. The conversation turned upon literary matters and he said he was at present writing nothing but an occasional letter to friends. He had intended that 'Over the Tea Cups' should be his last published work. I expressed a hope that such would not be case, for his powers seemed to be inexhaustible. He said he felt mentally as strong as ever, but he found the exertion of writing very wearisome. He had, however, recently employed a secretary and with that assistance he might at some time yield to the impulse of fancy. He had until recently written all his own letters, but now his secretary did that for him, except in the matter of personal correspondence with friends.

"He evinced his lack of interest in magazine literature by pointing to a pile of uncut monthlies that lay on the table. He said he did not subscribe for any of them but they were sent to him by the publishers. He said he had rarely purchased books of late years, the best of them being usually sent to him by the authors or publishers. I said I supposed he was burdened with the manuscripts of young writers who desired his advice and criticism. He replied that he had always endeavored to be kind to the young authors in that respect, but that of late it had been necessary for him to decline such favors. He spoke of this as though he regretted his inability to render such assistance. In fact it seemed to me that his great good nature must have been been imposed upon in this way. It would take too long to give you a full account of this delightful interview. He inquired affectionately for Donald G. Mitchell, our fellow townsman, and desired me to convey to him his kindest regards. After nearly an hour's conversation I arose to go and the doctor made a movement as if to rise, but I begged him to remain seated and allow me to find my own way out.

"In conversation concerning some of the old families of Massachusetts he spoke with pride of his descent from Gov. Dudley and another famous governor of Massachusetts, and also the Quincy family. I could not help thinking as I walked toward the car how proud the most distinguished of these great families would be of this their most illustrious son."

THE NEWSPAPER SIDE OF LITERATURE
 —The student of our first half-century of national history can hardly fail to be impressed by the nervous directness, exactness, and consequent force of the American state papers of that time. While diplomatic documents in every other part

of the world were marked by circuitousness, tergiversation, and a style too vicious to be classed even as slovenly, the American proclamation, petition, or diplomatic or political argument was quite certain to be marked by clear-cut purpose, masculine vigor of expression, and close adaptation of words to ideas. All this was undoubtedly due to long and intense thinking on subjects of the highest importance to the thinkers, and to a somewhat narrow field of reading; restricted to the study of the great masters of English style, the great American writers were able to wing every word with an exact understanding of its purport, and of its strongest use. It can hardly be possible to overestimate the educational influence which must have been exerted on the American people by the constant reading of their own political literature at a time when there was little or no native drama, poetry, or history, and when the attention of the newspaper reader was concentrated on politics and state papers. If the American's reading matter was limited, it was marked by dignity, by a freedom from meanness of conception or treatment, and by a copious supply of sound English words and an evident power of discrimination in the use of them. Common schools may have been few, colleges poor, and universities non-existent; but the documents which the scanty newspaper literature of the time gave to the people were in themselves an education. Even those writings in which a lack of thorough early training is occasionally betrayed by an over-fondness for long words or labored efforts, through they may thereby become ponderous, do not become turgid or inexact. The rule was that the American diplomatic or political writer said what he meant to say, and said it in the fittest words. Such a process of popular education ought to go far to explain the completeness with which all departments of American literature finally blossomed forth. The people have been versed for years in that which, if it was only one branch of literature, had been handled in a manner little short of perfection. If the popular literary standards were few, they were of a very high order and of a kind particularly serviceable in the direction of mere show and pretense; and the men who, in other departments of literary work, were at last able to come fully up to these standards, were necessarily men of such power that their work at once took a permanent place in the literature of the race. But not all the credit should be given to the ability of the writers; a large part of it is due to the existence of a class of readers, trained to high demands by the quality of their current reading, furnished mainly by the newspapers. If the strength of the new American literature was drawn from Shakespeare, from the prose of Milton, from the English translators of the Bible, it had come through the declarations of colonial rights and the petitions of the Continental Congress to the king, through the Declaration of Independence, the speeches of Patrick Henry and Fisher Ames, the pamphlet wars of Helvidius and Pacificus, the protests against search and impressment; narrow as the newspaper channel had been, they had carried into the new American literature its full share of Shakespeare's exactness and of Milton's power.

The newspaper of that past gave us, in the fullness of time, a literature whose names, from Bryant to Prescott and Motley, are classic. What sort of literature is our popular modern newspaper likely to give us? It would be unfair to ignore the fact that some of our newspapers do exert the best literary influence on their readers and conscientiously subordinate other features of their work to their duties as educators. But the typical modern newspaper, to meet the taste which it has created, must surrender whole columns to writers who aim only at being amusing, and often succeed only in being pert, slangy, or scandalous; and it must find or invent "news" items which have about as lofty an influence on the minds of readers as the wonders of the fair had on the mind of Moses Primrose. A continued flood of such matter is not to be offset or corrected by an occasional brilliant editorial or a half-column speech by a public man, or a "syndicate" story of a good writer. And the effects are cumulative. Such newspapers are steadily training a large number of readers to false standards in the only literature of which they have close and daily experience; and the newspapers themselves are steadily being forced to an adoption of these false standards. In brief, the newspaper of the past, by reason of its lack of opportunity, was compelled to restrict its readers to matter of permanent educational value; the newspaper of the present, through its superabundance of opportunity, is too often training its readers out of all knowledge or of care for educational standards. The only remedy which can be suggested is in that which will naturally work itself out of a general recognition of the evils to be corrected. It can not but be that the American newspaper shall become again an educating force, higher and nobler than its prototype, whose virtue was based on impotence. Notwithstanding all the evil tendencies of current journalism—the disregard of accuracy, the irreverence, the cruel and impertinent gossip—there are indications which are highly encouraging. The fact must be recognized that not all the successful methods of the immense dailies are bad methods. There is a certain thoroughness and enterprise about them that impresses, and which will be a feature of the management of the ideal "newspaper of the future." We notice also a tendency in some of the most sensational of these papers toward better things—toward a certain legitimate "sensationalism." Manners and methods have been modified under an increasing sense of responsibility and in the endeavor to reach a solid as well as numerous circulation. The sensational newspaper's editorial page already often shows a gravity and pith of styles evidencing ability and conscience. There is a growing tendency toward the fearless, generous, and public-spirited discussion of living questions. Let us hope that these signs indicate a reaction against a state of things that is deprecated by the best men engaged in the profession of daily journalism.—*The Century Magazine*.

WALT WHITMAN.

Walt Whitman, "the good gray poet," a sketch of whose life is printed in another column, was a strange genius, who, whatever any one may say as to his writings, has won a place in the litera-

ture of the world. It was not ignorance of rhetorical rules that made his verses uncouth and rude. He showed occasionally that he could write poetry in conventional form, but he preferred a rude style of his own, which was sometimes forcible and never elegant. His rhapsodies are devoid of rhyme and often of rhythm, but the thoughts expressed are marked by originality and are occasionally brilliant and beautiful. It may be conceded by those who do not like to read him because of his affected lack of style and quaintness of expression, that he possessed poetic thought to a marked degree, and it is this that has won him recognition never given to more mellifluous but less original writers.

Mr. Whitman was a very earnest man, independent to a fault, a great lover of nature, and his poems reflect these characteristics in their matter and their manner. Concerning his theory of poetry, there are wide differences of opinion, comparable to the disputes over Wagner's music and impressionism in art. W. D. O'Connor, who gave him the title of the "Good Gray Poet" in 1866, "pits Walt Whitman not only against all the poets of the day, but demands for him place and rank beside the great masters, Aeschylus, Homer, Dante and Shakespeare," and proclaims him "the inspired bard and prophet of his era and land." In contrast with this may be put the references to Whitman's poetry as "barbaric yawps," and the declaration in an English journal that "any man in England who might issue such senseless trash as Walt Whitman's poems would be considered a proper inmate for an asylum." These are the extreme views, but the writer who calls forth such eulogies and criticism cannot be without some kind of power. The truth seems to be that Whitman's bluntness, coarseness of expression and defiance of the ordinary rules of poetical composition make him offensive to some classes of readers, especially to the highly cultivated but unimaginative, while his originality, his freshness, the force with which he sometimes expresses bold and original thoughts no less highly commend him to another class of literateurs, who care more for ideas than for words, and whose imagination fills out the impressionist picture the poet has made.

It is impossible to classify Walt Whitman or compare him with other poets. He stands alone, having established a style of his own, but may at least be accorded a niche in the temple of fame.

Literature: A Weekly Magazine
June 9, 1888.

EARLY AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The literary growth of a people occupied in developing the resources and strengthening the framework of a rising State is necessarily slow, and is the last phase of national or local life in which the people themselves actually display an interest. After the Revolution men began to interest themselves more and more in the circumscribed little newspapers of the day which slowly but surely grew in size and influence as the people gradually became readers. The young Jansens found but little beyond their own school text-books to afford them reading material, for, even as literature

advances, the requirements and the entertainment of the children are the last to secure attention. But, even in the homes of the people, two young authors of the early days of the century found readers and admirers. The stories of James Fenimore Cooper and the graceful humor of Irving penetrated even beyond the circle of "the aristocracy" which for too long a time had monopolized not only the refinements, but the enjoyments of culture; and, though the readers bore but a small proportion to those who did not read, the effect of the literary advance was each year a more potent and apparent factor in the real progress of the State.

Old Teunis Jansen the elder, as he listened to the story of that marvellous character in fiction *The Spy*, grew interested and excited over the memories of the Revolutionary times that it inspired, but he grew hot and wroth when his grandson read to him the sharp and racy satires of Knickerbocker's so-called *History of New York*.

"Who is this Diedrich Knickerbocker?" he demanded. "'Tis all lies, boy, lies that he is telling. Would that my grandfather, old Teunis were alive. I'll wager you he would hunt up this scribbler and serve him out roundly for his scurvy tales. The Heer Stuyvesant a blockhead, and our Dutch forebears knave and cowards! Ach! I'll hear no more of it—but—yes—read on, lad—read on. Let's hear what more lies this blackguard Knickerbocker can tell!"

The old man "pshawed" contemptuously too at what he called the "po'try trash" of Drake's *Culprit Fay*. "The idea of there bein' any such heathen truck as a fairy up among the Highlands," he said. "Why, I've hunted them over, man and boy, these fifty years, from Cro' Nest and Anthony's Nose to the Botterberg and Sugar Loaf, and never a spook or fairy did I come across." But, all the same, the charming rhythm of Drake's delightful poem did have its influence on the practical old grandsire; and trim young Sophie Jansen, as she read the lines he saw fit to pooh-pooh, laughed slyly as she noticed her grandfather keeping time to the rhythm of the *Culprit Fay* with finger, foot or head.

But the Jansen family, though a type of the "people" of their day, were to a certain degree above that type in their love of books and reading. The reading habit had not yet secured the hold upon the masses that later years brought it; and though in some, even humble homes, the works of Cooper and Irving, of Drake and Halleck, of Bryant and Verplanck, of Brown and Sands and Hoffman and other now unknown and forgotten writers were alike familiar and popular, the "literary following" was in a measure limited. The bookstore was, however, gradually becoming a feature in social growth, and in many a small town and thriving village the bookseller, with the doctor, the "dominie," the judge and the schoolmaster, was one of the recognized "authorities." Books were then too few to be ranked as other than high and honorable merchandise. They were luxuries, accessible only to the more fortunate; and while there was too apparent a lack of the desire for culture among the people in general, there was also, perhaps, too much of a cer-

tain churlishness of possession among the booksellers themselves, reminding one Charles Lamb's "stall-man," who cries out to the penniless reader in his book-shop:

"You sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look."

But each little village had its coterie of culture and in all such circles the local bookseller was both mentor and oracle. In considering the growth of intelligence

in our land we are far too apt to forget the bookseller of sixty years ago as one of its leading and most honored factors.

The glimpse which N. P. Willis gives us of a winter at Fleming Farm among "the imprisoned inhabitants of Skaneateles" in the lake region of the State, hints at this growing culture in even remote and isolated sections. He tells of the old library of the Flemings—"a long room in the southern wing of the house, a heavily curtained, dim old place, with deep-embayed windows, and so many nooks and so much furniture that there was that hushed air, that absence of echo within it, which is the great charm of a haunt for study or thought." The Flemings, he says, "amused themselves during the deep snows of winter with a manuscript Gazette which was contributed to by everybody in the house, and read aloud at the breakfast table on the day of its weekly appearance." Such intellectual pleasures, he affirms, were not altogether appreciated by the indigenous beaux of Skaneateles, but it was in just such homes that the intellectual growth of the State was developed and fostered. From just such a home, in Plattsburg on Lake Champlain, came that most precocious of American girls—*Lucretia Davidson*.—*ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS, in The Story of New York.*

THE WHITMANITES

Interesting Fellowship of the "Good
Gray Poet's" Followers.

Philadelphia Booklet 12/19/95
DEMOCRACY IS ITS KEYNOTE

These Men Worship at a Literary Shrine and
Accept Members Without Restriction
as to Sex or Color.

Of the novel organizations which exist in Philadelphia one that possesses some special features of interest is the Walt Whitman Fellowship. In scope this body is international, actually it has an international membership, but in conception it is largely Philadelphian, and its strongest branch is located in this city. While Walt Whitman, whose personality and work were the inspiration for the Fellowship, was a resident of Camden, Philadelphia men of letters and the literary following generally here have always considered him as one of their number, and his frequent presence in Philadelphia and his large circle of friends here whom he constantly visited, sustained the claim. Walt Whitman's work has been variously criticised, but his personality, among those who came in contact with him, excited only admiration. His disposition, his optimism and his gentleness made him be-

loved by all who knew him, and even those who most seriously combatted his views and decried his method of expression, there was a sympathy for the "good old gray poet" which was warm and lasting. The desire to perpetuate his memory and to forward the study of his work from different points of view naturally resulted, upon his death, therefore, in the formation of the society known as the Walt Whitman Fellowship.

It had been the custom for some years previous to the death of Whitman for a little coterie in Philadelphia and Camden of those who manfully and sincerely sustained the rightfulness of the poet's work and who earnestly admired him as a man, to meet upon the anniversary of his birthday and celebrate the occasion with a supper and with informal speeches, of which, of course, the subject was Whitman's poems and life. Upon his death, March 26, 1892, these admirers of Whitman were drawn more closely together, and the meetings assumed the nature of those of an organization. The outcome was on May 21, 1894, the formation of the Walt Whitman Fellowship. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and a regular organization effected.

To quote the phraseology of the constitution: The object of this Fellowship shall be the association of all persons who are interested in the life and work of Walt Whitman. The Fellowship shall encourage the formation by its members of branches in different parts of the world. Any person may become a member by declaring himself such to the secretary in writing and upon the payment of the annual dues. The annual dues shall be \$2.

A committee reported a choice of officers, and its report was confirmed, the following being selected: President, Daniel G. Brinton, Philadelphia; vice-presidents, Robert G. Ingersoll, New York; John Burroughs, West Park, N. Y.; Richard Maurice Bucke, London, Canada; Thomas B. Harned, Philadelphia; Francis Howard Williams, Philadelphia; Isaac Hull Platt, Lakewood, N. J.; council, Charles G. Garrison, Camden, N. J.; Horace L. Traubel, Camden, N. J.; John H. Johnston, New York; F. H. MacIntire, Philadelphia; Thomas Earle White, Philadelphia; Mrs. L. N. Fairchild, Boston; Miss Charlotte Porter, Boston; Henry L. Bonsall, Camden, N. J.; Wayland H. Smith, Philadelphia and Joseph Fels, Philadelphia.

A large increase in membership was at once reported and the Fellowship began its existence with thirty-five on its roll. Among the number were seven women. At the same meeting Horace Traubel announced the foundation of a branch in Bolton, England. An idea of the spirit animating those who were interested in the purpose of the Fellowship at this date may be obtained from the greeting sent to the Philadelphia body from the Bolton branch. It read as follows:

For 31 May, '94.

To all Whitman Lovers, Present:

An English comrade's greeting and love to each and all.

Some of our most advanced and select spirits here were among the first to recognize Walt Whitman's stature. But now another and more important advance is being made.

Giant Labor is no longer quite the blind, irrational giant he was; but begins to see and arouse. Soon he will advance towards possession of his heritage, and sit on the highest throne. Already he has heard of Walt Whitman as his friend and brother and supreme standard, and is learning of him. And here, in the North of England, during the last six months, his progress has been marked. As our democracy unfolds—here in England, there in America, and elsewhere abroad—our great democrat will be loved by united nations with a passion beyond all precedent. As one only sworn till death to his cause and to the cause of democracy, I send you a comrade's challenge and pledge. J. W. WALLACE.

The provisions of the constitution of the

Philadelphia body were simple and few, and the requirements for membership slight. The organization prospered and if it has not grown largely in the last few years, it has made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in size.

The annual meetings have been marked invariably by a spirit of the greatest good-fellowship, and, though the opinions expressed on these occasions have not always agreed, recognition has always been given to the fact, so plainly indicated, that freedom of speech should be strictly observed, and personal feeling have no manifestation.

Numbers of papers have been read at the meetings dealing with the various phases of Whitman's work, and considering him from different points of view, and these papers in most, if not all cases, preserved in printed form, at present make no unimportant addition to the literature on Whitman, being, as they are, the result of close study of the poet at short range.

The special feature of the organization is its liberality in regard to membership. There is no restriction as to the age, sex or color of applicants for admission to the Fellowship, and the meetings of the club are attended by women frequently. Democracy in almost its primary form is the keynote of the organization, and at the latest meeting a number of colored men were present and took active part in the proceedings. One of them, indeed, made an address, impromptu, on that occasion, which was declared the feature of the evening.

The present tendency of the Fellowship seems to be toward a development of radicalism in more extreme form than was at first suggested by the character and purpose of the organization, and some fears are expressed by the members of more conservative tastes that this will lead at a time not so far distant, to a departure from the original aims of the body. Whether such will prove to be the case remains a question dependent largely, it seems, upon whether the Fellowship permits discussion to take place that has not Whitman or his work for its single subject. The present officers are: Francis Howard Williams, president, Philadelphia; vice-presidents, Robert G. Ingersoll, New York; John Burroughs, West Park, N. Y.; Richard Maurice Bucke, London, Canada; Thomas B. Harned, Philadelphia, and Isaac Hull Platt, Lakewood, N. J.; Council: Charles G. Garrison, Camden, N. J.; Horace L. Traubel, Camden, N. J.; John H. Johnston, New York; F. H. MacIntire, Philadelphia; Thomas Earle White, Philadelphia; Mrs. L. N. Fairchild, Boston; Miss Charlotte Porter, Boston; Henry L. Bonsall, Camden, N. J.; Wayland Hyatt Smith, Philadelphia, and Joseph Fels, Philadelphia; Horace L. Traubel, Camden, N. J., secretary and treasurer.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is 62 years old today; but if he and the record of his birth did not admit as much, no one who looked at the genial "autocrat" would believe him to be an octogenarian. His form is erect, his step firm and active, eye bright and his whole bearing that of a man in the best of health and spirits. The *Traveller* salutes the good doctor, and hopes that it will have many more opportunities of congratulating him on the return of the 29th of August.

BEVERLY FARMS.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes Attains His 62d Birthday.

BEVERLY FARMS, Aug. 29.—Eighty-two, and still vigorous in mind and body!

This can be said of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes who, today, is receiving callers at his attractive summer home here; and they, one and all, are unstinted in their congratulations to the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," on his continued good health, and the enjoyment of a life in which he has wrought so much lasting good for mankind.

He, it can truly be said, has not lived for himself alone, but his great and controlling purpose has been to make others happy. He is a man not only of rare literary attainments, but a genius and a philosopher as well. Never has he given up to that morbidness born of bereavement and loss, nor the harboring of vain regrets, but he has overcome the world in the sense that he always has stood up and out as a characteristic personality; and an admiring world has paused and gazed at the picture presented.

It is almost needless to implore for Dr. Holmes that sweet benediction, so appropriate for one travelling down the western declivity, "May his last days be his best days."

All who called upon him were very courteously received, and they departed impressed with the influence of his presence still lingering about them. Among the visitors were authors and others of prominence and many rich floral gifts were seen in the room. A large number of congratulatory letters were received.

Dr. Holmes is utilizing some of his time these bright summer days in compiling and editing some of his own works.

A POET'S BIRTHDAY

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, four score and two years old, but bearing lightly a weight of years that overburdens ordinary men, on Saturday received and acknowledged, with that graceful courtesy peculiarly his own, the congratulations of his numerous friends and admirers who could visit him personally at his picturesque but unostentatious home in Beverly Farms. There were, to be sure, certain hours set apart for the reception, but notwithstanding this there was during the whole day almost a continuous procession of admirers passing in and out.

The residents of Beverly Farms, especially the children by whom the kindly Autocrat is greatly beloved, visited him in large numbers, many from far and near bringing some token of remembrance and all receiving a most courteous welcome.

The writer was one of the very latest visitors, being admitted to the doctor's study at about seven o'clock, just after he had returned from his usual afternoon drive, which even all the excitement and turmoil of the day had not induced him to forego.

"Yes," said the doctor, in answer to the first and most obvious question, "I must acknowledge that I am somewhat tired. There has been a constant stream of callers, and I have been standing nearly all day receiving them. I have been almost overwhelmed by a multiplicity of congratulations and a wilderness of beautiful flowers. Here you see them. They are everywhere. I cannot remember all of those who brought them. Many of the donors I know; many others I do not know. I wish it were in my power to thank everyone personally."

And, indeed, the study presented something the appearance of a deserted flower mart. Flowers everywhere, and the air of the room heavy and almost oppressive with their perfume. Other tokens of remembrance and esteem were on desk, table and mantel, and intermingled with all were cards, letters and telegrams of congratulation from all sections of the country. On the table in the hall was a large package of letters which yet remained to be

opened, and succeeding mails will doubtless add to the accumulation.

"What paper do you represent?" "The Transcript." "Why, that is my paper. And by the way, it comes to my mind that the Transcript has met with a loss in the death of one of its contributors—Mr. John T. Prince, 'Syphax' of your paper. He was a fine antiquarian, of deep and intelligent research, a man of broad and liberal culture and a most estimable gentleman. I knew him well and would have been glad to write something about him; but I have not the time."

On being asked if he could give the names of those who had sent flowers, he said: "I am sorry I cannot recall them all. I will give you what I remember. You are at liberty to look over the cards and find what you can additional. There are the telegrams on the desk which you can copy if you choose."

A search among the confusion of cards showed the following named as among the callers: Major Russell Sturgis, Hon. Robert S. Rantoul, mayor of Salem; Rev. Florence K. Kollock of Chicago, Rev. Edwin P. Root of Beverly Farms, Mr. William P. Upham, the well-known historian; Mrs. Frank Taylor, Mr. Franklin Haven, Jr.; Mrs. R. M. Stewart, Mrs. James T. Fields, Mrs. Whitman, Mrs. J. L. Gardner, Mrs. Dr. Shattuck, Mr. John C. Dodge, and many others perhaps equally well known.

Prominent among the floral tributes was a basket of beautiful roses from Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., a wreath from Mrs. Whitman, artificial apple blossoms from Miss Whitney, flowers from Mrs. James T. Fields, Mrs. James L. Sperry, Mrs. John L. Gardner and many others. Many of the floral gifts were also accompanied with fruits.

These were the messages received:

John G. Whittier: Love and warm congratulations from thy old friend.

George W. Childs: I send the heartiest good will and best loving wishes, my dear Dr. Holmes, on this auspicious day. The world has been so much the better for your birth.

George William Curtis, E. J. Phelps and Charles Elliott Norton, a joint message from Ashfield: Love, honor and congratulation.

William H. Baldwin: Please accept my hearty congratulations upon this your eighty-second birthday anniversary. May the choicest blessings of heaven ever rest upon you and yours.

Moses Sweetser, Parkersburg, Va.: I greet you on this your eighty-second birthday. May you have many more happy birthdays, as your admirers will always remember your literary and other works with pride.

A gift which especially pleased the poet, and to which he particularly called the writer's attention, was a Japanese crystal ball resting on the coils of a bronze serpent. This was a present from lady friends.

"No, I do not remember who my oldest visitor was. She was a lady—I cannot recall her name. But my youngest visitor—and that is worth making a note of—was five weeks old, a child of Mrs. Henry Parkman."

As this little one could not speak her congratulations, the following message was supplied: "A little new arrival in the world wants to pay her best wishes to Dr. Holmes, wishing him many happy returns of the day."

But it was now nearing eight o'clock, and the writer, fearing to add further to the burdens of the day, was preparing to leave, when still another package came. It was in a jewelry case from Daniel Low of Salem. "I think it must be a witch spoon," said the doctor as the attendant was opening it. He was near the mark. It was a silver paper knife with the mystic woman and her broomstick in relief upon the handle. Then as the reporter again started to leave, Dr. Holmes, seemingly still anxious not to be considered ungrateful, dictated the following, which he wished to have published:

"Dr. Holmes fears that it will be impossible for him to acknowledge personally all the

tokens of good will and acts of courtesy with which the day was crowded."

In regard to the poet's health the public are kept fully informed. "I cannot see very well," often repeated, is the only complaint that passed his lips. And indeed it is sad to know that those kindly old eyes which have done so much for others are growing dim. But it will be yet another decade before the author of "The Last Leaf" can pose as the model of the poem. It would be well if all the great host of men and women who are old at fifty could make a pilgrimage to Beverly Farms and take object lessons in how to grow old gracefully from the sunny, hopeful spirit of the venerable autocrat.

DR. HOLMES IS EIGHTY-TWO.

Happy is the poet the sun shines on when he reaches a birthday like this one. Eighty-two is a good age, and Dr. Holmes, though of the Brahmin class, is yet blessed with friends galore among the masses as well as the classes. Flowers and gifts of all sorts come to him on these festival days. The birthday receptions in the yellow house at Beverly Farms by-the-De-put were days to be treasured in the memory of all who shared their pleasures. The plain, yellow old-fashioned house, with its big grassy lawn, knows the poet no more. It is a longish walk from the station to the house where he lives now during the summer in a new-fashioned house with a pleasant vine-hung porch, with its odd original-looking chair, its sunny library and its homelike simplicity and taste.

Young authors have a way of plaguing old authors with their attentions; and Dr. Holmes, with all his amiability, dares to resent sometimes their efforts to win his recognition. One young gentleman, whose books have since made a furor, called upon the doctor one day with a friend whom the doctor was glad to see. But he would not pretend to be glad to see the young man who wrote. He declared to his face that he had never heard of him.

"But you and I have had correspondence," said the snubbed young author.

"A good many people correspond with me!" retorted Dr. Holmes.

"I'm going to send you my last book," pacifically offered the young man.

"Send it if you want to. I'll put it on that table there, and maybe I'll read it and maybe I won't," declared the autocrat, autocratically. Since a clever prose writer once fared so, amateur poets who send their books to Dr. Holmes would do well to remember his advice to them and others like them:

"No will of your own with its penny compulsion
Can summon the spirit that quickens the
lyre;

It comes, if at all, like the Sibyl's convulsion,
And touches the brain with a finger of fire.

So perhaps after all it's as well to be quiet
If you've nothing you think is worth saying
in prose.

As to furnish a meal of their cannibal diet
To the critics by publishing as you propose!"

Sept. 18, 1884.

THE AUTOCRAT'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

DR. HOLMES has written characteristic letters of acknowledgment to the editors of the "Critic" and to the many writers who contributed of their gratitude and admiration to the "Holmes number" of that admirable paper. The letters need no other introduction than the name of the writer:

"To the Editors of the 'Critic':"

"The visit of your 'Surprise Party' number was so well contrived that I had not the faintest suspicion of what was going on until I opened the 'Daily Advertiser' of August 29, my birthday. On that same day I received an advanced copy of the number of the 'Critic,' in which I find myself embalmed like a Pharaoh, and built over with a pyramid of famous names. My letter, which you print, was written in

him any great harm. The breath that stirs his slumbering vanity brightens the fire upon his hearth, but fans no dangerous flame of self-love, as it might have done in earlier years. And even the shriveled centenarian loves a word of praise; it is the sweetmeat of his second infancy.

"I thank you, each and all of you whose names are on the paper before me, not forgetting those other friends whose tributes of regard and love have reached me through less public channels. They come to me at one of those periods of life when kind words are most needed and most tenderly welcomed. I pray you all to accept this imperfect expression of my feelings as at least showing you that you have conferred a great deal of happiness in obeying a generous impulse. Your grateful friend,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"BEVERLY FARMS, Mass., September 1, 1884."

bly beyond the mark of my desert, but I will own that they give me pleasure. Coming to me so late in life, they seem almost like open letters of introduction to a celestial household, to which I am commended by my air-breathing friends and associates. Could I but carry them with me as credentials, it seems to me as if the angels themselves would make obsequious to a new-comer so highly spoken of.

"Speak as indulgently as you may to one who has crossed the dead-line of the Psalmist's reckoning, he cannot forget that he is sitting among the ruins of the generation to which he belongs—himself a monument, if not a ruin, on which all but himself can read the inscription. Let not the critic weigh too nicely the value of the praise bestowed upon him. A few years will chill and quiet all the excited superlatives which overweening fondness has lavished in his honor.

"In the meantime, a little overpraise comes too late to do

the most lamblike innocence of any special use to be made of it.

"What can I say to the friends who have overwhelmed me with kindness? I cannot write to each one of them, expressing the same feeling of gratitude in exactly the same form of words. I cannot work out scores of different replies without turning the simple utterance of my gratitude into an exercise in rhetoric. Will you allow me through your columns to say to them collectively that which comes from my heart in answer to their expression of esteem and affection?"

O. W. HOLMES.

"BEVERLY FARMS, Mass., August 31, 1884."

"To my Birthday Correspondents:

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Your kind words reach immeasurably

STARTING ON HIS 93D YEAR.

Though Dr. Holmes celebrated his 92d birthday yesterday under weeping skies, they could not repress the cheer and warmth of feeling that lives in the heart of "The Autocrat," nor could they repress the kindly interest which is felt in him by the literary people of two nations. Dr. Holmes is known more exclusively in England as a literary man than was the late Mr. Lowell, but in the warmth of feeling toward him his recent "Hundred Days in Europe" shows that between Dr. Holmes and Mr. Lowell there was a generous rivalry in English appreciation which the American people keenly and rightly appreciate. With the care which our venerable Boston poet is taking of himself, it may be reasonably hoped that many years of quiet, happy, genial life yet remain to him, and the people whom he has helped to "cheer and not inebriate" wish him health and happiness every moment of his life. More than most men he has helped to make existence pleasant to those around him, and the large interest in his personal welfare is one of the precious returns which fame brings to the man who deserves it.

HAWTHORNE WOULD NOT INTRUDE.

[Alexander Ireland, in Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.]

Francis Bennock, a bright, cheery Scotsman, long resident in London, had a wide circle of literary friends and acquaintances. He was the close and intimate friend of Hawthorne during the years he was United States consul in Liverpool, and one of his books is dedicated to Bennock. When the ever-memorable Art Treasures Exhibition was held in Manchester, 1857, he invited Hawthorne to come up from Liverpool to see it, and kindly asked the late Charles Swain and myself to meet him at dinner and spend the evening together. The next day I spent entirely in the exhibition with Hawthorne, where a curious coincidence occurred. While we were looking at the pictures of the old masters I saw Alfred Tennyson and Woolner the sculptor enter the room together. I pointed them out to Hawthorne, who looked long and steadily at Tennyson. I said to him, "Will you not speak to him and shake hands with him?" to which he replied, "Oh, I could not do that. I never saw him before; it would be obtrusive," etc. "Nonsense," said I; "let me go to him and tell him you are in the room. I am sure he will be delighted to meet you and exchange greetings." "No, no; I cannot allow you to do this," I again remonstrated with him. I urged him to join hands with Tennyson, in spite of conventional introductions and stupid earthly limitations and customs. I contended that the fact of their being in the same room and within a few insignificant feet of each other on this very day had been evidently ordained from the beginning of time, and that it would be a wilful thwarting of the designs of Providence if the meeting did not become an actual and accomplished fact—that such meeting was in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, etc. All to no purpose. He was inflexible. So these two men never spoke to each other in this world. Curiously enough, Hawthorne afterwards recorded in his journals how Tennyson was pointed out to him on this occasion, and he devotes several pages to a minute and elaborate description of him, showing the quickness and keenness of his observation.

Referring in the course of some literary recollections to Nathaniel Hawthorne's visit to the Art Treasures Exhibition held in Manchester in 1857, Dr. Alexander Ireland writes that a curious coincidence occurred: While we were looking at the pictures of the Old Masters I saw Alfred Tennyson and Woolner the sculptor enter the room together. I pointed them out to Hawthorne, who looked long and steadily at Tennyson. I said to him, "Will you not speak to him and shake hands with him?" to which he replied, "Oh, I could not do that. I never saw him before; it would be obtrusive," etc. "Nonsense," said I; "let me go to him and tell him you are in the room. I am sure he will be delighted to meet you and exchange greetings." "No, no; I cannot allow you to do this," I again remonstrated with him. I urged him to join hands with Tennyson, in spite of conventional introductions and stupid earthly limitations and customs. I contended that the fact of their being in the same room and within a few insignificant feet of each other on this very day had been evidently ordained from the beginning of time, and that it would be a wilful thwarting of the designs of Providence if the meeting did not become an actual and accomplished fact—that such meeting was in accordance with the internal fitness of things, etc. All to no purpose. He was inflexible. So these two men never spoke to each other in this world. Hawthorne afterwards recorded in his journals how Tennyson was pointed out to him on this occasion, and he devotes several pages to a minute and elaborate description of him, showing the quickness and keenness of his observation.

A BOOK UNFIT FOR SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the Transcript: The question of the selection of suitable text books for the pupils in our public schools is one of vital importance. This has been brought to notice with great clearness recently by the publication of an "American Literature," by Julian Hawthorne. The fact that heretofore there has been no volume on that subject suitable for school use, should not make the public, or the school boards, accept this one simply because it is the only one in the market. Any teacher on reading it, would immediately recognize its inappropriateness for school purposes, and any other person who might read it would at once detect the egotistical, severe and sarcastic tone, in which Mr. Hawthorne criticises our most beloved and noted authors. One can scarcely realize that he is the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and, moreover, an American himself, who should be justly proud of the work of his countrymen, and who should be ready to inspire in the minds and hearts of the children who read his book, a feeling of reverence and pride in our great men. With one exception, not one of our noted writers escapes his unkind, sharp and unappreciative criticism. According to Mr. Hawthorne, Lowell, the truest American, and the one to whom the first place in American literature is due, is "not original." "has a vein of coarseness in his nature," his work is hurried and careless, and there are "striking and memorable" passages both in his prose and poetry, "but the high level is never uniform in anything that he has written;" the "Biglow Papers" are "grotesque, so much so that it makes one half regret their notoriety." If the "Biglow Papers" are not original, was ever anything written that is? Mr. Hawthorne seems to have missed entirely the meaning and purpose of this work, which surely should be brought out to the youth for whom the book is published.

Our dear, delightful Dr. Holmes, whom every young American would love, and whose love should be encouraged—him he calls, "not great, but what there is of him is good." Patronage from Mr. Hawthorne is scarcely due, at least, until he has brought forth something equal to

Dr. Holmes's works, to say nothing of reaching Lowell's heights.

Wendell Phillips, says Hawthorne, "was not a patriot, and loved talking of reform better than the thing itself." Is not this well calculated to stir patriotic feelings in the hearts of young America? Enough dolls are stuffed with sawdust, nowadays, without needlessly adding another to the list. Louisa Alcott, for whom there is a soft spot in the heart of every American man, woman and child, has one line and a half devoted to her, in the same paragraph with Aemilie Rives, and a few others. Henry Ward Beecher is merely mentioned, and Harriet Beecher Stowe has the honor of having her book, which did so much good, and is of worldwide reputation, called a "plausible, emotional, impassioned, one-sided" story, by which the credulous public were duped. In his treatment of Margaret Fuller and her work Mr. Hawthorne deserves the severest criticism. A frank statement of opinion in regard to an author is admissible, even if it does not entirely coincide with our own, but the mean sarcasm and personal spite, which plainly shows in Mr. Hawthorne's article on Margaret Fuller, is utterly inexcusable, and not fit to be put into the hands of children. It is known that the older Hawthorne and Margaret Fuller were not congenial, and the son's feeling is only too visible. The one person in the whole book, to whom Hawthorne gives unqualified praise and glory, is his father. Without disparaging Nathaniel Hawthorne's greatness, and the love and appreciation of his son, is it not fair, to question whether it is right to give fourteen pages of highest praise and careful consideration to him, while to Lowell, confessedly America's greatest literary genius, but four pages are given, and that well sprinkled with patronizing, if not adverse criticism?

Besides all this, there are inaccuracies in the use of English, and in the subject matter itself, which would make it undesirable for school use; and, moreover, the book is beyond the comprehension of those for whom it was designed. C. W.

WITH HAWTHORNE.—"You shall sleep in Hawthorne's own bedroom," said our hostess, ushering us in, and we went up to it by the steep old staircase—a charming room, with low cottage widows, through whose latticed panes the roses and woodbine peeped in to greet us, while the bobolinks chattered garrulously on the trees outside. The house is a rambling one, with those quaint little steps up and down between the rooms inside which not ungracefully betray an architectural afterthought. The pitch pines and locusts and silver birch trees that now surround and close in the house, as well as the larch wood that clambers up the stoop behind, were planted for the most part by Hawthorne's own hand. One of the bushes is itself a Hawthorne close beside the pretty creeper-covered porch. Everything in the room and outside it seemed to us alike beautiful—the delicate feeling of a cultivated and artistic home informed every detail of the hanging and drapery. We felt that Hawthorne's house has fallen into good hands and that no tinge of its special aroma would be allowed to escape by unskillful treatment. Dinner and gossip in the dainty drawing-room concluded the Saturday, and on Sunday morning we rose fresh after all the fatigue of our week in Boston. At breakfast we were introduced to that immemorial New England Sunday dish, Boston baked beans without beginning the day on which no genuine Yankee of the old rock could ever feel his Sabbath truly sanctified. I cannot say I thought highly of them, perhaps the dish

is in reality a penitential one meant to assimilate the Massachusetts Sunday to a Friday fast rather than to a dominical festival. After breakfast we strolled out casually into the grounds, and our hostess led us through tangled undergrowth of sweet fern and blackberries to Hawthorne's path along the crest of the ridge. There, on his Mount of Vision, as Mrs. Hawthorne used to call it, the Concord dreamer dreamed, says Mr. Bartlett, as many unwritten books as he ever put on paper. His constant pacing up and down as he worked out the details of *The Marble Faun* and the *Tanglewood Tales*, have worn a lasting footpath on the brow of the ridge, from which we looked down upon the waving grassland of the Concord Valley. Low hills gird it round on every side with almost primeval woodland; in the centre the narrow alluvial basin itself, deep in lush meadows, makes up the intrusive wedge of civilization which alone has yet penetrated solid mass of Thoreau's wild and upsophisticated forests. Dark pines rise sombre in front of the house; evergreens climb the slope of the hill side. The gloom of their shade seemed redolent of Hawthorne; it was a fitting place for a man to meet those strange mysterious witch-like figures that flit forever through the pages of *The Scarlet Letter* and the subdued light of the pathos at the wayside.

—GRANT ALLEN in *Fortnightly Review*.

Newtown Enterprise, Feb. 6,
1892

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The genial Autocrat, "full of years and honor," who recently celebrated his eighty-second birthday surrounded by many loving friends, seems certainly to have solved the problem of how to keep the heart young, though the years pile "snow on snow" on the brow. Age would have no terrors for us could we all grow old so beautifully as has Dr. Holmes. "One of the boys," he is indeed, for his sympathies are as quick and his interest in life is as keen as when, a jolly young collegian, he made his grave elders smile by "writing as funny as he could."

One would hardly think that the surroundings in which young Oliver Wendell Holmes was brought up were calculated to produce a humorist. The atmosphere of gloom and sadness, of puritanical restraint, in which Hawthorne grew up a fatalist, and from which he drew the inspiration of his weird romances made of Holmes an optimist, a happy, sunny-natured man. A searcher of hearts he became, indeed, like Hawthorne; but his searching only made him more confident of the good that is to be found in every human soul. His father, the Rev. Abiel Holmes, was a Calvinist of the deepest dye, a scholar and a gentleman. His two sons, John and Oliver, spent their childhood in an atmosphere of books, and at school, though their "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" showed them to be as full of pranks as is the tradition with minister's sons, they both distinguished themselves by close application to study.

Like Lowell, young Holmes was destined for the legal profession; but, again like Lowell, he was inclined to neglect his profession and turn to literary pursuits, and accordingly left the law and went to Paris, where he studied medicine. His fame as an author has in a measure obscured his

professional success, but as a doctor he has done faithful work. That physiological problems as well as psychological occupied his attention can be readily seen from his writings. No one but a doctor could have written "Elsie Venner." The subject of heredity, especially, is one in which he takes a vital interest. A physician of the old school, homæopathy excited his liveliest opposition for a number of years, though indeed the allopathists themselves have received from him unfavorable criticism on their excessive use of drugs.

The class of '29, which Holmes has immortalized in his poem, "The Boys," were a talented set of young men, well worthy to be his companions. Holmes was constantly chosen by them as class orator, and some of his best-known numerous poems appeared in the college paper. After his graduation he kept on writing for a few years, then discontinued literary work for some time. With the establishment of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in 1857, he once more took up the pen, to give to the world that brilliant series of novels and papers beginning with the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table; or Every Man His Own Boswell." The "Autocrat," "Poet" and "Professor" have been styled egotistical by some critics, but it is the most delightful egotism. A man can be pardoned for discoursing about himself who talks so charmingly; and as the Doctor himself said to a visitor:

"My friend, vanity is one of the most useful things on earth. People would go to pieces but for it; it keeps them together."

Thanks, then, be to the slender thread of self-conceit which holds together the pearls of wit and wisdom which drop from the lips of the Autocrat!

Of his literary work on the *Atlantic Monthly* the Doctor says with the utmost simplicity that "There was no special art about it; it was merely written from hand to mouth. I thought I had written myself out, but I waited a little and things came of themselves." His favorites among his prose works are the "Autocrat" and "Elsie Venner."

In 1840 Dr. Holmes married Miss Amelia Lee Jackson, by whom he had three children, all of whom are living. One of his most famous works was "The Hunt After the Captain," published during war times. "The Captain" was the eldest son, who went into the army just after his graduation from Harvard. For a short time he traveled around lecturing, but the work was not to his taste, and the "Autocrat" records how he disliked the "talking in cold country lyceums, going home to cold parlors, and being treated to cold apples and cold water, and then going up to a cold bed in a cold chamber, and coming home the next morning with a cold in the head." He finally settled down to steady literary work and to practice as a physician.

At the *Atlantic Club*, Holmes was the life and spirit of the meetings, which were attended by such men as Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Charles Eliot Norton, Whipple, Motley, etc. None of these reunions seemed complete without Holmes, who, quick and nervous in manner, a little undersized in figure, beaming in countenance, moved about here, there, everywhere, always ready with some bit of quaint wisdom or sparkling repartee. Charles Kingsley called him "an inspired jackdaw." Many of these have now passed away, but Holmes is still with us, benign and beautiful in his old

age, waiting with trust and confidence to pass the Iron Gate of which he has himself written. It is impossible to describe the exact feeling with which the public in general regards Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is veneration and love, but yet it is something nearer. He is so completely "one of us." No one can see his face or read his works without realizing clearly the warm human heart that beats and throbs with that of all mankind, who are to him "mine own people" indeed. He recognizes the faults in humanity, sympathizes with the temptations, and rejoices over the good that is always to be found with a feeling of fellowship. Though we may think of the author of the "One-Hoss Shay" as "a fellow of infinite jest," yet no one can touch the chord of pathos more tenderly than he—witness "The Last Leaf." Lincoln, it is said, could never repeat without tears this stanza:

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Perhaps no better expression can be found of the hearty appreciation which is felt for the poet far and wide than a poem which was written by an Englishman some years ago.

Of his popularity the genial old doctor says with quaint simplicity: "It is an astonishment to me that the world loves me so much, but it is also a great joy." Those who visit him at his home report his mental faculties as keen as ever. Indeed, it would seem age has only ripened his powers to fuller maturity, if one is to judge by his beautiful poem on the late James Russell Lowell, written shortly after the poet's death.

Those who visit Dr. Holmes at his house say that he is as charming and sprightly as ever. As he cheerfully says, "I have worn well." His faculties are unimpaired, save that his sight is not so keen and his hearing is a little duller. On this latter fact he himself touches with beautiful resignation in "One Hundred Days in Europe."

"One incident of our excursion to Stonehenge had a significance for me which renders it memorable in my personal experience. As we drove over the barren plain, one of the party suddenly exclaimed, 'Look! Look! See the lark rising!' I looked up with the rest. There was the bright, blue sky, but not a speck upon it which my eyes could distinguish."

"Again one called out, 'Hark! Hark! Hear him singing!' I listened, but not a sound reached my ear. Was it strange that I felt a momentary pang? Those that look out of the windows are darkened, and all the daughters of music are brought low. Was I never to see or hear the soaring songster at heaven's gate—unless—unless—if our mild humanized theology promises truly—I may perhaps hereafter listen to him singing far down beneath me?"

"I had a very sweet emotion of self-pity, which took the sting out of my painful discovery that the orchestra of my pleasing life-entertainment was unstringing its instruments, and its lights were being extinguished—that the show was almost over. All this I kept to myself, of course, except so far as I whispered it to the unseen Presence which we all feel in sympathy with us, and which, as it seemed to my fancy, was looking into my soul, with the tender, tearful smile of a mother who, for

the first time, gently presses back the longing lips of her, as yet, unweaned infant."

He is taking the utmost care of himself physically, and is said to have an eager curiosity to see how long his life can be prolonged. That he may see many, many more returns of this Christmas-time is the wish of all who know the kindly old man who has kept in his heart for fourscore years the feeling of peace and good will towards men.

Phila. Ledger, July 2, 1892

CURTIS'S EULOGY OF LOWELL.

The oration which George William Curtis delivered at the Brooklyn Institute on the 22d of February has the distinction of being the most just and the most discriminating eulogy of James Russell Lowell that has yet been uttered, while at the same time it no less honors the heart and the head of the author. There is, indeed, only one man who could do such justice to the comprehensive intellect, the heaven-born genius, the delicate fancy, the lion-like bravery of the most romantically practical poet of the nineteenth century—and the man who has paid this grand tribute to a life-long friendship is he whom Lowell himself has described as

The clear, sweet singer with the crown of snow
Not whiter than the thoughts that housed below.

The value of the panegyric lies in the fact that Mr. Curtis is able to mirror, with great faithfulness, the depths of a great soul; to outline, with firm hand, the delicate tracery of a character known to few; to paint, with loving care, the colors of a warm heart, and, withal, to set the jewelled splendor of the poet's vast individuality in a frame of brilliant, carefully selected diction. One feature of Lowell's many-sided nature, which was none the less assured because it is not generally patent to the world, and which his eulogist has portrayed with great stress, was the patriotism, which was the "be-all and the end-all" of his life. "Literature," says Mr. Curtis, "was his pursuit, but patriotism was his passion. His love of country was that of a lover for his mistress." Nor can we, after reading the fiery, though half-veiled, indignation, the "humor in deadly earnest" of the *Biglow Papers*, or the lofty thoughts expressed in the Commemoration Ode, hesitate to believe the truth of that assertion. It was, in fact, this love of country which induced the poet to leave the grateful solitude of Elmwood, to immerse himself in the intricacies of a diplomatic life, and to so win the hearts of the English people that, on his death, "the sorrowing voice of the English laureate and of the English Queen, the highest voices of English literature and political power, mingling with the universal voice of his own country, showed how instructively and surely the true American, faithful to the spirit of Washington and of Abraham Lincoln, reconciles and not exasperates international feeling."

But, in emphasizing Lowell's greatness as a publicist, in lauding the noble work he accomplished by inspiring a spirit of international good will and friendliness, Mr. Curtis does not the less honor

Lowell, the poet, the scholar, the critic, the censor, the public counsellor, but accentuates, in turn, his wonderful many-sidedness. Mr. Curtis can, indeed, well appreciate this great diversity of talents, for he too is endowed with a similarly varied genius. Although his muse seldom runs in rhythm, he has not only through long years "swayed the pens that break the sceptres," but he has also "touched the stops of various quills," and given to the world much notable literature, parented by his facile brain. While thus and in other respects, they had much in common, Lowell and Curtis were as a unit with regard to their independence in politics. This similarity is so strong that the following words apply as well to the writer as to the subject of the writing: "With his lofty patriotism and his extraordinary public conscience, Lowell was distinctively the independent in politics. He was an American and a republican citizen. He acted with parties as every citizen must act if he acts at all. But the notion that a voter is a traitor to one party when he votes with another was as ludicrous to him as the assertion that it is treason to the White Star steamers to take passage in a Cunarder. When he would know his public duty Lowell turned within, not without." Such knowledge is true patriotism, and when it exists in the breasts of men of like calibre with Lowell and Curtis it compels them, as Kingsley says, to

"Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever:
One grand, sweet song."

4 Park Street, Boston.
11 East 17th Street, New York.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.'S

LITERARY BULLETIN

October, 1889.

Tributes to Doctor Holmes.



ONE of the most beautiful and touching things in human experience is the love and reverent tenderness which noble Age inspires. Peculiarly sincere and deep are this love and tenderness when Age lifts into eminence men who have devoted their long and fruitful years to the instruction, the cheering, the inspiration of their fellow-men. This will account for the tone of admiration and affection which is most noticeable in all current allusions to Mr. Whittier and Dr. Holmes. Their countrymen recognize their wisdom, their genius, their large achievements, and their beautiful characters; and they delight to do them honor.

From the numerous tributes paid to Dr. Holmes on his recent completion of his eightieth year, and gathered by the enterprise of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, we cannot forbear quoting three. And properly the first place is given to Mr. Whittier's graceful and very characteristic poem:—

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Climbing the path that leads back nevermore,
We heard behind his footsteps and his cheer;
Now, face to face, we greet him, standing here
Upon the lonely summit of Fourscore.
Welcome to us, o'er whom the lengthened day
Is closing, and the shadows deeper grow,
His genial presence, like an after-glow,
Following the one just vanishing away.

Long be it ere the Table shall be set
 For the last breakfast of the Autocrat,
 And Love repeat, with smiles and tears, thereat
 His own sweet songs, that time shall not forget.
 Waiting with him the call to come up higher,
 Life is not less, the heavens are only nigher!

Mr. George William Curtis, with his customary felicity, wrote: "It is better to be eighty years young than forty years old. Youth is the freshness of sympathy, the unquenched hope, the generous enthusiasm, the tender feeling, the lofty aim, the cheerful humor, of which his books are full, and which make the poet and the Autocrat a young man. The crown of honor and love that he wears is, like his genius, many-sided, and every side sparkles with diamond lustre. His delightful humor first in New England brightened the seriousness of its literature. . . .

"It is not easy without apparent exaggeration to express publicly the affection and admiration in which Dr. Holmes is held by his personal friends. To the public he is the brilliant author who speaks to every mood. But to his friends he is the man who strengthens and enriches every charm which the author weaves."

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner said: "Our poet, our essayist, our novelist, our man of wit, has endeared himself to the whole nation for a long time, and now it comes to be plainly seen how much we owe him in the way of distinction in the world. When we sum up all our resources and achievements, it is to him and his few compeers that we must point for our distinction.

"This is the general thought on his eightieth birthday. But to those who are so fortunate as to know him outside of his books, there is added a wealth of love and personal devotion to the man, for the qualities which sweeten private life and endear their possessor. It is very beautiful to me to see Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose life has been so helpful and full of sweet charity, so followed now with love and honor."

The Nation
 Oct. 15, 1891
 Vol. 53, no. 1372
On Emily Dickinson

RECENT POETRY.

THE extract from a letter of the late Mrs. Helen Jackson ("H. H."), prefixed to the second series of Emily Dickinson's poems (Boston: Roberts Bros.), suggests the curious difference in the careers of these two gifted women, both natives of the same small inland town of Massachusetts. They were playmates and schoolmates; both began to write after early girlhood had passed, and for the utterance of deep personal feeling. But the one easily obtained fame, friends, recognition, influence; she had varied social experience; with many sorrows, she obtained much of what was best and most enjoyable in life, and died in the maturity of a conspicuous literary career. The other died absolutely unknown, even by name, beyond her own domestic circle, and yet this nameless woman was at once uplifted into an extraordinary prominence by the simple publication of her poems, after death. Some added light is thrown on this curious transition by the preface contributed to the present volume by Mrs. Todd, but it leaves many questions to be asked. It, however, brings out clearly a point overlooked by many who have discussed Emily Dickinson's poems. Mrs. Todd has recalled attention to the fact that they should be viewed rather as sketches than as finished works. We can never know what changes the author might have made in them had she seriously addressed herself to putting them in print. Up to the point where she left them, her chief solicitude had clearly been with the phrase, not with the verse or the line. She would make many alterations to secure precisely the adjective or substantive she needed; but the minor changes required to perfect a rhyme or to avoid a repetition were sometimes postponed for some moment of leisure, it may be, or in other cases spurned as unimportant. Even her peculiarities of grammar seem like mere short cuts or abbreviations, as when one takes notes in shorthand. We all know that a really fine poem is rarely struck off at a single sitting; there are usually several stages of completion, at any one of which, up to the very last, the work would seem still imperfect if published. The peculiarity is that almost all of Emily Dickinson's compositions are taken at that intermediate stage; and they are, in short, to be viewed as sketches, not works of conscious completeness. With this interpretation, it may fairly be said that those contained in this second series are quite as remarkable as those in the first. Perhaps they are even more remarkable; at any rate, there

are more of them. They are divided into the same four departments, viz., Life, Love, Nature, Time and Eternity. It is to be noticed, however, that the department of love-poems is, in this volume, more scanty than in its predecessor, as if the author's little tale of experience, in that direction, were soon told. There is no loss of quality, however, even in that department, and in the other directions both quantity and quality are sustained. There is, in the first volume, for instance, no nobler strain of ethics than this (p. 189), which is also full of verbal felicities:

TRIUMPH.
 Triumph may be of several kinds.
 There's triumph in the room
 When that old Emperor, Death,
 By faith is overthrown.

There's triumph of the finer mind
 When truth, affronted long,
 Advances calm to her supreme,
 Her God her only throne.
 A triumph when temptation's bribe
 Is slowly handed back,
 One eye upon the heaven renounced
 And one upon the rack.
 Severer triumph, by himself
 Experienced, who can pass
 A conqueror through the bar,
 Jehovah's countenance!

Note, for instance, the fineness of touch in the word "slowly," in the third verse, indicating the greatness of the struggle by the fact that even the utmost heroism cannot instantly decide it. A characteristic effect is also produced by employing the strong Roman "Emperor" instead of the cheapened word "Emperour," and thus placing death as a

sovereign of sovereigns. In the following verses we have a haunting picture, not easily to be dropped from the mind:

THE FORGOTTEN GRAVE.
 After a hundred years
 Nobody knows the place,—
 Agony, that enacted there,
 Motionless as peace.
 Weeds triumphant ranged,
 Strangers scroled and spelled
 A photograph
 Of the elder dead.
 Winds of summer fields
 Recollect the way,—
 Instinct picking up the key
 Dropped by memory.

The poems on Nature in this volume indicate the same peculiar intimacy always shown by Emily Dickinson; it seems as if she had been

in at the very birth of her birds and flowers,
as in the following verses (p. 72):

FRINGED GENTIAN

God made a little gentian;
It tried to be a rose
And failed, and all the summer laughed.
But just before the snows
There came a purple creature
That ravished all the hill;
And summer hid her forehead,
And mockery was still.
The frosts were her condition;
The Tyrian would not come
Until the North evoked it.
"Creator! shall I bloom?"

The editors have put at the beginning of the volume two verses which seem—unlike all the rest—to show some objective aim in the poems; and they close with these four terre lines, which might well suffice for Emily Dickinson's own epitaph:

"Lay this laurel on the one
Too intrinsic for renown.
Laurel! veil your deathless tree,—
Him you chasten, that is he!"

The fact that Mr. Douglas Sladen, in his 'Younger American Poets' (Casell Publishing Co.), makes no allusion to Emily Dickinson, shows how important it is that the editor of such a compilation should be on the spot and should have the latest information. The earliest information, if that is desirable, may certainly be said to be possessed by a compiler who heads his list of juvenile rhymers with the name of Paul Hamilton Hayne, who would, were he living, be over sixty. The mere selection thus seems so liberal that it is almost a disappointment to find that Whittier and Holmes are omitted. In the distribution of space, too, there is a waywardness which can only partly be explained by the whims of publishers; thus, Stedman has sixteen pages, Ella Wheeler Wilcox nine, and Aldrich one and a half. But, with all its faults and its wilderness of misprints—including, for instance, "Borjeson" for "Boyesen" (p. 665), and "Lamer" for "Lanier" (p. 666), the book affords a fairly good collection of the works of American poets less than sixty-one years old; and the appendix containing Canadian poets, and edited by Goodridge Bliss Roberts of St. John, N. B., is distinctly valuable and useful. We should not neglect to add that there is prefixed to the volume a dedication to the citizens of Boston, and a sonnet to "The American Fall at Niagara," both by Mr. Sladen and in a Turpin-like vein.

A far more modest and far better executed collection of miscellaneous poems, from English and American sources, is that called 'Sunshine in Life: Poems for the King's Daughters' (Putnam), selected by Florence Pohlman Lee. The selection is good, the typography beautiful, the dates of birth and (if need be) of death are mentioned in connection with each author, and several good indexes are supplied. For the benefit of that part of the public to which the order of the "King's Daughters" is but a name, it might have been well to intimate their aims and functions. Another book of poetry, no less valuable for not being new, is a new edition of Sidney Lanier's Poems (Scribners), with the well-known memoir by Wm. Hayes Ward. Good books, like good runners, possess what may be called their first and second wind; most sink down breathless when their first wind is exhausted, usually at or before the death of their author. If,

however, an author's fame really survives him, it is likely to hold out for a long time, and such seems destined to be the fame of Sidney Lanier.

Of volumes wholly new, we find that of Helen Gray Cone incontestably the best: 'The Ride to the Lady, and Other Poems' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The title-poem is the strongest poem of action and movement ever written by an American woman; and, as Emerson said of "H. H.'s" poems, perhaps we might as well omit the "woman." Since Scott there has been no terser handling of the ballad measure, mingled with fine spiritual touches that Scott could not have given. Read now the story of the *Orient* at Nelson's sea fight of Aboukir (p. 37):

THE STORY OF THE "ORIENT."

"T was a pleasant Sunday morning while the spring
was in its glory,
English spring of gentle glory; smoking by his cot-
tage door,
Florid-faced, the man-o-war's man told his white-
head boy the story,
Noble story of Aboukir, told a hundred times before.

"Here, the Thesus—here, the Vanguard"; as he
spoke each name sonorous—
Minotaur, Defence, Majestic, staunch old comrades
of the brine,
That against the ships of Brueys made their broad-
side shot in chorus—
Ranging daisies on his doorstep, deft he mapped
the battle-line.

Mapped the curve of tall three-deckers, deft as might
a man left-handed,
Who had given an arm to England later on at Tra-
falgar.
While he poured the praise of Nelson to the child with
eyes expanded,
Bright athwart his honest forehead blushed the
scarlet cutlass-scar.

For he served aboard the Vanguard, saw the admiral,
blind and bleeding,
Borne below by silent sailors, borne to die as then
they deemed.
Every stout heart sick but stubborn, fought the sea-
dogs on unheeding,
Guns were cleared and manned and cleared, the bat-
tle thundered, flashed, and screamed.

Till a cry swelled loud and louder—towered on fire
the Orient stately,
Brueys' flag ship, she that carried guns a hundred
and a score:
Then came groping up the hatchway he they counted
dead but lately,
Came the little one-armed Admiral to guide the fight
once more.

"Lower the boats!" was Nelson's order. But the
listening boy beside him,
Who had followed all his motions with an eager
wide blue eye,
Nursed upon the name of Nelson till he half had delir-
ed him,
Herr, with childhood's crude consistence, broke the
tale to question "Why?"

For by children facts go streaming in a throng that
never pauses,
Noted not, till of a sudden, thought, a sunbeam,
glides the notes.
All at once the known words quicken, and the child
would deal with causes:
Since to kill the French was righteous, why bade Nel-
son lower the boats?

Quick the man put by the question. "But the Orient,
none could save her;
We could see the ships, the ensigns, clear as day-
light by the flare;
And a man leaped and left her; but, God rest 'em,
some were braver;
Some held by her, firing steady till she blew to God
knows where."

At the shock, he said, the Vanguard shook through all
her timbers shaken;
It was like the shock of Doomsday—not a tar but
shuddered hard
All was hushed for one strange moment; then that
awful calm was broken
By the heavy plash that answered the descent of
mast and yard.

So, her cannon still defying, and her colors flaming,
flying,
In her pit her wounded helpless, on her deck her
admiral dead,
Boared the Orient into darkness with her living and
her living,
"Ye! our lads made shift to rescue threescore souls,"
the seaman said.

Long the boy with knit brows wondered o'er that
friendling of the foe man;
Long the man with shut lips pondered; powerless he
to tell the cause
Why the brother in his bosom that desired the death of
no man,
In the crash of battle awakened, snapped the bonds
of hate like straws.

While he mused, his toddling maiden drew the daisies
to a nest;
Mild the bells of Sunday morning rang across the
churchyard sod;
And, helped on by tender hands, with sturdy feet all
bare and rosy,
Climbed his babe to mother's breast, as climbs the
slow world up to God.

Had that been written by a man—Rudyard Kipling, for instance—all the critics would have said, "How virile!" But the woman in the writer has given us that last verse, in which the "virile" is merged in the human, which is better. Another volume of good verse is 'A Handful of Lavender,' by Lizette Woodworth Reese (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), showing her well-known quality of fine sympathy with nature, penetrated by a charm of execution which may easily become mannerism unless she has a care. James Whitcomb Riley has also a very close intimacy with nature, as seen in his 'Old-Fashioned Roses' (Longmans), but he will always suffer in the eyes of serious critics from having first appeared on the comic stage, thus forfeiting the associations of seriousness; so that the reader still turns first to "Griggsby's Station" and "Little Orphant Annie." Miles T'Anson, in 'The Vision of Misery Hill' (Putnam), has some of the coarser California flavors; while Harry Fenn's illustrations of the same book are coarser and cruder still.

There is good local coloring in 'Wildwood Chimes' (Cincinnati: Clarke), by Emma Withers, who has for material the beautiful mountain woods of West Virginia. On the other hand, there is in 'An Idyl of the Sun, and Other Poems,' by Orin Cederman Stevens (Holyoke, Mass.: Griffith), no local coloring at all—not even that of the sun—and while there are good touches, there is nothing which might not have been written anywhere. 'Lyrics of the Hudson,' by the late Horatio Nelson Powers (Boston: Lothrop), have a mediocre excellence above which rises these rather striking lines on that miracle yet unsung, the phonograph (p. 69):

THE PHONOGRAPH'S SALUTATION.

I seize the palpitating air. I hoard
Music and speech. All lips that speak are mine.
I speak, and the inviolable word
Authenticates its origin and sign.

I am a tomb, a paradise, a throne.
An angel, prophet, slave, immortal friend;
My living records in their native tone
Convict the knave and disputations end.

In me are souls embalmed. I am an ear
Flawless as Truth; and Truth's own tongue am I.
I am a resurrection, and men hear
The quick and dead converse, as I reply.

A most curious and interesting little book, which might well have been much larger and more annotated, is a volume of poems and translations in Pennsylvania Dutch: 'Drauss un Deheem: Gedichte in Pennsylvänisch Deutsch bei 'm Charles Calvin Ziegler von Brushvalley, Pa.' (Leipzig: Hesse & Becker). There is no regular glossary, but there is a very careful appendix illustrating the pronunciation of the dialect, and some notes as to the influx, constantly increasing, of English words.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Whittier, the Quaker poet, was born near Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807. It is a fact that we have never seen attention called to, that on the year of Whittier's birth both the United States and Great Britain abolished the slave trade throughout all their territory and colonial possessions.

Whittier was descended from Thomas Whittier, who came to Haverhill with the Society of Friends in 1648. The Whittier family was famed far and near for its peace qualities. In 1697 and again in 1698 the Indians descended upon Haverhill, massacring in horrible fashion. On the former occasion they carried away Hannah Dustin, whose case was recited in all school readers forty years ago, and in the latter they killed and captured forty white inhabitants of Haverhill, but though they went and came by the door of the Whittiers, the scalps dangling from the belt, they never once molested the Whittier household. The spirit of the fathers was in John Greenleaf Whittier.

Strength of character and loyalty to the truth were equally noticeable traits of the Whittier family. It took seven generations of sturdy, liberty-loving, God-fearing yeoman to produce a Whittier. The father of the poet had a comfortable farmhouse on the outskirts of Haverhill. The house is still standing, and the electric cars run past the house from the Haverhill station. The father was in comfortable circumstances, but the poet was brought up to work on the farm in the summer, to attend the district school in the winter, and to work in the shoe shop of that day occasionally.

Young Whittier went to school in a dilapidated, one-storied shanty, standing not far from the Whittier homestead. This was the home of the schoolmaster, whose wife, somewhat given to drink, took care of her own babies "in the next room." In a poem, "To My Old Schoolmaster," is this verse, which follows one which speaks of a domestic discussion between the schoolmaster and his inebriated wife. Then,—

"Through the cracked and crazy wall
Came the cradle rock and squall,
And the good man's voice at strife
With his shrill and tipsy wife."

Whittier was first aroused in poetic imagination by a volume of Burns, which fell into his hands in early boyhood. He was so fascinated with it that he spent every spare minute upon it. "He read it at night by the kitchen fire, at noon while resting in the shadow of the stone wall he was helping to build." Everything now took on a hue of poetry, which sought expression in rhythmical language. All this greatly disturbed his practical father, who saw naught but waste of time and energy therein, but the boy would write.

Whittier's "first verses for print" were written in blue ink on the coarsest kind of paper, and were

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thrust under the door of William Lloyd Garrison's office, *The Free Press*, an obscure publication in the neighboring town of Newburyport. This was done after office hours and found by Garrison on the floor the next morning. The editor was about throwing the paper in the wastebasket unread—he had no need of poetry—but glanced at it casually, saw that it was poetry, "The Exile's Departure," and laid it away for use, but it did not appear till June 1, 1826. Of course young Whittier had looked in the *Free Press* every week for his lines, and when at last they appeared—well, no one knows how he felt except those who have seen their first verses in print, after weary weeks of waiting. There was no author's name with the verses, and as soon as they were printed, others were sent, all of which were printed. At length Garrison learned that they came "from a farmer's boy, named Whittier, living in East Haverhill." Garrison at once replied, "I will ride over and see that boy,"

He did so, and found father and son working together in the field. How little either thought that for fifty years they would work together in a great cause! This visit of Garrison decided the career of Whittier. Garrison was but two years his senior, but he was already a man of affairs, had seen much of the world, had a fair education, had deep convictions, an earnest purpose, and great courage. On that first visit he insisted that the father should give young Whittier something of an education, and two years in an academy followed. With this scholastic capital he went to Boston, and before he was twenty-one was editing the *American Manufacturer*.

From 1833 to 1837 he edited the *Haverhill Gazette*, and in those years he found his mission. He was now from twenty-six to thirty years of age. Before this time he had done editorial work in Boston, Haverhill, and Hartford, but now he lifted himself above mere journalism, and sent forth bugle blasts that helped to arouse the entire north. Those were memorable years. Webster had just delivered his famous reply to Hayne and was at the height of his glory; Great Britain abolished slavery throughout the British empire, 1833; the Whig party was born, 1834; the American Anti-slavery Society had just been founded, 1831; Andrew Jackson was the sensational president, and Van Buren succeeded him in 1837; the greatest financial crisis in the history of the United States was in 1837; Queen Victoria began her reign 1837; and E. P. Lovejoy was murdered for his anti-slavery sentiments in 1837; Carlyle wrote "Sartor Resartus"; Emerson, "Nature"; Hawthorne, "Twice Told Tales"; Goethe, "Faust"; Lord Lytton wrote "Last Days of Pompeii"; Dickens wrote "Pickwick Papers" and "Oliver Twist"; De Tocqueville, "Democracy in America"; D'Aubigne, "History of the Reformation"; while Victor Hugo, Balzac, Strauss, Hans Christian Andersen, Irving, Bryant, Holmes, Cooper, Prescott, Lowell, Motley, Poe, Longfellow, Channing, Audubon, Greeley, Paulding, N.

P. Willis, Thackeray, Samuel G. Howe, the Brownings, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Hemans, Wordsworth, Harriet Martineau, Lockhart, Bronson Alcott, and Lydia Maria Child were catering to the literary world into which he was suddenly launched in those years. There were other important events: the New York Sun was born as a penny paper, 1833, and the first newsboys in America put in their appearance; temperance societies and anti-slavery societies were everywhere organized; an anti-abolition mob terrorized New York July 4, 1839; an anti-lottery movement was begun; the Ursuline convent in Charlestown was burned, 1834; the sewing machine was invented; the telegraph was successfully used. Whittier came to his literary opportunity at one of the memorable periods of American life, and it is not to be wondered that he broadened his power and deepened his conviction in such times.

It was in this period, while editor of the Haverhill Gazette, that he was elected to the Massachusetts legislature. He removed to Amesbury in 1838, and devoted himself to literary work. His great opportunities were in the columns of the National Era of Philadelphia and the Atlantic Monthly of Boston, to both of which he was a frequent contributor.

Mr. Whittier's poetic genius was partially appreciated in 1857, when his volume of collected poems appeared, but it was not till 1866 that he was recognized as one of those "Great American Saints" who are also "Great American Poets." It was his "Snow-Bound" that led the critical world to see the power of genius in his lines. What Emerson's "Nature" was as a revelation of the possibilities of the American essay, Whittier's "Snow-Bound" was as a revelation of the possibilities of creating an ideal American life in verse. There is nothing else in American poetry that compares with this in several essentials. His "Tent, on the Beach" and "Among the Hills" were in the same line, but lacked, as did all his other verses, somewhat of the power of "Snow-Bound."

BRIEF RECORD.

1620.—Thomas Whittier, first American ancestor, born in England.

1638.—Thomas Whittier came to America and settled at Salisbury on the Merrimack.

1648.—Thomas Whittier moved to Haverhill, taking with him the first hive of bees in Haverhill, and \$400 as his worldly possession.

1669.—Joseph Whittier, from whom J. G. Whittier was descended, was born,—the youngest child.

1716.—Joseph second, grandfather of the poet, was born,—youngest child.

1760.—John, father of the poet,—tenth child.

1807.—December 7, John Greenleaf Whittier born. Because he came through the line of the youngest sons, there were but four lives connecting the poet with 1620.

1826. June 1 his first verses, "The Exile's Departure," appeared in the Newburyport Free Press.

1827.—First met Garrison.

1827.—Went to Haverhill Academy.

1828.—Edited American Manufacturer, Boston, Haverhill Gazette, New England Weekly Review of Hartford.

1833-7.—Returned to editorship of Haverhill Gazette.

1831.—"Legends of New England" published.

1832.—"Moll Pitcher."

1833.—An anti-slavery pamphlet.

1836.—"Mogg Megone."

1838.—"Anti-Slavery Ballads."

1850.—"Songs of Labor" and "Old Portraits."

1857.—Complete edition of poems, a great success.

1853.—War poems.

1866.—"Snow-Bound."

1867.—"Tent on the Beach."

1868.—"Among the Hills."

NEW ENGLAND POETRY.

Characteristics of Our Great Poets.

Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell

Aug. 15,
1891

Their Work for Literature and Humanity.

[Written for the Traveller.]

With the death of James Russell Lowell the poetical voice of New England ceases to be a great symphony, and consists only of broken chords; for death has previously robbed us of William Cullen Bryant and Henry W. Longfellow, and age and infirmities hushed the sweet songs of Whittier. Now the lyre is silent, waiting for a new master hand to touch and sing the yet unsung songs of humanity.

"Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,—
I sing what I begin,
And all I fail or win."

Poetry, the utterance of primeval thought, is the beginning of literature. The child loves poetry before it will listen to prose, and most of those whose names are familiar in the various paths of letters made their first step by means of rhyme. But a poet is, in the true sense of the word, born, not made. To be able to interpret the voices of the soul so that others can understand them, and to set that interpretation to the music of sound, is the gift of but few.

Until the beginning of the 19th century America had no literature of her own nor did she feel the need of any. The nation, like a family, had been "settling" and the mental food she had time for was borrowed from the mother country, which by its common history and language belonged as much to America as to England. But after the revolution America began to evolve a people and civilization of her own allied to, but a counterpart of no other. It was then that she began to feel the need of a liter-

ated with the law, Bryant being admitted to the Plymouth bar and practicing his profession for 10 years, while Longfellow intended to become a lawyer and was studying with his father, when offered a professorship in his Alma Mater and Lowell's paternal grandfather was a famous jurist. Each, during their lives travelled extensively in foreign lands; were received in England as men of acknowledged genius; all outlived the allotted years of

ception of the last mentioned, have points of striking similarity that might suggest a study of environment to the psychologist. All of them were men of education, of college training and Puritan ancestry. The early lives of the three were surrounded by the comforts and refinements of cultivated homes, Bryant's father and grandfather being physicians, Longfellow's father a lawyer and Lowell's a minister. All of them were in some way con-

ature of her own, for a borrowed one was no longer the medium of her thoughts or aspirations.

The want suggested a supply and from New England—the land that in its earlier days had banished music and song—came the poets and poetry of our first century, beginning with Bryant, who can properly be called the father of American verse, and ending with James Russell Lowell and John G. Whittier. The lives of these poets, with the ex-

man, were singularly happy in their domestic relations and were men of unexampled morality and integrity.

Bryant and Lowell shared in common an interest in politics, and occupied positions of political preferment, both commenced their literary careers as assistant editors of short-lived magazines. Lowell and Longfellow claimed the same place of residence in their later years, were both twice married, and each in turn occupied the same chair in Cambridge University.

But here the similarity ceases. Bryant voiced the moods of nature, Longfellow those of the heart and home, and Lowell the reason and the mind. The first has been styled the Wordsworth of his country, and some have charged him with imitation of, when his soul was only in sympathy with, the soul of the Lake poet. His style was thoughtful and dignified, and possessed a simple grandeur that has never yet been rivalled. He takes us from ourselves and our narrow ways into nature's great auditorium, he bids us listen to her voices and learn from her the hidden secrets of life. He knew nothing about the wild chaos of passion and regret of which Byron wrote, or the religious metaphysics of Shelley. His domestic joys during an unbroken married life of 45 years were unmarred, and his simple faith in the Deity during his 84 years of life unquestioned. Lowell said of him: "And shall we praise? God's praise was his before, and on our futile laurels he looks down, himself our bravest crown."

As he and nature had been inseparable life, so did he unite himself with her death, in that finest of his poems, "Thanatopsis:"

So live that when the summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach the grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant

Longfellow, though he loves nature as a poet should, only thinks of her as the apostle of Hiawathas and Evangelines. His province is the heart and home, his power to put a glory about the simplest act of the simplest life; as he humbly says:

"That is best which lieth nearest,
Shape from this thy work of art."

Bryant could see a poem in a violet and Longfellow in a blacksmith. He spoke a universal language, and every one claimed him for their own, from the child of tender age to the white-haired patriarch. He neither dazzles the intellect or surprises the imagination as Lowell does, he moves on with a stately grace and steadiness of purpose to the end. He neither reaches above or falls below you. He is occasionally sad, but not melancholy.

His Evangeline does not die without seeing Gabriel; it is not an entirely popular ending to the weary search. He would have more sweet than bitter in life; he would not so much study her

problems as he would admire her ways.

The change from Longfellow to Lowell is like passing from the fair and sunny meadows where we have basked in warmth and flowers, to the high cliffs beyond, where the sunny meadows we have left become but a speck of the kaleidoscope of the world. If you wish to have him for company you must with him,

"—Not fear to follow out the truth,
Albert along the precipice's edge."

But he will never lead you over; he will carry you to the brink; he may show you a tender flower growing in its dark chasms and reaching for the light, or he may help you to measure the dark abyss, but you never fall because he never does.

He is bold and critical, keen and unswerving in his judgment, he sees his own faults and foibles, with their possibilities, as well as those of others. In his "Fable for Critics" he says of himself:

"There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus
to climb,
With a whole bale of isms tied together
with rhyme,
He might get on alone, spite of brambles
and boulders.
But he can't with that bundle he has on his
shoulders.
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh
reaching
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt sing-
ing and preaching;
His lyre has some chords that would ring
pretty well,
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the
shell."

No one could have criticised him so keenly and kindly, as he has himself, but he does not tell the other side, that his admirers could. His pleasant manner of criticism is his most felicitous vein, it was the one upon which his reputation was founded in the first rise of the "Biglow Papers."

The story of Sir Launfal, in which the subject of the Golden Grail, or Last Cup of our Saviour is worked up in a manner to carry a lesson to any generation, is a beautiful religious conception. Here, as elsewhere, Lowell never lost sight of the nobility of simple goodness. 'Tis not in lofty crusades, but in good deeds at his own door that man is to work the perfection of his destiny.

He sees all about him "the ounce of gold exchanged for the ounce of dross," but he, with the prophetic insight of the poet, doubts not

"That after us some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth."

He has carried out "the noble purpose of his life to noble ends," and as we think of his silent work we wonder who will take up the unfinished psalm.

MARY INGERSOLL.

THE FORSAKEN FARMHOUSE.

Against the wooded hills it stands,
Ghost of a dead home, staring through
Its broken light on wasted lands
Where old-time harvests grew.

Unplowed, unsowed, by scythe the unshorn,
The poor forsaken farm fields lie,
Once rich and life with golden corn
And pale green breadths of rye.

Of healthful herb and flower bereft,
The garden plot no housewife keeps;
Through weeds and tangle only left
The snake, its tenant, creeps.

A lilac spray, once blossom-clad,
Sways bare before the empty rooms,
Beside the rootless porch a sad,
Pathetic red rose blooms.

His track in mould and dust of drouth,
On floor and hearth the squirrel leaves,
And in the fireless chimney's mouth
His web the spider weaves.

The leaning barn about to fall
Resounds no more on husking eves;
No cattle low in yard or stall,
No thrasher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so drear! It seems almost
Some haunting presence makes its sign;
That down yon shadowy lane some ghost
Aught drive his spectral kine!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Manliness of Whittier's Verse.

[Philadelphia Inquirer.] Dec. 17/91

In many parts of the country Whittier would have been hanged to a lamp post with pleasure, and in all the other parts he was to some extent a social pariah. The manliness of fibre indicated by his anti-slavery efforts is abundantly manifested in his poetry, and in this sense it is superior to the work of any other American poet, and on this account it appeals to forceful people, who are doing the world's work, as the smartness of Emerson, the sentiment of Longfellow, the academic verse of Lowell and the mere word mongery of other writers cannot, do not and never will appeal.

WHITTIER'S BIRTHDAY.

Many Friends From All New England
Personally Greet the Poet.

NEWBURYPORT, Dec. 17.—The quiet Quaker house of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cartland on High street was the scene of unusual activity yesterday on the occasion of the 84th birthday of their friend and guest, and of New England's beloved poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. Visitors were present from all parts of New England and gifts were sent from all over the world. Mr. Whittier was bright and vivacious and took great delight in conversing with his visitors.

The Whittier Club of Haverhill brought with them a bunch of beautiful German roses, encircled with brand bands of pink satin ribbon, upon the ends of which were stamped sketches of Mr. Whittier's birthplace and the old schoolhouse where he attended school. Mrs. James P. Nichols of the same city brought a bunch of pinkies.

The young ladies of Lesell seminary, Andover, contributed some elegant tea roses, and Mr. and Mrs. George S. Bullen of Newton also sent roses. A bouquet from Mr. and Mrs. Alexander D. Brown of Newburyport attracted attention on account of its size and beauty.

The poet Steadman gave an artistic oil painting of the Hampton meadows.

With the Haverhill party came three old schoolmates, frosty-headed and laden with years—Hon. J. H. Carleton of Haverhill, Mrs. Warren Ordway and T. B. Garland of Dover, N. H.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, president of Wellesley College, and ex-governor and Mrs. Claflin called later in the day.

An important incident was the visit of Mrs. Bartlett, mother of the gallant C. W. Bartlett, of whom Mr. Whittier wrote in verse. Mrs. Bartlett is about 80 years old, and was a schoolmate of the poet, having attended the Haverhill Academy with him.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, ON HIS 50TH BIRTH-DAY.

Climbing the path that leads back nevermore,
We heard behind his footsteps and his cheer;
Now, face to face, we greet him, standing
here.

Upon the lonely summit of Fourscore.
Welcome to us, o'er whom the lengthened day
is closing, and the shadows deeper grow,
His genial presence, like an afterglow
Following the one just vanishing away.
Long be it ere the table shall be set
For the last breakfast of the Autocrat,
And Love repeat, with smiles and tears,
thereat.

His own sweet songs, that time shall not forget,
Waiting with him the call to come up higher,
Life is not less, the heavens are only nigher,
8th mo, 28, 1889. —[John G. Whittier.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

At Four Score and Four.

Boston Transcript Dec 17, 1891

John Greenleaf Whittier was born December 17th, 1807, and therefore is now four score and forty years old. Like many another New England lad, he has, from the humblest walks of life, by his own strength and will and purpose, risen to that plane where he can stand before kings. The encyclopædia and biographies tell us of the early days, of the home in Haverhill, of the humble and moderate struggles with life and traffic, of the country boy sending his first poem to the paper in Newburyport, and of the coming of William Lloyd Garrison to the country house to seek out the author, of the mutual and true friendship which ever after existed between these men, of Mr. Whittier's literary and editorial writings. All through his life items and incidents have been caught up, so that the lover of poetry and reform, and the youth of our schools are as one in gaining inspiration and trust and courage by learning of one who has grown up in our own New England, whose life and poetry is revered and whom all the world delights to honor. In the presence of such men as Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier we stand with uncovered heads. Longfellow and Lowell have passed on, Dr. Holmes and Mr. Whittier remain. It gives pleasure to the hearts of the admirers of the genius and ability of the genuine American to revere and recall the services which its great men and women have rendered the world. This pleasure grows upon our nation. The public schools enter into the celebration of the birthdays of these noble people with a true zeal. The men and women who have passed on to the immortal home are borne in mind, and those yet on the shores of time are not neglected. These men cannot be unmindful of the respect in which they were and are held. The world is quicker to respond to high thinking and genius than formerly. The world of science and mechanics has brought untold blessings to the student and poet. The genius of a Shakespeare would not have been relegated to a later generation to be appreciated in the telegraph and daily paper had existed in his day. These great forces publish to the world the exalted sentiments of reform, poetry, statesmanship and science, and those whose eye and ear are in attune are quick to respond. The rapid living of today brings people of similar likes and tastes speedily together. The world of today is quicker, readier to recognize genius and true worth than in earlier times.

I shall always regard it among the choice things of my experience that for four years I lived in Amesbury as a neighbor of Mr. Whittier, and that our meetings at the post office, on the street or in the house have in them treasures of thought and inspiration which will last with life. Oftentimes we have idols which we dare not take down from the pedestal. They do not bear handling, close inspection. There are au-

thors whose writings are noble, but whose daily living is full of sadness and disappointment. We know of them by their prose or their poetry, but an intimate knowledge of their characters and walk among men would shatter our idol. But not so with Mr. Whittier. His living will bear inspection. There are no skeletons in his closet. We do not have to halt and stammer when we speak one to another of his daily life. He loves his home life. He delights in his close friends. He was born in Haverhill. After the death of his father, the family sold the farm and removed to Amesbury, where they attended Meeting on the First Day. The youth of Whittier on the farm is oftentimes pictured in his poems. The scenes which meet him on the way from his home to his Meeting are those most fully and graphically dwelt upon. Early impressions have been his choice inspirations. Mr. Whittier became a writer and editor, his brother early left the old farm, a sister was the village schoolteacher, and another sister cared for the home and the mother advancing in years. Mr. Whittier is the only one remaining. His legal home is Amesbury, and he is ever there on election day. The homestead is cared for nowadays by Judge Cate. The home being broken, Mr. Whittier goes about among his several stopping places. Now he is at Danvers, now Newburyport, now Portland, now Helderberg among the White Mountains. But to Amesbury he is attached with deep love. He is now eighty-four years old. The other day I was talking with Judge Cate; he said, "Mr. Whittier is not a sick man, but is an old man." It is not strange, therefore, that reports often get into the papers concerning his ill-health. Nature must with him soon give way. The poor body may become frail and fall, but his great and noble soul, like that of his old companion, will go "marching on." He has given much to the world. And the world is not slow in returning the appreciation. It does his heart good to know of the world-wide reverence in which he is held. No man could resist the sympathy which rolls in upon him; and yet he sees how small his work has been. He sees wherein he could have done better. His heart is like that of us all. Experience and age have brought us lessons. And we all can readily see wherein a better and a nobler living and influence could have been wrought. We are not satisfied with

what we have attained. We desire to perfect that which we have, and do better than what we have accomplished. In his age, as men count age, Mr. Whittier is still young, hopeful, cheerful. He has ever regarded the upper and nobler side of life, and this has been for the keeping of his heart near to the source of those passions for purity, trust, confidence and true joy, which make youth and childhood the delight of all the world.

The Quaker meeting-house, where Mr. Whittier through all his life has attended, is but a short distance from the homestead in Amesbury. Here are the memories of the friends with whom he has trod the quiet aisles of prayer. But it is the tradition that the Spirit never moved him to speak in Meeting. He is gifted as a writer, the finest and purest of literature flows from his pen; but yet he cannot, or at least has not, spoken in Meeting. Conversing with him once on preaching without a manuscript, Mr. Whittier asked, "How can thee think on thy feet?" This was a great mystery, how that a person could stand before an audience without a manuscript. It is a great thing to do. Many attempt, but few, very few, succeed. Mr. Whittier is a lover of travels, diaries, biographies, and he follows with keen delight our explorations in new and unknown regions. The exploits of his friend Greeley into the Arctic circle kept his mind at high tension, and when the word passed over the world that Greeley was rescued

—with all his neighbors, he rejoiced. And when Stanley was in the depths of an African continent, he said that he would rather shake hands with Stanley than any other man.

Mr. Whittier delights in the common life and in the daring and heroism of a person who is striving to unfold and bring to light new and hidden things. The explorations going on in Palestine, Egypt, Babylon, Nineveh as well as among the ruined cities of the Roman and Grecian realm engage his mind. And yet with all his love of travel, of journeys in foreign lands, of explorations in tropic or polar parts—with his liking for these, Mr. Whittier is no traveller, scarcely having been out of New England, except to Philadelphia. And further, he is a lover of grand views, he revels in looking upon the rolling and unceasing ocean, he revels amidst the landscapes of the White Mountains, yet has never seen Niagara Falls—a natural wonder of all the world, within five hundred miles of his own home. The varied, choice and luxuriant landscapes of his own Essex County give him pleasure. Here are rolling lands, river, mountain view and ocean. These thrilled his heart and have moved his pen to give word-pictures of nature and landscape unsurpassed.

Mr. Whittier is a rare conversationalist. A person of his tastes and temperament, however, has moods and moments when to converse would be almost impossible. At such times Mr. Whittier has been known not to recognize a neighbor. His mind was upon other things; he was engrossed, so that the matters of ordinary life were unnoticed. This is not a strange experience. It is that of which every strong and earnest person knows. But I have been with Mr. Whittier when at his best, when his tongue would be loosened, and rich and quickened conversation would flow from his lips. He was full of reminiscence. His choice was subjects of exploration, travel, early American sociology, the reforms of the day, the fresh industries of the Church; all gave him wide fields for conversation.

Mr. Whittier is no mean student of theology and religious efforts. He has always kept his mind fresh and vigorous with new reading and study. He is not a theologian, but loves the study of God; and this study is the more keen and lively because of his deep love for humanity, made in the likeness of God. He is a student of the better side of human nature. He believes in the nature of man. He holds the idea that sin, wrong, injustice are vulnerable. That the nature within the soul, if it but assert itself, would cast out sin and trample injustice and wrong underneath the feet. The great thought of Jesus is a theme of inspiration—that good is able to overcome evil. In his study of God and humanity, he early saw their kinship, and all his appeals were from this point. He had no long definitions for God, for the mission of Jesus, the nature of the human heart, the mysteries of life or the world into which we shall pass. Few, but central, ideas have governed him all through life. His religion is an affair to live. It is the reception of a truer and nobler character. It is a sentiment, a faith, a confidence, which is real in the common ways and trials of today. He reduces whole schemes of theology to simple statements, and these he does not thrust upon others. But his great statements of God, duty, the masterful spirit of Jesus and humanity set forth in perfect gems of rhythm and rhyme, have been given with such sweet reasonableness as have made them handmaids in helping the world into a clearer and more delightful vision of God and immortality. The exquisite liberality and tone of his poems lead and hold our hearts. His poems are forceful because they tell us in direct and unhesitating language the story of his faith and confidence. It takes a strong person, to master and lead. Mr. Whittier is strong; and men and women of all lands and of all

phases of religious belief have been by him assisted and upbuilt in spirit and in truth.

"O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our names or sign,
We own thy way, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one;
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled but not concealed,
We know in thee the Fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee."

The poems of Mr. Whittier, whether of the reforms of his early manhood, or relating to the society of early Quaker and Puritan days, or in reminiscence of some heroic and patriotic incident, were each composed from the high plane of the spiritual. The summit of life is his standpoint. From this he views life and all experience. They who are on the mountain gain the better and clearer view. Looking at life as it is, from the spiritual outlook, a new animation and courage is gained. Mr. Whittier came to the defence of the weak, the oppressed and the wronged, and because of the high point of judgment in the time of crisis, he has been able to be a powerful prince among the Lord's host on the earth, in making the weak stronger, the oppressed to be made free and the wronged to be so presented that the world has hastened to undo the injustice. The poetry of Whittier has been helpful, hopeful and brave. The word of courage and of help is the word humanity needs. There is love, true love, beneath it all. The lives of many have been distorted, ill-grown and unfolded, because of the older teachings of man's nature, of the far-away character of the ministries of Jesus and the placing of God on a throne far away and only judging and frowning; but in the newer Protestantism where love and grace and brotherhood are emphasized and enforced, the better side of humanity will be brought out and ennobled. The story of the Eternal Goodness is true of all hearts. The earnest thought finds ready response. Humanity has been voyaged by those enrapturing lines—

"Who fathoms the eternal thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.
I walk with bare hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mate and bound
The love and power of God."

Mr. Whittier recognizes the justice of God, he knows of divine royalty, he sees a world of pain, within himself no merit, but yet in all the maddening maze of things he knows that God is good. No man is more willing to take the world as it is.

"The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of his hate,—I know
His goodness and his love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And with the chasteard Psalmist own
His judgments too are right.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled ear,
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift.
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

Such words and sentiments have been for the ushering in of a new dispensation. They help us to read all life and trial in the light of an unceasing affection. Truly, the world owes and is ready to bestow gratitude upon Mr. Whittier, and prays that his remaining days may be free from pain and full of love and peace.

ANSON TITUS.

A Visit to the Poet Whittier at Oak Knoll.

The picture of this favorite New England poet in the December Arena, and the interesting sketch in the same number by George Stewart, LL. D., has brought back to my mind a visit made to this friendly and philanthropic author at Oak Knoll, several years ago. I started from Groveland, Mass., with a friend and reached his winter home on a forenoon of March. As we stood at his door a light snow began to fall, and the sweet, humid atmosphere and picturesque color of those surroundings are vividly brought back in vision.

We had been told that he could not see strangers, and were pleasantly surprised when he came to the door himself to welcome us. He led us into his study, and the comfort and refinement of this sweet, homelike room were made apparent to our souls before the surroundings and pictorial effects were apparent to our sight.

When we were comfortably seated, he left the room, and soon returned with his arms full of shingles which had been dropped from a roof lately repaired. These light fragments which burn so freely had been brought to replenish the fire on the hearth which was to welcome us, and the gentle service of his bringing the fuel in himself reminds me still of the spirit of "Snow Bound," that much-loved description of New England farm life when he was a boy.

What a sweet season we spent on that gray March day with the dear old poet would be as hard to describe as to picture.

"The soul of the rose!"

The influence was as calm, sweet and gentle as the spirit of the Hebrew psalm, which brings the sight of green pastures and gently gliding waters which restore the soul.

We had not expected to pass an hour there, not being acquainted with the trains, but were courteously constrained to stay to dinner. We sat down soon to the table of his hospitable cousins, whose home is open to the poet at Oak Knoll in Danvers, Mass. If I could turn to an old letter which I wrote after this visit, I could tell you much of the conversation that day in the poet's home, which made us free as among friends. He even said that it rested and pleased him to see us there. He soon alluded to his life in Haverhill, as our Groveland home is only across the Merrimack river from that now busy city. He spoke of the old brick academy where he went to school in 1827. That building is now in fine repair, and stands on a commanding place in Winter street. The pupils who tread those shaded walks of the now called "Whittier School" are younger than he was when he studied so zealously for half a year there to prepare to teach the boys and girls in the district school of the region now called West Amesbury. He spoke of that part of his editorial career when he was connected with the Haverhill Gazette, and we remembered together some of the persons of his acquaintance who still dwell in the Merrimack Valley.

After dinner, when the fire was renewed, the conversation drifted gently to books and poetry. It did not seem to weary him when I spoke of some of his own works, and especially

of one called "Memories," a charming lyric of tender pictures of a youthful friend—

"A beautiful and happy girl,
With step as soft as summer air."

His kind eyes brightened when I declared that I loved that best of all, and that I had learned it from "Russell's Reader" when I was a young girl at Bradford Academy. He said, "I love it, too; but I hardly knew whether to rub it, it was so personal and near to my heart."

While I sat thus listening to his gentle voice the words of the sweet poem came back, and the vision that he loves so well of the pathways around the Merrimack, and the forest-shaded brooks and mossy hill. Then the harmony of the scene was blended with the spirit of his sylvan songs, till the last verse of that poem called "Memories" came back to me thus, entire—

"Thus while at times before our eye
The clouds around the present part,
And smiling through them round us lie
Soft hues of memory's morning sky,
The Indian Summer of the heart—
In secret sympathies of mind,
In founts of feeling, which retain
Their pure, fresh glow, we yet may find
Our early dreams not wholly vain."

Before the afternoon waned we asked the privilege to go out to the grounds of this fit mansion, although the gentle snow was still falling, flake by flake, in soft crystals.

The atmosphere which was the precursor of coming spring, was as serene as the poet's life which we had seen through his pure personality here in these sequestered shades. The silver sky and the misty air blended in tone with the leaves of the larch-trees, which still remained on the trees to tell of the summer which was passed. As we gathered some of these types of nature to send to other shores, the whole picture of the home at Oak Knoll was stamped upon our souls, with the serene poet as the living spirit, never to be forgotten.

We entered the house again and the fire once more sent up its "ruddy glow," as when in that old farmhouse, the birthplace of this loved one—

"But in from all the world without
[They] sat the clean-winged hearth about."

We bent over the bright flames together again and talked of some of the mysteries of life, and its many changes and compensations. He was just ready to give some thought on the central truth of spiritualism, when our carriage came to take us away from Oak Knoll. After kindest farewells, we did not need to look back to the mansion and the trees, for we carried in memory the sweet scenes and the serene thoughts of beauty and truth personified there.

JULIA NOYES STICKNEY.

8 Pembroke Street.

Boston Traveller, Dec. 17, 1891.

JOHN GREEN LEAF WHITTIER.

The hearts of thousands of his countrymen throughout the length and breadth of the land, will turn to-day, with love and grateful remembrance, to John Greenleaf Whittier, New England's best-loved poet, as he passes another milestone in his long life-journey, and enters on his eighty-fifth year. There may have been greater poets than he; very likely he will never have in the world's judgment, a place among the few great immortals, but the world will not forget that for half a century his songs have been for the

hope and the help of his fellowmen. His verse abounds with the great immortal truths which stimulate faith, hope and courage; he has been the poet of peace, of religion; he has awakened the deepest, tenderest, holiest emotions. He has made men love him. "Snow Bound," is worthy a place beside the "Cottler's Saturday Night," and "Between the Gates," "Among the Hills," the "Centennial Ode," "Maud Muller," and those matchless lyrics, in "Voices of Freedom," and "In War Time," will not be forgotten by humanity. In the late hour of his afternoon of life, as the shadows fall, he is naturally lonely. Dr. Holmes, in writing to him pays him this tribute, though there is a pathos in his words: "I congratulate you on having climbed another glacier and crossed another crevasse in your ascent of the white summit which already begins to see the morning twilight of the coming century. A life so well filled as yours has been cannot be too long for your fellow men and women. In their affections you are secure, whether you are with them here or near them in some higher life than theirs. I hope your years have not become a burden, so that you are tired of living. At our age we must live chiefly in the past. Happy is he who has a past like yours to look back upon. It is one of the felicitous incidents—I will not say accidents—of my life that the lapse of time has brought us very near together, so that I frequently find myself honored by seeing my name mentioned in near connection with you now. We are lonely, very lonely, in these last years." John G. Whittier is secure in the affection and respect of his countrymen. He has never failed in his duty.

WHITTIER'S NEWBURYPORT HOME

Now and then the item reappears in the papers that the poet Whittier is staying this winter at Cartland's Garden, Newburyport. This must amuse the Newburyport people, since there is no place of that name except the garden attached to Mr. Cartland's house, and it is not to be supposed that the poet spends much time there at this season.

Mr. Whittier is with his friends, Joseph and Gertrude Whittier Cartland, the latter a cousin. The house is one of the large square houses so common in Salem, Newburyport, and Portsmouth, very attractive from their ample room, simplicity, and hospitality of construction. It fronts the south—a very desirable thing wherever, as in our climate, the wants of the winter linger longer and are more imperative than those of summer; and an easy walk can be taken on a dry pavement, while the view is of open slopes, beautiful trees, and pleasant homes, and the seascape is broad and unobscured, and the sunsets in all their glory. The family is very congenial in tastes, in character and religion. For in a double sense he is staying among friends.

Mr. Cartland is brother of the friend, "M. A. C." to whom the touching memorial poem was addressed by Mr. Whittier:

One in our faith and one in our longing
To make the world within our reach
Somewhat the better for our living,
And gladder for our human speech.

The task was thine to mould and fashion
Life's plastic newness into grace;
To make the boyhood bear its burden,
And debt with thought the maiden's race.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cartland were known for many years as admirable teachers. Mrs. Cartland has a serene and charming presence, rich brown eyes, a gentle voice, and her words are wisely and aptly chosen. She often leads the prayers of the Friends, and always with an easy acceptance. She has compiled a book containing a passage of Scripture and a quotation from Whittier for every day in the year, and has written several valuable articles in the interest of education and spiritual progress.

Mr. Whittier is within a few miles of Amesbury one hour in the day by electric steam train. He is greatly beloved in that town where he has for many years his home, and it is a privilege to give his name to a memorial caucus, and to erect other memorials, which in turn has deeply at heart "their best welfare." Thus his years pass on, full of sympathy with man and reverent love to God, his life like his genius, a benediction to humanity.—*Boston Transcript*

To Mark Twain
On his 44th birthday, which occurs Dec. 31, 1869
Oliver Wendell Holmes, in "The Craftsman,"

At Christmas, when I saw thee last—
We both of us were younger—
How fondly musing o'er the past
Is Memory's toothless hunger!

So fifty years have fled, they say,
Since first you took to drinking—
And Nature's milky way—
Of course no idler I'm thinking.

But while on life's uneven road
Your track you've been pursuing,
What fountain from your wit has flowed
What drinks you have been brewing!

I know whence all your magic came—
Your secret I've discovered—
The source that fed your inward flame—
The dreams that round you hovered;

Before you learned to bite or munch
Still sucking in your cradle,
The Nurses mixed a bowl of punch
And Hubbs seized the ladle.

Dear babe, whose fiftieth year to-day
Your one half-century rounded,
Your notes the precursors draught betray
The laughing Nine compounded.

To meet the sweet, the sharp, the strong,
Each finds his faults amended,
The virtues that to each belong
In happier union blended.

And what the fiver can surpass
Of wit, spirit, humor!
To whet one's health fills every glass
Mark Twain for Baby Clemens!

POET WHITTIER AT REST

Men of Note at the Funeral of the
Aged Bard.

ROBERT J. INGERSOLL'S TRIBUTE

Record, Dec. 31, 1892.

Simple Ceremonies at the Tomb in

Harleigh—Touching Scenes at

the Little Camden Cottage.

Many Floral Tributes.

What Whittier lies in his tomb, at last, at Harleigh Cemetery, Camden. Rugged yet picturesque the Etruscan-like vault nestles within the eastern hillside, a spot of undisturbed natural beauty which appealed to his own heart, and there in one of its secret crypts, under the bright sunshine yesterday afternoon, the child-like worshiper of nature and immortality in nature was laid away in his dreamless sleep.

Yesterday morning the humble little cottage on Mickle street, wherein so many years of patient suffering were passed, became a shrine. From the moment the door was opened to the throng at 10 o'clock in the morning until after 1 in the afternoon, upon the stream of the dead poet's admirers men and women made their last pilgrimage to gaze in sad farewell upon the placid face of the mute singer, almost gone in its surprise from long pain. There, so simply the simple folk, less versed in his vigorous but strange personage familiar with his sweet face beamed radiantly with locks of gray and hair, with a strongly sympathetic way. Fifty,000 people crowded the little cottage to pay the final homage.

MEN OF NOTE IN THE THROG.

Among the multitude was jostled several men of illustrious note, so plainly numbered themselves as to be in perfect accord with the atmosphere of common fellowship which pervaded that sanctuary of the dead. There was unpretentious John Burroughs, the great lover of the birds, Whitman's old comrade, and at his elbow companionable Moncure D. Conway, deep thinker, whose honor it was to be the first author to greet Whitman, having saluted him as Emerson's ambassador just after the publication of "Leaves of Grass." Conway it was, too, who wrote in the *Fortnightly* the first article upon Whitman to appear abroad. Also were present Dr. Horace Furness, Arthur Steadman, in lieu of his father, Edmund Clarence Steadman; W. Sloan Kennedy and Hamlin Garland, of Boston; H. H. Gilchrist, the artist who painted Whitman's portrait five years ago; Dr. R. W. Bucks, of London, Whitman's biographer, and many other locally well-known representatives of science and letters.

Colonel George W. Whitman, a brother, had come on with his wife from Burlington, and Whitman's friends, Thomas B. Harned, William Ingram and Horace Traubel, were there. The pallbearers were: John Burroughs, H. H. Gilchrist, Arthur Steadman, W. Sloan Kennedy, Hamlin Garland, Senator A. G. Cattell, Judge C. G. Garrison, William Ingram, Talcott Williams, J. H. Johnston, of New York; J. H. Clifford, H. S. Morris, H. L. Pennell, Thomas Donaldson and Thomas Watkins, the artist. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll and his wife arrived shortly afterwards.

A BROAD SYMPATHY.

"What a wonderful sympathy Whitman awakened!" Moncure Conway remarked. "He was attracted to himself men of the most diverse views. His tolerance was broad enough for all."

On the walls of the parlor hung the portraits of Whitman's father and mother, and the portrait of Elias Hicks, which he carried so lovingly. From the mantelpiece photographs of Walt Whitman, and a framed poem, autographically upon his manuscript, in the center coffin. As he lay with arms benevolently folded, clad

To-day we give thanks to Mother Nature,
for her warmth and life, for the bravest,
sweetest souls that ever lived in human
clay. Charitable as the air and generous

as nature, negligent of all except to do and say what he believed he should do and should say. And I, to-day, thank him not only for you but for myself, for all the brave words he has uttered. I thank him to-day for all the great and splendid words he has said in favor of liberty, in favor of man and woman, in favor of motherhood, in favor of fathers, in favor of children, and I thank him for the brave words he has said on the subject of death. Since he has lived death is less fearful than it was before, and thousands and millions will walk down into the dark valley of the shadow holding Walt Whitman by the hand. Long after we are dead, the brave words he has spoken will sound like trumpets to the dying.

And so I lay this poor wreath upon this great man's tomb. I loved him living and I love him still.

THE EVENING POST

WALT WHITMAN.

His Death on Saturday Evening—His Life and His Literary Place.

Walt Whitman, the poet, died at a quarter before seven o'clock last Saturday evening, at his home in Camden, N. J. He began to sink at 4:30 o'clock, and grew gradually weaker until the end, which was peaceful. Mr. Whitman's death came unexpectedly at last, although he had been very low for several months. His funeral will take place on Wednesday at two o'clock.

Walt, or Walter, Whitman was born in West Hills, Long Island, on the 31st of May, 1819, and was educated in the public schools of Brooklyn and New York city. He afterwards learned printing, and worked at that trade in summer, teaching in winter. Later on he acquired a good deal of skill as a carpenter. For brief periods of his career he edited newspapers in New Orleans and on Long Island, and in 1847-'48 he made long pedestrian tours through the United States, generally following the courses of the great Western rivers. He also made pedestrian explorations in Canada. His 'Leaves of Grass' was published first in 1855. During the war his brother was wounded on the battlefield, and he hastened to visit him in camp, becoming a volunteer army nurse, in which capacity he served for three years in Washington and in Virginia. His experiences are recorded in 'Drum-Taps' and other poems. Want of rest and nervous strain brought on a severe illness in 1864, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. In 1870 he published his 'Democratic Vistas.' From 1865 to 1874 he held a Government clerkship in Washington. In the latter year he was stricken by paralysis and retired to Camden, where he was gradually recovering when the sudden death of his mother in his presence caused a relapse, and he has remained in a crippled condition ever since, although until lately his general health was fair. His intellectual powers remained unaffected. In his prime Mr. Whitman had a magnificent physique, and to the last his presence was imposing, his white hair giving him a most venerable appearance in his later years. At times he felt the pinch of poverty, but his wants were few and simple, and he had friends who were always ready to contribute to the relief of his necessities. Among his published works may be mentioned 'Leaves of Grass,' 'Passage to India,' 'After All, Not to Create Only,' 'Two Rivulets,' 'Specimen Days and Collect,' 'November Boughs,' and 'Sands at Seventy.'

It has been the curious experience of Walt Whitman to find his inspiration almost wholly in his own country, and his admirers almost wholly in another. The rhythmic apostle of democracy, he has had, in the word of one of his staunch admirers, "absolutely no popular following" at home; and the gradual increase of his circle of special readers, even here, has been largely recruited from the class he least approves—those who desire to be English, even in their fads. The same thing was true, years ago, of "Joaquin" Miller; but while he has gradually faded from view, the robust personality of Whitman has held its own, aided greatly by his superb and now blighted physique, by the persistent and somewhat exaggerated panegyrics on his services as an army nurse, and by that rise in pecuniary value which awaits all books classed by the book-venders as "facets" or "curiosa." All this constitutes a combination quite unique. To many the mere fact of foreign admiration is a sufficient proof of the greatness of an American; they have never outgrown that pithy proverb, the result of the ripe experience of a young Philadelphian of twenty-one, that "a foreign country is a kind of contemporaneous posterity." But when we remember that the scene of this particular fame was England, and that it was divided with authors now practically forgotten—with "Artemus Ward" and "Josh Billings" and the author of "Sam Slick"; when we remember how readily the same recognition is still given in England to any American who mispells or makes fritters of English, or who enters literature as Lady Morgan's Irish hero entered a drawing-room, by throwing a back somersault in at the door; the judicious American will by no means regard this experience as final. It must be remembered, too, that all the malodorous portions of Whitman's earlier poems were avowedly omitted from the first English edition of his works; he was expurgated and fumigated in a way that might have excited the utmost contempt from M. Guy de Maupassant, or indeed from himself, and so the first presentation of his poet to his English admirers was, as it were, clothed and in his right mind. Again, it is to be remembered that much of the vague sentiment of democracy in his works, while wholly picturesque and novel to an Englishman—provided he can tolerate it at all—is to us comparatively trite and almost conventional; it is the rhythmic or semi-rhythmic reproduction of a thousand Fourth of July orations, and as we are less and less inclined to hear this oft-told tale in plain prose, we are least of all tempted to read it in what is not even plain verse. There is, therefore, nothing remarkable in the sort of parallel which exhibits the light of Whitman's fame at so different an angle in his own country and in England.

But while an English fame does not of itself prove an American to be great—else were we all suing for Buffalo Bill's social favor as if we were members of the British aristocracy—it certainly does not prove that he is not great; and it is for us to view Whitman as passionately as if he were an author all our own, like Whittier or Parkman, of whom an English visitor will tell you, with labored politeness, that he has a vague impression of having heard of him. The most distinct canonization ever afforded to Whitman on our own shores was when Mr. Steadman placed him among the *Dii majores* of our literature by giving him a separate chapter in his 'Poets of America'; and though it is true that this critic had already cheapened that honor by extending it to Bayard Taylor, yet this was obviously explained in part by personal friendship and partly by the wish not to give New England too plainly the lion's share of fame. Possibly this last consideration may have had influence in the case of Whitman also; but it is impossible not to see in this chapter a slightly defensive and apologetic tone, such as appears nowhere else in the book. Mr. Steadman's own sense of form is so strong, his instinct of taste so trust-

worthy, and his love-poetry in particular of so high and refined a quality, that he could not possibly approach Whitman with the sort of predetermined sympathy that we might expect, for instance, from Ella Wheeler Wilcox or Amélie Rives.

There seems to be a provision in nature for a class of poets who appear at long intervals, and who resolutely confine themselves to a few very simple stage properties, and substitute mere cadence for form. There is, or was, an Ossian period, when simple enthusiasts sat up at night and read until they were sleepy about the waving of the long grass on the blasted heath, and the passing of the armed warrior and the white-bosomed maiden. Ossian is not much read now, but Napoleon Bonaparte admired him and Goethe studied him. Neither is Tupper now much cultivated, but men not very old assure us that his long, rambling lines were once copied by the page into extract-books, and that he was welcomed as relieving mankind from the tiresome restraints of verse. It would be a great mistake, doubtless, to class Whitman with Ossian on the one side, or Tupper on the other; but it would be a still greater error to overlook the fact that the mere revolt against the tyranny of form has been made again and again, before him, and that without securing immortal fame to the author of the experiment.

It is no uncommon thing, moreover, for the fiercest innovating poets to revert to the ranks of order before they die; as Wordsworth gradually became conventional and Swinburne decent. Whitman has abstained, through all his later publications, from those proclamations of utter nudity which Emerson called "priapism," in connection with "Leaves of Grass"; and is far more compressed and less simply enumerative than when he began. True poetry is not merely the putting of thoughts into words, but the putting of the best thoughts into the best words; it gives us, as in painting, the *o o* of Giotto; it secures for us what Ruskin calls "the perfection and precision of the instantaneous line." It fires a rifle-bullet instead of a shower of bird-shot; it culls the very best phrase out of language instead of throwing a dozen epithets to see if one may chance to stick. For example, Emerson centres his "Problem" in "a cowed churchman"; Browning singles out an individual bishop or rabbi, as the case may be; but Whitman enumerates "priests on the earth, oracles, sacrificers, brahmins, sabbans, llamas, monks, muffs, exhorters." In "The Song of the Broad-Axe" there are nineteen successive lines beginning with the word "Where"; in "Salut au Monde" eighteen beginning with "I see." In "I sing the body electric" he specifies in detail "Wrists and wrist-joints, hand, palm, knuckles, thumb, forefinger, finger-joints, finger-nails," with thirteen more lines of just such minutiae. In the same poem he explains that he wishes his verses to be regarded as "Man's, woman's, child's, youth's, wife's, husband's, mother's, father's, young man's, young woman's poems." It is like bringing home a sackful of pebbles from the beach and asking you to admire the collected heap as a fine sea view. But it is to be noticed that these follies diminish in his later works; the lines grow shorter; and though he does not acquiesce in rhyme, he occasionally accepts a rhythm so well defined that it may be called conventional, as in the fine verses entitled "Darest thou now, O Soul!" And it is a fact which absolutely overthrows the whole theory of poetic structure or structurelessness implied in Whitman's volumes, that his warmest admirers usually place first among his works the poem on Lincoln's death, "My Captain," which comes so near to recognized poetic methods that it actually falls into rhyme.

Whitman can never be classed, like the German Schleiermacher, among "God-intoxicated" men; but he was early intoxicated with two potent draughts—himself and his country:

Che's self I sing, a simple separate person
Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En Masse.

With these words his collected poems open, and to these he has always been true. They have brought with them a certain access of power; and they have also implied weakness; on the personal side leading to prurience and on the rational side to rant. For some reason or other our sexual nature is so ordained that it is very hard for a person to dwell much upon it, even for noble and generous purposes, without developing a tendency to morbidity; the lives of philanthropists and reformers have sometimes shown this, and when one insists on it for purposes of self-glorification, the danger is greater. Whitman has not escaped the danger; it is something that he has outgrown it; and it is possible that if, let entirely alone, which could hardly be expected, he might ere now have dropped "Children of Adam" and some of the more nauseous passages in other effusions from his published works. One thing which has always accentuated the seeming grossness of the sensual side of his works has been the entire absence of that personal and ideal side of passion which can alone elevate and dignify it. Probably no poet of equal pretensions was ever so entirely wanting in the sentiment of individual love; he not only has given us no love-poem, in the ordinary use of that term, but it is as difficult to conceive of his writing one as of his chanting a serenade beneath the window of his mistress. His love is the blunt, undisguised attraction of sex to sex, the physical appetite that Fielding attributes to Tom Jones for the requisite quantity of white flesh; and whether this flesh belongs to a goddess or a street-walker, a Queensberry or a handmaid, is to him absolutely unimportant. This not only separates him from the poets of thoroughly ideal emotion, like Poe, but from those, like Rossetti, whose passion, though it may incarnate itself in the body, is inseparable from the very profoundest and most subtle yearnings of the spirit.

In preaching this gospel of unbounded self-indulgence—or, as his admirers would prefer to call it, self-expression—he has constantly made his own personality, and especially his own fine physical manhood, a factor. It is therefore fair to introduce this factor into criticism, in a way that would be wholly unfair if we were dealing with an objective poet like Browning. Thus, in his poem of "Native Moments," Whitman says:

Native moments—when you come upon me—ah, you are here now,
Give me now the ibidnious joys only.
Give me the drench of my passions, give me life
coarse and rank.
To-day I go consort with Nature's darlings, to-
night, too.
I am for those who believe in loose delights, I
share the midnight orgies of young men.

Much more has Whitman written to the same purpose, and with a bad influence—we speak from personal observation—on the lives of many young men; an influence that can scarcely be estimated. This passage is probably not among those extracts from Whitman which are now read for charitable purposes at Congregational rooms or in the parlors of Episcopal churches; but it represents what the poet would once have recognized as the vital principle of his muse. And he constantly represents himself as the living example of what he sings:

I now thirty-seven years old in perfect health. begin,
Hoping not to cease till death.

This is his theory, this his invited test. No matter, for the present, what the moralist would say of the theory; what the physiologist would say of it is that a man who undertakes to act upon it will end in bankruptcy, will not live out his life; that those who thus claim to be Nature's darlings end as Nature's warnings; that paralysis, insanity, premature old age are the retribution for "the drench of the passions" in youth. Was there ever a sadder personal commentary on all this than when we find this same poet, who at thirty-seven exulted in his manly strength, addressing school-children at fifty-five from the point of view of extreme age

("An Old Man's Thoughts of School"); and having constant appeals made for him, when hardly past the prime of life, as for one broken down by years and infirmities. Compare this premature senility of the poet of "life coarse and rank," with the old age of the chaster poets—with Bryant's eighty-four clean and wholesome years, with Whittier's, almost a life-long invalid and yet busy and useful when eighty-four years are told. It is the easy device of admirers to attribute this want of physical staying power to Whitman's army services, but the land is full of men who encountered during the civil war, and without boasting, an ordeal of bodily exposures to which those of Whitman were as nothing, in that comparatively sheltered position which he chose for himself; and who are still in health and vigor. We have no wish to dwell on the bodily calamities of any one, but where a man deliberately invites the personal test, and where the application of that test points a moral for coming generations, it would be cowardly to shrink from its recognition.

On purely poetic grounds it must be said of Whitman that he has in a high degree that measure of the ideal faculty which Emerson conceded to Margaret Fuller; he has "lyric glimpses." Rarely constructing anything, he is yet gifted in phrases, in single cadences, in single wayward strains as from an Æolian harp. It constantly happens that the titles or catch-words of his poems are better than the poems themselves; as we sometimes hear it said in praise of a clergyman that he has beautiful texts. "Proud Music of the Storm," "When lilies last in door-yard bloomed," and others, will readily occur; and if they were sometimes borrowed or duplicated, as "The Sobbing of the Bella" from Poe, it is no matter. Often, on the other hand, they are inflated, as "Chanting the Square Deific," or affected and feeble, as "Elddölons." One of the most curiously un-American traits in a poet professedly so national is his curious way of interlarding foreign, and especially French phrases, to a degree that recalls the fashionable novels of the last generation, and gives an incongruous effect comparable only to Theodore Parker's description of an African chief seen by some one at Sierra Leone—"With the exception of a dress-coat, his Majesty was as naked as a pestle." In the opening lines, already quoted from his collected volume (ed. 1881), Whitman defines "the word Democratic, the word En-Masse"; and everywhere French phrases present themselves. The vast sublimity of night on the prairies only suggests to him "how plenteous! how spiritual! how résumé," whatever that may mean; he talks of "Mélange mine own, the seen and the unseen"; writes poems "with reference to ensemble"; says "the future of the States I harbinge glad and sublime," and elsewhere, "I blow through my embouchures my loudest and gayest for them." He is "the extolled of amies," meaning apparently mistresses; and says that neither youth pertains to him "nor delicatessen." Phrases like these might be multiplied indefinitely, and when he says, "No dainty dolce affettuoso I," he seems vainly to disclaim being exactly what he is. He cannot even introduce himself to the audience without borrowing a foreign word—"I, Walt Whitman, one of the roughs, a kosmos"—and really stands in this respect on a plane no higher than that of those young girls at boarding-school who commit French phrases to memory in order to use them in conversation and give a fancied tone of good society.

But after all, the offence, which is a trivial affectation in a young girl, has a deeper foundation in a man who begins his literary career at thirty-seven. The essential fault of Whitman's poetry was well pointed out by a man of more heroic nature and higher genius, Lanier, who defined him as a dandy. Of all our poets, he is really the least simple, the most meretricious; and this is the reason why the honest consciousness of the classes whom he most

celebrates, the drover, the teamster, the soldier, has never been reached by his songs. He talks of labor as one who has never really labored; his "Drum-Taps" proceed from one who has never personally responded to the tap of the drum. This is his fatal and insurmountable defect; and it is because his own countrymen instinctively recognize this, and foreigners do not, that his following is mainly abroad, not at home. But it is also true that he has, in a fragmentary and disappointing way, some of the high ingredients of a poet's nature: a keen eye, a ready sympathy, a strong touch, a vivid but not shaping imagination. In his cyclopædia of epithets, in his accumulated directory of details, in his sandy wastes of iteration, there are many scattered particles of gold; never sifted out by him, never abundant enough to pay for the sifting, yet unmistakable gold. He has something of the turgid wealth, the self-conscious and mouthing amplitude of Victor Hugo, and much of his broad, vague, indolent desire for the welfare of the whole human race; but he has none of Hugo's structural power, his dramatic or melodramatic instinct, and his occasionally terse and brilliant condensation. It is not likely that he will ever have that place in the future which is claimed for him by his English admirers or even by the more cautious endorsement of Mr. Steadman; for, setting aside all other grounds of criticism, he has phrase, but not form, and without form there is no immortality.

LONDON, March 28.—Referring to the late Walt Whitman, the *Standard* says: "If obliged to judge Whitman by conventional standards, it might be necessary to declare that he failed as a poet. If instead we look at the residuum of pure gold his works contain, it is impossible to deny him the honor due a great and original genius."

The *Times* says that whatever defects his poems may reveal, they at least testify that Whitman was a man of power and fertility of resource, and that his work is bound to exercise considerable effect upon the future of American literature.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* calls Walt Whitman the "Poet of Democracy," adding: "It is a fitting tribute to turn from American politicians' treatment of the trumpery squabble of years regarding the catching of seals to the better expression of the genius of the United States by the author of 'Leaves of Grass' and 'Democratic Vistas.'"

Phil. Record, Mar. 9, 1919

WALT WHITMAN, the one hundredth anniversary of whose birth comes on the last day of May in the present year, is almost the sole American man of letters belonging to his period whose reputation has steadily widened throughout the whole generation born and grown to maturity since the close of his creative activity.

Whitman's life falls naturally enough into four periods—that of his apprenticeship, that of his journeymanhood, that of his productive activity, that of his old age. He was an apprentice to life and letters from earliest boyhood up to the first publication of "Leaves of Grass," in 1855. He was journeyman, in two senses, at intervals almost all his life, though his wide and free wanderings covered part of the later period before the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" appeared and the time there-

after to the close of the civil war and up to his disabling stroke of paralysis in the early seventies of the last century.

His productive period overlapped both his apprenticeship and his life as journeyman, but was mainly concentrated in the time between 1850 and 1882, at which latter date he issued the complete edition of "Leaves of Grass." During this period he wrote also much of the best prose contained in the volume originally called "Specimen Days and Collect."

His old age may be called the last 10 years between the publication of the complete "Leaves of Grass" and his death at Camden, N. J., in 1892.

Whitman's residences were Long Island and Manhattan Island, the United States and Canada at large and Camden. He had something like 25 years' residence on Long Island, with almost daily excursions to Manhattan and periodic returns to both, and

something like 10 years of roving in many parts of the United States and Canada, with shorter or longer excursions in after life, and about 19 years of residence at Camden, interrupted by these longer or shorter flights to New England, the West and Canada. He never visited Europe.

Shortly before Whitman became a resident of Camden, he began his curious relations with Anne Gilchrist. She, an English woman, a year his junior, wrote to him in May, 1869, saying that in "Leaves of Grass" she had found no book, but a man, and asking a letter. Whitman answered somewhat coldly that his book was his truest letter. She came to Philadelphia and Whitman for a while saw her often, but declined her offer to marry him. His excuse was an affection for a woman in the South whom he could not marry, because she already had a husband. Whitman wrote of Mrs. Gilchrist after her death, speaking of her as "My science-friend, my noblest woman friend, now buried in an English grave." The correspondence between Whitman and Mrs. Gilchrist has recently been published. Perhaps the experiment of marrying Whitman might have been a perilous one at any time; certainly it would have been when he was past 50, and on the edge of a permanent invalidism and premature physical old age.

While Whitman was a neighbor across the Delaware, intellectual Philadelphia annexed Camden. Whitman came to the trans-Delaware suburb a physically broken man in 1873, still an object of criticism and of more than suspicion to most persons because of his "Leaves of Grass," and there he lived, for the most part, until his death. In 1892, during which period he largely recovered his health and grew into a figure venerated and beloved.

It was in the early years of Whitman's residence in Camden that two very young men had the presumption to call on him, at his simple, little, wooden house in a quiet street. They found him seated in his shirt-sleeves near the front window, through which the

sunshine fell upon his figure, that to the young visitors' eyes, of a venerable old man, though Whitman was then only in his middle '50's. His head was gray, but his eyes were clear and his complexion was good. As ever, his plain garments were scrupulously neat and clean.

The poet sat amid a confused pile of his own books, in copies of which he was pasting a photograph of himself. The visitors understood that these copies were to be sent as compliments to friends on both sides of the Atlantic, some of them, doubtless, the men who had contributed to a fund raised in aid of Whitman after he had been stricken with paralysis. Tennyson was, possibly, one of the intended recipients. The names of some to whom the books were to go brought on a mild literary discussion, and one of the young visitors was rash enough to speak of Thackeray as "wholesome," to which Whitman replied, peering over his spectacles at the visitor, and speaking almost sharply: "You call him wholesome?" Naturally, the offender had no answer to this query. It would have been better for him had he held his peace thereafter, but he was fatuous enough to ask Whitman whether some literary celebrity from abroad, recently in Philadelphia, had visited the poet, to which the answer was a protest that he had no distinguished visitors. Perhaps there was a touch of querulousness in the poet's answer to his tactless young visitor; there was certainly a trace of discontent in the tone with which Whitman spoke some years later of his exclusion from the magazines. By that time he had become a sort of institution, a suburban Philadelphia, honored with veneration in the literary circles of the city, though still rejected by the scrupulous. He was for some years a not unfamiliar figure on the streets, and he wrote charmingly of Chestnut street as a great and distinctive thoroughfare.

Whitman of the years between his partial recovery from the effects of his stroke and the oncoming of genuine old age, say from 1876 or 1877 to 1888 or 1889, was a delightful person to encounter upon the street. His tall, rather full figure, his serene, large-featured face, framed in its abundant, fine white beard; his deliberate pace, interrupted frequently that he might look at the crowd or gaze in at shop windows, made him an object of curiosity to strangers, of kindly interest to those who recognized him. He looked as if he were somebody, as any but the dulllest or least observant must have felt. Many saluted him. Now and then a young admirer joined him for half a block. He had an effective, but not unkindly, way of disembarassing himself of those who interfered with his quiet enjoyment of the scene. It was a beautiful old age, mellow and mellow as the end approached, as one could read in the face of the poet, and in the few things he wrote, in prose or verse. He acknowledged without shame the material aid he received from friends and admirers, properly believing that he had given the world far more than an equivalent for the moderate necessities and comforts

that he accepted. When death came, March 27, 1892, he was honored not only by the little group of admirers who had not too judiciously made a cult of the man and his work, but by thousands of others on both sides of the Atlantic, though, even as he lay dead and unburied, the note of criticism in some quarters was almost brutally cruel. He was laid in Harleigh Cemetery, near Camden, where the simple, but fitting, tomb was of his own designing.

Although Whitman was intensely democratic in his attitude toward life, and sympathetic with the mass of his fellow-Americans, rural and urban, he did not come of the same stock from which the crowded masses of many American cities are now in large measure sprung. Upon this side of the Atlantic, at least, his forebears back to early Colonial times, though hard-working folk, seem never to have known poverty, to have had essentially what we should call today a common school education, to have been recognized among their neighbors as persons of substance and consideration.

Whitman himself seems to have felt that he drew much that was best in him from the mother's side of the family, the Van Velsors, prosperous farmers of Long Island, descended from early Dutch immigrants. The Van Velsor farm lay on the edge of Queen's county, about a mile from a little harbor on Long Island Sound, while the Whitmans lived on a farm of 500 acres at West Hills, somewhat less than three miles away, and a little east of Huntington, perhaps 30 miles from New York city. These Long Island Whitmans were of a family transplanted from New England. John Whitman, born in England in 1602 and his brother, the Rev. Zechariah Whitman, a Puritan minister, came to New England in 1640. John settled at Weymouth, Mass., but Zechariah was soon after living at Milford, Connecticut. John and his eldest son returned permanently to England, but Zechariah's son Joseph removed about 1664 to Huntington, L. I., and from him Walt Whitman was descended.

Whitman felt that he owed much to his mother's Quaker upbringing. Her mother was Amy Williams, by birth of English stock, the child of a sailor lost at sea. The Van Velsors were breeders and trainers of blooded stock, and Louisa Van Velsor, Whitman's mother was a daring and skillful horse-woman. Whitman's grandfather, Van Velsor, known as "the Major," was a jovial and red-stout old man of striking countenance. His grandmother Whitman, whose maiden name had been Brush, a corruption of Bruce, was a woman of strong, noble character and great natural refinement. She had been a schoolmistress in youth.

As a boy Whitman wandered much afield and along the shores of Long Island Sound and the Atlantic. He caught fish through the ice of Great South Bay and sailed Long Island

Sound in small boats. He knew also the pilots of New York Harbor and made many a short voyage with them down the bay.

At 12 or 13 Whitman became office boy in a law office in Brooklyn and Edmund Clarke, a member of the firm, helped him to learn to express himself in writing, and gave him an annual subscription to a circulating library.

Soon after this time Whitman began to learn printing in the office of The Long Island Patriot, a weekly newspaper published in Brooklyn. At 15 or 16 he was full man size. It was about this time that the family returned to the country and the boy went with the rest of the brood, eight children in all. By this time he had belonged to several debating societies and had seen something of the theatre in New York. In 1836-7 he worked at "the case" in several printing offices of New York city, and a little later, when just past 18, he taught country schools in Suffolk and Queens counties, Long Island, "boarding round." He found this life, which showed him the inside of many simple American homes, an important part of his education in democracy.

At about 20 Whitman began publishing a weekly newspaper in his native region of Huntington, but he soon returned to New York and worked there and in Brooklyn as printer, and as writer of prose and verse. For the next few years he took joy in the ferries between New York and Brooklyn, and rode much on the Broadway stages, coming to know and enjoy their drivers, and sometimes, it is said, to take the place of one or another on his route, when the driver needed a holiday.

At 20 and 30 he was editing the Brooklyn Eagle, and then he resumed his journeyman life, that which had begun in boyhood with his wanderings over Long Island afoot, and in whatever vehicle of sea or shore offered itself. This time he and his brother, Thomas Jefferson, commonly called Jeff, started off together to see the world of the United States. They passed through the "Middle States" of that day, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and possibly Delaware, went down the Ohio and Mississippi, lingered in New Orleans, where Whitman worked on the staff of the Daily Crescent. The two at last fared northward together, touching at St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, several places in Wisconsin, and going up into Canada. They returned by the Great Lakes and the Hudson to New York, having been gone about two years and traveled 8000 miles.

From 1851 to 1853 Whitman tried housebuilding in Brooklyn. In the earlier part of this period also he printed The Freeman, a daily and weekly newspaper. His father died in 1855, and in that year Whitman published "Leaves of Grass," having the presswork done at the job printing house of his friends, the Brothers Rome. The volume had but 94 pages.

Whitman, like Shakespeare, was not an infant prodigy, not a precocious genius. Most of his early writings he was glad to leave where they fell unregarded in the columns of one periodical or another, mostly obscure. Later

in life, when unauthorized persons were making ready to collect and republish some of these early uncopyrighted things he published a few of them as it were in self-defense. Some of his prose tales, written to enforce the lesson of temperance in the use of strong drink, show dramatic power and close observation, but an unformed prose style a little reminiscent of early nineteenth century models before second-rate English and American prose fiction had shaken off the influence of the eighteenth century. The verse of that period, 1834 to 1842, hardly gives promise of "Leaves of Grass," though the poem entitled "Blood Money," dated 1843, suggests in form and matter the work of his maturity. He says he had found it hard work to rid the earliest "Leaves of Grass," the thin volume published in 1855, of conventional "poetic" phrases.

Cold critics take it for granted that Whitman's roughest and most careless lines came of mere laziness, an unwillingness to give time to polishing his verse, and he was perhaps often too indolent to do his best. So large a personage as Whitman, however, is not to be explained by mere laziness. He usually knew what he was about. He had a perfectly definite intention and theory, and his oft ridiculed "catalogues" most of the time have a powerful cumulative effect. As to his happiest lyric movements, they are unsurpassed by even the greatest lyric poets, and a few passages stand alone as supreme examples of sound fitted to sense, which is the final and authentic mark of lyrical perfection. The poem, "Dirge for Two Veterans," which has some very rough stanzas, and closes rather ineffectively, has also this majestically musical stanza:

"I see the sad procession,
And I hear the sound of coming full-keyed bugles,
All the channels of the city streets
they're flooding,
As with voices and with tears."

Perhaps nowhere in Whitman are there seven lines in which sound and sense are so aptly fitted as in these from the poem beginning "In Cabined Ships at Sea," and bearing that line for title:

"Here not the land, firm land, alone appears," may then by them be said,

"The sky o'erarches here, we feel the undulating deck beneath our feet, We feel the long pulsation, ebb and flow of endless motion,

The tones of unseen mystery, the vague and vast suggestions of the briny world, the liquid-flowing syllables. The perfume, the faint creaking of the cordage, the melancholy rhythm, The boundless vista and the horizon far and dim are all here,
And this is ocean's poem."

Whitman's feeling for music, or to speak more broadly, for beauty of sound, finds apt expression in many passages of his verse. Sometimes it is the music of waters, as this from "Sea-Drift:"

"Soothe! Soothe! Soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave be-

hind,

And again another behind embracing
and lapping, every one close,
But my love soothes not me, not me."

Another poem opens thus:

"Proud music of the storm,
Blast that careers so free, whistling

across the prairies,
Strong hum of forest-tops—wind of the mountains,

Personified dim shapes—you hidden orchestras,

You serenades of phantoms with instruments alert,

Blending with nature's rhythms all the tongues of nations."

"The Mystic Trumpeter" has passages that approach the perfect fitting of sound to sense found in the seven lines quoted from "In Cabined Ships at Sea." The poem is one of Whitman's most delicious, and significant, nobly expressive of his highest philosophy. Here is the third stanza:

"Blow trumpeter free and clear, I follow thee,

While at thy liquid prelude, glad, serene,

The fretting world, the streets, the noisy hours of day withdraw,

A holy calm descends like dew upon me,
I walk in cool refreshing night the walks of paradise,

I scent the grass, the moist air and the roses;

Thy song expands my numbed, inboned spirit, thou freest, launchest me,

Floating and basking upon heaven's lake."

Whitman's philosophy was a sort of idealistic democracy, which led him not only to a belief in democratic government, which belief he had directly inherited from his father, who seems to have been a disciple of Thomas Jefferson for whom he named one of his sons but to a belief in social democracy, in literary and spiritual democracy. His democratic generalization was so broad that he seems to have cared little for any particular sect claiming for itself exclusively the title democratic. In his personal relations he was thoroughly democratic.

In his wanderings he found it easy, interesting and not uncomfortable to live in daily contact with all sorts of rough men. He seems to have believed that his poetry would be popular, would be read by the mass of his fellow-citizens, but it never has been popular, and the first to recognize it were men of letters, and others of broad literary view and strong intellectual curiosity.

Whitman put into his verse not only his social and political democracy, but his democratic interest in all things human. He not only celebrated the common man, but all sorts of men, the vicious and criminal as well as the kindly and well-ordered, and more, he felt bound to express in his poetry all the human passions, and especially the master passion of sex. He tells how he walked up and down Boston Common with Emerson for hours, while his fellow-poet, one of the first to hail him as of the true poetic brotherhood, argued against the inclusion in "Leaves of Grass" of the poetry dealing nakedly and, as it were, brutally, with sex. He

found Emerson's argument unanswerable, but it left Whitman all the more determined to publish the poems that Emerson would have had him suppress.

There was a tremendous hue and cry against these poems, and even today a few critics not only think they should not have been published, but deny Whitman's purity of intent. They earned him dismissal from his desk in the Treasury Department. It is hard to see how anyone who knows Whitman's work as a whole can doubt that every line he published was written with thoroughly good intent. Harder for Americans of British ancestry and temperament to understand and accept than the sexual poems are some of those in which Whitman celebrates the love of comrades, for he seems not to have had that shrinking from physical contact with friends of his own sex which is so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon. The Latin and German fashion of exchanging kisses with male friends did not offend Whitman, if one may trust the language of his verses in the division of his poetry called "Calamus."

Whitman's rejection of Emerson's irresistible argument for the sake of his own inner light was the direct fruit of his Quaker inheritance and upbringing, for he was a mystic, and this mysticism, which led him to trust intuition rather than formal logic, determined him to publish the most controverted part of his verse, while it inspired also his noblest utterances, those that express his faith in man as essentially a spiritual being, a child of God destined to eternal life. These conceptions of man's spiritual being and destiny appear in almost every stage of Whitman's poetic development, but are especially frequent in his later verse. "Chanting the Square Deific" is perhaps the noblest of his mystical poems, though "The Mystic Trumpeter" comes near it in elevation and surpasses it in technical beauty. These and other poems of like subject make up the division entitled "Whispers of Heavenly Death." One of the best in this division is the poem of 10 lines entitled "A Noiseless Patient Spider." Nobly beautiful is "The Last Invocation," and another strongly expressive of his spiritual faith is "Assurance."

All but perhaps the few thick-and-thin admirers of Whitman admit his limitations, his defects, his errors of taste. When all these things have been acknowledged he seems to remain the one powerfully original element in American poetry, perhaps the sole American poet destined to be a long and world-wide influence. In the perspective of the quarter-century since his death he looms large and clear of all his native contemporaries, he measures well up with the greatest poets that Europe produced in his period. Meanwhile his follies, faults, deficiencies, which seem trifling as set against his sum, are worth a glance.

Whitman resented somewhat the charge that he lacked humor, but his writings offer little or nothing to refute it, and perhaps if he had had humor along with the genuine modesty for

which some persons did not give him credit, he could hardly have endured the sort of cult that a small group made of him in his later years. His fondness for a few foreign words grates on most readers of discrimination, such words as "libertad" and "camerados," such phrases as "en masse." The native word "eligible" he also uses too frequently, and in a sense that he seeks to impress upon it, a sense not quite justified by origin or common use. His catalogues, picturesquely and cumulatively effective as they often are, he sometimes overdoes. His deliberate dropping into the baldest prose, although a studied effect, is seldom happy. Perhaps the best test of his greatness lies in this, that he bears frequent rereading, that new beauty and fresh significance await those who return to his poems, especially to several of the longer and less popular.

Whitman's best prose is almost flawless, though his prose, even more than his verse, suffers from his frequent negligence and his annoying use of long parentheses. Some of the impressionist prose descriptions of nature equal the very best things of the kind in the whole range of English prose, and in the long

essay, "Democratic Vistas," somewhat carelessly written, there are beautiful passages of noble eloquence that just skillfully avoid poetic rhythm. His critical prose shows temperate yet keen judgment, although mere good nature leads him to overrate some of his contemporaries, as Longfellow. Lowell, by the way, criticized Whitman in a letter to Eliot Norton, and left forever a measure of his own limitations, when he wrote, in 1855, touching "Leaves of Grass:" "No, no, the kind of thing you describe won't do," which recalls the salutation, "This will never do," addressed by a reviewer to an immortal name.

To be truly popular Whitman must wait for the time that he hoped would come, when all men have leisure and the chance for intellectual and spiritual self-development. Meanwhile, a century after his birth, a quarter century after his death, his work gives promise of outliving a vast deal of that produced by his contemporaries in whatever language. He has definitely taken his place with the comparatively small group of world-writers added to permanent literature by the nineteenth century.

R. N. VALLANTOWHAM.

An Epitaph

Among the papers of a deceased Bostonian who was fond of collecting odd compositions the interesting specimen was discovered:

Here into the dust
The moldering crust
Of Eleanor Batchelder's shoven,
Well versed in the arts
Of pies, pastry and tart,
And the lucrative skill of the oven.
When she'd lived long enough
She made her last puff—
A puff by her husband much praised,
And here she doth lie
And makes a dirt pie,
In hopes that her crust will be raised.

WHITMAN'S PROPHECY OF TO-DAY—American readers have found prophets of to-day's world situation in Shakespeare, in Victor Hugo, and in various other foreign writers, but an Englishman calls attention to Walt Whitman. Dr. C. W. Saleeby, writing to the *London Times*, makes an extract from Walt's "Years of the Modern," first published in "Drum Taps" in 1865, and asks, "Is not this indeed prophecy—the human utterance of the Divine?"

I see not America only—I see not only Liberty's nation, but other nations preparing;
I see tremendous entrances and exits—I see new combinations—I see the solidarity of races;
I see that force advancing with irresistible power on the world's stage; (Have the old forces, the old wars, played their parts? are the acts suitable to them closed?)
I see Freedom, completely armed, and victorious, and very haughty, with Law on one side and Peace on the other,
A stupendous Trio, all issuing forth against the idea of caste;
—What historic dénouements are those we so rapidly approach?
I see men marching and counter-marching by swift millions;
I see the frontiers and boundaries of the old aristocracies broken;
I see the landmarks of European kings removed;
I see this day the People beginning their landmarks (all others give way);
—What whispers are these, O lands, running ahead of you, passing under the seas?
Are all nations communing? Is there going to be but one heart to the globe?
Is humanity forming, en masse?—for lo! tyrants tremble, crowns grow dim;
The earth, restive, confronts a new era.
The perform'd America and Europe grow dim, retiring in shadow behind me,
The unperform'd, more gigantic than ever, advance, advance upon me.

The New York Times Whitman's Self-Reliance Nov. 1894

It is over sixty years since Goethe said that to be a German author was to be a German martyr. I presume things have changed in Germany since those times, and that the Goethe of to-day does not encounter the jealousy and hatred the great poet and critic of Weimar seemed to have called forth. But we in America have known an American author who was an American martyr in a more literal sense than any of the men named by the great German. More than Heine, or Rousseau, or Moliere, or Byron, was Walt Whitman a victim of the literary Philistinism of his country and times; but, fortunately for himself, his was a nature so large, tolerant and self-sufficing that his martyrdom sat lightly upon him. His unpopularity was rather a tonic to him than otherwise. He said he was more resolute because all had denied him than he ever could have been had all accepted him, and he added:

"I heed not and have never heeded cautions, majorities or ridicule."

There are no more precious and tonic pages in history than the records of men who have faced unpopularity, odium, hatred, ridicule, detraction, in obedience to an inward voice, and never lost courage or good nature. Whitman's is the most striking case in our literary annals—probably the most striking one in our century outside of politics and religion. The inward voice alone was the oracle he obeyed: "My commission obeying, to question it never daring."

The bitter-sweet cup of unpopularity he drained to its dregs, and drained it cheerfully, as one knowing beforehand that it is preparing for him and cannot be avoided.

"Have you learn'd lessons only of those who admired you and were tender with you and stood aside for you?"

Have you not learn'd great lessons from those who reject you, and brace themselves against you? or who treat you with contempt, or dispute the passage with you?"

Every man is a partaker in the triumph of him who is always true to himself and makes no compromises with customs, schools or opinions. Whitman's life, underneath its easy tolerance and cheerful good-will, was heroic. He fought his battle against great odds and he conquered; he had his own way, he yielded not a hair to the enemy.

The pressure brought to bear upon him by the press, by many of his friends, or by such a man as Emerson, whom he deeply revered, to change or omit certain passages from his poems, seems only to have served as the opposing hammer that clinches the nail. The louder the outcry the more deeply he felt it his duty to stand by his first convictions. The fierce and scornful opposition to his sex poems, and to his methods and aims generally, was probably more confirmatory than any approval could have been. It went to the quick. During a dark period of his life, when no publisher would touch his book, and when its exclusion from the mails was threatened, and poverty and paralysis were upon him, a wealthy Philadelphian offered to furnish means for its publication if he would omit certain poems; but the poet does not seem to have been tempted for one moment by the offer. He cheerfully chose the heroic part, as he always did.

Emerson reasoned and remonstrated with him for hours, walking up and down Boston Common, and after he had finished his argument, says Whitman, which was unanswerable, "I felt down in my soul the clear and unmistakable conviction to disobey all, and pursue my own way." He told Emerson so; whereupon they went and dined together. The independence of the poet probably impressed Emerson more than his yielding would have done, for, had not he preached the adamant doctrine

of self-trust? "To believe your own thought," he says, "to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true of all men—that is genius."

In many ways was Whitman, quite unconsciously to himself, the man Emerson invoked and prayed for—the absolutely self-reliant man; the man who should find his own day and land sufficient; who had no desire to be Greek, or Italian, or French, or English, but only himself; who should not whine, or apologize, or go abroad; who should not duck, or deprecate, or borrow, and who could see through the many disguises or debasements of our times the lineaments of the same gods that so ravished the bards of old.

The moment a man "acts for himself," says Emerson, "tossing the laws, the books, idolatries and customs out of the window, we pity him no more, but thank and revere him."

Whitman took the philosopher at his word. "Greatness once and forever has done with opinion," even the opinion of the good Emerson. "Heroism works in contradiction to the voice of mankind, and in contradiction, for a time, to the voice of the great and good." "Every heroic act measures itself by its contempt of some external good"—popularity, for instance. "The characteristic of heroism is persistency." "When you have chosen your part abide by it, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world." "Adhere to your act and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant, and broken the monotony of a decorous age." Heroism "is the avowal of the un-

schooled man that he finds a quality in him that is negligent of expense, of health, of life, of danger, of hatred, of reproach, and knows that his will is higher and more excellent than all actual and all possible antagonists." "A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition as if everything were titular and ephemeral but he." "Great works of art," he again says, "teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-natured inflexibility, the more when the whole cry of voices is on the other side." These brave sayings of Emerson were all illustrated and confirmed by Whitman's course. The spectacle of this man sitting there by the window of his little house in Camden, poor and partially paralyzed, and looking out upon the trite and commonplace scenes and people, or looking athwart the years and seeing only detraction and denial, yet always serene, cheerful, charitable, his wisdom and tolerance ripening and mellowing with time, is something to treasure and profit by. He was a man who needed no assurances. He had the patience and the leisure of nature. He welcomed your friendly and sympathetic word, or with equal composure he did without it.

I remember calling upon him shortly after Swinburne's fierce onslaught upon him had been published, some time in the latter part of the eighties. I was curious to see how Whitman took it, but I could not discover either in word or look that he was disturbed a particle by it. He spoke as kindly of Swinburne as ever. If he was pained at all it was on Swinburne's account and not on his own. It was a sad sight to see a man retreat upon himself as Swinburne had done. In fact, I think hostile criticism, fiercely hostile, gave Whitman nearly as much comfort as any other. Did it not attest reality? Men do not brace themselves against shadows. Swinburne's polysyllabic rage showed the force of the current he was trying to stem. As for Swinburne's hydrocephalous muse, I do not think Whitman took any interest in it from the first.

Self-reliance, or self-trust, is one of the principles Whitman announces in his "Laws for Creations." He saw that no first-class work is possible except it issue from a man's deepest, most radical self.

ment of these things is very pretty, and we all love it and admire it, but the flesh and blood reality puts us to flight. I think it probable that Whitman anticipated a long period of comparative oblivion for himself and his works. He knew from the first that the public would not be with him; he knew that the censors of taste, the critics and literary professors, would not be with him; he knew the vast army of Philistia, the respectable, orthodox church-going crowd, would be against him, and that, as in the case of nearly all original, first-class men, he would have to wait to be understood for the growth of the taste of himself. None knew more clearly than he

man in himself, and in his essential purity and divinity inside and out. And this man's faith in himself is his faith in all men. What he claims for one he claims for all. "What I assume you shall assume, for every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you." In celebrating himself he celebrated humanity, and in identifying himself with criminals and offenders of all sorts he but declares his universal brotherhood with all men. He does not give us charity, and liberty, and fraternity, and equality, as sentiments; he gives us the reality, and the reality is more than most people can stand. The senti-

"What do you suppose creation is?
What do you suppose will satisfy the soul but to walk free and own no superior?
What do you suppose I would intimate to you in a hundred ways, but that man or woman is as good as God?
And that there is no God any more divine than yourself?
And that that is what the oldest and newest myths finally mean?
And that you or any one must approach creations through such laws?"
"Leaves of Grass" is a monument to the faith of one

did how completely our people were under the illusion of the genteel and the conventional, and that even among the emancipated few the possession of anything like robust æsthetic perception was rare enough. America, so bold and original and independent in the world of practical politics and material endeavor, is, in spiritual and imaginative regions, timid, conforming, imitative. There is, perhaps, no civilized country in the world wherein the native, original man, the real critter, as Whitman loved to say, that underlies all our culture and conventions, crops out so little in manners, in literature and in social usages. The fear of being unconventional is greater with us than the fear of death. A certain evasiveness, polish, distrust of ourselves, amounting to insipidity and insincerity, is spoken of by observant foreigners. In other words, we are perhaps the least like children of any people in the world. In due time youth and manhood meet; the greatest men are the most frank and simple; but, as a people, we have a long way yet to travel to reach this blessed state. All these things were against Whitman, and will continue to be against him for a long time. With the first stroke he broke through the conventional and took his stand upon the natural. With rude hands he tore away the veils and concealments from the body and from the soul. He ignored entirely all social and conventional usages and hypocrisies, not by revolt against them, but by choosing a point of view from which they disappeared. He embraced the unrefined and the savage as well as the tender and human. The illusions of the past, of the models and standards, he freed himself of at once, and declared for the beauty and the divinity of the now and the here. He did not hesitate to say that "what is nearest, cheapest, easiest is me." Such an example of self-assertion, not only in behalf of himself but in behalf of his fellows and of his country, was never before seen in any recent literature. The arrogance and the assumptions of the work were astounding. But its boundless humanitarian spirit, its tremendous practical democracy, its grasp of the great spiritual forces and its pristine splendor and freshness, like the sea and the orbs, won for it a tardy recognition here and there; yet to say that the public taste was shocked, is not saying much: appreciative readers were often bewildered. Even Emerson's admiration, so strongly and eloquently expressed in his now famous letter to the poet, though never taken back, was apparently held in abeyance for years before his death.

Out of Whitman's absolute self-trust arose his prophetic egotism—the divine fervor and audacity of the simple ego. He shared the conviction of the old prophets that man is a part of God, and that there is nothing in the universe any more divine than the individual soul. "I, too," he says, and this line is the key to much there is in his work—

"I, too, have felt the resistless call of myself."

With the old Biblical writers the motions of their own spirits, their thoughts, dreams, etc., was the voice of God. There is something of the same sort in Whitman. The voice of that inner self was final and author-

itative with him. It was the voice of God. He could drive through and over all the conventions of the world in obedience to that voice. This call to him was as a voice from Sinai. One of his mastering thoughts was the thought of identity—that you are you, and I am I. This was the final meaning of things, and the meaning of immortality. "Yourself, yourself, YOURSELF," he says, with swelling vehemence, "forever and ever." To be compacted and riveted and fortified in yourself, so as to be a law unto yourself, is the final word of the past and of the present.

Whitman's egotism, colossal as it was, was not personal and ignoble. It was vicarious and all-embracing of humanity. He thought better of every man than that man thought of himself. Selfishness in any unworthy sense he had none. Vanity, arrogance, self-assertion in his life there was none. Fondness for praise, as such, which has been so often charged, I fail to detect.

A craving for sympathy and personal affection he certainly had; to be valued as a human being was more to him than to be valued as a poet. His strongest attachments were probably for persons who had no opinion, good or bad, of his poetry at all.

His egotism, if there is no better word, united him to his fellows rather than separated him from them. It was not that of a man who sets himself up above others, or who claims some special advantage or privilege, but that god-like quality that would make others share its great good fortune. Hence we are not at all shocked when the poet, in the fervor of his love for mankind, determinedly imputes to himself all the sins and vices and follies of his fellow-men. We rather glory in it. This self-abasement is the seal of the authenticity of his egotism. Without those things there might be some ground for the complaint of a Boston critic of Whitman that his work was not noble, because it celebrated pride, and did not inculcate the virtues of humility and self-denial, etc. The great lesson of the "Leaves," flowing curiously out of its pride and egotism, is the lesson of charity, of self-surrender: and the free bestowal of yourself upon all hands.

The law of life of great art is the law of life in ethics, and was long ago announced.

He that would lose his life shall find it; he that gives himself the most freely shall the most freely receive. Whitman made himself the brother and equal of all, not in word, but in very deed; he was in himself a compend of the people for which he spoke, and this breadth of sympathy and free giving of himself has resulted in an unexpected accession of power.

John Burroughs.

The Christian Union vol. 43, no. 26

A COLLEGE POEM BY BRYANT.

June 25,
1891

BY THE REV. J. L. JENKINS.

BRYANT'S college life was short—two terms only. He entered the Sophomore Class at Williams in the fall of October, 1810, and left in the spring. During this time he wrote at least one poem. Mr. Bigelow, in his Life of Bryant, says it was delivered before one of the college societies. He quotes

ten lines from it, prefacing the quotation with these words: "They show that he was satisfied neither with the climate, town, college, nor its authorities."

A copy of the entire poem is in my possession. It is in the handwriting of my father. To the poem is attached this statement: "Written by W. C. Bryant, late a member of the Sophomore Class in Williams College." My father was in the same class with Bryant. They knew each other well, I infer from the fact that in a letter of Bryant, written in 1859, my father is mentioned by name, with three others, as the men he remembered most distinctly as college acquaintances. The many Williams men scattered over the land and world will, I judge, be interested in the poem, which I give as I have it.

It needs hardly be said that those of us familiar in recent years with the fair Berkshire college town, with its clean streets and well-kept college and private grounds, its noble buildings and world-famous instructors, do not recognize it in the poet's description. If it was ever true, immense credit belongs to those who from the veriest desert have made a matchless garden.

Lover of Berkshire as I am, it must be confessed that Bryant's description of soil and climate comes nearer to the truth in February and March than in any other of the twelve months of the year.

LONGFELLOW'S COMMENCEMENT

The Christian Union ORATION. June 25,
1891
BY GEORGE T. PACKARD.

THE Commencement parts which aspiring youths have lately given to the world did not, as a rule, clearly foreshadow the future occupations of the speakers. More than one hard-headed and un-rhythmical student, for instance, has treated the shade of Shelley to its annual surprise by presenting an unsolicited tribute to the worth of the poet's verse. This Commencement effort will be followed, it may be, by the undoubted prose of a farmer's life. In fact, there is a certain pathos in the feeling that these compositions are often tender farewells to the poetical side of life, and not even suggestive of a "might have been." Perhaps the most striking instance of this somewhat violent estrangement between the graduating theme and the chosen calling was that of a student I knew of, who discoursed upon the physical sciences (borrowing his words, as he gleefully confessed, from a famous man of science) and then betook himself to sawing logs.

Not so, however, was it with Longfellow, the subject of whose Commencement oration, when he graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, was "Our Native Writers." The whole drift of the composition, not less than the subject itself, was in keeping with the predestined work which was to enrich and gladden so many hearts.

A number of years ago, this composition of Longfellow was reproduced in the columns of an attractive periodical in Boston, "Every Other Saturday," whose rather brief but dignified career was followed by the friendly interest of a fit if restricted circle of readers. Its editor described the text of the composition as in the "same beautiful chirography that the poet always used." Even Longfellow's finished handwriting seems to have been born with him. Probably few readers of The Christian Union ever saw the periodical to which I refer, and the college essay will be, there-

DESCRIPTIO GULIELMOPOLIS.

No more the brumal tempest sheds
Its gathered stores in sleety showers,
Nor yet the vernal season spreads
Her verdant mantle gemmed with flowers;
But fettered stands the naked year
And shivers to the chilling air,
And lingers dubious on the wing;
And often struggles to unclasp
Reluctant Winter's icy grasp
And greet the arms of Spring.

Hemmed in with hills, whose heads aspire,
Abrupt and rude, and hung with woods;
Amidst these vales I touch the lyre,
Where devious Hoosack rolls his floods.
Dear vales, where every pleasure meets,
Fain would I paint thy slimy streets,
Extensive views and wholesome air,
Thy soil with churlish guardians blest
And horrors of the bleak Northwest
Poured through the chasm afar.

Safe from the morning's golden eye
And sheltered from the western breeze,
These happy regions bosomed lie—
The seats of bliss and towers of ease,
Far-famed spot whose fertile breast
Now droughts with lengthened blaze infest,
Now tempests drench with copious flood.
Alternate heat and cold surprise,
A frozen desert now it lies,
And now a sea of mud!

While rising on the tainted gale,
The morbid exhalations ride,
And hover o'er the unconscious vale,
Or steep upon the mountain side.
Then on her misty car reclined,
Her aching brows with nightshade twined,
Disease unseen directs her way,
Wields the black scepter of her reign
And bars her shafts with keener pain,
And singles out her prey.

Why should I sing its turbid springs
That trickle through its rocks of lime,
And why those domes where science flings
Her far-diffusing rays sublime,
When through the horror-breathing halls
The pale-faced, moping students crawl
Like spectered monuments of woe,
Or studious seek the unwholesome cell,
Where dust and gloom and cobwebs dwell,
Dark, dirty, dank, and low.

Yet on the picture dark with shade
Let not the eye forever gaze
Where lawless power her nest has laid,
And stern suspicion treads her maze.
The storm that o'er the wintry waste
Rides howling on the northern blast,
In time will curb its furious way;
But that o'er Hoosack's vales which looks
Will never hail serenest hours,
Nor open to the day.

fore, an unexpected token of the early maturity of the poet.

The composition consists of about 1,200 words, equal to a column and a third of The Christian Union. The style is clear and rhythmical, and, apart from some touches which tell of youthfulness, the treatment of the subject is far more sustained and properly proportioned than that of the majority of graduating parts. Longfellow was but eighteen years old when he graduated. In the class, numbering thirty-eight, only three were younger than himself. One of these, the Rev. Dr. George B. Cheever, was his junior by less than two months. Hawthorne—born on the 4th of July, by the way—was nearly three years his senior.

These are the opening sentences of the oration: "To an American there is something endearing in the very sounds—Our Native Writers. Like the music of our native tongue, when heard in a foreign land, they have power to kindle up within him the tender memory of his home and fireside; and, more than this, they foretell that whatever is noble and attractive in our national character will one day be associated with the sweet magic of Poetry." He asks if our land is to be the "land of song," and answers, "Yes; and palms are to be won by our native writers." A "first beginning of a national literature" has been made, but "we cannot yet throw off our literary allegiance to Old England, we cannot yet remove from our shelves every book which is not strictly and truly American." "English literature is a great and glorious monument . . . rising bright and beautiful till its summit is hid in the mists of antiquity."

He discusses the hindrances to the progress of a distinctively American literature, and says: "Poetry with us has never yet been anything but a pastime. The fault, however, is not so much that of our writers as of the prevalent modes of thinking

which characterize our country and our times. We are a plain people, that have had nothing to do with the mere pleasures and luxuries of life; and hence there has sprung up within us a quick-sightedness to the failings of literary men, and an aversion to everything that is not practical, operative, and thoroughgoing. But if we would ever have a national literature, our native writers must be patronized. . . . Putting off, then, what Shakespeare calls 'the visage of the times,' we must become hearty well-wishers to our native authors; and with them there

must be a deep and thorough conviction of the glory of their calling—an utter abandonment of everything else—and a noble self-devotion to the cause of literature. . . . In the vanity of scholarship, England has reproached us that we have no finished scholars. . . . Our very poverty in this respect will have a tendency to give a national character to our literature. . . . We are thus thrown upon ourselves; and thus shall our native hills become renowned in song, like those of Greece and Italy. Every rock shall become a chronicle of storied allusions; and the tomb of the Indian prophet be as hallowed as the sepulchers of ancient kings or the damp vault and perpetual lamp of the Saracen monarch."

The "influence of natural scenery in forming the poetical character" is the special thought developed in the latter part of the oration. Here are sentences that the man Longfellow might have been willing to own as his offspring: "Genius, to be sure, must be born with a man; and it is its high prerogative to be free, limitless, irrepressible. Yet how is it molded by the plastic hand of Nature! how are its attributes shaped and modulated, when a genius like Canova's failed in the bust of the Corsican, and amid the splendor of the French metropolis languished for the sunny skies and vine-clad hills of Italy! Men may talk of sitting down in the calm and quiet of their libraries, and of forgetting, in the eloquent companionship of books, all the vain cares that beset them in the crowded thoroughfares of life; but, after all, there is nothing which so frees us from the turbulent ambition and bustle of the world, nothing which so fills the mind with great and glowing conceptions, and at the same time so warms the heart with love and tenderness, as a frequent and close communion with natural scenery."

"We may rejoice, then," concludes the youthful orator, "in the hope of beauty and sublimity in our national literature, for no people are richer than we are in the treasures of nature. And well may each of us feel a glorious and high-minded pride in saying, as he looks on the hills and vales, on the woods and waters, of New England, 'This is my own, my native land!'"

Already Longfellow had written poems not unworthy of his later fame. The charms of the scenery—of the river, the sea, and of the woods, whose voice greets each in impartial fondness—had made Brunswick more to him than the seat of a college. He was even then a "native writer," and American literature was soon to feel the impulse which his Commencement oration predicted, though he was too modest to dream that the prophet was to make his own foretelling true.

INGERSOLL AND WHITMAN.

BY SCOTT F. HERSHEY, PH.D., WASHINGTON, D. C.

The advocate for the unrestrained circulation of impure literature has posed in his self-conceit at the bier of Walt Whitman, where, as is his custom, he indulges in religious ridicule. Were not the entire proceedings an exhibit of low material-

ism, characteristic of both the orator and the poet? It was proper, I suppose, that Ingersoll should have been there. Like Whitman, he is a low sceptic and hazy agnostic. Like Whitman, he is an apostle of animalism, and has no apparent conception of the spiritualism. As Whitman, he is erratic and indefinite. It was a proper place for Ingersoll.

I have been waiting for time—which I only had yesterday—to critically examine the writings of Whitman. My impression is much like that of Swinburne, that "Whitman had flashes of something occasionally like genius, expressed in something occasionally like English." I note the generally low poetic marks of his writings. He had little of the fire, and less of the genius of the poet. Only now and then, mostly a line at a time, he seems to reach up to something poetic in feeling, thought and language. Prevailing everywhere there is a bewildering indefiniteness, and a tiresome jingle of parallelisms. I know of no poet whose lines are so hard to understand. I defy any man to have a clear understanding, page after page, of his longest poem. His thought is a muddle, and his style is woefully inconsecutive. I have a serious opinion that his popularity was owing to his moral looseness of thought rather than to any ability he had as a poet. In American literature, his name will be dropped in less than a score of years. He has never touched the hearts of men, without which no man can be a poet. The only honor which attaches to his memory is that which belongs to him for his helpful services in the hospitals during the war.

It is to be remembered that Whitman is the sceptical poet of America. And in this sense he properly belongs to the French school of the eighteenth century. He has not expressed one clear religious sentiment in all his writings. It is not even certain what he means by religion in the few instances he uses the word. As to whether he believed in a future life he did not even know himself. In one instance he says that there

"Never will be any more perfection than there is now,
Any more heaven or hell, than there is now."

He seems to hint at Pantheism:

"Was somebody asking to see the soul?
See! Your own shape and countenance—persons,
Substances, beasts, the trees, running rivers, the rocks
and sands."

He slurs the Christ, while he glorifies the lowest habits of life.

Whitman agrees with all sceptical writers in supreme self-conceit, and an exaltation of self. He says that

"Nothing, not God, is greater than one's self."

Egotism is almost made in him. As

"I sat studying at the feet of the great masters;
Now, O that the great masters might return and

He draws this crazy picture of self-praise:

"Walt Whitman am I, of mighty Manhattan the son,
Turbulent, fleshy and sensual, eating and drinking,
and breeding,
I dote on myself."

It is worth while to remark that this is typical of sceptical thinkers. I am not able to name a single sceptical writer that was graced with the least discoverable trait of humility. All of them are disgustingly self-adored.

Must it not be written that Whitman is the poet of the animal and the sensual? He was an advocate of immorality, as all infidels are. He had no sense of shame and rather boasted of it. He is

the poet of the back-yard, and the refuse heap. His poems have the seal of the sensual upon them. Not a line did he write in defence of the chaste and virtuous. He says:

"I believe in the flesh and the appetites,
I think I could turn and live with the animals, they are so placid and self-contained,
They do not lie down in the dark and weep for their sins;
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God."

I know of nothing so low and indecorous. I could make quotations no paper in the land would print. In an honest moment he determined his own low level: "I bequeath myself to the dirt." Let him remain there.

WHITMAN AT REST.

FUNERAL OF THE DEAD POET IN
CAMDEN CITY YESTERDAY.

Phila. Ledger
PROMINENT PEOPLE PRESENT
Mar. 31, 1892

THE ADDRESSES AT THE TOMB IN HAR-
LEIGH CEMETERY.

MANY TRIBUTES OF RESPECT OFFERED

THREE THOUSAND PEOPLE VIEW THE
REMAINS IN TWO HOURS.

Phila. Ledger Mar. 31, 1892

Probably never before has there been such a gathering of distinguished men in the world of letters in Camden as assembled yesterday to pay their last tribute of respect to the dead poet, Walt Whitman, whose remains were placed in the tomb planned by himself, in Harleigh Cemetery, in the afternoon. Soon after 10 o'clock in the morning people began to gather in the vicinity of the humble home of the old poet, No. 323 Mickie street, waiting for the doors to be thrown open, that they might take a last look of one whose face and form had been for many years so familiar to the citizens of Camden. It was not until 10.45 that Fithian S. Simmons, the funeral director in charge, gave the order to open the doors, and from that hour until 1.30 there was a continual stream of men, women and children passing through the little parlors around the casket containing the remains of the old bard.

The casket was of heavy English quartered oak, with oxidized trimmings, with the inscription "Walt-Whitman," in English text, on the lid.

The casket was placed in the back parlor and was literally covered with floral emblems of various designs, sent by admiring friends from all parts of the country. A number of designs were deposited on tables, while others were arranged at the head and also at the foot of the casket. The body was dressed in his familiar suit of gray, and, while the features were greatly emaciated, yet to those who knew him in life, the face in death presented a natural appearance, as though he had sunk into a deep sleep.

Among the floral emblems were pieces from Richard Watson Gilder, Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, Edmund Clarence Stedman, John H. Johnson, John Whitman,

Wilder, I. D. Hylton, F. S. Simmons, Prof. Geoffrey Buckwalter; wreath of roses from the Whitman Circle, Bolton, England (ordered by cable); wreath of ivy from Mrs. Fairbairn, of Boston; wreath of white and pink roses from friends in California (ordered by telegraph); wreath of ivy and violets from T. B. Aldrich, of Boston; bouquet from Folger McKinsey, of Maryland, with the following note:

"HORACE TRAUBEL, Esq.; Dear Sir—
I have taken the liberty to address to you this little box of flowers for Walt Whitman's coffin. The fern and sprigs of myrtle are from the grave of Franklin Booth, in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, in this city—the poet of American patriotism—for the grave of the poet of American Democracy.

"The tribute is a modest one, but it comes from one of Mr. Whitman's 'boys'—one who was a few years ago as close to him as anybody, and who holds very dear the memory of his friendship with the great-hearted man. Please be kind enough to give the little bunch of flowers an humble place among the many richer and more elaborate tributes that will no doubt be soon."

Accompanying the wreath of ivy, from Edmund Clarence Stedman, was the following farewell:

GOOD BYE, WALT!

Good-bye, you loved from all you loved of earth—

Rock, tree, dumb creature, man and woman—

To you their comradeship human.

The last assault

Ends now, and now in some great world has birth

A minstrel, whose strong soul finds broader wings,

More brave imaginings.

Stars crown the hill-top where your dust shall be,

Even as we say good-bye.

Good-bye, old Walt!

At 1.30 o'clock over 3000 people had passed through the house and viewed the remains, and the doors were then closed to the general public.

At the Tomb.

At 2.30 the funeral cortege started for the cemetery, arriving at the tomb at about 3 o'clock. A tent had been erected just south of the tomb, where the services were held, and around this tent and on the hillside, above and below the tomb, were gathered about 3000 people. The tent poles were tipped with the national colors, and the sides and the speakers' platform. Arriving at the tomb the casket was carried to the centre of the tent, facing the platform, followed by the relatives and friends of the dead poet.

The list of honorary pall-bearers selected, most of whom were present, included the following: Mr. John Burroughs, Mr. Horace Howard Furness, Mr. J. H. Johnson, Mr. Lincoln L. Eyre, Mr. Julian Hawthorne, Mr. George W. Childs, Judge C. G. Garrison, ex-Senator A. G. Cattell, Mr. Thomas Donaldson, Mr. Francis Howard Williams, Mr. J. H. Stoddard, Mr. H. Talcott Williams, Mr. H. L. Bonsall, Mr. T. B. Harrod, Mr. Horace L. Traubel, Dr. Bucke, Rev. J. H. Clifford, Dr. Daniel G. Bruston, Mr. Harrison S. Morris, Mr. Julius Chambers, Mr. Edmund C. Stedman and Mr. Thomas Eakins.

The Services.

The services were commenced by Mr. Francis Howard Williams, who read Scriptural selections and extracts from Whitman's poems.

Mr. Harrod's Address.

The opening address was made by Thomas B. Harrod, Esq., of Camden, Whitman's friend and a gal advisor. He said:

"We have come here to-day to entomb the body of Walt Whitman. We do not come to address. The great singer of death and immortality would have us utter only words of life. We who have been the personal witnesses of his daily life have no right to be silent. In the presence of death it becomes a duty to give testimony to the consistency of his life."

"I am charged with the special duty to speak for this city, in which he had lived for many years. He came to Camden in 1878 poor, paralyzed and sick. He had no thought then that his life would be prolonged. He had given his best years to the nursing of soldiers. No tongue can tell the extent of that ministry. With untiring fidelity he served his country. The history of the war presents no instance of nobler fulfilment of duty or sublimer sacrifice. The stalwart physique broke under the terrible strain, and this man came among us to spend his last days. For more than 17 years he has been a familiar figure. During these long years of suffering no one has ever heard him utter a word of complaint. We know of his gentleness, his charity, his wisdom, simplicity, his inspiring and cheery voice, his majestic and venerable figure, his strong and classic face, cast in an antique mould. We have seen him on our streets, or frequenting the ferry boats, or driving over the neighboring roads. His companions have been from every walk of life, more especially among the poor and humble. He has taken a personal interest in the welfare of mechanics, deck-hands, car-drivers and other sons of toil. He was the friend of children, and they all loved him. Although persons of eminence in literary and public life paid him homage, he cared more for the companionship of the common people.

"A predominant trait of his character was gratitude, and it is because of his personal request to me that I speak to-day to return his thanks to the people, especially of Camden, for their many acts of kindness while he has been one of its humble citizens. 'Don't forget,' he said, 'to say thanks, thanks, thanks.'"

"Year by year he grew feebler, and his ability to walk lessened, until at last he could not leave the house; but his ability to work, his serene faith, his joyous courage never altered or lessened. His tenacity of purpose never weakened. No one could detect any intellectual sluggishness or the timidity of age. His keen insight and clear vision never failed him."

"I deem it my duty to mention two important facts: one, his positive belief in immortality, and the other his fearlessness of death."

"With him immortality was not a hope or a beautiful dream. He believed that he lived in an eternal universe, and that man was as indestructible as his Creator. His views of religion have been misunderstood. He was tolerant of the opinions of others, and recognized the good in all religious systems. His philosophy was without the limitation of a creed, and included the best thought of every age and clime."

Address of Dr. Brinton.

Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, of Philadelphia, said: "Friends of the dead, comrades and lovers of him who has left us. We meet to bid farewell to him whose life and thoughts have forged the bonds between us. We feared that in midwinter he would have been taken from us, but he abided until the flowers of spring have come to deck his sepulchre, and until the leaves of grass typical to his soul of the mystic energy of nature stretch out toward his tomb."

"No soldier was he; no dailier with the golden hours; but arduous, contentious and infinitely loving. He came bearing the burden of a Gospel, the Gospel of the Individual Man. He came teaching that the soul is not more than the body, and that the body is not more than the soul; and that nothing, not God himself, is greater to one than one's self is. He asked no man to accept his teachings or become his disciple, or to call him Master. His strong voice resounded above the heads of all high men and over the roofs of the world. It challenged alike wealth and power, and want and death, proclaiming that man, the one man, the individual, every individual, has all rights and all powers, is the autocrat of the world, sole ruler of the universe—let him only enforce his claims and make good his titles. His words are perpetual warnings to all sects and syndicates, to all leagues and orders which blind men's minds or muscles to the bidding of another, which make them slaves in thought or in action, and a warning against that worse and commoner bondage to one's own self, to imbibed traditions, to cultivated fears, to accepted and self-forged shackles."

Eulogized by Dr. Bucke.

Dr. Bucke, of Canada, the biographer of Whitman, next spoke. He said:

"My friends:—This hour and place will be memorable forever, for here now we consign to its rest all that was mortal of a great man—a man who has graven a deep mark on his age and who will cut a yet deeper furrow across the face of the future."

"There is this difficulty in speaking about Walt Whitman: He was so great, he stood so far apart from, so far above other men."

that when one who knew him attempts to depict him to those who did not, the reporter inevitably makes such claims as cause him to be charged with extravagant exaggeration. Not only so, but, on account of the greatness and especially of the universality of our friend, even those who lived close about him, though conscious of remarkable qualities in the man, were almost never able to realize in any adequate degree the man himself."

"Over and above all ordinary greatness—

greatness of perception, of intellect, of will, of moral qualities, of spiritual exaltation and illumination, and of the power of keen and accurate expression—and all these greatnesses and many more he had—over and above all these he had in an eminent degree that crowning endowment, faculty, quality, or whatever it may be called, the possession of which causes a man to be picked out from the rest and set apart as an object of affection. In his own vivid language: 'He has the pass key of hearts, to him the response of the prying of hands on the knobs.'

Address of Colonel Ingersoll.

The closing address was made by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, in the course of which he said: "Again, we, in the mystery of Life, are brought face to face with the mystery of Death. A great man—a great American—the most eminent citizen of this Republic—is dead before us. And we have met to pay a tribute to his greatness and to his worth. I know that he needs no words of mine. His fame is secure. He laid the foundations of it deep in the human heart. He was, above all that I have known, the Poet of Humanity, of Sympathy. Great he was—so great that he rose above the greatest that he met without arrogance; and so great that he stooped to the lowest without conscious condescension. He never claimed to be lower or greater than any other of the sons of men. He came into our generation a free, untrammelled spirit, with sympathy for all. His arm was beneath the form of the sick. He sympathized with the imprisoned and despised. And even on the brow of crime he was great enough to place the kiss of human sympathy. One of the greatest lines in our literature is his. Speaking of an outcast—and the line is great enough to do honor to the greatest genius that ever lived—he said:

"Not until the sun excludes you will I exclude you."

"A charity as wide as the sky. And wherever there was human suffering, human misfortune, the sympathy of Whitman bent above it as the firmament bends above this earth."

"And he walked among men, among writers, among verbal varnishers and veneers, among literary milliners and tailors with the unconscious dignity of an antique god. He was the poet, also, of that divine democracy that gives equal rights to all the sons and daughters of men. He uttered the great American voice, uttered a song worthy of the great Republic. No man has ever said more for the rights of humanity—more in favor of real democracy or real justice. He neither scorned nor cringed—was neither tyrant nor slave. He asked only to stand beneath the great flag of nature, the blue and the stars."

"He was a Poet of Life. It was a joy to him simply to breathe. He loved the clouds. He enjoyed the breath of morning, the twilight, the wind, the winding streams. He loved to look at the sea when the wind and waves burst into the white caps of joy. He loved the fields, the hills. He was acquainted with trees, with birds, with all the beautiful objects on the earth. And he saw not only those objects, but understood their meaning. And he used them that he might exhibit his heart to his fellow-men."

"He was also the Poet of Love. He was not ashamed of that divine passion that has built every home in the world—that divine passion that has painted every picture and given us every real great work of art; that divine passion that has made the world worth living in and gives some value to human life."

"He was the Poet of the Natural, and taught men not to be ashamed of that which is natural."

"He has uttered more supreme words than any writer of our century, and possibly of almost any other. He was, above all things, a man. And above genius, above all the snow-capped peaks of intelligence, above all of art, rises the true man—greater than all, he was a true man. And he

walked amongst his fellow men as such."

"He was also, as has been said, the Poet of Death. He accepted all—Life and Death. And he justified all. He had the courage to meet all, and was great enough and splendid enough to harmonize all and, to accept all there is of life as a divine melody."

"You know better than I what his life has been. But let me say one thing. Knowing, as he did, what others can know and what they cannot, he accepted and absorbed all theories, all creeds, all religions, and believed in none. His philosophy was a sky that embraced all clouds and accounted for all clouds. He had a philosophy and a religion of his own, broader, as he believed—and as I believe—than others. He accepted all. He absorbed all. And he was above all. He was true absolutely to himself. He had frankness, courage, and he was as candid as light. He was willing that all the sons of men should be absolutely acquainted with his heart, and brain. He had nothing to conceal. Frank, candid, pure, serene, noble. And for years and years he was maligned and slandered simply because he had the candor of nature. He will be understood yet, and that for which he was condemned—that is, his frankness, his candor—will add to the glory and greatness of his fame. He wrote a liturgy for humanity. He wrote a great and splendid psalm of life. And he gave to us the gospel of humanity—the greatest gospel that can be preached—the gospel of humanity."

"He was not afraid to live; not afraid to speak his thought. Neither was he afraid to die. For many years he and Death lived near neighbors. He was always willing and ready to meet and greet this thing called Death. And for many months he sat in the deepening twilight waiting for the night—waiting for the light. In his brain were the blessed memories of the day; and in his heart were mingled the dawn and dusk of life. He was not afraid—cheerful every moment, the laughing nymphs of the day did not desert him. They remained that they might clasp the hand of the veiled and silent sisters of the night when they should come. And when they did come, Walt Whitman stretched his hands to both—one on one side the nymphs of day, on the other the silent sisters of the night. And so, hand in hand, between smiles and tears, he reached his journey's end. From the frontier of life; from the western wave-kissed shore, he sent us messages of content and hope. And those messages seem now like strains of music blown by the mystic Trumpeter from Death's pale realm."

To-day we give back to Mother Nature, to her clasp and kiss, one of the bravest, sweetest souls that ever lived in human clay, charitable as the air and generous as nature—negligent of all except to do and say what he believed he should do and should say. And I to-day thank him, not only for you but for myself, for all the brave words he has uttered. I thank him to-day for all the great and splendid words he has said in favor of liberty, in favor of man and woman, in favor of motherhood, in favor of fathers, in favor of children. And I thank him for the brave words he has said on the subject of Death. Since he has lived Death is less fearful than he was before, and thousands and millions will walk down into the dark Valley of the Shadow holding Walt Whitman by the hand, long after we are dead. The brave words he has spoken will sound like trumpets to the dying."

"And so I lay this poor wreath upon this great man's tomb. I loved him living and I love him still."

Some of Those Present.

Among those present at the funeral were Professor Felix Schelling, William Walsh, Horace Howard Furness, Professor J. L. Capen, Mr. Calder Johnston and Miss May Johnston, of New York; Miss Helen Price and Mrs. Young, of New York; Dr. Emily Ingram, William Ingram, Herbert A. Drake, Melville Phillips, H. C. Walsh, Mayor J. L. Westcott, Hon. Joseph M. Engard, Judge Charles

G. Garrison, John Burroughs, Dr. R. M. Bucke, Herbert H. Glouster, Perival Chubb, Thomas B. Harned, J. M. Stoddard, Wm. Sloan Kennedy, Hamlin Garland, Dr. Daniel G. Britton, Horace L. Traubel, Samuel Long, H. L. Bonsall, Arthur Steadman, Judge William Haydon, Talcott Williams, Julius Chambers, John H. Johnston and daughter, of New York; Moncure D. Conway, of New York; Mrs. Robert G. Ingersoll, George DeB. Kalm, Rev. S. H. Haas, Rev. G. O. Stanger, Alexander McAllister, M. D., William A. Hussey.

WHATEVER place posterity may give Walt Whitman in the realm of poetry, the tributes paid to his memory at his open grave yesterday are evidence that he had enshrined himself in many hearts. It is good to leave the world thus loved and honored.

THE WAYSIDE INN.

Boston Transcript, Aug. 6, 1886

Does the world contain more than one Wayside Inn? Surely not for that large number of its English readers who have listened with the poet Longfellow to the tales of the student, the Sicilian, the Spanish Jew and the musician. For us the Wayside Inn is in Sudbury town, Massachusetts, upon the old road from Boston to Worcester, and we know that it is a veritable old tavern of rafters and clapboards, and not a habitation built merely by the poet's fancy.

"As ancient is this homely
As any in the land may be;
Built in the old colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality,
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and creaky doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled, and tall."

Not only was it a hostelry for man and beast many years before our poet saw his earthly life, but also it is still a place where persons are hospitably welcomed when they come to examine its quaint relics of a time gone by. It stands beside its neighbor oak trees as an embodiment of the customs of New England colonial life, such as is rarely to be seen in modern telephonic days, and within its walls one seems to breathe the atmosphere of an earlier civilization.

"A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!
For there no noisy railway speeds,
Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleads."

In these days of coaching parties a romantic mind would wish to approach it at least with the borrowed associations of "a coach and four," although the practical visitor may find it quite an advantage to know that the Massachusetts Central Railroad passes not too inconveniently near its region. It is almost daily sought by curious parties, and ought to be made a history lesson for happy children under the improved methods of object teaching.

Those who make a pilgrimage to it during this present year may consider themselves as helping to celebrate its second centennial, for it was built and opened to the public as an inn during the year 1686, by one Howe, whose coat-of-arms still hangs over the fireplace in the great reception room at the left of the front door.

"In the parlor, full in view,
His coat-of-arms, well framed and glazed,
Upon the wall in colors blazed;

He beareth gules upon his shield,
A chevron argent in the field,
With three wolfs' heads, and for the crest:
A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed
Upon a helmet barred; below
The scroll reads, 'By the name of Howe.'"

For one hundred and seventy-five years the Wayside Inn was kept as a public house by the descendants of this old Howe of ancient and honorable ancestry, the last landlord being the one whom Longfellow describes as—

"Grave in his aspect and attire,
A man of ancient pedigree,
A justice of the peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as 'the Squire.'"

Even now the house is owned by members of the Howe family, two ladies, and its present occupants, their tenants, keep it open to the public in so far that they cordially welcome visitors; whom they allow to see the whole of its great extent, and whom they provide with facilities for heating and eating, any lunches which they may choose to bring. The reception room contains long tables and benches for the accommodation of such picnicking guests.

This used to be the inn parlor, and has an antique wall paper whose lilac-tinted groups of figures represent scenes from the story of Diana. It is pleasant to imagine how many poets—either makers of verse or poets by mood alone—may have been fascinated by those purple Dianæa gazing down enraptured upon those purple Endymions, and may have woven them into dreams of sylvan beauty or ethereal bliss after coming in from woods and meadows worthy to be the hunting fields of the athletic goddess, while they sat before warm flames in that generous fireplace; although, by the way, we cannot well conceive of Dianæa hunting in a land and season where fires were necessary.

Near the visitors' book in this room are to be seen, carefully framed, the two panes of glass with

"The jovial rhymes that still remain,
Writ near a century ago
By the great Major Molineaux,
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made."

His diamond commemorated the good cheer of the inn long before a greater poet sang its fame. "Wm. Molineaux, Jr., Esq., June 24th, 1774," is neatly inscribed upon one of the small panes of glass in a running, albeit somewhat scratchy, hand; and, upon the other, his verse not only expresses his satisfaction with the wine of the house, but also gives us the assurance that the tavern, whose name in full helps out his rhymes, never needed the bestowing of new titles to win it regard, but was then, as now, the Wayside Inn.

The large front room on the right of the main entrance was the ordinary reception room, and from it stairs ascended directly for the accommodation of the teamsters, who slept together in a common apartment overhead. It has even an older aspect than the parlor opposite, all the rafters being left exposed, and showing not only the great cross beams, but also the smaller transverse ones of the ceiling. Here is the "new bar," so called, to which with its high swinging gate over the counter the qualifying adjective would seem very strangely applied if adjoining it were not the "old bar" connected with the dining-room at the back of the house, from which it is separated by queerly constructed doors

that divide and redivide, swinging partly across and partly up to the ceiling in what is termed old English style. This "old bar" would make a grand text for a temperance lecture, as in its dim corner the orator might point to those two feet of wooden wall all honeycombed and broken away by thrusts of the awl with which corks were removed from bottles before the days of the imbiber's great friend—a corkscrew. What hurried orders must have made those olden bar-tenders dash their awl into the panel above their heads, to await a next demand! And what an incomputable number of corks must have been drawn from innumerable bottles before those pits and seams were stabled into this section of woodwork! We can at least be thankful that the custom of drinking does not now enter into every home and almost every occasion of life, as it did in those old days; and so we can give an optimistic turn to our temperance lecture.

The Wayside Inn preserves for us signs of many other customs besides the questionable one of drinking. In the rear of the house, and shut off from the rest of it by a gate across the chief hall, is the old family sitting-room, with its high mantle-piece, and some quaint old wall paper again. There we may see a china plate—one of those "best" ones saved for company in the days when the family ate from pewter. The old kitchen shows its crane and brick oven, and great iron pot for a constant supply of hot water; and all the outside doors of the house still have the wooden bars and iron sockets with which they were braced at night. In the attic is a reminder of the old warfare with the Indians, although without an explanation one would not comprehend that the strips of wood over the beams of the floor in one room were put there to keep grain from falling through into the room below, and that the grain was brought there in order to be safe from Indians. Another attic room contains a queer little high bunk to be reached by a ladder, in which a dwarf negro used to sleep—one of the last slaves held in Massachusetts.

But the pride of the Wayside Inn is the room in which once slept Lafayette—that friend of our country who, like its Father, seems to have had more nights in a year than fall to the lot of ordinary mortals. When the sceptic inquires as to the history of this particular night's slumber, he is told about an old man now living in Marlborough whose father was a blacksmith in that town and shod Lafayette's horse when he was on his way from Boston to Worcester, and after he had spent that night in the Wayside Inn, which gave special honor to its best guest chamber at the head of its chief stairway. As far as possible in those times, the room must have been considered worthy of its guest; it had an open fireplace—a painted wooden floor, upon which the remains of a set pattern, in shades of brown, are still visible, and a very curious wall-paper, whose delicate arabesque suggests some of our modern æsthetic designs, but which was painted upon sheets about two feet square, nicely joined together, the art of printing upon rollers not having been invented at the time it was made.

If a history of civilization were to be based

upon the development of window-lighting, the Wayside Inn would show two stages about half-way in the succession, beginning with no windows, and followed by open holes, to be closed only by shutters; round windows, with clumsy bull's-eyes; small windows, with sheets of isinglass, such as are still preserved from some of our early houses; and as coming down to the single plates of heavy glass in our city palaces. The first windows of the Wayside Inn had broad, hand-made sashes, whose size bore a large proportion to that of the tiny, dull panes of glass which they held. In the lower halves of the windows these sashes were replaced many years ago by others of a lighter make, although still containing the numerous small panes which we affect in our modern old-fashioned houses; and thus work of the two periods can be seen together. That the Wayside Inn had means enough of lighting according to its time became evident to one observer, who made a journey all around the outside of its main building and two large wings, to find by actual count that it has eighty-one windows between the ground line and the ridge of its gambrel roof.

The second floor of one of the wings is entirely a dancing-hall which is spoken of almost with contempt as quite "new," having been built only sixty-eight years. Its smooth floor is even now often trod by whirling feet, and a "kid glove" party was among its recent festivities, though unusual there in its elegance. The old dancing hall adjoining it in the main building, and now used as an ante-room, must have witnessed many scenes of colonial mirth and picturesque attire, even if it could not boast of a kid-gloved assemblage. It warms the heart even now to think of those gatherings of young people from all the country round, coming on their winter sleighing parties, or their summer moonlight drives.

So, too, it quickens the human sympathies to stand

"Under the great oaks that throw
Tangles of light and shade below,
On roofs and doors and window-sills,"

and imagine how many vehicles of many kinds have come to rest under their shade in all the days of two centuries, bringing such varied emotions and experiences of life to that one spot, and receiving a welcome which often must have been heartfelt as well as professional, from the hospitality which must have grown into an hereditary impulse.

The old sign with the prancing red horse no longer swings at the bend in the road, and the old oak which so long upheld it to the view of eager wayfarers is now only known by a crumbling stump. But other ancestral oaks—one of them a patriarch with such an immense hollow trunk that eight persons have been known to stand within it at the same time—still surround the house with a protection which has outlived human generations. In leaving their shadow, one sends back a wish that generations to come may visit the spot and learn there something of the simplicity, sturdiness and heartiness which helped to form the foundation of our country's life in the olden, palmy days of the Wayside Inn.

H. A. T.

An Old Burying Ground.

BY REV. J. W. CRICKETING, D. D.

On the 19th of April, 1775, the British troops, closely followed by the heroes of Lexington and Concord, passed by the foot of a long ridge in the latter village, on which, even then, was an ancient burial place.

It still remains, seldom used, but not neglected, with well-worn paths leading to some noted graves. It is essentially unchanged for the last generation, during the growth and improvement of the pleasant old town, many of whose honored dead it holds.

I will not moralize, though it is a suggestive place to stand in and look down on the busy streets which memory repeoples with the venerated ancestors—one of them a hero of the "Concord fight," who, "sixty years since," so often kindly welcomed the little grandchild.

But, in the character of Scott's "Old Mortality," I will bring to light a few of the old inscriptions.

One is on white marble, as follows:

This stone is designed by its durability to perpetuate the memory, and by its color to represent the moral character of

A BIGAIL DUDLEY;

who died April, 1814,

aged 71.

Another commemorates a little girl of 11.

"Excellent for her reading and soberness."

What a pen picture, at a single stroke, of a pious and proper little maiden. Few such now-a-days.

The most remarkable inscription, deserving to be reprinted every few years, is that over the grave of a slave who died just a century ago. It is as follows:

God wills us free.
Man wills us slaves.
I will as God wills.
God's will be done.

HERE LIES THE BONE OF
JOHN JACK,

a native of Africa, who died in March, 1774,
aged about 60.

Though born in a land of slavery,

He was born free.

Though he lived in a land of liberty,

He lived a slave.

'Till by his honest tho' stolen labors

He acquired the source of slavery,

Which gave him his freedom;

Tho' not long before Death, the grand tyrant,

Gave him his final emancipation.

And set him on a footing with kings.

Though a slave to vice
He practised those virtues
Without which kings are but slaves.

The author of this unique specimen of antithesis is unknown. But it certainly displays no little talent, and proves that the writer had thought deeply upon the anomalous system whose entire overthrow within a century he could hardly have anticipated.

Would that all the ancient graveyards in our unancient country were as carefully kept, and the most noticeable epitaphs renewed, as this last has evidently been, on fresh stones, before becoming illegible.

ALCOTT'S DISCIPLES.

Origin and Progress of the Concord
School of Philosophy.

A Little Congress of Thinkers and Scholars.
Topics Discussed at the Session of
1884—The Programme for
Next Year,

1884

Special Correspondence of THE PRESS.

CONCORD, Aug. 2.—The sixth year's sessions of the "Concord Summer School of Philosophy and Literature"—for that is the full title of this little university—closed this morning with one of Professor Harris' most inspiring lectures, followed with a lively conversation upon "Immortality," which has been the topic considered for the last three days. The course of the school this Summer has been so successful, and has attracted so much attention, that a review of its history, aim and methods may be interesting. Its real founder was Mr. Alcott, who, for the past two years, has been unable even to attend its sessions, though they are held in the little chapel which he planned, and which was built among the trees and vines he planted many years ago, on the hillside where his "little women" spent so much of their childhood and youth. This hillside, which gives its name to the chapel, has passed into the ownership of Professor Harris, who has lived in Mr. Alcott's "Orchard House" for the last four years, and has now purchased it.

Mr. Alcott had lived there for more than twenty years, and previously at the Hawthorne Cottage, near by, which Hawthorne bought of Mr. Alcott in 1847, and to which he returned from Europe in 1860, and occupied it till his death, in 1864. Mr. Alcott, upon leaving his "Orchard House," in 1877, moved into the house where Thoreau lived and died, and it is there that he now lives, an invalid, with his two daughters and his grandson, at the age of 85.

FORMATION OF THE SCHOOL.

More than forty years ago, when Mr. Alcott was in England, he formed the plan of a school, or university, in which philosophy should be taught to a few selected Pythagorean disciples; and to this use he devoted the volumes of the Greaves Library (which came into his possession in 1842 upon the death of Pestalozzi's English friend, Mr. J. P. Greaves) and the other books of philosophy, hygiene and education published by him in England. This library was, in part, scattered during the years of Mr. Alcott's migrations from Concord to Fruitlands, to Boston and New Hampshire; but after he settled at the Orchard House, in 1857, he placed the volumes that remained in his study there, and it was in this pleasant old room, among his books, that the "School of Philosophy" was opened in 1879 for a session of six weeks.

It soon outgrew the limits of the Orchard House, and in 1880 the present "Hillside Chapel" was built, with a small fund presented by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of New York. In 1881 this chapel was enlarged, but still affords room for no more than 150 persons, the wish of Mr. Alcott and his friends being to keep the school so small that conversation can easily be carried on, which is not possible in a large hall. Occasionally the Town Hall of Concord is used for addresses where conversation is not expected, and it was there that Mr. Emerson gave before the school his last lecture in 1881. He had taken an interest in the school from the first, as he did in all Mr. Alcott's plans, and was a frequent listener in 1879-'80-'81, dying in 1882 before the session opened. In that year the school devoted one day to memorial discourses

and poems in honor of Emerson, and this year completed its tribute to its master by the fourteen discourses of the "Emerson Week," which will soon be published in a volume.

THE FOUNDERS' OBJECTS.

The design and method of the Concord Summer School, as formed and arranged by Mr. Alcott, Mr. Emerson, the late Professor Peirce, of Harvard; Professor Harris and Mr. Sanborn, were, in brief, as follows: To bring together for a few weeks, in the Summer vacation, those students of philosophy, poetry and science who had a common interest in spiritual truth, and something to say to each other; that these should give written or oral discourses in some methodical arrangement—each discourse to be followed immediately by a conversation—and that such persons, young or old, as wished to pursue the study of philosophy or literature in this way, should come into the school upon the payment of a small fee. It was hoped by Mr. Alcott that this would lead to the residence in Concord of a number of young persons who should pursue their studies there, with special instructors, throughout the year; but this part of the plan was never carried out.

The professors do give lectures and hold conversations, however, during the year at private houses in Concord, chiefly before the "Saturday Club," which was founded by Miss May Alcott in 1877, and of which Mr. Alcott, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Sanborn, Professor Harris, Mr. Emery, Dr. Emerson, Mr. French, the sculptor, and many others are or have been members. Mr. Emerson's last public appearance was before this club in 1882, and he often gave readings there—the last ones being his paper on Carlyle and some reminiscences of Thoreau.

The topics treated by the School of Philosophy have been various, and there have been many lectures, but those most prominent in the lectures and conversations have been Mr. Alcott, Professor Harris, Dr. Jones, of Illinois; Rev. Dr. Holland, of Louisiana; Mr. John Albee, of New Hampshire; Mr. Denton G. Snider, of Ohio; Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Mrs. Cheney and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, of Boston; Dr. Bartol and Dr. Andrew Peabody, of the Unitarian pulpit; and Messrs. F. B. Sanborn and S. H. Emery, of Concord. Dr. McCosh has once lectured before the school, Colonel Higginson twice, Dr. James, the Harvard professor, thrice; and this year Mr. John Fiske, the American representative of Darwin and Herbert Spencer, spoke for the first time. President Porter, of Yale, has twice sent lectures to be read here, and Mr. R. G. Hazard, of Rhode Island, has twice lectured. Mr. Stedman, the poet, read a poem here in 1881, and his family have been at the school this Summer for a few days.

THE QUESTION OF FEE.

The audience has come from almost every state in the Union, and each year Pennsylvania, Missouri and Illinois have been represented, as well as Massachusetts and the New England States. This year the session was shortened to less than half its usual length, and the result was to make the daily audiences much larger, so that three or four times the desired maximum of 100 was exceeded, and on one day the chapel was crowded. Of those present from one-third to one-half were always invited persons, but the paying audience has been large enough, with the exception of 1883, to meet the modest expenses of the school, and this year a considerable surplus has accrued towards the expenses of 1885. The lecturers receive a small honorarium, at first \$10 for each lecture, but now \$15, and the other expenses amount to less than \$100 a year. The plan is a very simple one, and could be carried out in almost any community where there is an interest in such topics.

Concord has the advantage of being a place well known and attractive for other reasons than the presence of this school. The secret of success has been, however, that those who took part in it had something to say, and were far more interested in saying it to each other than they were in being reported in the newspapers or making money out of their wisdom, so that the celebrity they have received has surprised them as much as anybody. They have paid no attention to the jokes, good, bad or indifferent, that have been made about them, have not defended themselves when attacked or bespattered with injudicious compliment, but have gone on with what they had to do in their own quiet way. The consequence is that the foolish have got weary of jesting, blaming and praising, and the school has become an institution as firmly established as anything could be in so short a time as six years. It does not covet the crowds or the machinery of such institutions as the Chautauqua assembly, good as that is, but prefers its own simple method and result.

DISCUSSING EMERSON.

The fourteen essays on "The Genius and Character of Emerson," did not cover by any means the whole variety of aspect under which that subject could be considered, for the Orientalism of Emerson was left out of view, from the failure of the Hindoo reformer Mozoomdar's essay to arrive, and no lecturer was found to treat of "Emerson as an orator," or of his friendship, which, however, were touched upon in the session where Mr. Alcott's diary was read, and in that where the Poet Channing's tribute to his friends, Emerson and Thoreau, was recalled to the recollection of the audience. Chapters in the Emerson volume are still expected from Mr. Channing, from Mozoomdar and from Walt Whitman, and the French essay of M. de Poyen will be printed in the volume.

This was the most general and inclusive statement of Emerson's genius made during the week, and may serve to correct some of the absurdities of Matthew Arnold's and John Morley's estimate of the Concord poet-philosopher. Most of the lecturers had some word of dissent from Arnold's criticism, and Mr. Albee pointed out very well what is the true standard for measuring style in literature. Mr. Cooke, the biographer of Emerson, dwelt much on American literature and Emerson's relation thereto; but the innate, intuitive Americanism of the Concord sage was best set forth by Julian Hawthorne, who has developed a fine talent for criticism and for public reading. His essay in the "Manhattan" is by no means identical with the lecture read at Concord. Mrs. Cheney's lecture on "Emerson in Boston," gave more facts of the poet's life than any other; but many such facts were brought out in the dozen conversations that followed the Emerson lecture.

TALES ON IMMORTALITY.

On the 31st of July, and for the two next days, the theme was "Immortality;" and it is scarcely possible to conceive five able lectures on the same subject more unlike each other than those of Rev. Dr. Peabody, John Fiske, Rev. Dr. Holland, Thomas Davidson and Professor Harris, who closed the debate to-day with a lecture which will appear one of these days in the "North American Review." Dr. Peabody spoke to the popular heart and the religious sentiment. Mr. Fiske opened the evolution hypothesis upon a new plane, with an escape from materialistic evolution through psychical development and personal immortality. Dr. Holland gave the profound Hegelian and theologic view, Mr. Davidson arrayed in logical form, according to the terminology of the schoolmen and of Rosmini, the Italian philosopher, the argument for an immortality of the thinking and spiritual

faculty, while Professor Harris showed the relation of the doctrine and belief of immortality to the history and future possibilities of mankind; thus supplementing Mr. Fiske and the other lecturers.

THE COURSE FOR 1885.

The next year's course of lectures was announced by the Faculty yesterday as twenty in number, running through two weeks and having for its general subject, "Goethe and Modern Science." The plan is to present the great works of Goethe, particularly his "Meister," "Faust," "Farbenlehre" and "Poetry and Truth," for study by the professors and pupils during the intervening years, and then, in July, 1885, to open a discussion here under fifteen or twenty different heads on the philosophic, scientific, poetic and practical activity of Goethe, and on the great development of science that has followed the poetic philosophy of nature announced by him.

At the same time, his principles of art and literature will be considered, and comparisons will be made between him and Dante, Plato and Homer, on one side, and Victor Hugo, Emerson and Darwin, on the other. The plan is very acceptable to the members of the school and promises a season next year even more brilliant than this year's has been. It is hoped that Dr. Jones, who has been absent two years, may return in 1885, and that Mr. Alcott, in spite of his great age and his illness, may be present then.

HOME OF THE ALCOTTS.

The Pleasant Residence in Concord of a Gifted Family.

Something of the Everyday Life of the Authors of "Little Women" and "Little Men"—A Philosopher, but Certainly Not a Farmer.

84

Special Correspondence of THE PRESS.

CONCORD, Mass., Nov. 28.—The historic little town of Concord, Mass., can undoubtedly claim the distinction of having been, at one time or another in its history, the home of a greater number of our foremost literary celebrities than any other of its size in the United States, and among these homes the Old Manse and Wayside, from their association with Hawthorne, and the house in which Mr. Emerson passed the last forty-seven years of his life, will, as long as they remain, be invested with a peculiar charm alike for the casual visitor and the literary pilgrim. And there are still other homes here which, from similar associations, will always possess a like interest.

Next to Wayside, and standing back some little distance from the road, surrounded by lofty oaks and elms, is an old and quaint-looking mansion with tall, peaked roof, gable ends and high, old-fashioned porches, which attracts the eye of the passer-by, and is apt to impress him with the idea, from its rather dilapidated and decayed appearance, that it may take a sudden notion to tumble down one of these days. In this house—their old orchard home—the Alcott family lived for many years, and here it was that Miss Louisa Alcott wrote her charming story of "Little Women" and other tales, and where she used to delight in gathering her young friends

about her in the old parlor, with the bright light of a soft summer's moon stealing in through the open windows, and regaling them with ghost stories. A not inappropriate place for the purpose, for seen upon a chill winter's night, with the clump of tall, funeral-looking pines shadowing one side of it, and the outspreading branches of the old oaks and elms casting weird and fantastic shapes upon the ground's mantle of spotless white, and tossing wildly about and uttering mysterious groans in the keen blasts that assailed them, one might well imagine the place to be haunted.

Not from fear of any ghostly intruders, however, but from dread of that far grimmer reality, rheumatism, whose visits were sufficiently frequent and afflictive, the family were finally compelled to abandon the old place. But as one of the literary homes of Concord—as associated with the Alcott family—it still possesses more than ordinary interest.

Upon the parlor walls are yet to be seen many of the paintings of Mrs. May Alcott, Nericker, a younger sister of the authoress, who died in Paris a few years ago, and who was by no means the least talented of this gifted family. Indeed, as an artist, Miss May Alcott took a distinguished rank. On the door panels throughout their old home, and on the window frames of her own room still remain the delicate tracings and pictures which were the work of her earlier years. Over the parlor fire-place are some lines of William Ellery Channing, painted by her, while her finely executed bust of Mercury still stands in the hall near the door. This, however, is now the home of Professor Harris, of the Concord School of Philosophy.

These same air of simple but elegant refinement and exquisite taste that pervaded their old home here characterizes their present one. It stands upon the main street of the town, a plain, two-story frame dwelling, having nothing in its outward aspect that would suggest to a casual observer any idea of the perfect little paragon of artistic and esthetic beauty that it is within.

In the front parlor to the right of the hall the eye is particularly attracted by the numerous copies of Turner's pictures that adorn the walls. These are the works of Mrs. Nericker, who received from competent authorities abroad the highest encomiums upon the artistic fidelity and accuracy that characterize them. Her own portrait by a well-known lady artist of London, hangs over the mantel-piece. In the next room is the most finished and best known of her still-life subjects, an earthen jug containing flowers and apple-blossoms, so natural looking that one might imagine a close approach must reveal the delicate odors that he can scarcely conceive their perfectly stimulated bloom and beauty to be without. Tastefully arranged in different parts of the parlor are many objects of rare worth and beauty, and among these are disposed, singly or in groups, sweet-scented flowers, which charm the eye with their bright colors and dainty forms. The room is never without them, for when the natives of the soil have paled their hues and exhausted their perfume they are replaced by delicate exotics, so that one might dwell here in an atmosphere of perennial bloom and fragrance.

The soft, warm carpet, comfortable furniture and bright, rich window curtains impart an air of charming home comfort, while in one corner an open piano shows that music is one of the fine arts that has here its devotees. These consist of two Pratt boys—children of Mr. Alcott's eldest daughter—the "Little Men" of Miss Louisa Alcott's story, and who, with their mother and little Louisa Alcott Nericker, form part of the household.

Across the hall, in the front room, was the study and library of Mr. Alcott before the

erection of his new library, which he has had constructed since attaining his eightieth birthday, and here he used to hold his Sunday night talks upon subjects philosophic, scientific, moral and religious with the literate of Concord and such other privileged guests who used to assemble here on these occasions. He is said to have been of one of the best talkers of his time, and in the sense that when he talked he let fall from his lips verbal gems of matured knowledge and profound wisdom. His mental activity for one of his age was remarkable, but scarcely more so than his physical prowess, for up to the time of his present illness he was to be seen every day walking with quick and elastic steps up the main street of the village, and driving about in a little pony phaeton two grandchildren, the Daisy and now and in story.

MISS ALCOTT'S STUDY.

The study of Miss Louisa Alcott is over the new library, extended out from the back parlor, and in this apartment, as in all the other throughout the house, there is the like refinement displayed in its furniture and adornments, the same harmonious blending together of the useful and ornamental that is a charming characteristic of the lower room. As a literary home it may claim an additional interest from having been at different times the abode of Thoreau and Mr. F. J. Sanborn.

Upon the death of Miss Sophia Thoreau the house was purchased by Miss Louisa Alcott and presented by her as a gift to her sister Mrs. Pratt. Another instance of the generous and kindly promptings of the warm-hearted authoress is afforded by the motherly care and affection she has always lavished upon her little niece and namesake, Louisa Alcott Nericker, and also by her assuming at expense of the education of the Pratt boys, for which purpose her story of "Little Men" was written.

Before occupying their old orchard home the family resided in a small frame house, a little way out of the town, and while living here it was that Mr. Alcott essayed the experiment of combining the toils of literature with the labors of agriculture. The secret of his failure to achieve any very great success in this latter pursuit may, perhaps, be found in the advice once given him by an old farmer, who remarked to him with a tone of sly humor, illustrating a truth which would no doubt, be applicable in more instances than the present one, "Mr. Alcott, if you would give less attention to books and more to beans you would have better success." That he did not profit by the old fellow's advice would seem to be evidenced by the fact that he soon after abandoned his agricultural labors. That the devotees of literature cannot take a commanding position as farmers we have probably one of the best examples in the disastrous experiment at Brook Farm. But that Mr. Alcott, the profound scholar and philosopher, was actually guilty of setting out plants in the ground with their roots in the air, and of committing sad havoc among his vegetable beds from a constitutional inability to discern the difference between weeds and esculents we never believed, whatever some would have us do of the Brook Farm fraternity.

In his home Mr. Alcott is the most charming of hosts. Although—to use an expression once made to the writer in regard to him—"he will soar off into the infinite upon all occasions," he possesses that happy faculty which was so characteristic of Mr. Emerson, of being able to place himself upon the intellectual level of his guest or companion, thus putting him entirely at his ease. Of the "Sage of Concord" it was said that he would converse as fluently with his farm friend about potatoes and cabbages as upon the higher principles of transcendental philosophy with the savant. So of Mr. Alcott it may be said, he could at times converse

to the commonplace things of our low world in graceful and erudite discourse, and even enjoy his joke with any of us. While the Old Manse, apart from its interesting historical associations, and Wayside suggest many pleasant thoughts of him, was, perhaps, among writers of fiction, the most highly gifted of American authors, at the house on the Lexington road, typified with its plain, white frame walls, green shutters and low roof, of the old-time New England country homestead, will bring to the mind pleasant memories of him who was one of the profoundest thinkers of his time, so will the "Old Orchard" home in the meadow, and the little house on Main street, the latter, happily, still the home of the sole surviving member of that brilliant literary coterie of a passed away day, which was splendid with some of the brightest light of American literature, possess alike the honored friend and visitor and the literary pilgrim who may in the time to come find in time past chance to turn their steps towards.

"The sun sets on some retired meadow, where no house is visible, with all the glory and splendor that it lavishes on the cities, and perchance, as it has never set before, where there is not a solitary rascal hawk to have his wings gilded by it, or only a muskquash looks out from his cabin, and the only some little black-veined brook in the midst of the marsh, just beginning to meander, winding slowly around a decaying stump. We walked in so pure and bright a light, gilding the withered grass and leaves, so softly and serenely bright, I thought I had never bathed in such a golden flood, without a ripple or a murmur in it. The west side of every wood and rising ground gleamed like the boundary of elysium, and the sun on our backs seemed like a gentle herdsman driving us home at evening. So we saunter toward the Holy Land, till, one day, the sun shall shine more brightly than ever he has done, shall perchance shine into our minds and hearts, and light up our whole lives with a great awakening light, as warm and serene and golden as on a bankside in autumn.—Thoreau.

When a young lady asked Miss Louisa Alcott for advice as to earning a living by literary work, she replied: "I can only reply to yours as to the other innumerable letters of the same sort which I receive. 'One must wait and work long and patiently before success of any sort comes and talent must be in the tales, or they won't sell. If people won't take the stories, try something else. For a young woman with good health and a brave heart many ways of earning a living are open if she can put her pride in her pocket and take whatever comes, no matter how humble the task may be. Nurse, teacher, companion, housekeeper, seamstress or servant are all honest trades and worth trying while waiting for the more agreeable work."

"I tried them, and after grubbing for twenty years made a bit, successively by accident, but I could see how every hard experience had helped, every sacrifice enriched, and so believe heartily in that sort of training for us all. I do not know anyone in Washington, and I think anything better than the places women hold in public offices there. If your stories are good they will find a market; if they are not, stop writing and try something else. The gift is born with us, and cannot be learned, as some think."

THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY OF A BOOK CATALOGUE.

By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

THE American visitor enters Westminster Abbey prepared to be hushed in awe before the multitude of great names. To his amazement he finds himself vexed and bored with the vast multiplicity of small ones. He must approach the Poets' Corner itself through avenues of Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons. It seems that even Westminster Abbey affords no test of greatness, nor do any of the efforts to ascertain it by any other test succeed much better. The balloting in various newspapers for "the best hundred authors" or "the forty immortals" has always turned out to be limited by the constituency of the particular publication which attempted the experiment; or sometimes even by the action of jocosse cliques, combining to force up the vote of pet candidates. As regards our authors, the great "Library of American Literature" of Stedman and Hutchinson aims to furnish a sort of Westminster Abbey or Valhalla, where the relative value of different writers may be roughly gauged by the number of pages assigned to each candidate for fame. But this again is determined by the taste of the compilers, and their judgment, however catholic, is not infallible. Still another test, and one coming nearer to a general popular consensus, may be sought in the excellent catalogues which are now prepared for our public libraries—catalogues in which the list of each author's works is supplemented by appending the titles of all books or parts of books written about him; not usually including, however, magazine or newspaper articles. By simply counting the entries of this subsidiary literature which has already grown up around each eminent man, we can obtain a certain rough estimate of the extent and variety of interest inspired by him in the public mind.

Let us take, for instance, one of the best and most recent of these catalogues—the large quarto volume which enumerates the English books in the Cleveland (Ohio) public library. This selection is made partly because of the thoroughness and excellence of the work itself, and partly because, as Emerson once said, "Europe stretches to the Alleghanies," and, by going west of them, we at least rid ourselves of any possible prejudices of the Atlantic border. I have carefully counted the list of entries in this catalogue under the names of many prominent Americans not now living; and the results have been such as to surprise not merely the compiler, but all with whom he has compared notes. No person to whom he has put the question has yet succeeded in hitting, at a guess, the first four names upon the list presently to be given; the list, that is, of those under whose names the entry of biographical and critical literature is largest. The actual table, arranged in order of pre-eminence, is as follows, the number following each name representing the number of books, or parts of books, referring to the person named, and enumerated in the Cleveland catalogue. The actual works of the author himself are not included. The list is as follows:

Washington.....	48
Emerson, Lincoln (each).....	41
Franklin.....	37
Webster.....	34
Longfellow.....	33
Hawthorne.....	25
Jefferson.....	23
Grant.....	22
Irving.....	21
Clay.....	19
Beecher, Poe, M. F. Ossoli.....	16
Theodore Parker.....	15
John Adams, Sumner.....	14
Cooper, Greeley, Sheridan.....	12
Everett.....	11

John Brown, Channing, Farragut.....	10
Garrison, Hamilton, Prescott, Seward, Taylor.....	9
Thoreau.....	7
Allston.....	5
Edwards, Motley.....	5

This list certainly offers to the reader some surprises in its details, but it must impress every one, after serious study, as giving a demonstration of real intelligence and catholicity of taste in the nation whose literature it represents. When, for instance, we consider the vast number of log cabins or small farmhouses where the name of Lincoln

is a household word, while that of Emerson is as unknown as that of *Æschylus* or *Catullus*, one cannot help wondering that there should have been as many books written—so far as this catalogue indicates—about the reclusive scholar as about the martyr-President. The prominence of Washington and Franklin was to be expected, but that Longfellow should come so near Webster, and that both he and Hawthorne should distinctly precede Jefferson and Grant, affords surely some sensations of surprise. Again, there is something curious in the fact that Poe should stand "bracketed," as they say of examination papers, with the Margaret Fuller whom he detested; that the classic Everett should fall so far below the radical Parker; and that Dr. Channing and John Brown, the antipodes of each other as to temperament, should rank together on the returns. But all must agree that these figures reflect, to a greater degree than one would have expected, the actual prominence of these various personages in the public mind; and could the table include a number of printed catalogues instead of one, it really would afford as fair an approximation as we are likely to obtain to a National gallery of eminent persons.

It is easily to be seen that no similar gallery of living persons would have much value. It is not, ordinarily, until after a man's death that serious criticism or biography begins. Comparing a few living names, we find that there are already, in the Cleveland catalogue, subsidiary references to living persons, as follows:

Lowell.....	15
Holmes, Whittier, General Sherman.....	12
Mrs. Stowe.....	8
Bancroft.....	6
Whitman.....	5
President Cleveland.....	4
Harte.....	3
Blaine, Howells, James.....	2
Hale, Parkman.....	1

These figures, so far as they go, exhibit the same combination of public and literary service with those previously given. Like those, they effectually dispose of the foolish tradition that republican government tends to a dull mediocrity. Here we see a people honoring by silent suffrages their National leaders, and recording the votes in the catalogue of every town library. There is no narrow rivalry between literature and statesmanship, or between either of these and military qualities, but all leaders are recognized for what they have given. The result is a tribute to that natural inequality of men which is as fully recognized, in a true republic, as their natural equality; that is, they are equal in the sense of being equally men, but not equal in their gifts as men. It is curious to see how the social falsities of English society tell on educated Englishmen, so surely as they grow old enough to shed the generous impulses of youth. It was in vain that Tennyson wrote "Clara Vere de Vere," and Froude "The Nemesis of Faith," and Ruskin "Modern Painters," and Swinburne the "Song in Time of Order;" let them once reach middle life and they are all staunch Tories and "accept dukes;" and now Huxley follows in their train. But here in America we find no difficulty in select-

ing, for instance, has changed a good deal within fifty years, and so has that of Henry Clay; but in the end the scale settles itself and remains tolerably permanent. And there is this advantage in a hierarchy of intellect and public service, thus established, that it does not awaken the antagonism which follows an hereditary aristocracy; and that if the sons of these eminent persons do not distinguish themselves, they are simply ignored and passed by, whereas under a hereditary aristocracy their high position may be a curse to the community. This Westminster Abbey of the newspapers excites no such feelings as Heine confesses himself to have experienced among the graves of the crowned

ing our natural leaders, sooner or later, and owning them; they do not have to fight for recognition, in most cases; it comes by a process like the law of gravitation.

In our colonial town records the object of the meeting was often stated as being "to know the Town's Mind" on certain questions; the Town's Mind being always written with capitals and "mentioned with reverence, as if it were a distinguished person, hard to move." The result of this unconscious selection is to give us the Nation's Mind in regard to our foremost men. As time goes on, the decision varies; some reputations hold out better, some less well; the relative position of Dr. Chan-

heads at Westminster Abbey in London. He tells us that he did not grudge the eightieth cent he had paid to see them; but told the vergers that he was delighted with his exhibition, and would willingly have paid as much more to see the collection complete.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAN STANLEY ON AMERICA.

The following is the address of Dean Stanley before the Birmingham and Midland Institute, at Birmingham, England, on the occasion of his inauguration as President of the Institute, on December 19th:

On this occasion I have thought that, instead of enlarging on the commonplace topics of education or literature, which would be equally advantageous at any time or in any place, it might be useful to say a few words, suggested by a recent journey to the United States, which will not be unsuitable to the general questions involved in institutions like this. It is not my purpose to give you what are called "Impressions of America." Even if the circumstances of my journey did not render such an undertaking impossible, I should have felt that, before an audience at Birmingham, the ground had already been preoccupied by a distinguished Pastor well known to all of you, whose activity and zeal must be admired even by those who most widely differ from him, and whose controversial vigor of style few can imitate or emulate. I propose to confine myself to that side of American life which perhaps was of more interest to me than to most travellers—it is purely historical aspect, that aspect presented by the original Eastern States to which my journey was confined. It is a part of history of which, for whatever reason, Englishmen are strangely ignorant—at least I speak for myself—until their imagination has been touched by the actual sight of that vast continent, with its inspiring suggestions and recollections.

There are two remarks which an Englishman constantly hears from the lips of Americans, uttered with a kind of plaintive apology: "We are a young people," and "We have no antiquities." The truth of the first of these remarks every one must admit; the truth of the second I venture to question. There is a saying of Lord Bacon, part of which has been made familiar from its having become the title of an interesting work by an eloquent and multifarious writer of our own time, "*Antiquitas sæculi juvenis mundi*," "The age of the world is also its youth." But there is the reverse of this saying, which is equally true: "The youth of a nation is also its antiquity." It was a fundamental maxim of the historical philosophy of a great teacher once well known in the neighborhood of Birmingham, and I trust not yet forgotten, Thomas Arnold, of Rugby; that every nation has its ancient and modern history, irrespectively of the chronological place which such nation may hold in the general succession of events. This is strikingly illustrated in the case of America. Its youth brings it within the category of a period of history which may truly be called ancient, because it still breathes something of the freshness of its first beginnings, because it still exhibits society not in the shape of absolute achievement, but of gradual formation. No doubt the scientific and material appliances of the nineteenth century, in some respects carried out to a further extent in the New World than in the Old, give an appearance of novelty, and, in a certain sense, of perfection, which is altogether alien to the first origin of a people—but when we penetrate below this we find that there are abundant traces of a youthful, childlike, and therefore of a youthful aspect of American history. The aspect of America corresponds to the antiquity of Europe. It is this peculiarity of American history in its past, its present and its future, which constitutes its peculiar interest, often its best apology, always its powerful incentive. It is a characteristic which, in a large measure, it shares with Russia, but which in America is brought to a nearer focus from the shortness of the career it has hitherto run.

THE EPOCHS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

The history of the United States may be said to class itself into four different epochs, which emerge from the level to which the larger part of its annals are confined. The first epoch is what we may call the Era of the Founders. It is rarely that we are able so nearly to place ourselves within the reach of the first inhabitants and the first chieftains of a powerful people. What most resembles this epoch is, perhaps, the accounts, historical or legendary, of the foundation of the Grecian States, whether in the mother country or its dependencies. But the Greek founders are, for the most part, more or less involved in a cloud of fable, whilst those of the American Commonwealth stand out in all the distinctness of living and actual personalities.

It was an extraordinary sensation which I experienced when, two days after landing in America, I found myself assisting at the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the town of Salem, in Massachusetts. Around me were guests and speakers who derived their lineage and name from those who had first set foot on what was then a desolate wilderness. On one side was a distinguished judge, the representative of Endicott, the first Governor; on the other side the venerable and accomplished descendant of Winthrop, if not the first actual, the first undisputed Governor of the Colony. The office itself was well represented by the honored citizen who, in direct succession, filled it at that moment. On the right hand and the left were the Saltonstalls, the Bowditchs, and the Higginsons—names obscure here, but household words there. Their progenitors are not shadowy phantoms—like the heroes of Ossian's poems—with the stars shining through them, but stout and stalwart yeomen, or merchants, or clergy, like ourselves; each home in the place claimed some connection with one or other of these ancestral patriarchs; their portraits, their letters, the trees they had planted, the churches they had built, were still amongst us. It was as if one were sitting at table far back in the opening of English or European history, with the grandsons or great-grandsons of Hengist and Horsa, or Clovis and Pepin. It was that sense of near proximity to the beginnings of the State which is so marvelously reproduced in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Ivanhoe," where, with perhaps a too close foreshortening of his picture, he makes us feel that Cedric and Athelstan, Front de Boeuf and the Templars, still breathed the spirit of the Saxon monarchy and of the Norman Conquest.

Look for a moment at some of the separate groups into which the founders of the American States arrange themselves. In the brilliant pages of the venerable historian of the United States, George Bancroft, you see them one by one, from Florida to Quebec, emerging, as if from the ocean, under the guidance of those ancient heroes. Take first that which is still in common parlance called the Mother State, or the Old Dominion of Virginia. What can be more stirring or more primal than the account of those brilliant adventures, who in the dazzling glory of the Elizabethan age were fired with the hope of perpetuating the name of the Virgin Queen on a new continent?

Look at the first projector of the scheme, statesman, poet, historian, discoverer, Sir Walter Raleigh! He lies in a nameless grave at Westminster, but his true monument is the colony of Virginia. Look at the strange figure, well-known in America, dimly, I fear, recognised in England, of him, though bearing the homely name of John Smyth, was the life and soul of that early settlement, and whose career, both before and afterward, was chequered with a series of marvellous risks, which might well have belonged to a Grecian Argonaut or a mediæval crusader. With a scientific and nautical ardor, which has descended to his lineage in this country, including the late renowned hydrographer, Admiral Smyth, was combined an impetuous passion for adventure which had previously led him through the wars of Hungary, and plunged him into the dungeons of the Turkish corsairs; and which, in America, won the affections of the Indian tribes, against whom he alone was able to guard the infant colony. Thrice was his life saved by the interest which his presence inspired in three princesses whom he encountered in these various hazards—Calaneja, the lady of Hungary; Trabegonda, the lady of the Turkish harem; and Pocahontas, the young daughter of the Indian Chief Powhatan, who threw herself between him and her father's anger. It is by a singular fate that whilst Pocahontas, the earliest, or almost the earliest Christian convert of the native tribes of North America, lies buried within the parish church of Gravesend, where she closed her life, the remains of John Smyth, after his long and stormy career, should repose in the solemn gloom of the Church of St. Sepulchre, in the City of London. "Here," such was his epithet, "he lies conquered who conquered all."

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

Turn to another group. Can any one stand on the hill above the Bay of Plymouth, in New England, and see without a yearning as toward the cradle of a sacred State, the Mayflower winding her difficult way from promontory to promontory, from island to island, till at last the little crew

descend upon the one solitary rock on that level shore—the rock of which the remains are still visited by hundreds of pilgrims from every part of North America? Is it not truly a record of the heroic age when we read the narrative of the wasting away, in that cold December season, of one-half of the little colony, the other hiding their dead under nameless graves, lest the neighboring Indians should perceive the diminishing strength of these peaceful invaders; and then the stern determination, with which they watched the vessel, after five months, return on its homeward voyage, without one single colonist of the remnant that was left abandoning the cause for which they came, and retracing their steps to comfort and plenty? What a dramatic circle is that which contains the stern general Bradford, the Yorkshire soldier of fortune; doubtful Puritan and doubtful Catholic Miles Standish; the first child born on the Atlantic Ocean, Hopkins; the first child born in New England, Peregrine White; Or again, look at that singular eccentric enthusiast, Roger Williams, who found the bonds which the new colony endeavored to lay upon him not less odious than those which caused those colonists themselves to leave their native country, and himself wandering over wooded hill and valley, or threading his way in solitary canoe till he reached a point where he could at peace unfurl the banner of religious toleration, and to which, in grateful acknowledgment of the grace of God which had smiled on him thus far, he gave the name still immortalized in the State that sprang from his exertions, "Providence." Or, again, look to the banks of the Delaware, where William Penn founded what he well called the "holy experiment" of a State which should appeal, not to war, but to peace for protection, and which should improve, to use his own words, "an innocent course of life on a virgin Elysian shore." There rose the City of Brotherly Love, whose streets still bear the names of the ash, the chestnut, the spruce and the walnut of the forest, in which it was planted. There reigned that dynasty of princes who acknowledged their allegiance to the English Crown by the simple homage of a beaver's skin, and whose principle, derived from the patriarch of the Quakers, George Fox, was, "Let your light shine among the Indians, the blacks and the whites." Or in Georgia, look at the fine old churchman, Oglethorpe, the unwavering friend of Wesley, the model soldier of Samuel Johnson, the synonym in the mouth of Pope for "strong benevolence of soul." He and those I have named may surely be reckoned amongst those to whom Lord Bacon gives the first place amongst the benefactors of mankind—the founders of States and Empires. They are examples of the holy sacred antiquity which may still be found in America.

THE CONTEST FOR A CONTINENT.

I pass to the next epoch—it is that in which the great French and English nations contended for the possession of the American continent, as they had once in the middle ages contended for the possession of the ancient kingdom of France. This also, although chronologically it appears in the midst of the proud eighteenth century, is fraught with all the romance which belongs to the mediæval struggles of European races. It is that long contest so graphically described in the elaborate narrative of Francis Parkman, and it is intertwined with some of the most impressive scenes of American nature. Look at that line of waters, Lake George and Lake Champlain, which formed at that time the central thoroughfare—the only thoroughfare—through what was then a trackless wilderness of mountain and forest. See the English armies, drawn alike from the mother country and the still obedient colonists, fighting in one common cause, coming down in their vast flotilla through those huge overhanging woods. See at the points between the lakes, the fortress, of which the ruins still remain—almost the only ruins that can be seen, perhaps, throughout the length and breadth of the United States—the fortress of

Ticonderoga, or as the French called it, Carillon, or Chimes, from the melodious murmur of the waters which dashed along from one inland sea to the other. Listen to the legendary lore which hangs over the mysterious death of Duncan Campbell of Inverawe, whose gravestone is still to be seen amongst the descendants of his famous clan; or gaze on the historic splendour which surrounds the name of Lord Howe, commemorated by the grateful

Americans, alike in a monument on the spot where he fell, by the shores of Lake George, and within the walls of Westminster Abbey. Or again, look more northward still, to the wonderful enterprise in which the most captivating of English soldiers, the little sickly red-haired hero, General Wolfe, by a miracle of audacity climbed the heights of Abraham, and won the imperial fortress of Quebec in the singular victory in which almost at the same hour expired himself and his no less chivalrous adversary the French Montcalm. The Englishmen and American of to-day, as they look from the terrace of the citadel of Quebec over the mighty waters of the St. Lawrence, may alike feel their patriotism kindled by the recollection of that time; and not the less because, as I have said, it is wrapt in a halo of romance which belongs rather to the thirteenth century than to that in which it actually occurred. Those scenes of battles between the high-born courtiers of France on the one hand, and the Jacobite highlanders of Scotland, and the sturdy colonists of Virginia and Massachusetts intermingled with the war whoops and the tomahawk, the feathers and the colors of those Indian tribes who were the terror and the attraction alternately of both the contending parties, carry us back to times which assure us that the American novelist, Fenimore Cooper, rightly chose them as a theme of his picturesque and heart-stirring tales, and which make even an Englishman or a Scotchman feel that in traversing those regions he is, as it were, on the Loch Katrine or the Loch Lomond of his own kindred isles. And when in the hills of the American Berkshire we see the huge boulder which, with its simple inscription marks the "grave of the Stockbridge Indians, the friends of our fathers," we feel that we stand on the boundary of those days when the civilized man and the savage were not yet parted asunder, when there was still a sense of mutual gratitude between the two races such as carries us back to the times when Goth and Roman, Celt and Saxon met in their varied vicissitudes of war and peace.

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

We pass to the third epoch—that of the War of Independence. We now approach a region which, compared with the two that have preceded it, may well be called modern. Yet here also there is a savor of antiquity and of primitive inspiration in the circle of renowned characters who for the first, perhaps we may say the only, time in American history, appear equal to the greatness of their country's destinies. When, in the public place at Richmond, we see the statue of George Washington surrounded by the group of the famous Virginians of his time, the eloquence of Patrick Henry, the judicious sagacity of Marshall, the eccentric energy of Jefferson—when to these we add the stern vigor of John Adams, and Samuel, his namesake, from Boston, and last, not least, the homely and penetrating genius of Benjamin Franklin, from Philadelphia, and the brilliant philosophic friend and equal of Talleyrand, the gifted and unfortunate Alexander Hamilton, we feel that we are in the presence of one of those intellectual constellations which mark only those great creative epochs in the history of nations, such as may indeed appear in their later history, but usually belong to those moments when the nation itself is struggling into existence. In all the events of that struggle there is a dramatic movement which belongs to those critical times when mankind is going through one of its decisive trials. Old Martin Routh, of Oxford, who had lived through the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, when asked in his extreme old age what event of his time had produced in England the deepest impression, answered: "The separation of the American States;" and when, in his 100th year, he wandered in his dying moments to the recollections of former years, his last words murmured something of "the war with America." Many are the scenes which impress on the mind the momentous aspect of that time. Let me select two. One shall be that in which the first British blood was shed, on the 19th of April, 1775. It is in the green meadows close to the village of Concord. A gentle river divides the swelling hills on either side; a rustic bridge crosses the stream. On one side is a simple pillar which marks the graves where the first English soldiers that were slain still lie buried: on the other side is a monument,

erected in later times, representing one of the simple American peasants with his musket by his side, and underneath are written the memorable words of one of the greatest living poets, himself a native of Concord, and the grandson of the pastor of the village, who was present at the time of the conflict:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

The other scene is Mount Vernon, the unadorned yet spacious wooden mansion where Washington spent his latest years with his devoted wife, with his retinue of slaves, with the gracious hospitality of an almost regal majesty; looking out from the oaks which now overhang his grave over the broad waters of the Potomac, on whose banks was to rise the noble but still unfinished capital which bears his canonized name. No Englishman need grudge the hours that he gives to the biography which Washington Irving has given to our great countryman (for such he still was), the father of the American Commonwealth.

A CAREFUL ALLUSION TO THE CIVIL WAR. There is yet one fourth group of events which makes us feel that even now in the time in which we live America belongs to those old days of European nations when society was not yet wedded together, when the wars of York and Lancaster, or the wars of Cromwell and Charles the First, were still possible. I refer to the only civil war of recent times—perhaps the greatest civil war of all times—the war between the Northern and the Southern States ten years ago. But this is too close to our days for us to safely touch upon; the smoldering ashes of that fierce volcano are too near the surface. I do but glance at it and move onwards.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

What I have said of the history, so to speak, of America at once illustrates and is illustrated by some of the chief characteristics of the present condition of the United States, and also of our expectations of its future. Look, for example, at the extraordinary munificence shown in multiplication of institutions emanating in a large degree from the piety and liberality of individual founders and benefactors. The very phrase which I use recalls the medieval beneficence out of which sprang some of the chief educational institutions of our own country. I do not say that this munificence had died out of the nineteenth century at home or in the older countries. In one branch—that of public libraries for general use, which is the chief glory of the modern institutions of the United States, as its almost total abstinence is the chief reproach to the metropolis of London—in these public libraries I understand that at least in Birmingham a near approach has been made to the generosity, whether of corporations or of individuals, in the United States. Still the freedom, almost the recklessness, with which these benefactions are lavished beyond the Atlantic bears upon its face the characteristic of an older age reappearing amidst our modern civilization as the granite boulder of some earlier formation. For the likenesses in our English history to John Harvard, to the ten worthy fathers of Yale, to John Hopkins, and Astor and George Peabody, and Peter Cooper, we must look to our Wykeham, our Waynflete, our Wolsey, at Oxford, and those whose names are immortalized in Gray's splendid Ode on the Benefactors of Cambridge.

POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS.

Again, the distinct character, the independent government, the separate legislation of the various States which compose the Republic of North America represent a condition of political society to which modern Europe offers no parallel except perhaps in the small Federation of Switzerland, and for which, on so large a scale, we must for an example go back to the not yet developed States of Europe just emerging from the old Roman Empire into the new Christian Empire of Charlemagne, each marked indeed by the separate nationalities which were already beginning to show themselves, but even in the sixth or the ninth century, speaking, as in the vast continent of North America at the present day, at least amongst the educated classes, one language, and subject, at least in name, to one central Government. You will not suppose that, in thus referring to the independence and diversity of the different States of America I

am presuming to enter on that most vexed of all vexed questions of American politics—the exact point where the rights of the separate States terminate and the rights of the Central Government begin. I treat of it only in its general feature as an unquestionable phenomenon which indicates that the American Commonwealth is yet in the beginning of political society, and that the end may be something far different from that which we now behold.

CLASSES IN THE UNITED STATES.

Again, in the relations of the laboring classes to the educated and upper classes of America, without entreaching on the thorny questions of capital and labor, of socialism and of political economy, which are now beginning to agitate the New World as they agitate the Old, there is a peculiarity which exists in no European country at the present time, and which is a problem kindred to the first arrangements of the States of the ancient classical world. It is the peculiarity by which mechanical and manual labor is performed, for the most part, not by natives, but by foreigners. What the Pelasgians were in Attica, what the Helots were in Sparta, what the Israelites were in Egypt, what the Cansauites were in Palestine, what the Greeks generally call by the varying names *Paracti* or *Periacti*—that is to say, the aboriginal or foreign elements which the ruling class appropriated to itself for these inferior purposes—that, in some measure, the Irish, the Negroes and the Chinese are to the Anglo-Saxon race of the United States. It has often been observed how widely this diversity of the Grecian commonwealths from those of modern Europe influences any judgment which we may draw from them and their condition to ours; it is not less true that a like precaution is rendered necessary by the appearance of this similar phenomenon in the United States of America. I might multiply indefinitely the instances of this divergence in the relative stages of social and political and ecclesiastical existence in America and Europe. Whether we condemn or approve the institutions of the United States or of our own country, the main practical condition under which we must start on any comparison is, that to a very large extent the two spheres of the Old World and the New World are almost as incommensurable as the period of Theseus or Lycurgus with the age of Alexander, or the period of Egbert or Charles Martel with the period of Henry VIII. or Charles V.

EXPECTATIONS FOR THE FUTURE.

But besides the light which this view of American history throws on the past and the present, there is also the further question of the light which it throws upon the future. It does not follow that because a nation like ours has flourished for centuries it is near its end. Far from us be any such desponding fatalism. Yet still it cannot be denied that the longer the retrospect is, there is produced a sense of satiety or of completeness which, to a certain degree, contracts the vision of the future. It is the reverse of this feeling that is produced by what I have called the near, and, as it were, closely present antiquity of the American States. They insensibly look forward to the possibility of a vaster development than we do in the older nations. And this expectation is no new thing. Amidst all the evil forebodings, and all the failures of American existence, it has always been present. Whether from the remarkable circumstance of its first beginnings, certain it is, that even from very early times a sense of a vast and mysterious destiny unfolding in a distant future had taken possession of the minds both of Americans and of Englishmen. Shakespeare (or it may be Ben Jonson) had but just seen the first dawn of the earliest settlement in Virginia, and yet he was able to place in the mouth of Cranmer the prediction that in the foundation of the town, and the river which bore the name of King James, there should be: "His honor and the greatness of his name shall make new nations."

"Let it not be grievous to you," was the consolation offered from England to the Pilgrim Fathers, "that you have been instruments to break the ice for others. The honor shall be yours to the world's end, for the memory of the adventures to this plantation shall never die." Bishop Berkeley, who by a strange fate was diverted from his projects for Bermuda to settle on the pleasant shores of Rhode Island, and there within the humble mansion which is still existing, and in the jaws of an overhanging rock, which may still be visited, com-

posed one of the finest of his philosophical treatises, was inspired, as he looked on the scenes around him, with a sudden enthusiasm, and uttered those famous words which have only within the last year been inscribed on the portals of the University on the shores of the Pacific—

"Westward the course of empire holds its way."

Burke, in his magnificent speech on the American colonies, whilst describing them as "a fierce people who were still, as it were, but in the cradle, and not hardened into the bone of manhood," could not look at their growth without marvel, and when he spoke of them was constrained to say, "Let us auspicate all our proceedings on America with the old Church cry, *Sursum corda*." We may freely grant that these predictions, impressive as they are, do not of necessity carry with them their own fulfilment. There have been predictions even of a more sacred character with regard to the fortunes of a far more sacred people, which have hitherto failed of their full accomplishment, because the nation of which they were spoken knew not the time of her visitation, and heard the Divine call with closed ears and hardened heart. But the peculiarities of American history on which I have dwelt give at least some substance to these lofty dreams. When we see how young, how new, how primitive is the form of American history and American society, it reveals to us the possibility—nay the probability—that there is still a long course to be run, that the foundation of these States is, as Penn said of Pennsylvania, a noble experiment which it depends upon themselves, under God, to accomplish or to ruin. The very defects and shortcomings of the present are, if not a pledge, an incentive to what may yet be in store. Of these defects I do not speak. They are sufficiently set forth in the teeming columns of the American journals. Many of them belong to what I have ventured to call the mediæval, the infantine state of American life—some of them have already faded away before the touch of superior civilization from their own Eastern States—some before the criticism of foreigners—some of them are flagrant still. But whether recently extinct or yet unsubdued they are elements of a social condition, not toward which the civilized world is advancing, but from which it has escaped, or is escaping century by century.

NIAGARA.

And in thus comparing the growing history of the present with the possible history of the future, may I be allowed to use a figure which I employed in one of my farewell speeches to my kind American hosts? In that memorable hour—memorable in the life of every one as the moment when he first sees the Pyramids of Egypt or the Alps of Switzerland—when I first stood before the Cataracts of Niagara, it seemed to me that the scene which I witnessed was not an unapt likeness of the fortunes of America. It was midnight; the moon was full, and I saw from the vast bridge which spans the river the ceaseless contortion, confusion, whirl and chaos which burst forth in clouds of foam from that central chasm which divides the American from the British dominions, and as I looked on that ever-changing movement, and listened to that everlasting roar, it seemed an emblem of the fermenting, perplexed, bewildering activity, the ceaseless, restless, beating whirlpool of existence in the United States. But into the moonlight sky there rose a cloud of spray twice as high as the Falls themselves—silent, majestic, immovable. That silver column, glittering in the moonlight, seemed an image of the future of American history—of the upward, heaven-aspiring destiny which should emerge from the distractions of the present. Let me explain in a few words wherein that pillar of light has an historical substance in fact, which may lead us to hope that it will not vanish away with the morning light, but may continue to guide the coming times of the United States.

THE NATIONAL CHARACTER.

And for this purpose I select three points, drawn from the history of the past, which conduce to confidence, which, if not without "trembling," still "rejoices" always, and on which I venture to insist because they bear practically on an educational institution like this. First, there is the marked peculiarity apparent almost from the first, the singular buoyancy and elasticity both of the national and individual character. It may be the product of their brilliant, exhilarating, invigorating cli-

mate; it may be the accompaniment of the vast horizon opened by their boundless territory; it may be partly the youth of the Nation, on which I have so much enlarged in this address; but its existence is unquestionable. If at times there is something almost of levity in the readiness with which misfortunes are thrown off and life begun over again; if at times the more sober part of the Nation is depressed by the sense of the difficulties which they have to encounter; yet, on the whole, this spring of vitality, if turned to good account, must be of incalculable value in this working world, where the imagination still plays so large a part, and where so much is given to confidence of victory, even more than to victory itself. If perchance the United States have too much of it, we, it may be, have too little; and this confidence of Americans in their own political, ecclesiastical and social system, is a warning to us to rise above those doleful lamentations with which in these days we often hear citizens and Churchmen, Christians of England, despair of our country, our Church and our religion. Secondly, there are the elements of that character which they possess in common with the English race, with which their past history shows it to be in so many respects identical. In spite of some dark and sinister features in both countries, there is on the whole the same keen appreciation of the delights of pure domestic life. In spite of the lawlessness

which is, perhaps, the inevitable outburst of the uneducated of communities not yet fully organized, there is on the whole in the mass of the people something of the same self-control and common sense, and love of freedom, and obedience to law on which we pride ourselves, and which we are glad to recognize in our descendants. And these points of contact between the Mother Country and the Daughter States not only are themselves encouraging, but they derive additional force from the guarantee which they give that the union between the two, though severed by the revolution of the last century, is, in the essential elements of character and social sympathy, yet unbroken. We no doubt may have much to learn from America; but if this closeness of sympathy and homogeneity of race is still maintained, they will always have something to learn from us, and will, we trust, be not unwilling to receive it. It is a solemn responsibility which this recollection of American history impresses upon us, that, as we were their fathers, so, in large measure, we are responsible for them—our children, responsible because they sprang from us, but yet more responsible because our good or evil actions still produce a direct impression on their susceptible minds. Commercial dishonesty, blind political partisanship, demagogic stratagems, frivolous luxury in English society, are a strong incentive to any like vices which appear in the kindred stock; and on the other hand, every attempt on our part to maintain refinement of manners, truthful dealing, a policy that does not tend to popular fashion, simplicity and self-control in social life, act and have acted with immense force in promoting the like virtues beyond the Atlantic. "It is the spirit of the British Constitution," says Burke, "which, infused through the mighty mass of the English settlements, pervades, seeds, unites, invigorates every part, even down to the minutest." Our kinsmen beyond the sea may be flattered for the moment by being told that they are a nation stronger and greater than we. But they have too much sense, they know our joint history too well, to repudiate or disparage their English parentage and their ancient home.

THE LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

Thirdly.—With them, as with us, in spite of the overwhelming forces of uneducated or half-educated ignorance and fanaticism, there is the chance that the voice of the reasonable few may more and more make itself heard. It is in literature (and for this reason I call the attention of this Institute to the fact) that this voice is chiefly to be heard and felt. The literature of America is still young; but that small but select band who are its leaders have exercised, and still may exercise, a controlling effect by their increasing identification with the better elements of the nation. It was Washington Irving who first knit together those bonds of family and domestic sympathy between England and America of which I have just spoken. After the violent disruption which tore us asunder, he had the grace and the courage to diffuse his

own kindly and genial feeling from his sunny cottage on the banks of the Hudson through the lurid atmosphere which had been produced by the successive wars of 1775 and 1812. Westminster Abbey, Stratford-on-Avon, and Abbotsford were transfigured in the eyes of Americans by his charming "Sketch Book," and from that time has set in the pilgrimage of Americans to our English shrines which has never ceased, and which cannot but render any future dislocation of the two countries more difficult. Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier have done perhaps even a greater service by touching with the sweetness and the light of their poetry scenes perhaps before hardly known in the natural objects and the historic splendor of their own country. Bryant, to use the words of a distinguished American ecclesiastic, first entered the heart of America through the Gate Beautiful. When we see the Green River and the rocky slopes of the hills of Berkshire, we feel that he did for them something of what Wordsworth effected for the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland. Longfellow and Whittier achieved their fame, not only by those poems which appeal to the general instincts of mankind, and are entwined with the sacred recollections of Europe, but they also attached themselves directly to the legends of the early inhabitants of the Northern Continent, and to the stirring scenes of the great conflicts, both of America with England, and of the Northern and Southern States. The romances of Hawthorne, which connect themselves with Italian life, may to us for the moment have the most interest, but those which shall possess the most enduring value are the strange scenes of New England in the streets of Boston and of Salem. Such pathetic and elevated sentiments, so intermingled with national sentiment, must have a share in raising the nation above the rustic murmur of parochial or municipal life into the great wave that echoes round the world. And yet further, it is not only in this more subtle and indirect manner that the writings and life voices of the few may guide the opinions and passions of the many, it is by those direct lessons of wisdom and moderation which now and then the few have the courage to utter, and the many have the good sense to welcome. In these latter days it has been sometimes implied that the uneducated classes are always right and the educated classes always wrong.

THE NEED OF A HIGHER INSPIRATION.

But in every neighborhood, and not less in this great centre of popular life, from time to time we meet with instances which reveal to us, as with a lightning flash, the need of higher inspirations. The most widely spread and deeply rooted of popular illusions in our time received, if I mistake not, its first mortal wound when an eloquent voice from Birmingham, beloved also in America, had the boldness to denounce it as a "roundness and miserable imposture. And in the close of the eighteenth century it is never to be forgotten that the last of the Pilgrim Fathers, as we may call him, who was forced to migrate for conscience's sake from England to America, took refuge in the solitudes of Pennsylvania, driven hence, not by king or bishop, but by the illiterate mob of Birmingham—the illustrious martyr of freedom and science, Joseph Priestley. We all now acknowledge that the mob was wrong, and that the few who would have

tolerated Priestley were right. This ultimate deference to mature knowledge and generous sentiments is as useful to cultivate in the institutes of our great English towns as in the United States of America. It was only this year that the venerable sage who stands at the head of American literature ventured in a lecture on the "Fortunes of the Republic" to point out one by one the salient faults of his countrymen, to express his certainty that their civilization is yet incomplete, that it has not yet ended or given signs of ending in a hero. It is this modesty, this sense of incompleteness, that entitles him to close with the expression of the calm trust in their future. "Our helm," he says, "is given up to a better hand than our own. Our little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of the Great Admiral, which knows its way, and has the force to draw men, and States, and planets to their goal. Such and so potent is this high method by which the Divine Providence veils the chiefest benefits under the mask of calamities, that we shall not by perverse ingenuity prevent the blessing."

In like manner it was one of the most striking features of that banquet at Salem, of which I spoke at the beginning of this address, to hear the impassioned recitation of a vigorous ode by a gifted sculptor and poet, a native of that American village, but well-known in this country and in Europe, who spoke to his countrymen words of terrible remonstrance, which were received, not with reprobation and aversion, but with significant and universal applause. He evidently had in his mind that abstraction of the higher order of characters from public affairs which, though happily not yet seen amongst ourselves, is said to prevail at least in the Northern States of America. He blamed

"The careless trust, that happy luck

Will save us, come what may—

The apathy with which we see

Our country's dearest interest struck,
Dreaming that things will right themselves,
That brings dismay.

"No! things will never right themselves,
Tis we must put them right."

He rebuked those who

"Apart in selfish silence stand,
Hating the danger and the wrong,
And yet too busy to uplift their hand;
And do the duties that belong
To those who would be free."

He called on the

"Noble men and true
High, low, young, old, wherever you
may be,

Awake! arise! cast off this lethargy,

Your ancient faith renew,

And set your hands to do the task.

That freemen have to do."

He bade them

"Cleanse the Augean stall of politics
Of its foul muck of crafts, and wiles, and
tricks;

Drive the base rings where commerce reeks
and rots,
Purge speculation of its canker-spots."

He bade his sleeping country rise

"And forward go upon the path
Of its high destiny."

Words like these, so uttered and so received, cannot but beget a hope that the country for which they were written, and in which they were spoken, has yet within it the instruments of regeneration, and the germs of future greatness. And as they give a forcible—perhaps too forcible—representation of the dangers and hopes which lie wrapped up in the history of America, so also, conscious of that affinity of which I have before spoken which unites the two countries together, I venture to quote them here in the feeling that by analogy they are applicable also to England. Not only they in their youth and freshness, but we in our green old age, need to be reminded that we also, in spite of our long ancestral traditions, and "the ancient inbred integrity" of the English nation, have kindred dangers threatening us on the right hand and on the left. Our safety, like theirs, lies in listening to the voice of those few noble souls and high intelligences who rise above the passions of party and the sordid interests of the moment, who have the wisdom not merely to denounce but to discriminate; and the desire not merely to preserve or destroy, but to improve and bring to perfection the inheritance committed to our trust.

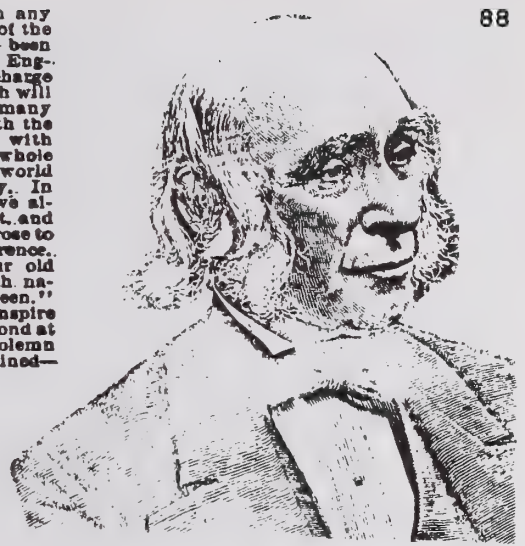
SYMPATHY IN THE QUEEN'S AFFLICTION.

When speaking of the common sentiment which animates a nation in the presence of the deeper and higher characters and deeper thoughts I should not be doing justice to your feeling, nor I may add, to the feelings of the great Republic which we have been considering, if I did not touch on the mingled grief and respect which will have pervaded all true English hearts on either side of the ocean when they hear of the stroke of sorrow with which the Royal family of this country has been visited on a day already signalized as the most mournful in the annals of their house. She who is gone from us first became known to the public of England through her noble conduct by the deathbed of her father, once so well known in this city, and she has now fallen a sacrifice, as every wife and mother in this assembly will feel, to the devoted care with which she nursed her husband and children. But she also belonged to that higher order of intelligence and goodness of which we have been speaking. She cared for all that could elevate her fellow creatures; and if her exalted rank gave her larger means of making her beneficent influence felt, it will not

be grudged to her in any home or in any institution, whether of the Old or of the New World. Her life will not have been spent in vain if it has shown what an Englishwoman can do by the unselfish discharge of the duties of her station—her death will not have been in vain if it has caused many hearts to beat in closer sympathy with the solitude of a desolate home, and with the sorrows of a family which the whole Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world claims as its own peculiar property. In that banquet at Salem, to which I have already referred, there was one moment, and one only, when the whole assembly rose to their feet and stood in respectful reverence. It was when, after proposing "Our old homes," there was sung the English national anthem, "God save the Queen." That same sentiment will, I am sure, inspire thousands of American hearts to respond at this season in a yet deeper and more solemn sense to the prayer in which we all joined—

"God save and bless the Queen."

BRONSON ALCOTT.



aim to quicken the germs of innate spiritual consciousness, to penetrate through conventional forms and terms to those realities "forever old, forever new," which exist at the heart of all expressions of true religion. They recognize the Divinity within all souls, the fraternity of humanity, and seek to find the relation between the spirit of man and the Deity.

The subjects of their lectures and discussions, therefore, are not facts, but impersonal principles. Nor are they dry with abstruse lore; they have generally that vitality which comes from belief founded on revelations of innate, immutable and eternal ideas. The faculty of the school, while seemingly reluctant to put forth any scheme of theology, have, evidently, a strong bias toward Christian theism in its broadest sense.

The visitor to the Hillside Chapel, in Concord, wends his way from the station through an avenue of stately elms, whose roots striking deep and branches soaring high, seem fit types of the slow, substantial, permanent race which resists the extremes of climate as it resists British oppression. Less than a mile to the left is that battle-ground where was "fired the shot heard round the world," which sounded the glad note of American freedom.

Soon we reach the plain house of which Emerson was

THE CONCORD SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

Four years ago a few metaphysicians resolved to establish in this country a school of philosophy, to be conducted upon the academic method. The first year's sessions were held in the house of A. Bronson Alcott, in Concord, Mass. Since then Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of New York, has given sufficient means to erect a plain but tasteful structure upon ground immediately adjoining the old homestead, where two daily sessions are held during four consecutive weeks in the heart of the summer.

Naturally attractive only to those inclined to abstract and ethical studies, the attendance is always limited to a few score earnest, thoughtful persons. Greeted by the neglect or sneers of the many, it meets the strenuous needs of the few.

The object of the school seems to be, primarily, the interchange of thought among its originators. They seek truth by questioning the attractions and intuitions of the soul, as well as by experience and revelation among all races. These thinkers endeavor to reach fundamental ideas, and find the bases of a universal religious philosophy. They desire to help their fellows from losing themselves upon the barren deserts of agnosticism, from falling into the slough of materialism or from starving upon the husks of formal theology. They

recently an inmate. Here, for half a century, away from the fret and clangor of the restless world, he enunciated truths in such forms as his genius has already made classical. Through those pellucid depths which reveal his thoughts, he is so little subject to distortion or passion, so pure and flawless, that he seems distant as Plato. Already we see the harmony of his proportions as though ages had evolved that atmosphere which tones the sage into a symmetry as statuesque as the grandest of the Greeks. To the busy littleness of common minds he is as lofty and unapproachable as Mont Blanc to the loiterer in the streets of Geneva. And yet such was the charm of his simple manliness that to his fellow-townpeople all things connected with him are set apart as something sacred.

Up the village street a mile or so, where the elms grow still more stately, we come to the brown cottage at the left, where the veteran Alcott, the dean of the faculty, the most transcendent of all transcendentalists, has lived for thirty years. The philosophy of this brooding mystic is eminently Pythagorean. One looks vainly in three volumes from his pen for the secret of his leadership among his circle of admirers. That is to be found in the perfect sincerity of a life which seeks to find and obey spiritual laws, and to make practical ideal truth. He is eminently a teacher, but his instructions have been given through parlor conversations in East-

the green peninsula on which his cottage stands, rise dark, dark highlands, where evergreens ever murmur of mystery and shadow. His shy, gentle genius, shunning the vulgar noonday blaze of curiosity, loved to dwell within this twilight land.

Through all these paths about us Thoreau zigzagged his way, like the animals he studied, to keep his tryst with some wood-bird, or celebrate the opening of the first April bloom; all equally secretive, capricious and elusive of human companionship.

At nine o'clock we go back to the Hillside Chapel, to hear the morning lesson. Like a growth out of the ground or a nest burrowed in the hill, it invites to reposeful quiet. The sunshine sifts through the vine-draped windows with a mellow radiance, as if indulgent toward these later incarnations of the brooding spirit of philosophy, which, flowing from the shadowy Orient, lingered long about the groves of Greece, and bathed them in its subtle splendor.

Within nothing disturbs the eye or the mind. Severely plain, the only decorations are plaster busts of older and later lovers of wisdom, with that of John Brown in the place of honor.

In the centre of the platform sits the lecturer, reading from notes or speaking in conversational tones. At the right of the teacher sits Miss Peabody, ever ready to say a pertinent or suggestive word, and F. B. Sanborn, re-



THE HILLSIDE CHAPEL.

ern and Western towns. He aims to unite noble simplicity and true culture. Mr. Alcott's majestic mien and benignant features indicate an easily-working and harmonious nature, rather than one varied and profound.

In the corner room of the quaint old house, which for a year has been occupied by Professor Harris, his daughter Louisa wrote her "Little Women" and many another delightful book, and behind it is the studio of her sister May, "Our Madonna," with her girlish sketches still on the walls. As we follow along the road we soon come to the old home of Hawthorne, who dwelt on the border-land separating shadow from substance. About

former, editor and author, or Dr. Bartol, the gentle preacher. At the left is always seen the Dean of the Faculty, Mr. Alcott, upon whose brow the blossoms of eighty-three years have lightly faded into autumn wreaths. Beyond him may be Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, who has given one lecture on Scottish philosophy, or Dr. Irenæus Prime, of the New York *Observer*, or some other interested visitor. In front sits Alexander Wilder, Professor of Psychological Science in the United States Medical College of New York, an encyclopedic mystic, translator of Iamblichus, and author of many abstruse essays. Dr. Wilder has given a lecture upon

THE CONCORD SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY



DR. BARTOL.

"Dear old
Moth eaten Angel"

Alexandrian Platonism, beside contributing many conversations.

All these are from the East. Still, we may be sure that nothing important can arise, but the broad, free, generous genius of the West will voice itself most unmistakably. Two of the faculty, seldom absent—Professor W. T. Harris, of Missouri, and Dr. H. K. Jones, of Illinois—may be said to embody much of the "sweetness and light" of the Concord School.

Professor Harris, fourteen years ago, founded the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, which was for a long time the only magazine of the kind in the English language: the *Platonist*, also published in St. Louis, has been established since by Thomas M. Johnson. But Mr. Harris is more popularly known for his work in forming the admirable school system of the Western States, while Superintendent of Public Schools in Mis-

souri. Many of his essays have been translated and republished abroad.

Professor Harris, who may be called a devoted student of Hegel, while ranging with freedom over the field of metaphysics, gave last summer five lectures on the History of Philosophy and three on Fichte. Besides, he contributed an address at the Emerson Memorial, on the 22d of July, upon the Dialectical Unity of Emerson's Prose. Clear as a mathematical proposition, his mind works with extraordinary celerity. Inclusive and versatile, he darts from philosophy to history, art or science with an *elan* which is American in method, and German in subtlety. He corruscates light, not heat. Sharp and clear as a crystal with many facets, he represents the intellectual, the knowing side of man. It is remarkable to see how he analyzes and condenses the chief thoughts in a lecture, in the discus-

sion which follows, presupposing a wide and quick intelligence in the hearer. To follow his lectures is to be conversant with the sum of metaphysical thought.

Dr. Jones, the Platonist, leads the audience gently on, step by step, toward that "central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation." He is surcharged with that intense feeling which comes from consecration to the highest, best and truest which can be attained through effort and discipline. His may be called that intellectual affection which glows and burns with the "light that never was on sea or land," the warm refulgence of which must irradiate the royal spirit through its progressive and deathless career. In his reverential nature, Philosophy is "allied to the love of the soul for the true, the good and the beautiful." It is not divorced from life; it lives in the heart of things, a Divine essence, shaping the external, plastic form. His teachings are eminently and practically ethical. He has grasped the wondrous thread of unity, which binds together all

found insight exhibited, but great eloquence, power and poesy found expression.

As the head of the Plato Club of Jacksonville, Dr. Jones has been for nearly a score of years a teacher of ethics. But his lectures during the last season have reached such a height of eloquence, poesy and power in their bearing upon personal conduct as will serve to make him more widely known. For it is generally conceded that there are significant evidences from many quarters of a new pulsation in the stagnant ocean of life, which, in its dykes of immovable dogma, was fast losing its power of quenching the spiritual thirst of the immortal nature. Alive to the need that those waters should be stirred to their very depths, Dr. Jones' fervid but restrained temperament inclines him to point out the universal sweep of Divine laws, which must override the narrow bounds of mere dogmatic theology and purify the very fountains of human aspiration.

It will be seen that out of the forty-four sessions—one



BRONSON ALCOTT'S HOME.

peoples in all ages, and never forgets that it is a golden cord running upward to the very heart of Divine life.

Dr. Jones' eight lectures this summer ranged through an extended course of Christian philosophy, showing not only its premises, but its relations to common sense, science and experience. In his second course on the "Old and New," on the "Philosophy of Religion and the Law of the Supernatural," and the "Community of Faiths and Worship in Mankind," not only was pro-

held every evening, except Saturday—Professor Harris and Dr. Jones occupied more than one-third.

Woman was most worthily represented upon this ethical platform by Julia Ward Howe, brilliant leader of society, preacher, reformer, essayist, poet, the tocsin of whose "Battle Hymn of the Republic" resounded above the din of war; by Miss Elizabeth Peabody, the venerable pioneer of American kindergartens, the friend and biographer of Channing, who, with Mrs. Horace Mann

and Mrs. Hawthorne, formed a triune sisterhood of conspicuous ability; and Ednah D. Cheney, art-critic, author and philanthropist, as well as by many who followed the discourses with unflagging interest. Some of these acute listeners and questioners were from the West, and have traveled a thousand miles to be here summer after summer.

Mrs. Howe's two lectures were on "Idols and Icons—Plasts" and on "Sociology;" Miss Peabody's on "Childhood," and Mrs. Cheney's on "Nature." Two very interesting ones were by F. B. Sanborn upon "Oracular Poetry," with illustrative extracts; and one evening was devoted by Mr. Blake to readings from unpublished manuscripts by Thoreau.

There was also a discussion on "The Nature of Knowledge—Emerson's Way," by Dr. Bartol; on "Color," by G. P. Lathrop; on "Poetry," by John Albee, one each by Professor C. E. Garman and Dr. R. A. Holland, of Chicago. There were three on "Schelling," by Professor Watson, of Kingston, two by Professor G. H. Howison, two by Rowland G. Hazard, and one by President Porter, of Yale, on "Kantian Ethics." Mr. Alcott delivered three lectures, marked by his own peculiar scope of thought and felicity of language, in which "Human and Divine Personality" were presented for consideration.

The first Saturday of the school session was commemorative of Emerson, whose face looked in serene approval of this symposia in preceding years. Many of those who have been mentioned participated in the exercises, which were held in the Town Hall, and were less laudatory than affectionately appreciative of the seer and his mission. There was loving recognition of the debt due him from the entire world of ethics which was incomparably generous and pathetic.

The lectures close and the little band separates. Each takes with him all he has been able to appropriate. Time only can record the influence upon thinkers at large of these who here have congregated. Laymen may question the wisdom of all the weary weight of abstruse learning which they seek to formulate; but none can doubt their refined and hospitable courtesy, their devotion to intrinsic truth, their rejection of extrinsic gaud and greed, their fraternal and unworldly motives, their devotion to true goodness, and their desire for the revival of those genuine primitive virtues which constitute the heart of ideal religion. In that grand philosophical religion of the future, which must circumscribe all essential and indestructible principles, the Concord School of Philosophy will certainly fill a worthy place.

HESTER M. POOLE.

CONCORD PHILOSOPHY

The Transcendentalists Investigating the Spirit of Goethe.

Relations of the German Poet to English Literature a Topic of Discussion—Unpublished Papers of Thoreau Read by His Literary Executor.

Special Correspondence of THE PAPER.

CONCORD, July 25.—The second week of the lectures on Goethe has closed with a remarkable essay by Professor Thomas Davidson on the "Titanic Sin" of Goethe—that is, his revolt in youth against established authority, and his mode of viewing the heavenly powers, against whom the Titans of old rose in rebellion. He debated freely the other lectures, and has a store of the Scottish love of disputation, so that he compared himself the other day to the "spirit that denies," in "Faust." He does not take the same view of that work which Dr. Harris and Mr. Snider do, and last night he dissented a little from Dr. L. F. Soldan's exposition of the relation between Descartes and Spinoza, and between Spinoza and Goethe—the latter being Dr. Soldan's special topic, which he treated very fully.

The early part of the week was given to literary subjects, the lecture on Monday morning being the first of Dr. Harris' on "Faust," in which he gave a critical analysis of the first part of "Faust," and also an historical sketch of the tragedy and the conception of the idea by Goethe.

In the evening Mr. Sanborn lectured on "The Relation of Goethe to English Literature," and began by saying that it is difficult to find in the fifty volumes of Goethe any serious traces of English literature, although he had read and admired the best of English authors. It is impossible to say that English literature formed or influenced his own works, as did the classical literature, the Oriental or even the French and Italian. Christopher Marlowe, said Mr. Sanborn, who, if he had lived, might have disputed Shak-

spere's pre-eminence in dramatic poetry, seems to have caught at the "Faust" myth almost as soon as it appeared anywhere in Europe in a printed form, i. e. in 1587, when there appeared at Frankfurt the "History of Dr. Johann Faust, the far-famed Sorcerer and Black Artist." From an English translation of this made in 1592, Marlowe is supposed to have taken his play, the "Tragic History of Dr. Faustus," which was probably written in 1592-3.

After mentioning the slight connection between Goethe and his English contemporaries, Goldsmith, Sterne, Walter Scott, etc., and quoting from Crabb Robinson about Byron and Goethe, Mr. Sanborn said:

The finest aroma of English literature, that which proceeds from a magnanimous and adventurous character, displayed now in love, now in war, now in the heroism of private life or in the sanctities of religion, is perpetually wanting in Goethe. I do not speak of Shakespeare, in whom this magnanimity had its widest and highest reach, but of lesser poets and prose writers, who, sometimes in very humble spheres of literature, display this same winning quality. It is this which gives immortality to Sidney's youthful essays in prose and verse; which makes Herbert memorable, Marvell more than a wit; this gleams in Donne and Jeremy Taylor, in Wordsworth, Shelley and Byron; in Burns and Carlisle among the Scotch, and among Americans in Emerson, Thoreau, Walt Whitman and others of less note. It is by virtue of an untamable energy that English literature is capable of rising so high and sinking so low, and is incapable of that measured and deliberate excellence of which the books of Plato and of Goethe are perhaps the best examples. In the life of Goethe, not less than in his writings, we see the limitations which egoism imposes and which not even his great genius could remove.

THOREAU'S UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS.

The literary flavor of the week was increased by yesterday's readings from Thoreau by his literary executor, Mr. Blake. These extracts from the unpublished papers of the Concord poet-naturalist had little in common with Goethe, except their love of nature and the beauty of their style, which was remarked on by those who took part in the discussion. Mrs. Emerson was present at these readings, as she has been at many sessions of the school this year.

In August, 1856, when Thoreau was in high health, and, at the top of his bent, he thus declines (in his diary) the offer of a more intru-

sive and cultivated acquaintance to go with him on one of his excursions on the Concord River, where, at that time, Thoreau used to spend so much time in his boat—a kind of "punt," as Matthew Arnold would call it, but with a "shoulder-of-mutton" sail, which used to push it along, up or down the stream, as the wind served. Thoreau writes:

There sits one by the shore who wishes to go with me, but I cannot think of it. I must be fancy free. There is no such mote in the sky as a man who is not perfectly transparent to you, who has any opacity. I would rather attend to him for half an hour or more on shore or elsewhere and then dismiss him. He thinks I could merely take him into my boat and then not mind. He does not realize that I should, by the same act, take him into my mind, where there is no room for him, for my bark would surely founder in such a voyage as I was contemplating. I know very well I should never reach that expansion of the river I have in my mind with him aboard, with his broad, terrene qualities. He would sink my bark, not to another sea, and never know it. I could better carry a heaped load of meadow mud and sit on the tholepins. There would be more room for me and I should reach that expansion of the river, nevertheless. I could better afford to take him into bed with me, for then I might, perhaps, abandon him in my dreams. Ah! you are a heavy fellow. But I am well disposed. If you could go without going, then you might go. There is the captain's stateroom empty, to be sure, and you say you could go in the steerage. I know very well that only your baggage would be dropped in the steerage, while you would settle right down into that other snug recess. Why, I am going, not staying. I have come on purpose to sail, to paddle away from such as you, and you have waylaid me on the shore. * * If I thought you were steadily gazing after me a mile off, I could not endure it. It is because I trust that I shall ere long depart from your thoughts, and so you from mine, that I am encouraged to set sail at all. * * This company is obliged to make a distinction between freight and passengers. I will take almost any amount of freight for you cheerfully, anything, my dear sir, but yourself. If I remember aright, it was only on condition that you were asked that you were to go with a man one mile or twain.

The two Cornell professors, Hewett and White, lectured this week, and their two essays (of which Professor Hewett's is soon to be published in "Harper") covered much of Goethe's life from childhood to his death at Weimar in 1832. Professor White quoted freely from his youthful essays and his letters, while Professor Hewett gave many anecdotes of the great man. Dr. Soldan, who spoke of Goethe's early religious views and of the effect which the Amster-

dam Jew, Spinoza, had on him in youth, is himself a native of Frankfurt and was born not far from Goethe's home. He has the true German reverence for Goethe, as do some of the American lecturers also; while others, as well as Professor Davidson, criticize him more freely. Next week "Wilhelm Meister" will be considered and Goethe's relation to modern science will be discussed.

AN AUTHOR'S HARDSHIPS.

INTERESTING UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF HAWTHORNE.

[From the Boston Transcript.]

More than a half century has elapsed since the leading English authors, petitioning the American Congress for International copyright, declared that such a law would have saved Sir Walter Scott from the pecuniary difficulties which overshadowed the closing years of his life. At that time a young American was publishing tales which promised his country also a "Wizard of the North;" but it will be seen by the following letters now in the possession of Dr. John S. H. Fogg, of Boston, that his early life was overshadowed like that of Sir Walter at its close. It is not doubtful, to one who reads the Note-Books of Hawthorne, and remarks the many rich blossoms that bore no fruit, that the world lost much through his struggle. He indulged a morbid fancy that he was under a retributive curse because his Salem ancestors had persecuted "witches"; but his real doom was a competition, for which his delicate genius was unfit, with the unpaid novelists of Europe. It is strange that a proud and educated people like the Americans do not feel it as a scandal that among all their brilliant writers hardly one is able to live by authorship alone, or without alliance with some publishing enterprise.

From the right understanding of the letters the following dates may be helpful. Nathaniel Hawthorne was born July 4, 1804. His earliest literary productions were published in the "Democratic Review," edited by J. L. O'Sullivan, who paid him five dollars per page. These were collected in 1837 under the title "Twice-told Tales." Mr. George Bancroft, the historian, being Collector of Boston under the Presidency of Van Buren, gave him a place in the Custom House of that city (1838). He was turned out of office in 1841; sojourned for a time with the Brook Farm Community (described in "The Blithedale Romance"); married in 1842 (Sophia Peabody), and went to reside at Concord, Mass. In 1846 he was appointed surveyor of the Custom House, Salem, from which he was removed in 1849. The letters, with one exception (that to his wife's sister, Miss Elizabeth Peabody), were written to his friend, George Stillman Hillard, author of "Six Months in Italy" and other works.

CONCORD, Nov. 23, 1842.—I wish at some leisure moment you would give yourself the trouble to call into Munroe's book-store and inquire about the state of my "Twice-told Tales." At the last accounts (now about a year since) the sales had not been sufficient to pay the expenses; but it may be otherwise now—else I shall be forced to consider myself a writer for posterity; or at all events not for the present generation. Surely the book was puffed enough to meet with a sale. What the devil is the matter?

We are very well here, and, as usual, prosperously happy.

CONCORD, March 24, 1844.—I thank you for your kind and warm congratulations on the advent of our little Una—a name which I wish you were entirely pleased with, as I think you will be by and by. Perhaps the first impression may not be altogether agree-

able, for the name has never before been warmed with human life, and therefore may not seem appropriate to real flesh and blood. But for us, our child has already given it a natural warmth; and when she has worn it through her lifetime, and perhaps transmitted it to descendants of her own, the beautiful name will have become naturalized on earth; whereby we shall have done a good deed in bringing it out of the realm of Faery. I do not agree with you that poetry ought not to be brought into common life. If flowers of Eden can be made to grow among my cabbages and squashes, it will please me so much the better; those excellent vegetables will be just as good to eat, and the flowers no less delightful to see and smell. After all, I like the name, not so much from any association with Spenser's heroine, as for its simple self—it is as simple as a name can be—as simple as a breath—it is merely inhaling a breath into one's heart, and emitting it again, and the name is spoken.

I find it a very sober and serious kind of happiness that springs from the birth of a child. It ought not to come too early in a man's life—not till he has fully enjoyed his youth—for methinks the spirit can never be thoroughly gay and careless again, after this great event. We gain infinitely by the exchange; but we do give up something nevertheless. As for myself, who have been a trifter preposterously long, I find it necessary to come out of my cloud-region, and allow myself to be woven into the sombre texture of humanity. There is no escaping it any longer. I have business on earth now, and must look about me for the means of doing it.

It will never do for me to continue merely a writer of stories for the magazines—the most unprofitable business in the world—and, moreover, even if there were ever so great a demand for my productions I could not spend more than a third of my time in this sort of composition. It requires a continual freshness of mind, else a deterioration in the article will quickly be perceptible. If I am to support myself by literature, it must be by what is called drudgery, but which is incomparably less irksome, as a business, than imaginative writing—by translation, concocting of school books, newspaper scribbling, etc. If we have a Democratic Administration next year, I shall again favor Uncle Sam with my services, though, I hope, in some less disagreeable shape than formerly.

I sent an article to Graham some months ago, and he wrote me, accepting it with a "great deal of pleasure, etc." but it does not yet appear. Unless he publishes it next month I shall reclaim it, having occasion for it elsewhere. God keep me from ever being really a writer for bread. If I alone was concerned I had rather starve; but in that case poor little Una would have to take refuge in the almshouse, which, here in Concord, is a most gloomy old mansion. Her "angel face" would hardly make sunshine there. You must come and see little Una and the rest of us as soon as the railroad is opened. People of experience in babies say she is going to be very pretty, which I devoutly believe, though the tokens are as yet hidden from my eyes. At all events she is a remarkably strong and healthy child, free from all troubles and torments such as nature generally provides for poor little babies. She seldom cries except for hunger—her alimentiveness being enormously developed. She has already smiled once, on the sixteenth morning of her existence. I was inclined to attribute it to wind, which sometimes produces a sardonic grin; but her mother, who was the sole witness of the phenomenon, persists that it was a veritable smile out of the child's mouth and eyes. I hope to see you in Boston early in next month. Give our regards to Mrs. Hillard. We long to show her our baby. I am glad of Longfellow's anticipated happiness. It is a pity

that any mortal should go out of life without experiencing what gives life its reality; and, next to a child on earth, it is good to have a child in Heaven.

Yours truly, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Old Time Civil Service Abuses.

SALEM, March 5, 1849.—I am informed that there is to be a strong effort among the politicians here to remove me from office, and that my successor is already marked out. I do not think that this ought to be done, for I was not appointed to office as a reward for political services, nor have I acted as a politician since. A large portion of the local Democratic party look coldly on me for not having used the influence of my position to obtain the removal of Whigs—which I might have done, but which I in no case did. Neither was my appointment made at the expense of a Whig, for my predecessor was appointed by Tyler in his latter days, and called himself a Democrat. Nor can any charge of inattention to duty, or other official misconduct, be brought against me, or, if so, I could easily refute it. There is, therefore, no ground for disturbing me, except on the most truculent party system. All this, however, will be of little avail with the Slang-whangers—the vote disturbers—the Jack Cades who assume to decide upon these matters after a political triumph; and as to any literary claim of mine, they would not weigh a feather, nor be thought worth weighing at all.

But it seems to me that an inoffensive man of letters, having obtained a pitiful little office on no other plea than his pitiful little literature, ought not to be left to the mercy of these thick-skulled and no-hearted ruffians. It is for this that I now write to you. There are men in Boston—Mr. Rufus Choate, for instance—whose favorable influence with the administration would make it impossible to remove me, and whose support and sympathy might fairly be claimed in my behalf—not on the ground that I am a very good writer, but because I gained my position, such as it is, by my literary character, and have done nothing to forfeit that tenure. . . . I do not let myself be disturbed by these things, but employ my leisure hours in writing, and go on as quietly as ever. I see that Longfellow has written a prose tale. How indefatigable he is! and how adventurous! Well he may be, for he never fails.

SALEM, June 8, 1849.—I am turned out of office! There is no use in lamentation. It now remains to consider what I shall do next. The emoluments of the office have been so moderate that I have not been able to do anything more than support my family and pay some few debts that I have contracted. If you could do anything in the way of procuring me some stated literary employment in connection with a newspaper, or as corrector of the press to some printing establishment, etc., it could not come at a better time. Perhaps Epes Sargent, who is a friend of mine, would know something. I shall not stand upon my dignity; that must take care of itself. Perhaps there may be some subordinate office connected with the Boston Athenaeum. Do not think anything too humble to be mentioned to me.

I wrote to Longfellow, the other day, that I would dine with him on his next invitation, and that you would come too. I should like soon to meet you and him.

The intelligencé has just reached me, and Sophia has not yet heard it. She will bear it like a woman—that is to say, better than a man.

* Mr. Hillard had just lost his only child.

THE CONCORD PHILOSOPHERS.

The Summer School Closed—Plans for Next Season.

[Correspondence of The Boston Journal.]

CONCORD, Mass., Aug. 12. The School of Philosophy closed its summer sessions to-day. Dr. Harris read his last paper on Fichte's Doctrine of Religion.

The School to Remain in Concord.

A short discussion followed the lecture, after which Mr. S. F. Emery, Jr., gave an announcement of the proposed course for next year. Although there has been serious talk of the removal of the school to the West, they have finally decided to hold the sessions of next year in the Hillside Chapel at Concord, the same as in previous years. The session will continue from July 26 to Aug. 12, 1888. There will be no sessions on Saturdays. An entirely new departure will be taken in the way of elementary courses for the study of philosophic method which will be given in the afternoon. Besides these there will be 35 regular lectures, including four each by Mr. Alcott, Dr. Jones, Prof. Harris, Rev. Mr. Holland and Prof. Howison. The rest of the regular lectures will be divided in the main among those who have lectured in the past, though no definite announcement can as yet be given.

Mr. Alcott's Valedictory.

After this prospectus had been given, Mr. A. Bronson Alcott delivered the valedictory. He said that, on taking a review of their four annual sessions, they had reason for every encouragement, for there has been a continuous improvement in the nature of the lectures. During the first year of the School it was an entirely new departure, and might be said to be a novelty in this country, though not a novelty in all respects in other times. There was curiosity, of course, when our prospectus was announced, and each one had a different idea of what philosophy was. Then there was a question on the part of those who had let others do their thinking whether the study was of any use and had any practical bearing. The next question was to learn a new dialect. We were exposed on that side to misapprehension by those who did not care to learn a new dialect, as they would be compelled to do if they were commencing the study of algebra. Then, as to numbers, during the first year there was a very good attendance, much more than we expected, though, to be sure, numbers are not of much account with us. During the second and third years there was a still greater success in numbers. Meanwhile a generous woman gave us the means to erect our chapel, which we built as plainly as we could, with few ornaments. Our numbers this year have not been as large as in previous years, but we do not take this as discouraging. In all we now have a list of 700 or 800 different persons who have attended the school, so that we may say that there is a large enough number of persons in this country who really care to devote themselves to philosophy, and so we feel encouraged. We did entertain the question whether the "Concord School" should go for one year to a Western town, but we decided that, though it might advertise us, we did not wish to go peddling for support. If the human soul loves light and truth, the Concord School must have longevity. We do really believe that there is a seed spread on this hillside which is going to spring into everlasting life. The school has the power to make itself known and loved. The speaker thought everything hopeful for the future, and that it is safe for young people to go to the Concord School without imbibing any heresies. Although they to a large extent presented German views, which a few years ago were considered dangerous to investigate, they had an American interpreter who could sift the truth. Thus endeth the fourth year of the Concord School of Philosophy.

PHILOSOPHY AT CONCORD.

Possibly the Last Programme of the School—Emerson and Immortality.

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

Boston, July 21.

On Wednesday of this week the Concord Summer School of Philosophy will open for the sixth time and perhaps the last. Only two subjects will be considered—Emerson and immortality. The venerable A. Bronson Alcott, the Dean of

the faculty, who has been so enfeebled for a long time, will probably be present on the opening day, and there will be read extracts from his diary of 1835, 1837, 1838, and 1842. In the latter year he went to England, and just before leaving for home he received a letter from Thomas Carlyle, and this letter will be one of the matters read on Wednesday morning. In Mr. Alcott's diary are criticisms and estimates of Emerson, who at the time had published only one work, 'Nature.' These comments are said to be very interesting reading now and to be in a bright style.

It is wholly uncertain what the future of the school will be. The attendance for this year, crowded into two weeks as it must be, promises to average larger per day than last year. Possibly after this year the hillside chapel will remain closed; possibly it may be opened after a year or two of vacation; possibly reopened next year, if the attendance and encouragement this year warrant it. But Emerson is gone, and Mr. Alcott is unable to attend regularly. The Faculty are widely scattered and the prospect is not favorable for a continuance of the school.

The programme of subjects and lectures is as follows: "Emerson's View of Nature," by Dr. W. T. Harris; "Emerson's Religion," by the Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol; "Emerson's Ethics," by Mr. Edwin D. Mead; "Emerson's Manners and Relation to Society," by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; "Emerson as Seen from India," by Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, of Calcutta; "Emerson as an American," by Julian Hawthorne; "Emerson in the Pulpit," by Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody; "A French View of Emerson," by M. René Payen Belleisle, of Paris; "Emerson in Boston," by Mrs. Edna D. Cheney; "Emerson as an Essayist," by Mr. John Albee; "Emerson and Thoreau," by Mr. Walt Whitman (or in its place readings by Mr. H. G. O. Blake, Emerson's biographer); "Emerson's View of Nationality," by the Rev. G. W. Cooke; "Emerson Among the Poets," by Mr. F. B. Sanborn; "Emerson's Relations to Goethe and Carlyle," by Dr. Harris; "The Genius of Emerson," by Mr. W. E. Channing, of Concord. The discussion on immortality will be shared by the venerable Rev. Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, of Cambridge; the Rev. Dr. Robert A. Holland, of New Orleans; Mr. John Fiske, Dr. Harris, and others. The latter's topic will be "The Origin and Destiny of Man." The lecturer from Paris will speak in his native tongue, which will be the first time that any other language than English has been employed at the school. Nine in the morning and half-past seven in the evening are the hours for lectures, with only one on Saturdays. Julian Hawthorne is put down for the evening of the first day.

CONCORD.

WRITTEN BY GEO. TOLMAN FOR THE PUBLIC LIBRARY PRIZE.

An Accurate Analysis of Schools and Society—Land, Taxes, Library and Water—The People Good Neighbors.

Today The Record continues the publication of its series of articles on the best town to live in. The list, so far as made up, is given below, and due notice will be given

of the other towns which are to follow. Remember, that the vote is to be sent in when the list is completed, by cutting out the title of the article from the paper, enclosing it to The Record, directed "The Record, Boston, Mass., The Best Town to Live In." See to it that your own town is voted for and makes a good showing in this competition, which has attracted attention everywhere.

Dec. 12. Malrea.
Dec. 13. Lincoln.
Dec. 14. Winthrop.
Dec. 15. W. Newton.
Dec. 16. Old Medford.

Dec. 17. Hyde Park.
Dec. 18. Arharia.
Dec. 20. Quincy.
Dec. 21. Wellesley Hills.
Dec. 22. Jamaica Plain.

CONCORD, Nov. 11.—I suppose that every Concord reader of The Record, when he came across your proposition in last Friday evening's issue, at once exclaimed, "He must mean Concord," for surely there is no other town in the whole Commonwealth that so fully answers the demands of the writer.

True we are almost at the extreme limit of 20 miles from Boston, but with 14 daily trains each way over the Fitchburg road and four over the Lowell, we are brought as near to the city as is desirable. In point of time, Grove Hall is as far from the Old State House as Concord is; while, as far as the comfort of the daily journey goes, the 40 minutes trip in the easy, roomy and comfortable cars of the Fitchburg road is immeasurably to be preferred to the three-quarters of an hour's ride in the dusty, crowded and draughty horse-cars which the dweller in the nearer suburbs of the city must undergo daily. Nor is the difference in car fare greatly to be regarded, for the price of a season ticket over the railroad (\$38 a year from Boston to Concord) is more than offset by the difference in house-rent.

Rents in Concord are low, or at any rate moderate, the only difficulty being that there are very few rented houses, and tenements are hardly to be found; but bearing in mind the fact that your inquiry is for the benefit of those who "either own or intend to own their homes," this difficulty becomes one of very little importance. Indeed, it is a serious drawback to many

of the newer towns nearer Boston that there are in them so many rented houses, inducing a transient, shifting population of people who have not the interest of proprietors in the town, and for that reason are not so solicitous to maintain its credit or its reputation.

A STRONG LOCAL FEELING.

The ownership of real property creates a feeling of conservatism, and leads a man to take an active interest in matters of local importance, the schools, the highways, the taxes, the administration of town affairs and the like. So it will be found that, in Concord and towns of its class, partisan politics find no place in town affairs, but the town officers are chosen simply on the ground of fitness and ability, and the business of the town is managed carefully and economically. Land within easy distance of the railroad station is held at reasonable prices, and some of the best building spots in the town have within a few years been brought into the market by the opening of new streets and bridges.

AIR—BY THE CUBIC TON.

As to the air of Concord there is certainly enough of it. The village is somewhat loosely built, with houses far enough apart to give a free circulation to the breezes which find their way over or through the barrier of low hills which surround it on every side. Nor is the air contaminated by smoke or smell from manufacturing or slaughter-houses or tanneries or any of the similar ill-smelling establishments which pollute the air of so many of the otherwise attractive suburbs of Boston. From all these things we are entirely free, and in the

very nature of the case we must always remain so, our quiet river affording no power for manufacturing except at Westvale, three miles away, and there being no inducement whatever to any one to set up a factory to run by steam.

Perhaps the town's bills of mortality might better than anything else show the healthfulness of the place. The average age of the 62 persons who died here last year was 40 years; of those 62 exactly one fourth had more than lived out their "allotted span" of three score years and ten, and five of these had attained to 85 years of age and over. The annual death rate of the town for the past 10 years has averaged less than that of any other town within your circle of 20 miles from Boston.

SCHOOLS AND SYSTEM.

The schools of Concord have for more than 200 years ranked very high, according to the fashion of the time. Personally I have very little faith in the modern methods and aims of public school instruction. The system seems to me to attempt to do altogether too much, and to succeed in doing altogether too little. I confess I would like to see a return to simpler courses of study, a more thorough training in the elementary branches, and a more liberal idea of what is called "discipline." But the quackery which has taken possession of the public schools is now a "strutem." Concord is not responsible for it; she has simply tumbled into it, along with pretty nearly all the rest of the towns in the Commonwealth. But, judged by the standards now in vogue, the schools of this town are among the best in the State, and are liberally and ungrudgingly supported by the people, who never boggle in town meeting over any appropriation, however large, for school purposes.

THE STREETS.

As to streets and sidewalks, every town has them, and one will hardly find a mile of really bad street in any village in this part of the Commonwealth. I do not think Concord falls behind in this particular. The streets in the village are broad and level, well made and well kept, lighted at night, and bordered with well-grown trees, mostly elms and maples. The highways running out of the town wind through the woods and over the hills, past well-tilled fields and prosperous farms, and offer a succession of charming drives or walks, leading in many cases to scenes of great natural beauty.

THE SOCIETY IS DEMOCRATIC.

Society in Concord is, in its way, democratic. As an old town, where many of the first settlers of two centuries and a half ago are still represented by their descendants of the eighth or ninth generation, and where the old family names have continued perhaps more persistently than in most of the other old towns even, it is not without a strong feeling of local and family pride, which, if it is to be hoped, may never be engendered or forgotten. But this is not the pride of wealth or of exclusiveness. It is the honest feeling of a people who know that they have a history and traditions of their own as old and as honorable as that of New England itself.

The newer villages, which have been built up around some great manufacturing establishment, or have sprung into existence at the bidding of land speculators, have none of this local pride; they are merely aggregations of individuals, bound together by no common ties except those of a purely material character, dependent sometimes upon some one rich family or corporation, or upon some single manufacturing industry, which give to such places all the distinctive municipal and social character that they have. No one will ever seek Concord as a place of residence because of its mechanical or manufacturing industries, or will be allured here by the showy promises of speculators or building associations.

ITS LITERARY REPUTATION.

Those, however, who come hither on account of the attractions which the old town really possesses, its quiet, peaceful character, its literary, social and educational advantages, its excellent society, its charming scenery, are cordially welcomed, and quickly and easily find their place in its social life. Concord is a

wealthy town, with no wealthy people; that is, there is no one here who, as riches are counted nowadays, can be accounted rich. So there is no vulgar ostentation, no pretentious houses, no little great man, whose wealth gives him a commanding influence in local affairs. Nor are there any very poor. Three or four superannuated old men and women doze out the few remaining years of their lives in a sort of comfortable retirement at the town farm, without being made to feel that they are in any sense a public burden, and are, indeed, not without a certain dignity of their own, as those who have done their part in life in their years of activity, and are now reaping their deserved reward, of having their material wants supplied by their fellow townsmen.

THE GREAT QUESTION FOR HOUSE-OWNERS.

Taxes in Concord are not high. On a very moderate assessed valuation, the rate last year was \$10 on a \$900; this year it is \$12, the increase being on account of a new schoolhouse. It is Concord's way to pay as it goes, and there is absolutely no town debt to pay interest upon, except the water loan, which is provided for by a sinking fund derived from the revenue of the water works.

A PARAPHRASE WHEN THERE IS ONE.

As to "rum shops," the celebrated chapter on The Snakes of Ireland may be paraphrased: "There are no rum-shops in Concord," and so far as I can judge, there is nobody who wants one. The saloon has gone, and probably has gone to stay, and our vigilant police force of one finds time hang heavy on his hands for want of occupation.

WHAT ELSE?

But, apart from all these things, air, streets, schools, society, low taxes and lack of rum-shops, what else has Concord? First, let us put the library, an institution of which we are justly proud, containing nearly 23,000 volumes, open for seven hours daily for six days in every week, beautifully housed in the very centre of the town, intelligently directed, well endowed for its maintenance, and, for its annual additions, enthusiastically supported by the town, which regularly and without question appropriates to its support the very last dollar that the law permits towns to raise by taxation for library purposes.

Then the water supply, a matter of no little importance, in quantity ample for five times our present population, even at the extravagant rate at which we use it. Drawn from a forest lake which receives no drainage or sewage from farms, village or manufactory, and never can receive such it comes to our houses pure, beautiful and life-giving, entirely unpolluted by the nameless horrors which we read of as contaminating the water of a most every public aqueduct in the neighborhood of Boston. Indeed an actual analysis of the water, officially made at the time our water works were first put in, shows it to be absolutely the purest water in the whole world. The supply for all domestic purposes and for extinguishing fires (if we ever had any fires) is unlimited, so that even the lawn-sprinklers, which are nominally restricted to an hour a day, run along without intermission, day and night, for half the year.

THE PEOPLE ARE "GOOD NEIGHBORS."

A great attraction of Concord, especially to those who have children to bring up, is to be found in its rural situation and surroundings. The village, situated in a level plain of limited extent, is compact enough for neighborliness and sociability, while a walk of but a few moments brings one to the open fields, the woods, the ponds or the river, the last by no means the least of our domestic institutions. A narrow, shallow, sluggish stream, it winds lazily around three sides of the village, flowing for the most part through low and somewhat monotonous meadows, but sometimes widening out into little lakes or flowing under the boughs of overhanging trees, or at the foot of low hills. It is almost one of the highways of the town; everybody rows or paddles over its surface, the boys swim and fish in it in summer or skate over it in winter, picnic parties bivouac on its shady shores, nobody is afraid of it, and even the most anxious of mammae feels confident

that this most gentle and placid of streams is as safe and harmless a playground as her children can find.

Of our woods and ponds, and scenery, our societies, the school of philosophy and the state reformatory, it hardly needs to say anything. The last two of these institutions, it is true, are peculiar to Concord, but of these the school is already more famous abroad than it is at home, and the reformatory, being more than two miles away from the village, is quietly ignored by all Concordians, who look upon it as entirely a foreign affair.

—GEOFFREY TOLMAN.

THE CONCORD LYCEUM.

CELEBRATION OF ITS FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Address by the Hon. H. B. Hoar.

REPORTED FOR THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Concord Lyceum was celebrated last evening in the Town Hall in Concord. The attendance was very large, and the exercises possessed that great interest which must always attach to a literary institution whose years of usefulness have extended over so long a period. After music,

The Hon. H. B. Hoar

Called the company to order and spoke as follows:—

Knights and Friends: Fifty years ago to-night, at a meeting of citizens of Concord, after three or four previous meetings in which they had been engaged in perfecting an elaborate constitution, the Concord Lyceum was formed with a list of fifty-seven members, first of whom was the minister of Concord from Revolutionary times, Dr. Ripley, and as the constitution kindly permitted persons under eighteen years of age to become members on paying half the fee required of others, Rockwood Hoar is the fifty-seventh on the list, then of the age of twelve. There are living in the town but three of the original fifty-seven, and that I am one of the survivors accounts for my being requested to preside over this meeting to-night. The other two now living in Concord are Dr. Thomas F. Hunt and Mr. Joshua Lawrence. The latter began as most things do that are good, by the gratuitous labors of an enthusiast, Mr. Josiah H. Hook of Boston, a man who was interested in geology and mineralogy, and went about the State delivering gratuitous lectures upon those subjects, and urging the people of the cities and towns to form lyceums for popular education. His scheme embraced a good deal. He persuaded the people of various towns and cities, Boston, and Charlestown, and Salem and Worcester, and a great many of the smaller towns of the Commonwealth to start lyceums. There has been but one, however, that has grown up into anything like the proportions of the institution which is contemplated and recommended, and that is the Essex Institute of Salem. It has, as he proposed such lyceums should have, a large library, an extensive collection of objects in natural history, cabinets of mineralogy, and having courses of lectures, and the members dividing themselves into sections for the prosecution of the study of history, science and art.

The Concord Lyceum began with lectures, the first by the Rev. Barnard Whitman of Watkinson on "Popular Superstitions." It absorbed into itself the old debating society, and had debates as well as lectures, in which I remember the participants, most of whom to the majority probably of this audience are only a tradition. Dr. Ripley was the first President of the society, and Joshua Davis and Deacon Stephen Brown the Vice Presidents, Lemuel Shattuck, the historian of the town, the Recording Secretary, and the debates were participated in by Samuel Hoar and Moses Pritchard and Phineas Howe and Daniel Shattuck and Timothy Prescott and Ephraim Merriam and Cyrus Howser. It brings back to the boy of that day and the old man of to-day memories that are very touching and impressive. We must celebrate the creation of institutions once in fifty years; at least, for if we wait for the expiration of the century, there is none who remember the founders. Most of the lyceums that were established were short lived. That in Boston, of which Daniel Webster was President, lasted, I believe, some eight or ten years. They fell off almost everywhere, but with that persistence, which we foster ourselves in somewhat a characteristic of Concord, we have steadily maintained our course of lectures, and kept up the Lyceum, until now it has rounded its period of fifty years. It seems to the younger people a matter of course, but I ask you to pause with me a moment and think what this simple institution has done for this town. What an improvement it has made upon this community, what an instrument of education, of culture, of social acquaintance it has been. For fifty years, through those successive winters, the

old and the young have come here together to see each other's faces, the young men and maidens, sometimes, perhaps, with other views than intellectual culture, but all of us friendly, well-meaning, and engaged in a pursuit innocent and beautiful. And there has been poured out before us, not only to our minds and hearts, instruction, the value of which no statement of mine can possibly overestimate. It is wonderful to look through this record and to see the list of lecturers that have addressed our town-people in this little community. It has been an education conducted in the most catholic spirit. Every shade of opinion has here been presented and is as carefully entertained. What I looked for before I came, over the records to see the range of clericalism that have addressed us. From Dr. Brownson, the accomplished catholic scholar, we had Dr. Munroe, of the Old South and Dr. Stone of Park street, the Baptist Dr. Neal, Dr. Hedge, Dr. Chapin (the leader of the Universalists), Starr King, Edward Everett Hale, James Freeman Clarke, Mr. Wells, Theodore Parker, sounding the gamut from one end of the scale to the other. Our Lyceum has heard lectures from two Presidents of Harvard College, Mr. Felton and Dr. Hill, from Mr. Bacon of New Haven, Leonard Bacon, from Dr. Huntington from Dr. Gannett, from Dr. Sears, from Prof. H. Ford, from Waterston and Quincy, from Horace Greeley and John P. Hale, from George Thompson of England, from Dr. Palfrey, Dr. Francis, Dr. Ellis, from Agassiz and Holmes and Lowell and Dana, Whipple and Field, from Jones Verry and George T. Davis and Joseph T. Bucknizam and Charles T. Jackson; among eminent lawyers, Chief Justice Nelson, Judge Hopkins, George F. Earley and G. A. Griffin, Gov. Boutwell and Gov. Banks, from Wendell Phillips and George William Curtis.

And as my memory goes back through the list of the earlier days, I remember some whose names have not been so famous, but were cut off in their youth—beauty—George Farrar, one of the most promising young men of the Commonwealth, just starting as a lawyer in Charleston, and from Deacon Farrar of Lincoln; and in the first year of the Lyceum, F. W. Bliss Emerson and Charles Chauncy Emerson also gave to us lofty truths from sweeter lives than this generation knows. The only time that I ever heard Edward Bliss Emerson speak in public was at the Concord Lyceum, where, the first winter, he delivered a lecture on the Geography of Asia, in which he pointed up in the hall over the old Academy, with a large map with a painted outline of Asia upon it, with a wand in his hand, and entranced the attention of the audience. I remember now but one line of that lecture—I remember from hearing it fifty years ago—the last line of a poetical quotation with which he closed—

"And seek no other resting place but Heaven."

Charles Chauncy Emerson's lecture on Socrates was the most stirring appeal to the young men which at that time they had ever heard, closing with the line,

"God for thee has done his part, do thine."

We have had many interesting lectures from citizens of the town, from residents of Concord. I have before me a list of those who have lectured, too long to read in detail. From it it appears that Mr. Thoreau gave us 19 lectures before the Lyceum, Dr. Jarvis 17, Deacon Kneeland Ball 17, of which I well remember a course in natural history illustrated by a magic lantern on a very large scale, and the delight with which the young people viewed the representations of every known species of ape, monkey and baboon, accompanied by a very precise and accurate statement of their length from the tip of the nose to the insertion of the tail. Rev. Mr. Frost gave eight lectures, Dr. Ripley twelve, Deacon Cyrus Hooper ten, Mr. Sanborn seven, the late Mrs. Reynolds nine, Mr. Whipple one, Mr. Mann one forty years ago and one more recently.

But you will all have noticed in this narrative the omission of one name. It was the felicity of the Lyceum as it was the good fortune of the town that Mr. Emerson came to live among us. He has delivered before the Concord Lyceum, in the past fifty years 28 lectures. Mr. Emerson's presence to-night is to some extent an embarrassment to me. Distant be the day when this community shall be free to give full expression to its gratitude to him, and to the love and affection which his townsmen bear to him. (Applause.) But our ceremony would be incomplete if I did not ask you to pause for a moment and to think what that simple statement of these 28 lectures implies and means. What a wealth of intellectual treasure has been spread out before this people. What keenness of analysis what treasures of wit and wisdom, what lofty and soaring thought, what wealth of noble life is contained in those manuscript pages!

The presence of Mr. Emerson in Concord has been the education of the town. It has given it its primary distinction in our generation, and we owe very much of the lectures which have been given us by personal distinction and eminence from other places to the desire to visit and see Mr. Emerson, and willingness of his friends to contribute to the entertainment of townsmen. I must not take up your time. I nothing special to say to you, but there is a great deal comes into my thoughts as I look back over the years of my life, of the joy and of the pain, of the many of the things that I have seen and felt, and of the many from whom I have learned and entertained.

history, the story of our country in detail, and this institution of Concord will start upon its fifty years' (Applause.)

Mr. Emerson was then introduced, and I have never seen a more beautiful and more interesting scene in the history of the Lyceum.

EMERSON AND ALCOTT.

The Young Philosopher's Record of His Dead Companion.

Laborers Together for Nearly Half a Century—Carlyle One of the Trinity of Transcendentalists—Inviting Him to America.

Special Correspondence of THE PRESS.

CONCORD, July 28.—The first day of the Concord School, which this year has but two topics for discussion—Emerson and Immortality—brought together an audience from nearly half the states of the union—from California, Colorado, Nebraska, Missouri, Louisiana and Michigan—as well as from Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania. The hillside chapel was filled at the evening session, when Julian Hawthorne read his paper on "Emerson as an American," which was voted to be a much more searching criticism of the post-philosopher than those of Arnold and John Morley.

At the morning session, after a sonnet by Miss Lazarus, some passages were read from the early diaries of Mr. Alcott (whose health prevented his presence at the school), concerning the first years of his acquaintance with Emerson, prefaced with this introduction:

Among the topics proposed for discussion we are about to commence on the "Genius and Character of Emerson," was one of "Emerson's Friendships," but along with the other misfortune of the day, Mr. Alcott's continued illness brings to its end this one, that it deprives us of the words and the thoughts of that friend of Emerson who stood beside him for nearly half a century, and who could best have spoken on this delightful theme. Among the qualities of our friend and master, none was more conspicuous or more charming than his loyalty in friendship. His Arab in the poem "Hermione," who in other passages utters the sentiments of Emerson, nowhere speaks more truly than in saying:

"I am of a lineage

That each for each doth fast engage;"

and that noble poem which precedes the essay on "Friendship," describes no friend more faithfully than Emerson himself:

"I fancied he was fled—

But, after many a year

Glowed unexpected kindness,

Like daily sunrise there."

To no person was this high companionship for so longer and more intimate term than to Mr. Alcott, and we have therefore asked him to allow us the public reading from his diaries and correspondence of the last fifty years of these few passages.

THEIR FIRST MEETING.

It seems that Alcott made the acquaintance of Emerson at a course of lectures in Boston in 1835, when Emerson gave biographical sketches of Michael Angelo, Luther, Milton, George Fox, Burke, etc. At this time Emerson was 32 and Alcott 35 years old, and the latter was teaching a school for young children at the Marion Temple in Boston, which soon became famous, but was never very successful pecuniarily and was finally

ruined by the attacks of the Boston newspapers on Mr. Alcott's opinions.

Emerson and Alcott at once grew intimate, as may be seen by this extract from the latter's diary of July 12, 1835:

A few days since Mrs. Morrison, of Philadelphia, came in town bringing me letters from Mr. Russell. Last evening she saw several of your friends, persons with whom we wished her to become acquainted. Among these were the following: Mr. Waldo Emerson, Charles Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Child, Mr. S. J. May, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Mary Peabody (now Mrs. Horace Mann), Mrs. Bliss (now Mrs. George Bancroft), Miss Mary Emerson, Miss Elizabeth Hoar and others.

Later in the Summer, August 10, Mr. Alcott writes:

I have been in attendance at the American Institute of Instruction, at the State House in the city, at Chaucy Hall in the evening. On Thursday at 11 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Farness, of Philadelphia, gave an introductory address on the "Spirit of the True Teacher," an eloquent performance. At 4 P. M., Rev. Mr. Emerson, of Concord, gave a lecture on "The Means of Inspiring a Taste for English Literature." These two lectures were of a more spiritual character than have been presented at the Institute on former occasions. They inspire hope. They are proofs that sometimes more is felt in the community than the material. The members of the Institute, many of them teachers from the country, persons of narrow views and superficial attainments, were unprepared to follow the lectures, yet they seemed to listen with interest, and to feel, if they did not appreciate, the truths announced.

INVITING CARLYLE TO NEW ENGLAND.

Through the year 1835 Mr. Alcott was deep in the study of Plato and the Bible, which he found in accordance with each other and with his own thoughts, and he was also in close communion with those readers of Carlyle who were inviting him to New England, and were proposing a new magazine to be called "The Transcendentalist," of which mention is made in Emerson's letters to Carlyle of March 12 and April 30, 1835. Of this project Emerson wrote:

Dr. Channing lay awake all night, he told my friend last week, because he had learned in the evening that some young men proposed to issue a journal to be called the "Transcendentalist" as the organ of a spiritual philosophy. . . . If Mr. Carlyle would undertake a journal of which we have talked much, but which we have never yet produced, he would do us great service, and we feel some confidence that it could be made to secure him a support. It is to be called the "Transcendentalist," or the "Spiritual Inquirer," or the like, and R. H. Hedge was to be the editor. Hedge is just leaving our neighborhood to be settled as a minister 250 miles off, in Maine, and expects that you will edit the journal. He will write, and I please myself with thinking that I shall be able to write under such auspices.

To this invitation Carlyle listened, and responded (May 13, 1835):

The Boston "Transcendentalist," whatever the fate or merit of it may prove to be, is surely an interesting symptom. There must be things not dreamt of in that trans-oceanic parish. I shall cordially wish well to this thing, and hail it as the sure forerunner of things better. Innumerable examples of metaphysics must be struggled through and at last transcendentalism evolve itself as the enthusiasm of metaphysics altogether. May it be sure, may it be speedy!

KINDRED ASPIRATIONS.

Passages were then read from the diaries of 1837-38 and from the correspondence of Emerson with Alcott in those years, and in 1839, after the persecutions of the Transcendentalists by the conservatives in religion and politics had begun. Mr. Alcott then recorded his estimate of the friend with whom he had become so closely associated:

I propose spending a few days in Concord with Emerson. We have much to say on the

present aspect and tendency of the times. A day of controversy is coming over our heads. Renovating influences are at work in the very heart of society; old forms are soon to be cast off. The soul is shedding its slough and renewing itself. The timid, the desolated are looking on with fear. Views with which our name are associated are to be assailed as the prolific cause of this overturn of things. We are to be made the butt of sectarian caustic. Persecutions, fierce and unrelenting, are to be waged against us. Our tempers are to be tried. I shall like to learn the mood of this, my brother, as he looks out from the seclusion of his rural retreat. Brother—that is a kindling name! I feel the sentiment of kindred quicken within me as I write it. He is a brother of mine, and an only one. All other men seem strange to me when I think of him, for no other knows me so well, and I value none so dearly. I may confide in him. Bravest among my contemporaries, he walks the earth magnanimously, and I behold his front and despair not of men. A spirit like his shall not be cowed. An insight like his shall gain its meed of honor. My brother, we shall do and dare. God is on our side. We believe in the real, and shall come off victorious in our warfare against the seeming.

EMERSONIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week, Rev. Dr. Bartol and Mr. E. D. Mead (the champion of Mr. Blaine against the Boston bolters), read lectures on Emerson's religion and ethics; Dr. Harris on his view of nature; Mr. John Albee, a charming paper on his matter and manner as an essayist, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe on "Emerson's Relations to Society."

To-day Miss Elizabeth Peabody has lectured on his preaching from the Unitarian pulpits of Boston, New Bedford and Lexington, where she frequently heard him between 1828 and 1837, and Mrs. Cheney told of his reception in Boston after he left the pulpit and made the lecturer's desk his place of instruction for many years in that city. Miss Peabody, in the absence of Mr. Alcott, is the oldest member of the faculty of the school, and participates every day in the conversations, as Mrs. Howe did on Saturday, but Mrs. Cheney made her first appearance to-day.

Among other lecturers present are Rev. Dr. Holland, of New Orleans; M. de Poyen, a French student of Emerson, who addresses the audience in French; and Professor Davidson, the translator of Aristotle, who talks indifferently in Scotch, French, Italian, Latin, Greek or German, and is an agreeable speaker in any language.

PERPETUAL FORCES.

Some Truths Expressed in Emerson's Forebode Way.

Ralph Waldo Emerson thus concludes an article on "Perpetual Forces" in the current number of the North American Review:

All our political disasters grow as logically out of our attempts in the past to do without justice, as the sinking of some part of your house comes of defect in the foundation. One thing is plain; a certain personal virtue is essential to freedom, and it begins to be doubtful whether our corruption in this country has not gone a little over the mark of safety; so that when canvassed we shall be found to be made up of a majority of reckless self-seekers.

I hope better of the State. Half a man's wisdom goes with his courage. A boy who knows that a bully lives around the corner which he must pass on his daily way to school is apt to take a sinister view of streets and of school education. And a sensitive politician suffers his ideas of the part New York or Pennsylvania or Ohio are to play in the future of the Union to be fashioned by the election of rogues in some counties. But we must not gratify the rogues

so deeply. There is a speedy limit to profligate politics.

Fear disenchants life and the world. If I have not my own respect, I am an impostor, not entitled to other men's, and had better creep into my grave. I admire the sentiment of Thoreau, who said, "Nothing is so much to be feared as fear; God himself likes atheism better." For the world is a battle-ground; every principle is a war note, and the most quiet and protected life is at any moment exposed to incidents which test your firmness. The illusion that strikes me as the masterpiece in that ring of illusions which our life is, is the timidity with which we assert our moral sentiment. We are made of it, the world is built by it, things endure as they share it; all beauty, all health, all intelligence exist by it; yet we shrink to speak it or to range ourselves by its side. Nay, we presume strength of him or them who deny it. Cities go against it; the college goes against it; the courts snatch at any precedent, at any vicious form of law to rule it out; legislatures listen to the appetite to declamations against it and vote it down. Every new asserter of the right surprises us, like a man joining the church, and we hardly believe he is in earnest.

But what we do and suffer is in moments: the cause of right for which we labor never dies, works in long periods, can afford many checks, gains by our defeats, and will know how to compensate our extreme sacrifices. Wrath and petulance may have their short success, but they quickly reach their brief date and decompose, whilst the massive might of ideas is irresistible at last. Whence does this knowledge come? Where is the source of power? The soul of God is poured into the world through the thoughts of men. The world stands on ideas and not on iron or cotton; and the iron of iron, the fire of fire, the ether and source of all the elements is moral force.

As cloud on cloud, as snow on snow, as the bird on the air, and the planet rests on space in its flight; so do the nations of men and their institutions rest on thoughts.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

From M. D. Conway's "Life of Emerson."

A wise friend of mine used to say that "in marriage one should seek a soul that came into the world about the same time as himself." So Emerson once said to me. Lidian Jackson, whom he married in 1836, exceeded him a little in age, and the spiritual breath of the same era was upon her. Born beside Plymouth Rock, she had become of such marked devotedness in the church there founded by the Pilgrims—dedicated by her ancestors to the God of Calvin, and ascended to the God of Channing—and so unwearied in her charities that she was known as "the Strait of Plymouth." Yet, whenever the "last supper" was to be celebrated in this church, its saint arose, and, from the old family pew near the pulpit, walked down the aisle and out of the church. This was not because she did not honor the rite, but because she held its maintenance as a condition of church membership to be its perversion and dishonor. Mrs. Emerson brought some pecuniary addition to his means, and the house, with its pleasant garden, in which he loved to work, and several acres were purchased. Emerson now regarded himself as a rich man, with his homestead, about \$20,000 in money, and an increasing demand for his lectures. Then, as always, he and his wife knew the art of spending. Simplicity, good taste, comfort, hospitality, sincerity, were the furniture of this Concord home. There were business men in Boston who revered the scholar and philosopher, and perhaps then as

later, if they had a good chance for an investment, were glad to get Emerson's surplus into it and forward him good dividends. His mother may have been a little distressed at first by the strange opinions that had separated him from the church, but she soon found that he had chosen the better part. Surrounded thus by all the resources of happiness, Emerson sorrowed most for his friend Carlyle in his lonely home on the bleak moors, and again urged him to come. He offered Carlyle his home and even his own destiny. He prophesied and pictured for him a career in America singularly resembling the career afterward fulfilled by himself. "He used to write," said Carlyle to me, "of solid and honest farmers, and said, 'Horace Greeley does their thinking for them at a dollar a head.'" Whereat Carlyle was mirthful; but one can now see a sad contrast in the environments which the old world and new had severally assigned to these representatives of the same era. Carlyle praises poverty, while every posthumous page bears witness to its miserable effect upon himself and his miserable life. Emerson never knew real poverty; even while he drove his mother's cow to pasture there were prospects of plenty around him in every direction, and no room for fear or misgiving about the future. To a healthy and intelligent youth America was already a fortune. Carlyle's "Blessed be poverty" is not so wise as Solomon's "Give me neither poverty nor riches." After all it is a mean thing, the struggle for existence, to a thinker whose mind should be free to detach the poetic dream of its youth from the local mould, and sound a melody for the young world. "Concordia" lost nothing from its notes having passed through that furnace smoke.

Much more will have to be said about Emerson's home as the birthplace of many souls, but I insert here reminiscences written by Louisa Alcott, whose tales have carried far the morning breath of Concord.

"My first remembrance is of the morning when I was sent to inquire for little Waldo, then lying very ill. His father came to me so worn with watching and changed by sorrow, that I was startled, and could only stammer out my message. 'Child, he is dead' was his answer. Then the door closed, and I ran home to tell the sad tidings. I was only eight years old and that was my first glimpse of a great grief, but I never have forgotten the anguish that made a familiar face so tragical, and gave those few words more pathos than the sweet lamentation of the 'Threnody.'

"Later, when we went to school with the little Emersons in their father's barn, I remember many happy times when the illustrious papa was our good playfellow. Often piling us into a bedecked hay-cart, he took us to berry, bathe or picnic at Walden, making our day charming and memorable by showing us the places he loved, the wood-people Thoreau had introduced to him, or the wild-flowers whose hidden homes he had discovered. So that when years afterward we read of 'the sweet rhodora in the woods' and 'the burly, dozing bumble-bee,' or laughed over 'The Mountain and the Squirrel,' we recognized old friends, and thanked him for the delicate truth and beauty which made them immortal for us and others.

"When the book maids fell upon me at fifteen I used to venture into Mr. Emerson's library and ask what I should read, never conscious of the audacity of my demand, so genial was my welcome. His kind hand opened to me the riches of Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe and Carlyle; and I gratefully recall the sweet patience with which he led me round the book-lined room till the new and very interesting book was found, or the indulgent look he wore when I proposed something far above my comprehension. 'Wait a little for that,' he said. 'Meantime try this, and if you like it come again.' For many of these wise books I am waiting still,

very patiently, because in his own I have found the truest delight, the best inspiration of my life.

"When these same precious volumes were tumbled out of the window while his house was burning some years ago, as I stood guarding the scorched, wet pile, Mr. Emerson passed by and surveyed the devastation with philosophic calmness, only said in answer to my lamentations, 'I see my library under a new aspect. Could you tell me where my good neighbors have flung my books?' * * * When Emerson and Carlyle were returning one day from a visit to Stonehenge they were entertained by Sir Arthur Helps at Bishop Walthams, with other gentlemen; and to these 'friends in council' Emerson told an anecdote about Alcott, which I am sorry I did not ask him to repeat literally, for the version I heard may contain mythical elements. Alcott seemed unable to produce anything for which the world was willing to trade, and the family was reduced to want. On one occasion, however, he became the owner of a twenty-dollar gold piece, which caused joy in his household. On the same day a traveler in distress knocked at his door, and, telling a piteous story, brought a loan of five dollars to enable him to reach home. Alcott told him he had a five-piece, but could lend him twenty. The sum was accepted with a satisfaction not shared by Mrs. Alcott when she was returned from a walk. The papers in her bag contained a description of the rogue and how he had swindled others. Alcott was in some domestic disgrace until a letter arrived containing the money, the swindler declaring that he could not make up his mind to rob a man so simple-hearted as to give four times the amount asked for. Alcott alone recovered his money. This, or something like it, was the story Emerson told the company. Carlyle sat silent, and when dinner was announced refused to pre-empt Emerson—he was altogether too wicked."

—Ominous—

It was discovered on Sunday afternoon, during a burial in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, at Concord, Massachusetts, that the grave of Ralph Waldo Emerson had been disturbed. An examination showed that it had been opened during Saturday night and the coffin exposed, but the ghouls appear to have been frightened away before they could get at the body. A watch has been set upon the grave until it can be covered with a heavy monument of stone.

EMERSON'S FUNERAL

An Address by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D. D.

Tributes from Hon. E. Rockwood Hoar and Mr. A. Bronson Alcott.

Private Services, and Burial in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

The obsequies of Ralph Waldo Emerson at Concord yesterday drew one of the most notable gatherings that has ever been seen in the neighborhood of Boston. A large number of ladies and gentlemen distinguished in literary or professional life went out from Boston by the trains at 1 P. M. and 2.15 P. M. At 2.30 P. M. a private service was held at the home of the Emerson family, the Rev. Dr. Furness of

Philadelphia officiating. The funeral procession then went to the Church of the First Parish where public services were held, including introductory words by the Hon. E. Rockwood Hoar, Scripture reading by the Rev. Dr. Furness, an address by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, prayer by the Rev. Howard N. Town of Brookline, and hymns by A. Bronson Alcott. The remains were then conveyed to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where they were interred with fitting solemnity.

THE PRIVATE SERVICES.

Not since the solemn scenes of the obsequies of Hawthorne in that balmy spring day seventeen years ago has an event occurred at Concord so commensurate with the commitment to earth of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The same venerable church witnessed the parting tribute to the dead, and the same lovely plot of ground received all that remained. The company that gathered also was to a large extent identical with that which paid tribute to Hawthorne, and was of kindred pursuits and sympathies.

Visitors to the town were at once impressed with the feeling of general bereavement that seemed to have fallen upon the whole community. A subdued and saddened air seemed to pervade the very atmosphere of the place, notwithstanding the genial sun that glided the Concord River and valley. On every home, from the richest to the lowliest, were displayed the emblems of mourning. From the tall staff that occupied the centre of the town common the flag drooped at half-mast, with long streamers of black depending from it. At 2.30 P. M. a private service was held at the home, and this, though in keeping with the spirit of the deceased, entirely unostentatious, was singularly impressive in its heart-touching simplicity, and in the mute eloquence of the face upturned beneath the lofty array of books with which he loved to commune.

"Dead he lay among his books—
The peace of God was in his looks."

It was the same calm and thought-chastened countenance, though whiter now and more reposeful than ever before, the same lofty head, with the thin and blanching locks that his friends have noted of late, and the same clear outline of form and feature that was seen in the typical vesture of white resting in the plain casket and affording emphasis to the prayer and praise of all the hearts that clustered near him. Peace and placidity marked him in death as in life, and thought and an intuitive fitness was spoken in all his surroundings.

There, in that modest study, rich only in the products of thought and memory, were the symbols of his life work and the representatives of the world-wide friendship it had won for him. On the simple casket in which he lay was placed:

RALPH WALDO EMERSON,
Born May 25, 1803,
Died April 27, 1882.

Just below this inscription was a tiny wreath of pansies, and further down a chaplet formed of Jacqumint and Souvenir roses. On the long marble shelf, amid memorials of friends and old-time visits, were large clusters of forget-me-nots, and on an *escutcheon*, in a quaint embellished bowl beneath his bust that recalled the days of his mental prime, stood a radiant cluster of flowers he loved.

The company that filled every space in the study, the passageway and the home room to which it led was, not the least notable feature of the scene. There were gathered the representatives of three generations, the friends who had been with him at school, at college, at the anfringes of the Transcendentalists and the social circles, the parishioners who sat beneath his preaching in the Church of the Second Parish in Boston, the bookmakers and publicists who had sent forth his works to the world, the professors who had blended their thought with his in the school of philosophy; but nearer than all were those who had been allied to him by the double claims of kinship and literary sympathy. The words of tribute and prayer over the deceased were fittingly given by one who had been with him more than sixty years before as a classmate in the old Boston Latin School, the Rev. Dr. Furness of Philadelphia. The service was simple, indeed—no music or chorister was heard, and no labored eulogy; but the penetrating words and expression of the speaker went directly to the hearts of the mourners, and, however exalted above his fellow-men by mental worth, it is in the pure

heart and high purpose of good that final greatness is to be sought. Such he showed was Emerson's lasting claim. The prayer and Scripture passages ended, the silent company arose, and passing in turn to look at the form of him who lay in the casket prepared to join the cortege to the church. First came the tall and venerable form of his life companion, Mrs. Emerson, whose pallid face told only too plainly the unspeakable sense of loss that was felt within, and after her came the nearest relatives and loved ones of the deceased. The body was reverently borne from the house and placed in the waiting hearse by the pall-bearers, who were Messrs. Charles Emerson, Haven Emerson, William Forbes, J. E. Cabot, J. B. Thayer, Dr. Emerson, Ralph Forbes and William Thayer. As they passed, the venerable men who had come to pay their last tribute stood with uncovered heads on either side of the walk. The picture was such as is rarely seen. The solemn procession then moved to the church, the immediate relatives and most intimate friends of the deceased occupying carriages immediately following the hearse, and several hundred ladies and gentlemen proceeding on foot in pairs. Among those who participated in the obsequies were his three surviving children, Dr. Emerson, Miss Ellen Emerson and Mrs. Wm. H. Forbes and her six children; also Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, George William Curtis, Rev. Dr. Bartol, Col. T. W. Higginson, Julian Hawthorne, Frank B. Sanborn, Prof. James P. Thayer, President Eliot of Harvard, Prof. Harris, Mrs. James T. Fields, Mrs. John A. Andrew and daughter, W. W. Fritchard of New York, Prof. C. E. Norton, Elizabeth Peabody, Dr. Le Baron Russell, Dr. Charles Putnam, Dr. James Putnam, Rev. Mr. Dahl, Henry James, Samuel Bradford, Mrs. G. R. Russell, Mrs. Agassiz, Judge Lowell and wife, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Higginson, George Higginson, Mr. and Mrs. Parkman Blake, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Haskins, Mr. and Mrs. McLean Heyward, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cobb, David French, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Nash, Thomas G. Appleton, Dr. and Mrs. George Faulkner, Miss Faulkner, Col. H. B. Russell and family, J. Malcolm Forbes and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. Elliot Cabot, Mrs. Storer and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Q. A. Shaw, Mrs. Tappan, Dr. and Mrs. Hedge, Prof. Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. Hussey Goodwin, Prof. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. Norton, Rev. G. W. Cook, Dr. A. A. Gray, Rev. N. S. Folsom, Rev. Dr. Briggs, Prof. T. Sterry Hunt, Henry James, Jr., Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Miss Abby W. May, Capt. Nath. Appleton, Senator Gerry, George Putnam, Thomas G. Appleton, Miss Alice Longfellow, Darwin E. Ware, Solomon Lincoln, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Judge Henry P. French, Mrs. Henry Whitman, Mrs. Susan Coolidge of Newport, Gen. N. P. Banks, Rev. Dr. Chandler Robbins, Miss Louise M. Alcott, Miss Sarah O. Jewett, Charles Emery, Col. J. B. Moore, Miss Ann Whitney, Nathaniel Henderson, W. W.

Julius F. H. Ward, Prof. W. A. Burpee, and the publishers represented were Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, Smith, A. Williams, J. G. Cupples and Mr. J. S. Clark. The Second Church, Boston, at which Mr. Emerson once officiated, was represented by a committee consisting of the pastor, Rev. E. A. Horton, ex-Gov. Talbot, F. W. Lincoln, E. J. Crosby, G. H. Hagar. The Social Circle, of which the deceased was the oldest member, having joined in 1842, was represented by Robert Barrett, R. N. Rice, H. N. Grout, Samuel Staples, E. C. Damon, E. R. Hoar, Lorenzo Eaton, H. J. Walcott, G. P. Howe, J. F. Barrett, Geo. Keyes, James B. Wood, H. J. Hosmer, J. S. Keyes, J. M. Smith, H. F. Smith, N. B. Stowe, Geo. Heywood.

THE CHURCH SERVICE.

As early as two o'clock a few people were on the steps of the church of the First Parish awaiting the opening of its doors, and in the meantime watching those who were favored with the privilege of attending the exercises at the house, many of whom passed the church on their way to the home of the family in whose mourning thousands were participating. Rapidly these waiters upon time increased in numbers, accessions of those who were driven up or of those who walked continually being received. At 2.45 the doors of the edifice were swung open to admit nearly if not quite as many as there were seats that were not reserved. A large corps of ushers, under the direction of Mr. Samuel Hoar, saw that all that could possibly be done to insure comfort was done, but in spite of their tireless efforts later on the crush was something from which one might well be thankful to have been delivered. This overplus of sympathizers did not occur until the arrival of the special train from Boston. The people it brought thronged aisle and passage, until admission for one more was an impossibility. But the congregation was as orderly as it was

four of his early poems—the first ever printed. Next I think of the group which always collected at his lectures, ever the same persons; those who came to be fed, and never went away hungry. After that were the days of the Transcendental Club, which we called the "Like-minded"—I suppose because no two of us thought alike. One summer afternoon we came to Concord and had one meeting in his parlor. There was George Ripley, admirable talker, most genial of men, and Orestes A. Brownson, full of intelligence, courage and industry, who soon went over into the Roman Catholic Church, and James Walker, of whom Mr. Emerson once said to me, "I have come to Boston to hear Dr. Walker thunder this evening." Theodore Parker and many others. Days

of enthusiasm and youthful hope, when the world seemed so new and fair, life so precious, when new revelations were close at hand as we thought, and some new Plato or Shakespeare was about to appear. We dwelt in what Halleck calls "the dear charm of life's illusive dream," and the man who had the largest hope of all, yet joined with the keenest eye to detect every faltering. Ralph Waldo Emerson. We looked to him as our master. And now the world calls him its master—in insight, judgment, charm of speech, in self-control, in courage, in self-assertion. We said of him as Goethe of Schiller, "Lo, he went away ever onward for all these years," and he had gone far enough for the world. For he is taken that trees shall not grow and flowers bloom. His work, like that of the apostle, was accomplished by the quietness of soul that was in him—not by mere power of intellect, but, "by pureness, by knowledge, by long suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Spirit, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the anointing of righteousness on the right hand and on the left."

Let us, then, ponder his words:

What timberock and mountain
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayer of spirit that is turned—
Earth—what is excellent,
And here, is permanent;
Eyes are dark, heart's love remains;
Earth's love will meet thee again.
Hearts and tenets go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found.

The Epitaph.

Rev. Edward F. Brown of Brooklyn (Oct. 1875). "O God! most holy and merciful Father, I thank thee the giver of our life and the maker of our soul, the angel of death, the messenger of Thy will, the helper of Thy child, when Thy decree takes from us the dearest of our treasures, the life that has grown to be a part of our being. What Thou wilt us to say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord who doth all things well." Here we humble our spirits before Thee, confessing, that in the presence of Thine infinite wisdom, by which all things have been made and are sustained, our sorrow should be dumb, acknowledging that it is not for us, the creatures of a day, to enter into judgment with Thine Almighty will. But Thou, God, hast made Thyself known unto us as a loving Father, and to Thy mercy do we appeal for comfort and help when the waters of sorrow come in upon our souls. Help us, we pray Thee, to lift up our hearts to Thee that we may be faithful to all we can see and know of Thy goodness, and may trust with unwavering constancy when Thy purpose is hidden from our sight. We do thank Thee out of an infinite gratitude for the hope of endless life which Thou hast set before us—the hope of a world where we shall be free from the losses and pains that burden our spirits here, and where we shall rejoice the loved ones who have passed out of our sight in the valley of the shadow of death. The nearer and dearer the ties that have knit our souls to theirs, the purer their lives, the more blessed their presence has been to us, the more do we thank Thee that, through Christ Jesus, our eyes have been turned toward the new heaven and the new earth that are to be the home of the soul, and the more earnestly do we pray to Thee for increased confidence in the reality of that spiritual "house of many mansions," in which the Master has prepared a place for us. We thank Thee, O God, for all the grace and peace and beauty of the noble life that is now ended. Thou, O God, art the great life of which our human lives are feeble images and reflection, and to Thee our thanks are due for the kindness, the patience, the wisdom, the love, above all, for the nameless charm of person and of spirit, such as those which are treasured in the grateful memory of the inmates of the household to which he belonged, of the community in which he lived, of the friends near and dear throughout the world. Thee, O God, amid the scenes which were to him as the workshop of his genius; here, where a great soul has forged noble utterances of

truth to be the guide and the strength of men in all parts of the earth; where a clear-seeing and brave heart has held communion with Thee and received from Thee messages of sacred and lofty import; here do we thank Thee for the work he has done for truth and righteousness by which the life of all mankind has been enlarged and this whole people has been ennobled. We thank Thee for the words of wisdom which lead their way from his heart into a multitude of hearts and homes. We are grateful that we have been privileged to know face to face and in the intercourse of daily life a spirit so radiant with the beauty of holiness. O God, he who has gone from us was a wise teacher of Thy truth and of Thy laws. His life was a fresh revelation of the graces and virtues which shone into the world through Jesus Christ, and we praise Thy love and Thy goodness which gave us this instructor and friend to make our pathway in life more peaceful and more sure. And now that the work of his hands is finished; since our hands can no more minister to his comfort and his needs, here we commit to Thine infinite love the spirit which Thou gavest without retaining, and trusting to reclaim what we have learned to call our own when Thou dost call us, too, to the home which Thou hast prepared for the soul. We pray for Thy blessing upon the household in which this life has now been quenched, and we ask that the light of Thy spirit may make good the loss which has befallen so many sensitive and loving hearts. O God, to the widowed wife, to the fatherless children, to the intimate friends, whether distant or near, this day to all our hearts let that spirit bring that same serene peace and trust which beautified the noble life that has gone from us. Forgive us, O Lord, for any stress of grief we ever doubted Thy willingness and power to provide for the comfort of Thy children, and ever questioned Thy wisdom in the soul that this life has left behind. And now with Thou meet our prayers and questions, and Thy answers shall come inward as a still voice, and shall be heard and felt.

With the soul in life and death, which works by such visitations of truth, and as Thou dost minister to them. Let the new spirit speak to us from the valley of the shadow of death, and when we stand at our footstap, let us be made to perceive the power of Thy presence here as to know that we can never drift beyond Thy love and care, and that our portion in Thy spiritual universe shall be endless and unceasing love. Thus, O God, may the great words which these silent lips have spoken to us and which will live on in the pages of many books and upon the tablets of their hearts, the fragrant memory of this pure, complete and saintly life help to make all men better, through all time to come, and to keep their souls in the way of eternal life. We ask it as disciples of Christ and for Thine infinite mercy's sake, Amen.

The congregation sang Mrs. Barbauld's hymn:
"How blest the righteous when he dies."

And then Mr. Alcott stepped quietly forward, standing near the head of his dead friend to read this sonnet:

His harp is silent; shall successors rise,
Touching with ventures hand the trembling string,
Kiss glad raptures, raptures of surprise,
And wake to ecstasy each slumbering thing?
Shall life and thought dash new in wondering eyes,
As when the seer transcendent, great and wise,
World-wide his native melodies did sing,
Flushed with fair hopes and ancient memories?
Ah, no! that untutored lyre shall silent be;
None hath the vanished minstrel's conscious skill
To touch that instrument with art and will.
With him winged poet; doth drop and die—
While our dull age, left voiceless, must lament
The bard high heaven had for its service sent.

The Benediction.

Dr. Furness said: If the congregation will rise I will dismiss it. Every one stood in reverent silence and with bowed heads as he pronounced these words: And now may the God of peace, He who brought again from the dead the Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, make you perfect in every good word and work, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight. May grace, mercy and peace from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ be with us all forever.

Judge Brooks invited all who wished to look once more on the gentle, venerated face, so peaceful in its last, long sleep. There was a general response to this call; for more than half an hour townsmen and those from afar, the college professor and the farm laborer, the merchant and the mechanic, filed by the casket containing the beloved form. When all these friends had secured the glimpse, so much desired and long to be cherished, the relatives took their last, fond farewells; the casket was

closed, not to be reopened; the services in the church were at an end.

At the close of the church service the funeral procession again moved, the members of the Social Circle going before the hearse, and as the long and picturesque lines passed, the tolling of bells was heard and manifestations of popular love and sorrow were visible on every side. The procession moved slowly past the drooping flag and by the Town Hall, and, turning up Bradford street, reached the peaceful and beautiful cemetery of Sleepy Hollow. Moving up the path that leads to Ridge Hill, it passed at last at the highest point, here a beautiful picture was presented. The sun, which was about to set, shone over the hill and vale, gleaming on white headstones and glancing through groves of pines; birds twittered in the boughs overhead, and beyond the eminence were viewed the winding stream and the expanding meadows that environ Concord with beauty. From this spot could be seen the last resting place of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and not far off that of Henry Thoreau. The grave was made in the Emerson lot, the first of a wide spreading one; its sides were lined with boughs of hemlock and the neighboring earth carpeted with pine spruce. Here were to be noted also the last resting place of the wife of his youth of a son, a daughter and others who died many years ago. The service of commendation to the earth was read after the Eucharist, sung by the choir, Dr. Fisk of Brookline, a choir singing the dead, and as the hymn and doxology were rendered the remains of Ralph Waldo Emerson were laid away forever in the soil to which his ancestors belong and to which his genius had added fame.

An Attack on Walt Whitman.

In the American edition of "The Macmillan Portrait Gallery" one finds the following foot note, entitled "The Walt Whitman Boax," says a correspondent of the New York Sun:

"An eminent litterateur, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, laid a cunning plot to test the gullibility of the public in matters of taste and criticism. He dug up an American 'poet' who had never written poetry in his life, and in all he had written was bombastic, coarse, conceited, and irreverent, or generally meaningless.

"He reprinted him in England, wrote a eulogistic preface, and engaged some really clever fellows—Prof. Dowden, A. C. Swinburne, Robert Buchanan, &c.—to aid the scheme by unstinted and indiscriminate laudation. The bait took. Men who had never read Washington Irving or Whittier echoed the cuckoo cry, and 'Walt Whitman' was the noblest transatlantic 'tone' yet heard.

"Prof. Barnein in an able article in the Contemporary Review (December, 1875), pretty well shook the bean out of the puppet 'poet,' but the impetus he got at starting still carries him on, and, like a spent ball, he may yet roll on languidly for a time."

THE CHRISTIAN UNION

A MAY DAY IN CONCORD.

ONE who sees Walden Pond for the first time on a clear spring afternoon, its translucent depths full of color and light, feels at a glance the charm which drew Thoreau so often to its wooded margins, and understands, with hardly a tithe of his marvelous natural perception, how he found so much of the overshadowing world of forest and sky in its quiet waters. In the old adage, truth lies at the bottom of a well; and here surely Thoreau found it, in the depths of this little lake hidden among the trees. Unlike most ponds, it separates itself sharply from its surroundings by its clear, clean shores, free from undergrowth, and defined everywhere by a line of white sand; one gets an impression of distinct individuality from this little sheet of water, which holds itself apart from the wooded heights that encircle it, and rises and falls by some mysterious law of its own; as if it needed no feeding from the skies, but, like the men who once haunted its shores, had found the source of inner life. Looking upon Walden Pond, one understands, too, what Margaret Fuller had in her thought when she wrote of a pond near Groton, "breaking into exquisite wavelets" at her feet, that in such pools one sees the most subtle force combined with the most winning gentleness. Translucent water has that finest quality of matter, the power of receiving into itself and blending with its own being the forms of life that surround and overhang it. The light that suffuses Walden Pond and the stars that shine in its depths on cloudless nights have made it a veritable pool of mystery. It is the sharp individuality of Walden Pond, surrounded by woods and overhung by the sky, so clear that the most delicate forms of either are reproduced in it, and yet apparently detached from both, that continually suggests Thoreau, whose presence seems to haunt the place even now.

This thought of marvelously keen receptivity united to a certain isolation and power of self-support brings one near to the source and secret of the intellectual movement which long ago made Concord a place of world-wide fame; more significant in the true history of man's life on earth than many a great city, with miles of shipping at its wharves. There are few readers of American books who have not at some period felt the attraction of this quiet town, and accepted, in imagination at least, its gentle hospitality. One should see Concord when the tender flush of spring is deepening in the woods, and the softness that overspreads the landscape is like a mist of memories; as if the incoming tide of life had revived the spiritual no less than the material Concord.

In the Celtic legend good St. Brendan, journeying westward, touched one of those islands of immortal peace with which the elder imagination broke here the sweep and waste of the seas. Such a place of calm and repose has this charming village been in our busy and eager life. The benignant spirit which looks out from Mr. French's bust of Emerson may well be the genius of a place so tranquil, so full of unspoken invitations to repose, so gently emphatic in its protest against the fret and fever of modern life. The Concord River is the very embodiment of quiet motion, its current hardly perceptible as it lingers reluctant at every turn, as if to mirror Concord days and nights were greater joy than the plash of mill-wheels and the rush to the sea. Thoreau repeats a local tradition to the effect that the only bridge ever carried away on the main branch within the limits of the town was driven up-stream by the wind. "Without a murmur or pulse-beat, with the moccasined tread of an Indian warrior," it flows with gentle sweep onward through the historic landscape, carrying its unspoken message of peace to the wild-flowers and meadow grasses which mark its course.

It is the constant appeal to some of the richest associations of one's intellectual history that makes a first visit to Concord memorable. Certain names are continually on the lips, certain books speak once more with the puissant inspiration of those golden hours when they

first lighted the fires of aspiration and set all life to a celestial harmony, certain forms vanish and reappear along the highways. Reverence for those who have served us greatly when we most needed help will not die while men keep any spark of soul alive in them, and he is greatly to be pitied who can sit in homes where great men have worked or stand by the places where they rest from their labors and not feel moved out of the moods of common life. Concord has seen so much, however, of the vulgar sort of hero-worship that one finds a certain satisfaction in postponing his acquaintance with it until it has become mainly a place of memories. There was something fine and delicate in the man who came twice from the far West to seek an interview with Mr. Emerson, and when he found himself at the great man's door paused each time and turned back. Even the "Old Manse," upon which history and literature alike lay claims to ownership, stands so secluded that its very aspect rebukes vulgar curiosity. The house in which Emerson wrote "Nature," and Hawthorne the "Mosses from an Old Manse," must always keep its door ajar to the imagination of the world; but it must not be forgotten that this venerable house still shelters an unbroken family life that has always been a history of the highest public and private virtue, the truest and most genuine culture. Such homes are rare among us, and he is not to be envied who could come within the walls of the "Old Manse" and not feel something of the sacredness which attaches to unbroken traditions of sweet and pure living under one roof through successive generations.

The pine tree, "the giver of honor" stands by the windows of the study in which Mr. Emerson worked, and overshadows the place where he sleeps; it was his subtle interpretation of its place and meaning in the vast economy of nature which has made it sacred to a certain sweet but solitary mood. Standing on the hill where Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau lie buried, one feels how appropriate is the fellowship of the pines that crown the height, and through whose delicate needles the winds make a quiet threnody. Through these branches nature whispered some wonderful secrets to Emerson, for

... "The countless leaves of the pine are strings
Tuned to the lay the wood-god sings."

The wide outlook, the seclusion that comes not from retirement but from breadth of view, the silence which only nature ventures to break, are not alien to those whose genius combined something of all these elements. They all fled from cities to the companionship of the woods and the hills, from men to winds and stars and the still voices of rivers and forests; and these have taken them into everlasting communion. There was something of isolation and solitude in each, as there always has been and always must be in men of the highest genius.

Emerson found in solitude that quietness of mood to which his own nature was keyed. "It was good," says Hawthorne, "to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure intellectual gleam diffused about his presence like the garment of a shining one; and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart." He saw the dangers of isolation as clearly as he saw the perils of too close a contact with the world; nature may be as fatal to the most complete development as society. It was his wise perception of the best conditions of growth which prompted Emerson to say that "solitude is impracticable, and society fatal," and that at times made him feel about the charm of woods and fields that "a brave scholar should shun it like gambling, and take refuge in cities and hotels from these pernicious enchantments." A certain isolation from the mass of men, a certain remoteness from great cities, from commerce and mechanical industry, was the necessary condition of the work done at Concord. Margaret Fuller more than once expressed her impatience with the seclusion in which Emerson lived, but his larger wisdom and ampler nature found the truer point of view, and established the most healthful relations with practical life. It was his great work

to turn away from what men had done to that which was still possible to them; to leave for a time the great streams of intellectual influence which were fertilizing the world, and find his way back to the original fountains from which they flow. The transcendental movement created an American literature because it led us back of institutions and history to the primary instincts, the first affections, the deep, unconscious life of humanity, out of which arts, governments, and society arise. Clough found the Concord of 1853 "very bare," "a small sort of village, almost entirely of wood houses, painted white, with Venetian blinds, green outside, with two white wooden churches." The bareness of thirty years ago, if the English poet was not tricked by his eyes as so many of his countrymen have been, has been

glightly changed by time into a quiet beauty that wins one to unconscious recognition; for Concord is a lovely village, not by reason of the architecture of its homes, but because it is placed in the heart of a landscape full of a gentle loveliness. One who has felt its potent spell, scorning the evil spirits of ambition, self-seeking, and selfishness, will understand the wonderful sanity of Emerson, who held so resolutely to the fact when his lofty idealism brought a continual stream of fanatics to his door, full of all manner of schemes for the regeneration of society, and possessed of infallible specifics for all social diseases. He whose perilous path of speculation led him along heights whence he saw "nothing under him but the everlasting snows of Himalaya, the earth shrinking to a Planet, and the indigo Firmament

* *Wisteria significat*, "Welcome, fair stranger."

his thought is most impersonal, most completely detached from local surroundings, from social conditions, from any special intellectual environment.

If one wanted to test the healthfulness and essential soundness of the intellectual influences which once radiated from Concord, he would find in the atmosphere which abides there, and in the tone and habit still dominant there, conclusive evidence. The repose and quietness of spirit, which even the most hurried visitor cannot fail to feel, are the fruits of a true conception of a dignified, cultured living. From the beginning of its history the community has been singularly free from that vulgar display which has invaded even our quietest towns elsewhere. Elegant equipages, with rattling harness, conveying to ostentatious homes gentlemen who will shortly figure in the bankruptcy lists, are conspicuously absent, and success gets little credit unless it is founded on honest methods and dignified by some intellectual quality. If the transcendental movement had nothing more than made Concord what it has been and is, it would have rendered no small service to a people whose occupations require such enormous idealization. The spirit which gave Emerson's life an elevation so commanding long ago escaped the limitations of a purely literary expression; it is spiritualizing the immense material civilization of America as the thought of a sculptor slowly masters the stone on which he works.

HAMILTON W. MARIE.

Boston, May, 1884.

Phila. Ledger

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson,
HIS LECTURE ON MEMORY BEFORE THE
CONCORD SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

The interest in the Concord School of Philosophy culminated yesterday afternoon, when Mr. Emerson gave his lecture on "Memory." The interest in the famous Concord author was so great that the audience would not be contained within the "Orchard House," and the vestry of the Congregational Church, a room that seats comfortably 200 persons, was obtained for this purpose. Mr. Emerson is a prophet not without honor even in his own country and among his own kith and kin. The vestry was so crowded that many had to be turned away. There was neither seating nor standing room for any more. The thermometer had the misfortune to rise to about ninety degrees, and the state of the audience can be better imagined than described. Yet they had come to see and hear Mr. Emerson, and would have been present had the weather been even hotter than it was. The fact that he has now greatly lost his memory, and, though in tolerably good health, is really an old man, drew many people to hear him, besides the persons who are attending the philosophical school. Among them was one of Mr. Emerson's classmates at Harvard, Mr. J. B. Hill, of Mason, N. Y., a vigorous old gentleman, rather short for his size, who sat next to his illustrious friend during the reading of the lecture, and seemed to take in every word with great enjoyment.

Other strangers were the Hon. George S. Boutwell and his daughter, Miss Georgiana Boutwell; Mrs. A. J. Ryckoff, of Cleveland; Senator Hoar, the Rev. Dr. H. N. Powers, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and the Rev. E. F. Howe, of Newtonville. Miss Emerson attended her father and acted as his assistant, but Mr. Emerson got through remarkably well. His voice was the clear, distinct voice of other days; he did not lose his interest in what he was saying, either from badness of memory or physical weariness; the peculiar Emersonian emphasis was there as of yore; you knew when he struck an idea he liked by the smile that played upon his features, as he uttered the words, and by a certain tenderness of tone; and the large audience sat in the most perfect silence, save when the humor made one laugh, from the beginning to the end of the reading. It was only

THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

[The correspondent sending the following poem to the *New York Observer*, remarks: "I have never seen it in print, but obtained it through a manuscript copy of a friend of the author, Mr. Francis S. Key, and feel sure I can vouch for its authenticity."]

Oh, where can the soul find relief from its woes,
A refuge of safety, a home of repose?
Can earth's highest summit or deepest hid vale
Give a refuge no sorrow nor sin can assuage?
No, no, there's no home!
There's no home on earth, the soul has no home.
Can it leave the low earth, and soar to the sky
And seek for a home in the mansions on high?
In the bright realms of bliss a home shall be given,
And the soul find a rest in its Home of the Heaven.
Yes, yes, there's a home!
There's a home in high heaven, the soul has a home
Oh, holy and happy its home shall be there,
Free forever from sorrow, from sin and from care
And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise
To welcome the soul to its home of the skies.
Home, home, home of the soul!
The bosom of God is the home of the soul!

of the most intelligent and select companies that could have been gathered. Though largely composed of ladies, every fact showed the intelligence that comes from culture and character. Mr. Emerson held out wonderfully. Though he had to ask his daughter's assistance occasionally, it was only for a moment, and his enthusiasm went with what he said to the very end. It was Emerson more as he was twenty years ago than most persons have seen him in recent years, and the occasion was that one of marked interest for all who heard him. The lecture itself has been so much talked about and reported that no sketch should not be made, need be given. He regarded memory as the primary mental faculty, without which none of the brilliant, but out of sentences brilliant, clear, imaginative, to unfold in his own peculiar way—the method of the poet rather than that of the logician—the powers and peculiarities of memory as they had struck him. But the most significant thing in the whole lecture was Mr. Emerson's own difficulty in making the very faculty he was discoursing about obedient to his own will. The audience seemed thoroughly well satisfied with what they received. The chief enjoyment was, of course, the hearing of Mr. Emerson once more, and of seeing him engaged in this very work to which he was first to give emphasis and importance in this country—the delivering of literary lectures. Another rare treat is promised for the Concord people and for the members of the School of Philosophy next Wednesday evening, August 6th, when Mr. H. G. O. Blake, of Worcester, the editor of *Thoreau's* writings, will read extracts from his unpublished manuscripts. The Concord School has yet nearly two weeks to continue. —
Boston Herald, August 8.

THE HOME OF EMERSON.

A Golden October Day in Classic Concord.

Sleepy Hollow Burying-Ground.

The Marriage Gift of Carlyle to Mrs. Emerson.

"Happy places have grown holy; if we go where
once we went
Only tears will fall down slowly, as at solemn ex-
tra-ment."

These lines repeat themselves to one as he pauses under the tall chestnut trees that stand at the gateway to Emerson's home and listens for an imperceptible moment to the wind in the pine trees above. The gate is hospitably open, and a stone-flagged path leads to the door. As it opens one steps into a hall running the depth of the house, and notes hanging above a table an old picture of Gauguin. At the right a door opens into a study—his study—and one steps across the threshold reverently. The apartment is in all respects as Mr. Emerson left it. For all token of absence he might well have stepped into the adjoining room. In the centre of the room is a large table. It is piled with books. On one side lies the little blotting pad with sheets of paper, and by it a pen and an ink bottle. This is all the paraphernalia of Emerson's writing materials. No desk with its pigeon holes and litter; no array of "reference" books; nothing of the usual machinery of the professional litterateur, and this

absence of all literary mechanism impresses the visitor. Mrs. Annie Fields, in a paper in *Harper's Magazine* a year or two since, described Emerson's method of writing on half sheets of paper, letting them fall on the floor when written. It was in this manner that the "Voluntaries" was written, one morning before breakfast, when he was a guest at their house, and on

his asking Mr. and Mrs. Fields to come to his room and hear it, the poem was found on these scattered sheets all over the carpet. Mr. Emerson asked Mr. Fields for a name for the poem, and he gave it the perfect title, "Voluntaries." It is in this poem that the immortal lines occur:

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near to God is man,
When duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*

The absence of all literary mechanism impresses one with the peculiar spirituality of Emerson's message. Direct from heaven it seemed to fall on the white paper. No material medium interposed. He kept himself unencumbered by detail and free to receive spiritual impressions. The quality of his life permitted him to transmit and transcribe them. "My whole philosophy, which is very real," he once wrote, "teaches acquiescence and optimism. Sure I am that the right word will be spoken, though I cut out my tongue." In his discourse on Emerson, Matthew Arnold said: "Happiness in labor, righteousness and veracity; in all the life of the spirit, happiness and eternal hope;—that was Emerson's gospel. . . . But by his conviction that the life of the spirit is happiness, and by his hope that this life of the spirit will come more and more to be sanely understood, and to prevail and to work for happiness—by this conviction and hope Emerson was

great." Nowhere could one be more profoundly impressed with the dignity, the serenity and the elevation of Emerson's character than in lingering in his study. Over the low mantel hangs a fine copy of Michael Angelon's "Fates." There is a curious old Egyptian idol, choice engravings on the walls, and busts of celebrated men stand here and there about the room. On either side the fireplace two doors open into the sunny south parlor, where a crimson carpet glows like a warm welcome, and window draperies of the same rich, warm color are swept back revealing the view of low hills crowned with pine trees, far across the quiet meadows. All the landscape is in a minor key, still, unaccentuated, full of a peace that is not yet stagnation. In this room hangs the picture—an old Italian engraving of a sun-god—which was Carlyle's marriage-gift to Mrs. Emerson. It bears on the back a slip of paper pasted on the boards, on which is written, in Carlyle's own handwriting, a little inscription, something to the effect that this picture is for the lady of the Concord home, from one whose household will ever have cause to remember hers, and signed T. Carlyle. The visitor looks long and lingeringly at this choice token, and perchance in memory he finds some stray echoes of a letter which in 1841 Carlyle wrote to Mrs. Emerson, saying to her: "You are an enthusiast; you make Arabian Nights out of dull, foggy London days; with your beautiful female imagination ships burnished copper castles out of London fog. It is very beautiful of you,—nay, it is not foolish either, it is wise. . . . Your message shall reach Miss Martineau; my Dame will send it in her first letter. The good Harriet is not well, but keeps a very courageous heart. She lives by the shore of the beautiful blue Northumbrian sea." It was out of this home that Emerson wrote to Carlyle, "Your rooms in America are waiting for you, and my wife is making ready a closet for Mrs. Carlyle." It was out of this home, too, that Miss Martineau wrote to Carlyle that Emerson was "the only man in America who had quietly sat himself down on a competency to follow his own path and do the work his own will prescribed for him." Carlyle tells this to Emerson, and says: "Pity that you were the only one! but be one, nevertheless; be the first and there will come a second and a third. It is a poor country where all men are sold to Mammon, and can make nothing but railroads and bursts of parliamentary eloquence."

A lovely portrait of a daughter of the house hangs in this sunny parlor, and here have gathered social groups including almost every noted person who has ever visited America. Here were the famous conversations, when Bronson Alcott and Margaret Fuller joined in them. Here Fredericka Bremer sat and chatted. Thoreau came daily for the comprehension and sympathy he found, and old John Brown was often found here, silent and absorbed, until, as Mr. Bartlett said, "some allusion or chance remark would fire his soul and light up his rugged features."

It was from Emerson's home, on this perfect golden day of last October, that the little party found their way to Sleepy Hollow cemetery, that place of consecrated history. Here, under the pine trees that he loved, in the ground consecrated by the hymn he wrote, sleeps all that was mortal of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Within a step are the graves of the Thoreau family, and the Hawthorne lot, where the great master of American romance lies buried, and near him the two little grandchildren,—Gladys, daughter of Julian Hawthorne, and Franklin Hawthorne, son of George P. and of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. The burial of Hawthorne, related one of his

near friends, was one of the most touching and pathetic scenes. He was brought from New Hampshire, where he died, to the little Concord church. The Saturday Club came to pay the last tribute of respect, and here sat Longfellow, Agassiz, Emerson, Whipple, Lowell. As the simple services closed they all, moved by simultaneous accord, rose and bent a last look above their dead friend. The friends all walked to Sleepy Hollow. Only one carriage—that bearing Mrs. Hawthorne—was in the procession. As Agassiz entered the cemetery he stopped and gathered a little bunch of violets, which he dropped on the casket as it was lowered into the ground. The graves of the Thoreau family are curiously suggestive of the isolation of temperament that marked their lives. Here lie the father and the mother, and the three unmarried sons and daughter, Henry, William, and Sophia, all long past middle age, dying a solitary death out of a solitary life. The Emerson lot is historic. Here lies the little Waldo, whom Margaret Fuller loved, and for whom Emerson's "Threnody" was written. Here is that strange, weird genius, Mary Moody Emerson, the aunt to whom he always felt he owed so much of intellectual energy and thought. An extraordinary mental life was hers. After the custom of her day, when life was not so active but that there was an abundance of time to analyze and record it, she kept copious journal records, and we read how she baked bread, read Shakespeare, dipped into Cicero, finished the family washing, and made notes from Fenelon—all in one day. This curious mixture was fairly typical of her eccentric life. So one thought of her with mingled pathos and amusement, and above the golden sunshine sifted through golden leaves, and the breeze sounded its faint, wind-barp music through the pine trees, and the sunshine of the October day fell silently over the grave of Emerson.

MATTHEW ARNOLD ON EMERSON.

Emerson and Franklin Writers Who Sustain Human Courage and Hope.

Boston, Dec. 2.—Matthew Arnold delivered his lecture on "Emerson," Saturday afternoon, the first time in America, in the presence of a representative audience. Mr. Arnold, while professing profound love and veneration for Emerson, declared that he was not a great poet, nor a great man of letters, nor a philosophy maker—facts which, he said, no one knew better than Emerson himself. Emerson's essays, however, were, in Mr. Arnold's opinion, the most fruitful in prose writings of the age, and he pronounced Emerson and Franklin two of the most distinctively American of our writers and said they could not be prized too highly, nor be heeded too diligently. Their writings tended to keep up human courage and hope.

Reminiscences of Thoreau.
N. Y. Evening Post

More than forty years ago half a dozen boys were on the east bank of the Assabet river taking a sun bath after their swim in the stream. They were talking about the conical heaps of stones in the river, and wishing that that they knew what built them. There were about as many theories as there were boys, and no conclusion had been arrived at, when one of the boys said "here comes Henry Thoreau, let us ask him." So when he came near, one of the boys asked him "what made

those heaps of stones in the river." "I asked a Penobscot Indian that question" said Thoreau "and he said 'the musquash did,' but I told him that I was a better Indian than he, for I knew and he did not," and with that reply he walked off. John—said, "that is just like him, he never will tell a fellow anything unless it is in his lectures, darn his old lectures about chipmunks and Injuns, I wont go to hear him," and the unanimous conclusion of the boys was, that when they got left again, another man would do it. The boys could not understand Thoreau, and he did not understand boys, and both were losers by it.

While looking over Thoreau's "Autumn" lately, the writer was reminded of the time when Thoreau and the writer's father spent some two or three weeks running anew the boundary lines in Sudbury woods. I think it was in 1851, and there were grave disputes, and law suits seemed probable but after a while these two men were selected to fix the bounds. The real trouble was owing to the variation of the compass, the old lines having been run some 200 years before; but Thoreau understood his business thoroughly and settled the boundary question so that peace was declared. Thoreau's companion was an old lumberman and woodchopper and a close observer of natural objects: but he said that Thoreau was the best man he had ever known in the woods. He would climb a tree like a squirrel, knew every plant and shrub and really seemed to have been born in the forest. Thoreau asked many questions; one of them was, "Do you know where there is a white grape, which grows on high land, which bears every year and is of superior quality?" "Yes," was the reply. "It is a little north of Deacon Dakins' rye field and when the grapes are ripe if you are not on the windward side your nose will tell you where they are." Thoreau laughed and appeared satisfied.

About this time Thoreau went to a party in Concord, and he says in his journal or diary, that he would rather eat crackers and cheese with his old companion in the woods.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Thoreau was a solitary student of natural history in Concord and vicinity at that time. He was better equipped for his work, and could record his observations and discoveries better than his fellow students and this was enough to make him famous in later years.

There was a young man who worked on a farm one year, and saved his money like a miser, to spend it the next year in travel and the study of natural history. This was done for several years or so long as the writer knew him. Another deliberately chose a hunter's and trapper's

life in the wild, northwestern section of our great country, and he had the nerve and determination to stick to his wild, dangerous pursuit. There was a man in Burlington, Mass., 70 years old who would be in the woods and fields as early as 3 o'clock during the summer months, and as soon as he could see in the winter, returning in time to do a full day's work at the shoe bench.

He was a most enthusiastic student, but he was a good business man as well. He supplied the city stables with skunk's oil at \$2.00 per quart, sold woodcocks and partridges in their season, and by his skillful administration of strychnine cleared the country of foxes and other pests, and put many dollars in his pocket. On Sundays he would let his birds and squirrels out of their cages, call in the dog and cat, and a pet lamb, and then, the boys said, "father was in heaven." This man's sons solved the problem which had never been solved before; namely, "where is the other end of a squirrel's hole?" and the name of Skelton is forever more associated with that problem which had vexed the rustic minds for centuries. I was much pleased with the reply which a Lynn shoemaker made me when I asked him if he read Thoreau's books? He replied that he only read them during the winter months, when he could not go out and look for himself, and that they were a good substitute for his out door rambles.

These unknown men are, and have been the branch lines, the feeders of the Grand Trunk naturalists, and they have not lived in vain.

There was a great intermediate class between Emerson and the Canadian wood-chopper who would have gladly aided Thoreau if he had been a little more human in his dealings with them. The modest, unpretending Concord farmers who cultivated their fields, educated their children, paid their taxes for the support of schools, churches, and their chosen form of government, whose sons gave their lives for their country in its years of peril, are not to be sneered at and despised by men whose occupations and opinions differed from theirs. In the language of Ruskin "let us think less of peculiarity of employment and more of excellence of achievement." CRAYON.

DIXIE LAND.

Phila Ledger - 11/23/98
THE AUTHOR QUIETLY RESIDES NEAR
MT. VERNON, OHIO.

Emmett's Musical Work—How Dixie Land Came to be Written—An Immediate Success—Pike's Dixie.

[WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR PUBLIC LEDGER.]
How many of the thousands—nay, millions—whose hearts, the last six months, have throbbled with indescribable pulsations of patriotic excitement whenever band or soloist or street musician struck up "Dixie," have paused to wonder how the stirring tune came to be, or who gave it to the nation?

Probably very few, indeed, are aware that the author of "Dixie" is still living, reaping but little honor for the composition now so famous, and which is more endeared probably to Americans than any other air, except the "Star Spangled Banner." Daniel D. Emmett, once known throughout this country and England as a minstrel, and the founder of minstrelsy in the United States, resides now, at the advanced age of 83 years, entirely alone on a small farm in the vicinity of Mount Vernon, Ohio, his birthplace. Since the conclusion of a tour with Al G. Fields's minstrels through the South some two years ago, at which time, as the composer of "Dixie," he everywhere received ovations, he has settled down to the life of a hermit, say friends. Strange close to a life passed before the public, spent in catering to its pleasure, cheered by its applause! A photograph taken two years ago shows that, although Emmett's hair and moustache are now snow white, he is still upright, and the years have left but slight trace upon his genial features.

Biographers state an interesting variety of "facts" concerning Emmett's antecedents, some claiming his descent to be German, some Irish. The latter is actually the case. His grandfather emigrated here from Ireland shortly before the Revolutionary War, and served in the army as chaplain and surgeon. He settled in Virginia, and had a son, Abraham Emmett, who later removed to Ohio and fought in the War of 1812 under General Hull. At another period he served as a spy upon the Indians in the northern districts of Ohio. He married and had a family of four children, of whom Daniel D. Emmett, born October 29, 1815, was the eldest.

It is said that during Emmett's boyhood days it was fashionable among the young people of Mount Vernon to attempt the composition of verses and their adaptation to popular tunes; and that in this manner Emmett formed a liking for minstrelsy. Shortly after 1828, about which time he taught himself to play the fiddle by ear, this boy of 13 went to Cincinnati under an engagement to play the second violin in the orchestra attached to Stickney's Circus, which "theatre." It may be observed, consisted of two violins, a bugle and bass drum.

Emmett's Musical Work.

Emmett then added to his accomplishments the mastery of the piccolo, flute and life, and became in time well known as a fifer and drummer.

His work in composition consisted principally of "hoedowns," "walkarounds" and dainty melodies. To those unfamiliar with the traditions of minstrelsy, the explanation is due that at that time shows usually wound up with a "walkaround," the minstrels, in their dainty make-up, pacing fantastically in a circle, while singing some catchy ditty, to which the clap, clap of their feet kept time. "Hoedowns" were negro dances, similarly accompanied.

At various times Emmett travelled all over this country, meeting with good receptions everywhere, and some writers call attention to the fact that minstrelsy then took the form of a close imitation of quaint negro manners and customs, whereas now it not unfrequently becomes mere clownish buffoonery.

In 1843 Emmett organized the first perfect minstrel troupe of the United States. He was its leader, and associated with

him were Richard Pelham, "Billy" Whitlock and Frank Brower. They played numerous engagements here as the "Virginia Minstrels," and then travelled over England, reaping a goodly harvest, and finally wandering over the borders into Scotland, where they separated. Emmett is the only one of the four still living, and in a letter, under date of March 10, 1896, to Mr. Frank H. Dumont, who courteously permitted the writer to extract from it, Emmett gives these interesting details:

"In the old times each circus company had one or more performers, who were called 'Ethiopian Delineators,' in other words, singing of negro songs in character. In the summer of 1842 I located in New York and played the violin and also banjo, and thus became acquainted with others, who, like myself, performed here and there throughout the city. In the spring of 1843 I was residing at 37 Catharine street, and one day while playing upon my violin and accompanied by Billy Whitlock on the banjo, the door opened and Frank Brower entered. For awhile he listened, and then joined in with the bones. We were delighted with the idea and the music, and were again going through our performance, when Dick Pelham entered, and, with his tambourine, the fourth man joined in this impromptu rehearsal. Struck by this idea, we four began a series of rehearsals, which ended in forming a partnership. We performed in several places, but the first appearance in public was made at the Chatham Theatre and for the benefit of Dick Pelham. We gave concerts in the Tremont Temple, Boston, for six weeks, the new amusement, 'Minstrels,' going like wildfire. We then sailed for England, giving concerts in Liverpool, Birmingham and Manchester to immense business. We opened in the Adelphi Theatre, London; in connection with Professor Anderson, the wizard. * * * Upon our first appearance in London, and just as we came upon the stage, a person rose in the audience and shouted to us: 'Go home! Go home and pay your honest debts!' Let me explain that Pennsylvania had repudiated some debt, and we, as Americans, were being held to account for it. The person was put out of the theatre and the minstrels proceeded."

How Dixie Came to be Written.

"Now we come to how 'Dixie' was written. Like many another successful

It was the result of urgent need. Beldom, indeed, do the idlers of this world contribute to its treasures. It is the busy people out of whom the friction of everyday life strikes the spark of genius.

In 1859 Emmett was a member of Bryant's Minstrels, 472 Broadway, New York. One Saturday evening, as he was departing for home at the close of the entertainment, he was hailed by "Jerry" Bryant, who asked him to compose a "walk-around," with a "hooray chorus," ready for the Monday morning rehearsal. The terms of Emmett's engagement with Bryant bound him to compose such things whenever new ones became requisites. Emmett replied that the time allotted him was short, but he would do his best. The next day our beloved "Dixie Land" came into existence. The words have been transcribed inaccurately from time to time, but the original version is identical with that which we have grown familiar with:

"I wish I was in de land ob cotton;
Old times dar am not soon forgotten.
Look away! look away! look away, Dixie land!"

In Dixie land, whar I was born in,
So early one frosty mornin',
Look away! look away! look away, Dixie

land!"

An Immediate Success.

The song delighted the other members of the troupe when produced at the Monday rehearsal, and it met with a warm reception from the audience that evening. It is said that half the number of those present went home humming "Dixie Land."

The New York Clipper, devoted to the theatrical profession, printed the words of Dixie on the front page of its issue, January 24, 1861, duly crediting their authorship to Emmett. This is important, because the honor of said authorship has been disputed with him by more than one claimant. By one authority it is solemnly stated as being actually true that the original words of the song were written by General Albert Pike, who was born in Boston, December 23, 1809, fought in the Mexican War and on the Confederate side through the Civil War, and in 1868 settled down to law in Washington. It is probable, to judge from the fiery language of General Pike's poem, as in the stanzas given below, that the Southern soldier sung his words to the tune of "Dixie," thus confusing biographers:

"Southrons, hear your country call you,
Up! lest worse than death befall you!

To arms, to arms, to arms, in Dixie!

Lo, all the beacon fires are lighted!

Let all our hearts be now united;

To arms, etc.

"Hear the Northern thunders mutter;

Northern flags in South winds flutter;

To arms, etc.

Send them back your fierce defiance,

Stamp upon the cursed alliance.

To arms," etc.

A variety of picturesque ditties such as the one about "We'll Hang Abe Lincoln to a Sour Apple Tree," "Hooray, Hooray for Dixie," were adapted to the irresistible swing of the tune and converted into war songs by the Southerners.

Emmett himself explains his choice of a theme in this way: Frequently members of minstrel troupes, travelling in the North, would exclaim, when feeling the pinch of Northern frosts: "I wish I was in Dixie." Dixie, of course, being the name used to typify the States south of Mason and Dixon's line. This expression, which became quite a saying among minstrel troupes, suggested the words of this song, and the first bar or two of the air gave the key to the rest.

Another ingenious but incorrect explanation of the theme is given by some writers, who affirm that "Dixie" refers to a slave owner, who spelt his name "Dixy," and that it is the song of a slave yearning for his old home, the first line of which should run:

"I wish I was with Dixy."

The same authority seeks to deprive Emmett of the honor due him by claiming that the tune is an old Northern negro air, whose origin is as vague as most traditions of the race. But Emmett's friends at various times have staunchly defended his rights, and, fortunately, there are now persons living who remember well the circumstances under which the song was written.

At the time of the breaking out of the Civil War a new march and war song were needed to introduce in a spectacular performance given in New Orleans. This is said to have been the occasion when Mr. John Wood played in "Pocahontas," by John Brougham, Carlo, the brother of Adeline Patti, leading the orchestra. At all events, "Dixie" was seized upon as the thing required. Its martial beat echoed the spirit of the times and its title endeared it to Southern hearts. It rang in music halls, it was hummed on the streets, it resounded in the home circle, it was

wanted to the battle fields, caught up by the Confederacy, and, ringing through the Rebel ranks, "made many a battle harder for the Northern men," as one writer puts it.

At the time of the war it was considered almost treasonable to sing it this side of Mason and Dixon's line, and it is even said, though not sufficiently corroborated to be accepted without question, that Emmett's loyalty to the Union was criticised, although the song was written two years before the war, and that one truculent Maine editor fished out of the depths of his ink well the epithet, "Secesh," and hurled it at the composer, recommending him to summary and condign punishment. Whether Emmett reaped blame of this sort or not, it is certain that he reaped no other reward. The public appropriated "Dixie," withholding from him much of praise and all pecuniary benefit.

With the reunion of North and South the song was restored to its place in the affections of the nation. Lincoln is reported to have considered it "captured"—surely the best capture made in the war.

And now an old man sits, neglected and alone, by his hearthstone in Ohio; and wherever patriotic assemblages gather the song he created echoes and re-echoes, as it will do through generations yet to come, stirring the hearts of the people with a strange fervor and stimulating to a passion devotion to the Stars and Stripes.

BEATRICE CLAYTON.

Mr. Emerson's Death.

The death of Mr. Emerson, following only a few weeks after that of Mr. Longfellow, is a painful reminder of the rapidity with which the older school of American authors, the men who began to write, when American literature was beginning to take shape, and who have exerted a formative influence not only upon literature, but upon the life and thought of the people, are passing away. Whitier, Holmes and Lowell among the poets, Bancroft among prose writers, and Winthrop and Phillips among the great orators of the platform, are left to us, but Lowell is the only one of these who has not passed the boundary of three score years and ten; and the departure of Emerson not only recalls old sorrows, but suggests other losses which are to

The death of Emerson does not touch with grief so wide a circle as did that of Longfellow. His influence was not directly felt by the masses of people. There was something deterrent about the thought-compelling quality of his books, to many minds: there was a subtlety about his methods of thought, and an absence of sequence and arrangement in his manner of grouping ideas, which made it by no means easy for an untrained and impatient reader to follow him. He was an excellent author to read by detached passages; all over his writings there are sentences that sparkle with brilliancy, and there are seed-thoughts which are wondrously fruitful if they do but find congenial soil. But it requires a pretty robust mind to read page after page, essay after essay, of his writings, without any sense of weariness. As Alcott aptly expressed it, his logic was the logic of a galaxy of stars. There was brilliancy there—a flashing and dazzling brilliancy often, like that of the stars, as seen through a rarer and clearer atmosphere than that through which we ordinarily view them, but it was a brilliancy which defied analysis and arrangement. Nor was it only his subtle qualities of thought and style which kept his writings from finding a place among the familiar books of average readers; the subjects with which he dealt were often lofty and abstruse, and removed

from the ordinary thought of men.

When the final estimate comes to be made up upon Mr. Emerson's work and the results of it, we are quite confident it will be found that the indirect influence which it has exerted has been not only vastly wider but more potent than the direct. It is an influence which has been felt by many minds who were quite unaware from what source it came; and this because it was a reflex influence, reaching them by radiation, as it were, from other minds which were directly touched by Mr. Emerson's thought. Emerson's work has been the fructifying of some of the noblest minds of his generation, and through the operations of these minds, and others touched by these in turn, he has made an impress upon many people to whom he himself was hardly more than a name. He died anxiously and painlessly, as a child might fall asleep; and he has passed to a more intimate knowledge of the mysteries which, during his lifetime, engaged his deepest thought.

WRITING IN THE MIND.

The Art of Composing a Work Before Putting it on Paper.

Dickens lived so thoroughly with his characters that he could not sleep at night, and to escape them was obliged to get up and go out for a walk. His daughter relates that as he wrote he acted many of the scenes of his novels, rising occasionally and pacing the room, talking to himself. There can hardly be a doubt that the most successful dramatists witness their plays in imagination before they are put on the boards. Here is probably the secret of Boucicault's success. He has described in a magazine how he "makes" a play before he writes it. He gets the story and the plot and then the scenes. The work of construction occurs before he has put a line on paper. The last thing of all is to supply the dialogue, which he considers of the least importance. Alexandre Dumas even went further. He built the whole play in his mind, even to the language, before touching his pen and ink. He relates that on one occasion he had a drama to write, and, as it was necessary to be quiet, he took passage on a yacht, and for 24 hours lay in a kind of stupor on the deck. His mind was absorbed in the piece. When he got up and took a meal the work was finished. He amused himself for a few days and then returned to Paris, where he wrote out what he had so concentratedly labored upon. Other plays he composed in this way, carrying them about in his head for years, and this is the explanation of some of those miracles of composition with which he loved to amaze his friends. Jules Janin tells a story. He was at a country house with Dumas where there was a crowd of pleasure seekers. All day they were hunting and amusing themselves. About 12 o'clock at night in the smoking room when everybody was comfortably lagged out and half asleep, Dumas, accidentally turning over some papers in his pocket, came upon a letter which he had received some days before. Heavens! he had forgotten. He had promised to write a piece for a friend's benefit, which was to come off immediately. The manuscript must be in Paris next day. Dumas shrugged his shoulders. "Well, it must be done," and he took up his light and started for the library. When the others came to breakfast in the morning there was a piece lying on the library table, completed, and Dumas, who had been up till dawn over it, was sleeping late. Here appeared something miraculous—to invent the plot, scenes and characters of a play and write out the whole in these few hours, and Paris rang with the feat. But it was a trick. The drama had been in his mind for months, and there was nothing to do but to place it on paper.

THE CARLYLE-EMERSON CORRESPONDENCE. Nov 19th 1882

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Christian Union
 ○ F the portion of the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence just published for the first time, the Boston "Herald" says:

The mutilation of the "Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson" is a literary misfortune. There were important gaps in the letters which could not be filled up at the time the correspondence was first published, and the hope that the letters missing from it might be recovered has been fulfilled by the restoration of thirteen letters written by Carlyle and four by Emerson. There are other letters still to turn up, but comparatively few spaces in the correspondence now remain to be filled. A few extracts from these letters are here appended, which express the opinions of the two distinguished correspondents and reveal still further their friendly relations with each other. The first of these recovered letters is from Carlyle to Emerson, and is concerned with what Carlyle calls "the book business." It is dated April 13, 1839. He says of himself: "I am again upon the threshold of extempore lecturing on 'The Revolutions of Modern Europe,' Protestantism, two lectures; Puritanism, two; French Revolution, two. I almost regret that I had undertaken this thing this year at all, for I am no longer driven by poverty as heretofore. Nay, I am richer than I have been for ten years, and have a kind of prospect, for the first time this great while, of being allowed to subsist in this world for the future; a great blessing—perhaps the greatest, when it comes as a novelty. However, I thought it right to keep this lecturing business open, come what might. I care less about it than I did. It is not agony and wretched trembling to the marrow of the bone, as it was the last two times. I believe, in spite of all my perpetual indigestions and nervous woes, I am actually getting into better health; the weary heart of me is quieter; I wait in silence for the new chapter—feeling truly that we are at the end of one period here. I count it two in my autobiography. We shall see what the third is, if there be a third. But I am in small haste for a third." A little later, in a second letter, Carlyle recurs to the lectures in the following strain: "There was but one moderately good lecture, the last, on 'Sansculottism,' to an audience mostly Tory, and rustling with the beautifullest quality silks! Two things I find: First, that I ought to have a horse. I had only three incidental rides or gallops, hired rides. My Yankee horse is never yet purchased, but it shall be, for I cannot live, except in great pain, without a horse. . . . But the second thing I found was the extempore speaking, especially in the way of lecture, is an art or craft that requires an apprenticeship, which I have never served." In the same letter, he begins to think that he must begin a book. He says: "Books are the lasting thing; lectures are like corn ground into flour; there are loaves to-day, but no wheat harvests for next year. Rudiments of a new book (thank Heaven!) do sometimes disclose themselves in me. *Pestina lente*. It ought to be better than the French Revolution; I mean better written. The greater part of that book, as I read proof-sheets of it in these weeks, does nothing but disgust me. And yet it was, as nearly as was good, the utmost that lay in me. I should not like to be nearly killed by any other book. Books, too, are a triviality. Life alone is great, with its infinite spaces, its everlasting times, with its death, with its heaven, and its hell! Ah me!" In the same letter there is an opinion of Wordsworth that is more favorable than Carlyle was wont to speak of him at other times: "Wordsworth is here at present; a garulous, rather watery, not wearisome old man. There

is a freshness as of brooks and mountain breezes in him; one says of him: Thou art not great, but thou art genuine; well speed thou."

In a letter dated December 8, 1839, Carlyle speaks plainly of one of his frequent visitors: "Poor Miss Martineau is in Newcastle-on-Tyne this winter; sick, painfully, not dangerously; with a surgical brother-in-law. Her meager dialecticalities afflict me no more; but also her blithe friendly presence cheers me no more. We wish she were back. This silence, I calculate—forced silence—will do her much good. If I were a legislator, I would order every man, once a week or so, to lock his lips together, and utter no vocable at all for four-and-twenty hours; it would do him immense benefit, poor fellow! Such racket and cackle of mere hearsay and sincere cant grows at last entirely deafening, enough to drive one mad, like the voice of mere infinite rookeries answering your voice! Silence, silence!"

Emerson writes from Concord in the summer of 1845: "I creep along the roads and fields of this town as I have done from year to year. When my garden is shamefully overgrown with weeds, I pull up some of them. I prune my apples and pears. I have a few friends who glid many hours of the year. I sometimes write verses." Emerson was then preparing his lecture on "Representative Men," and says of his work: "I wrote a deal about Napoleon after reading a library of memoirs. Now I have Plato, Montaigne, and Swedenborg, and more in the clouds behind. What news of Naseby and Worcester?" Carlyle in the same year replied, with a mass of new Cromwell letters before him, that he was "sunk deep into the dust-abysses again."

During the next year, 1846, Carlyle made a visit to Scotland, and thus records his impressions: "Thirty years move away a generation of men. The old hills, the old brooks and houses are still there; but the population has marched away, almost all; it is not there any more. I cannot enter into light talk with the survivors and successors; I withdraw into silence and converse with the dumb old crags rather in a melancholy and abstruse manner. Thank God, my good old mother is still there; old and frail, but still young of heart; as young and strong there, I think, as ever. It is beautiful to see affection survive where all else is submitting to decay; the altar with its sacred fire still burning, when the outer walls are all slowly crumbling, material Fate saying, 'they are mine!' I read some insignificant books, smoked a great deal of tobacco, and went moping about among the hills and hollow water-courses, somewhat like a shade in hades." In another letter of the same year, the Chelsea sage says to Emerson: "If you see Mr. Everett, will you thank him for his kind remembrance of me, till I find leisure (as I have vainly hoped to do) to thank him more in form? A dignified, compact kind of man, whom I remember with real pleasure."

Again he says: "Alas! the speech of men, especially the witty speech of men, is often afflictive to me; 'in the wide earth,' I say sometimes with a sigh, 'there is none but Emerson that responds to me with a voice wholly human!' All literature, too, is become, I cannot tell you how, contemptible to me. On the whole, one's blessedness is to do as Oliver; work while the sun is up; work well, as if eternities depended on it; then sleep—as if under the guano mountains of human stuper, if handsomely forgotten all at once, that latter is the handsome thing. I have often thought what W. Shakespeare would say were he to sit one night in a 'Shakespeare society' and listen to the empty twaddle and other long-eared melody about him there."

PSEUDONYMS.

The Identity of Popular Writers Revealed.

Mr. Dole, in his "Catalogue of the Show-hegan (Maine) Library," gives the following list of the pseudonyms of native and foreign authors, names changed by marriage, and the authors of anonymous books:

AMERICAN PSEUDONYMS.

Pseudonyms.
 Bill Arp,
 Emanuel A. Bard,
 Walter Barrett,
 Benauly.
 Carl Benson,
 Camille A. Bigly (Can tell a big lie),
 Josh Billings,
 Duqn Browne,
 Paul Croyton,
 Shirley Darc,
 Q. K. Philander Doesicks,
 Fat Contributor,
 Major Jack Dowling,
 Fleets,
 Frank Forrester,
 Mrs. Gilman,
 Howard Glyndon,
 Barry Gray,
 Grace Greenwood,
 Harry Grings,
 Gail Hamilton,
 Marion Harland,
 Jennie June,
 Orpheus C. Kerr (Office Seeker),
 Edmund Kirke,
 Sut Lovengood,
 Helen Mar,
 Ik Marvel,
 Sophie May,
 Minnie Myrtle,
 Petroleum Veevius Nasby,
 Dr. Oldham, of Grey-stones,
 Oliver Optic,
 Miles O'Reilly,
 Mrs. Partington,
 Florence Percy,
 John Phoenix.
 Forte Crayon,
 L. Pyelot (anagram),
 Beeley Regester,
 Job Sass,
 Ecce De Kay (author of "Canetuckey"),
 Ethan Spike,
 Talvi,
 Timothy Titcomb,
 Truata (anagram),
 Mark Twain,
 A Veterans Observer,
 Artemus Ward,
 Blythe White, Jr.,

Real Names.
 Charles H. Smith,
 Benjamin G. Squier,
 Joseph A. Scoville,
 Benjamin, Austin, and Lyman Abbott (jointly),
 Charles Astor Bristed,
 George W. Peck,
 Henry W. Shaw,
 Rev. Samuel Fiske,
 J. T. Trowbridge,
 Miss Susan Dunnington,
 Mortimer Thompson,
 A. M. Griswold,
 Saba Smith,
 Kate W. Hamilton,
 H. W. Herbert,
 Mr. — Ballou,
 Miss Laura C. Redden,
 R. B. Coffin,
 Mrs. Sarah J. C. Lippincott,
 Lt. Henry A. Wise, U. S. N.,
 Miss Mary Abigail Dodge,
 Mrs. M. V. Terhune,
 Mrs. Jennie C. Croly,
 R. H. Newell,
 J. R. Gilmore,
 Captain G. Harris,
 Mrs. D. F. M. Walker,
 Donald G. Mitchell,
 Miss R. S. Clarke,
 Miss Anna L. Johnson,
 D. R. Locke,
 Caleb S. Henry, LL. D.,
 Wm. T. Adams,
 Colonel Charles G. Halpine,
 B. P. Shillaber,
 Mrs. Akers,
 Captain George H. Derby,
 U. S. A.,
 General D. P. Strother,
 F. Leopoldt,
 Mrs. O. J. Victor,
 Mr. — Foxcroft,
 Charles D. Kirk,
 Matthew F. Whittier,
 Mrs. E. Robinson, (The-ressa A. de Von Jakob),
 Jewish G. Holland, M. A.,
 Miss Elizabeth Stuart,
 Ph.,
 Samuel L. Clemens,
 E. D. Mansfield,
 Charles F. Brown,
 Solon Robinson,

FOREIGN PSEUDONYMS.

A. L. O. E. (A. Lady of England),
 Cuthbert Bede,
 E. Berger,
 Bon Gaultier.
 Country Parson, "A. K. H. B.,"
 George Eliot,
 Holme Lee,
 Mrs. Markham,
 Owen Meredith,
 Louise Muhlbach,
 Nimrod,
 Old Humphrey,
 George Sand,
 January Searle,
 Arthur Sketchley,
 Samuel Slick,
 Stonehenge,
 Zackiel,
 Amantine Lucile Aurore (Dupin Dundervan),
 Geo. S. Phillips,
 George Rose,
 Judge Thos. C. Haliburton,
 John H. Walsh,
 Lieut. Richard J. Morrison,
 Mrs. Nicholls,
 Mrs. Wilson,
 Mrs. G. H. Lewis,
 Mrs. Wilson,
 Mrs. Craik,
 Mrs. R. G. Spofford.

NAMES CHANGED BY MARRIAGE.

Charlotte Bronte,
 Augusta J. Evans,
 Marian J. Evans,
 Caroline Fry,
 Dinah Mulock,
 Harriet Prescott,

ANONYMOUS BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

Alchemy and the Alchemists; also,
 Christ the Spirit,
 "Collin Clout" 's Come Home Again! Explained,
 Red Book of Appia,
 Swedenborg's Alchemetic Philosophy,
 Ecce Homo,
 Ecce Culum,
 Erring, yet Noble!
 Faith Garity's Girlhood,
 Household of Sir Thomas Moore; also, Journal of Mary Powell,
 The Lamplighter,
 Lyrics by the letter H.,
 The New Timothy,
 Rutledge,
 Schonberg-Cotta Family-Spirit of Seventy-Six,
 Tales of the Genii,
 A Trip to Catch a Sunbeam,
 Wind and Whirlwind,
 Major General Ethan A. Hitchcock,
 Rev. E. F. Butler,
 Isaac F. Reed, Jr.,
 Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney,
 Miss Anne Manning,
 Miss M. S. Commins,
 Col. Chas. G. Halpine,
 Rev. W. M. Baker,
 Miss M. Cole,
 Mrs. Elizabeth Charles,
 Mrs. D. S. Curtis,
 Rev. James E. Riddle,
 Miss M. A. Planché, afterward Mrs. Henry Mack-Charles Wyllys Elliot.

HOME SWEET HOME.

The oft-repeated criticism on Mme. Pattif singing the "Inevitable" "Home, Sweet Home," is stoutly resented by the great artist. Mme. Pattif declares that she would not sing one song for twenty years if the public did not demand it. She says:

"I learned the song years ago and never dreamed that I would have to sing it for years and years, but, after I had once sung it, nowhere could I appear but the public demanded it, particularly here in America. I have tried again and again to substitute other songs, and it is absurd to suppose that I haven't songs enough in my repertory to give an evening's entertainment without 'Home, Sweet Home.' But every time I have heard people all over the house demand the old-time melody. Why should I not try to please my public? Indeed, I would never sing it again if only once I did not hear the thunder of applause whenever the first notes of the introduction are heard. Of course, I am encouraged. There never was a singer who was not encouraged and borne on the very wings of triumph and ecstasy by hearing great applause."

"I also confess that I like to sing it, and I never grow tired of the words or the simple melody. Often on the spur of the moment I would like to add a touch here or there, but I refrain, knowing that just its simplicity is what touches an audience, and I am not above saying that it always touches me. I am sure every one will do me this justice after due consideration. I have sung many numbers in many programmes, have given numerous songs of all styles and all descriptions, and I may add, without egotism, with great success; therefore, I feel that I am doing just the right thing when I give the public just what it wants."—*New York Times*.

Chronology of Chief Justices.

Altogether there have been five Chief Justices of the United States Supreme Court. The first was John Jay, of New York, who was appointed Sept. 26, 1789, and who resigned in 1794 to go to Great Britain. In December, 1800, he declined a reappointment, and died May 17, 1829. John Rutledge, of South Carolina, was appointed to the office by the President, July 1, 1795, but the Senate refused to confirm the appointment. William Cushing, of Massachusetts, declined an appointment Jan. 27, 1796, and March 4, of that year, Oliver Ellsworth, of Con-

necticut, received the appointment. He resigned in 1800 on account of his health. John Marshall, of Virginia, occupied the office from Jan. 31, 1801, to July 6, 1835, when he died. Dec. 28, 1835, Roger B. Taney took the bench, which he held until his death, in October, 1864, and on Dec. 6, 1864, Salmon P. Chase succeeded him.

NOVELS.

How They May Possibly Be Made by Born Novelists.

Speaking of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's Vassar lecture, "How Novels Are Made," the London News says: "He thinks that a man of genius—nobody can be offended by the mention of Shakespeare as an example—could produce his note books, plots, stylographic pen and explain all his process. But we venture to think that the difference is only a difference of degree. Shakespeare could have said, just as easily as the author of 'The Black Brigantine,' 'Oh, I just took 'The History of Hamlet' (or the old English play about Hamlet), and faked it about a bit, and gave Burbage plenty of fat, you know.' In some such simple old English terms would, William, if he could answer, tell us how he wrote 'Hamlet.' And really the shilling novelist can say no more. He met an incident in real life, or in a book, or in a paper, and he developed it, and worked in the results of his thought and experience, such as they were. As far as the author knows, the process of composition is much the same always, though a few indulge in eccentric habits; and Mr. Hawthorne himself is said to have once written for a prodigious unheard-of number of hours at one sitting. They pick up ideas as they go on, and in his new letters we learn how Mr. Thackeray selected notions for 'Pendennis' from his daily life, even while that work was coming out in monthly numbers. Nor do any authors know exactly what they are going to say when they sit down to write. All pens, though the penmen are unaware of it, have familiar spirits resident in them, which whisper ideas to the author as he goes on. He never dreamed of these ideas till he had the magical pen in his hand, the pen murmurs them, and he accepts them, and often (like Thackeray when he made Becky admire Rawdon for hearing Lord Steyne) he wonders at his own cleverness. It is not his own, it is given to him from without, he feels, and that is why he can never explain 'how it is done.' Or, if this theory of the luminous pen be scouted, we suppose that his brain gets heated, excited, borne above itself, and so, when the brain cools down, the author becomes a commonplace mortal, and forgets how he got into fairyland. Therefore, they never can explain how their works are written, though, perhaps, they could often trace back, if they cared, the steps of the association of ideas."

Apparently, novelists sometimes begin with a set of characters, and think over them till they begin to move and act, as the table moves if people sit round it with their fingers on it. In that way, perhaps, "Vanity Fair" was invented. Thackeray had a Becky in his mind, and he posed Emmy out of a collection of living models. Then, perhaps, he set to work wondering how these ladies would act and react on each other's fortunes. Then more queer characters—old Sir Pitt, old Miss Crawley, the notorious Lord Steyne and so on—inisted on joining the dance. But there is no puzzle to be explained, no astonishing situation to be accounted for, as in novels of the type of Gaboriau's. Another mode of birth, we may conjecture, was that of "Bleak House." Dickens seems to have said to himself, now let us have a fling at some national abuse, and he found that great palatable cockney, the court of chancery before him. So the story had to set forth the evils of chancery, as displayed in the sorrows of a set of wretched ruined people. Then Lizzie Hunt came in the author's way, and promptly Mr. Harold Skimpole was devised, and joined the

dance, and so on. Probably cheap novels of murder and mystery are written by devising a strange situation, and working back from that, to invent ways in which it might have happened. You introduce a gentleman who finds the fire smoking dreadfully at breakfast. He examines the chimney, and finds in it the body, head downwards, of a lovely girl of 18. How in the world did she go there? You work back till you have invented a plausible theory of the whimsical circumstance, and that theory is your novel. Gaboriau often works back as far as the revolution, or the edict of Nantes, if not the crusades, before he could get room to turn round in. And no wonder, for, if you will introduce a duke shooting all the company in a suburban pot house, his motives, if honorable, must be as "remote" as the intentions of the young lover in the story. Any novelist can tell us things like this about his art, just as Theophile Gautier told some one that he wrote in red, black and green ink, to diversify and cheer his labors. "When you reach the sixth story, you shall try the red ink," he would say to himself, and found it a great comfort—as, indeed, it is. But Theophile did not get his style from his colored ink, nor Shakespeare his Hamlet from "The History of Hamblet." Probably "the common steadfast manner," as Milton says, of the period, screamed that Shakespeare was a thief, and that any one could plagiarize the "History of Hamblet." But the dunce never did so himself, nor did his friends, and only learned people like Dr. Burnside know even the names of these moral and virulent obscenities.

WHITTIER.

The death of Whittier takes away one who had been for more than sixty years in close companionship with the American people. This companionship existed in spite of the fact that in early life he differed sharply with most of his countrymen. But nevertheless he was always with them, though often not of them. Unrecognized by them at first, he voiced their deep moral sense when partisanship so obscured it that their own utterance of it was harsh and distorted. His muse then spoke the words of indignant remonstrance. To many readers, of the present generation, these angry polemics, expressive as they are of a noble scorn of the meanness and injustice of slavery, have their chief value as political records in verse, as rhythmical history. Had Whittier never essayed any other strain, these verses might have become only a part of the literature of the great anti-slavery struggle. Strong as Whittier was in denunciation of wrong, he was yet stronger, and infinitely more sweet, in the expression of an overflowing love of his fellow men, of a kindness that comprehended all things, both great and small, in its wishes, and of a pathos that had in it nothing of pessimism. Whittier the moral teacher spoke in his political poems; it is, in his ballads of New England life and legends that Whittier the poet finds the truest expression of his kindly genius. His buoyant, hopeful nature breathed through all his writings and made them the most inspiring and helpful of popular poetry, for he was essentially a popular poet. His popularity was honorable both to his readers and himself, as it conclusively proved that a poet can be lofty in his ideals, chaste in his language, artistic in verse, and yet win to himself not merely those who read in a spirit of critical appreciation, but all who yearn for a bettering of the lot of mankind on earth. No American poet has had a wider public than Whittier, for the reason that no American poet has written verse that entered so much into the

every day life of the American people. Whittier understood the American people better than any of his contemporaries and addressed himself directly to them.

To the public there have always been two Whittiers, Whittier the poet and Whittier the man. There has been no contradiction between them and both have been loved by the people who learned to know the man through the poet. To the whole people, not merely to the student in his study, but to the workers in the shop and factory as well, Whittier came to be an old and very dear friend, to be loved and cherished as one who had been prophet, apostle, and pastor.

The death of Whittier leaves Dr. Holmes the last survivor of the American poets who have achieved renown. The stars of the poetical firmament have now been reduced to one, and there are no signs of the rising of a new constellation. There are perhaps dimly seen, faintly glittering nebulae, but of the coming of a star of the first magnitude, no token. Apparently America is entering into a period of twilight in poetry, which, let us hope, will come before the awakening of a yet brighter day.

WHITTIER AS A MORAL INFLUENCE.

An Analysis of the Poet's Character and Work.

At the meeting of the Society for Ethical Culture, held at the New Century Hall yesterday, W. M. Salter delivered a lecture on Whittier, of which the following is a synopsis:

A literary estimate of Whittier is out of place here. It may be questioned, indeed, whether in his case the man did not overshadow the poet. He himself said that he set a higher value on his name as appended to the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1833 than on the title page of any book. It is hard for us to realize the excitement caused by the Anti-Slavery agitation. We may perhaps be helped to, if we think of the sensitiveness to any attacks on property now. For the slave was as much property as a piece of land or a share of railway stock is at present—and those who attacked slavery became enemies of the law, of the public peace and of social order. Hence, Garrison, Phillips and Whittier were almost as badly hated and maligned in those days as Socialists, or even Anarchists, are now. Yet Whittier took his stand; and the peace-loving Quaker became a man of war in all but the disposition to use his arms. His weapons were not only love and pity, but indignation, wrath, satire, ridicule and cutting sarcasm. His poems are not mere poems—they are the heart-throbs of a man indignant at a wrong and fearless of consequences. He was mobbed in New Hampshire, and his editorial office here in Philadelphia was burned along with Pennsylvania Hall, the city authorities offering feeble, if any, resistance to the lawless crowd. Whittier's verses are almost a history of the time, or rather, they give us the great events of the time viewed from the standpoint of conscience. He was an incalculable moral influence in this critical period, nursing the sentiment and the moral ardor by the help of which slavery was at last overthrown.

In the realm of religion Whittier has also exercised a moralizing influence. The divorce between religion and the common law of human brotherhood stirred the poet's soul. God was to his mind inseparable from those higher thoughts that make the higher law as felt within. The service of God he held consisted in obedience to these thoughts. Religion was to him no longer rites, sacrifices, incense,

music and prayer, but loving one's neighbor and doing one's whole duty as a man. Whittier's religion is a religion of morality, a religion for reformers. "The love of God," he said, "is the love of good."

Whittier's influence will go on; he is for liberty, for right everywhere; he is with those who would give to woman "the rights and duties pledged to all;" with those who would spare "the tax upon a poor man's food;" with those who would "to labor full requital make."

WHITTIER AS A MARTIAL POET.

Although Whittier was born a Quaker and clung to the faith of his fathers all his life, there are in his poetry passages as full of martial ardor as any to be found in the verses of the cavalier poets. The Quaker rule, Charles Lamb to the contrary, does not "the human feeling cool," and the partisanship of truth, the honest hatred of wrong and injustice as easily enter the militant mood with Quakers as with followers of other creeds. General Greene was both a Quaker, and is a familiar instance of political convictions carrying a man beyond the restrictions of creed. We doubt if Whittier ever thought of Greene's conduct as meriting very severe censure. At all events, there are lines in Whittier that are decidedly those of a "bard of marshal lay." In "The Angels of Buena Vista" occurs stirring battle pictures:

"Hark! that sudden blast of bugles there the troop of Minon wheels:
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels."

Here are in two lines the rush and swing of contending hosts. Again, take these noble stanzas from that noble poem, "The Watchers":

"Two angels, each with drooping head
And folded wings and noiseless tread,
Watched by that valley of the dead.

The one, with forehead sanely bland
And lips of blessing, not command,
Leaned, weeping, on her olive wand.

The other's brows were scarred and knelt.
His restless eyes were watch-fire lit,
His hands for battle-gauntlets fit.

Then Freedom sternly said: "Tether
No strife nor pang beneath the sun,
When human rights are staked and won.

"I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock.
I watched in Toussaint's cell of rock,
I walked with Sidney to the block;

"The moor of Marston felt my tread,
Through Jersey snows the march I led,
My voice Magenta's charges sped."

These are the lines, not of one who glorified war, but of a poet whose imagination kindled at its scenic aspect, and who, we feel, would not have shunned strife or pang when human rights were at stake.

AT REST.

John G. Whittier Passes Away.

Miss Gove's Home a House of Mourning.

Members of the Poet's Family at His Bedside.

The Curtain Falls on a Life Well Spent.

Special Dispatch to The Boston Journal.
NEWBURYPORT, Mass., Sept. 7. Quietly and without a struggle with exhausted nature the spirit of John G. Whittier, at the home of Miss Gove, Hampton Falls, passed into the hands of Him who gave it at half-past 4 o'clock this morning. Just as the light of heaven was breaking upon earth he opened his eyes to the full light of the brightness of that God in whom he trusted and who had cared so tenderly for him more than four score years. Dr. Douglass, with some of Mr. Whittier's family, were at his bedside. About 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon unfavorable symptoms became apparent and unconsciousness followed. The patient continued in this condition through the night, gradually sinking, until the last chapter of the book of his life was ended and "Fare" was written in the circlet which beams so brightly around the name of John G. Whittier. The funeral of the poet will occur Saturday afternoon from the residence of Judge Cates, Friend street. The interment will take place in the Amesbury Cemetery, on Haverhill Road. The church bells this morning are tolling the age of the dead poet and announcing the death of Amesbury's beloved citizen.

MR. WHITTIER'S LIFE.

A Noble Career of Great Interest and Great Good.

One of the truest of men and sweetest and purest of poets has been taken from us by the death of John Greenleaf Whittier.

The facts in Mr. Whittier's personal history

may be very briefly and simply told. He was born in Haverhill, on the 17th of December, 1807, and his father was a farmer, who came of a tall, long-lived race. His mother, whose maiden name was Abigail Huzzey, was of French descent; and with a mother's quick intuition, she saw the poet in her boy and encouraged his aspirations, while his father, a man of practical mind, looked to him only to follow his own career at the plow. Mr. Whittier had always the tenderest recollections of his mother, and he wrote of her once in the *Friends' Review*. "All that the sacred word 'mother' means in its broadest, fullest significance, our mother was to us; a friend, helper, counsellor, companion, ever-loving, gentle and unselfish." It was a typical New England home into which Whittier was born, and the picture which he gave of it in his poem "Snowbound" was painted in vivid and natural colors from the poet's memory of the fireside in the Haverhill farm house and of the loved forms that gathered about it. It was a Quaker household, and its influences were of the gentlest. Through life, the poet retained allegiance to his parents' faith, and his verse and his character alike show the impress of his early training. The lad Whittier, a shy and sensitive youth, enjoyed the ordinary district school privileges of New England boys, and at the age of 19 he went to the academy at Haverhill, where he had the benefit of a year's instruction, broken by an interval of six months, spent in teaching a district school at "Birchy Meadow"—a place with an ominously suggestive name, for the site of a school house. There, with a few months spent in desultory study afterward in a clerkman's family in Boston, constituted the only educational opportunities he ever had. Few men have won literary distinction, the circumstance of whose youth gave less promise than did Whittier's. He had not even access to books, his father's library comprising not more than fifteen or twenty volumes, and those mostly theological. As the love of poetry grew upon him, he would sometimes walk a dozen miles to borrow a book of poems. Burns was the first poet whose writings he read, and he never lost his enthusiasm for them. Late in life, he declared that his wonder and delight over Burns' poems were as fresh as ever, and he gave a delightful account of the Quaker preacher, who, stopping at the Whittier homestead over night, first read from Burns' writings to the eager boy, and then lent him the volume for his own reading. Whittier found, as he expressed it, "that the things out of which poems came were not, as I had always imagined, somewhere away off in a world and life lying outside the edge of our New Hampshire sky; they were right here about my feet, and among the people I knew. The common things of our common life I found were full of poetry. It was a new and a perfect revelation." To this revelation, very likely, we owe in part the simplicity of his own verse and the beauty with which he invested common things.

The farmer lad was about 18 when he wrote his first poem. The family were taking William Lloyd Garrison's paper, the *Free Press*, and Whittier's sister, unknown to him, gave his poem to the carrier, who slipped it under Garrison's door. Garrison liked it and printed it; and one day, when the boy was in the field with his uncle, mending fences, the carrier came with the paper, and the lad, turning first as usual to the poet's corner, saw there to his great surprise his own name and his own lines. The lines were in blank verse, a paraphrase of the vision of the prophet Elijah, wherein the demonstration of

God's power came in the fire and the earthquake and the tempest, but God Himself spoke in the still, small voice. As Mr. Whittier's first production, these lines are interesting:

THE POET.

The Prophet stood

On the high mount, and saw the tempest-cloud
Pour the fierce whirlwind from its reservoir
Of congregated gloom. The mountains oak,
Torn from the earth, heaved high its roots where once
Its branches waved. The fir-tree's shapely form,
Smote by the tempest, lashed the mountain's side.
Yet, calm in conscious purity, the Seer
Beheld the awful desolation, for
The Eternal Spirit moved not in the storm.

The tempest ceased. The caverned earthquake burst
Forth from its prison, and the mountain rocked
Even to its base. The topmost crags were thrown,
With fearful crashing, down its shuddering sides.
Unawed, the Prophet saw and heard; he felt
Not in the earthquake moved the God of Heaven.

The marmur died away; and from the height,
Torn by the storm and shattered by the shock,
Rose far and clear a pyramid of flame
Mighty and vast; the startled mountain deer
Shrank from its glare and covered within the shade;
The wild fowl shrieked—but even then the Seer
Untrembling stood and marked the fearful glow,
For Israel's God came not within the flame.

The fiery beacon sank. A still, small voice
Now caught the Prophet's ear. Its awful tone,
Unlike to human sound, at once conveyed
Deep awe and reverence to his plumed heart.
Then bowed the holy man; his face he veiled
Within his mantle, and in darkness turned.
The presence of his God, discerned not in
The storm, the earthquake, or the mighty flame.

Writing for the Papers.

After this, Mr. Whittier contributed poems occasionally to the *Free Press*, the *Boston Statesman*, edited by Nathaniel Greene, and the *Haverhill Gazette*, then edited by the father of Professor Thayer of Harvard University. While in Boston, he wrote general editorial articles for the *American Manufacturer*, which was published by Mr. Collyer, the clergyman in whose family he boarded. At the same time he wrote several articles for the *Hartford Review*, edited by George D. Prentice, and in 1829, Mr. Prentice having to go to Kentucky to collect materials for his life of Henry Clay, he wrote to Mr. Whittier, who was then on the farm at Haverhill, inviting him to manage the paper in his absence. Mr. Whittier went to Hartford and remained there two years, receiving \$8 a week for his editorial work on the *Review*. He then went back to the farm, his father being sick and in need of him. He took a lively interest in politics, and was warmly in sympathy with the Abolitionists. He exerted himself to aid in the election of Caleb Cushing to Congress: Mr. Cushing, though not an Abolitionist, having promised to defend the Abolitionists' right of petition and to see that their appeals were received—a promise which he kept. In December, 1833, Mr. Whittier went to Philadelphia as a delegate to an anti-slavery convention, and he and Lewis Tappan served as secretaries of the convention. In 1835 he was elected from Haverhill to the General Court as the candidate of the national Republicans. In August, 1835, he went, with George Thompson of England, to Concord, N. H., to attend an anti-slavery meeting, and there were mobbed and pelted with stones, being rescued by Col. Kent, who, though not an Abolitionist, gave them refuge in his house. Three years later Mr. Whittier went to Philadelphia, where for two years he edited an outspoken advocate of liberty called the *Pennsylvania Freeman*. The mob finally broke into the office of the paper, carried off Mr. Whittier's books and papers and burned the building. Mr. Whittier, encased in a long white overcoat, standing

in the crowd and watching the office burn. Next morning the anti-slavery people held a meeting near the ruins, but were not molested by the mob.

In 1840 Mr. Whittier came to live in a plain, white, old-fashioned house, which he had purchased in the outskirts of Amesbury, and here he lived for nearly 40 years, having as his sole companion, until her death in 1864, his last surviving sister, Elizabeth. His study here was a cozy room of medium dimensions; a cheery, open fireplace, with the old-fashioned brass andirons, was a prominent feature of it; near a window stood his writing table, usually strewn with manuscripts and writing materials; there were a few chairs, some simple pictures of anti-slavery acquaintances on the walls, with here and there a photograph of some literary or personal friend. His bookcases were roomy and well filled, and the number of autograph books sent him by authors very large. From this quiet home Mr. Whittier went but rarely into publicity, though he continued to attend anti-slavery meetings, and like others in that movement was more than once in peril from mobs. In 1843 he edited the *Middlesex Standard*, an anti-slavery paper at Lowell, and he wrote anti-slavery articles for any paper that had the courage to publish them. In 1845 he became an associate editor of the *Washington National Era*, the leading anti-slavery paper of the country, edited by Dr. Gamaliel L. Bailey of Connecticut. This connection he continued until 1851 or 1852, when failing health compelled him to relinquish it. In 1848 the Whigs of his district wanted to make him their candidate for Congress, but, as he said, he "was terribly afraid he might be elected," and so he declined the candidacy. He was chosen Presidential Elector in 1860 and again in 1864, and was, it is believed, the only man who voted for Lincoln both times. To the Lincoln campaign he contributed a rallying song, "The Quakers Are Out," which was hailed with great delight at the Wide Awake rally at Georgetown, where it was first recited. We give the song below, as it is probably remembered by very few:

Not vainly we waited and counted the hours,
The buds of our hope have burst out into flowers.
No room for misgiving—no loop-hole of doubt—
We've heard from the Keystone! The Quakers are out!

The plot has exploded—we've found out the trick;
The bribe goes a-begging; the treason won't stick.
When the Wide Awake lanterns are shining about,
The rogues stay at home, and the true men come out!

The good State has broken the cords for her spurs;
Her oil springs and water won't run into curs.
The Dutchman has reasoned with Freedom his kins,
And slow, late, but certain, the Quakers are out.

Give the dogs to the wind!—set the hills all ablaze;
Make way for the man with the patriarch's name!
Away with misgiving—away with all doubt,
For Lincoln goes in when the Quakers come out!

His Relations With the Friends.

He always retained his interest in political affairs, wherever principle or liberty was at stake, and occasional brief letters from his pen in various journals, in recent years, have attested his watchfulness and his lively sympathy with all liberal and progressive movements. During the days of the anti-slavery agitation his position compelled him to take issue with his brethren in the faith of the friends, and concerning the breach thus made he wrote characteristically in 1867:

"From my youth up, whenever my health permitted, I have been a constant attendant of our meetings for religious worship. This is true, however, that after our meeting houses were denied by the Yearly Meeting, for Anti-Slavery purposes, I did not feel it in my way, for some years, to attend the Annual Meeting at Newport. From a feeling of duty I protested against that decision when it was made; but was given to understand pretty distinctly that there was no 'weight' in my words. It was a hard day for reformers; some stifled their convictions; others, not adding patience to their faith, allowed themselves to be worried out of the Society. Abolitionists holding office were very generally 'dropped out,' and the Ark of the Church staggered on with no profane anti-slavery hands upon it. For myself, having no taste for controversy which must necessarily become personal, I left the Society to its course and took mine, feeling quite sure that the work would go on, whether friends went with it or not. I never departed of a great change in the views of the Society, but I knew that I

could do little to promote it; the pleas of youth and enthusiasm were not likely to be heeded by my elders, who, in common with the great majority of all sects, failed to comprehend the breadth and scope of a great Providential movement—God's controversy with oppression. How many of those dear old friends, so active on that occasion, have since fallen asleep in the Lord, trusting in his mercy alone, and not in their church politics! Others, still living in honored age, have, in patient and steady labor for the slave, made beautiful atonement for the error of that day of darkness. I too, mercifully spared to see the last letter fall—have learned many lessons of distrust of myself, and charity for others. In the great moral miracle of our age I find no place for self exaltation. It is not of man but of God."

Mr. Whittier's career as an author began with the publication in 1831 of a slender volume entitled "Legends of New England in Prose and Verse," and bearing a Hartford imprint. His next volume, "Mosses from an Old Pile," was a metrical tale, of which Mistress Mary Pitcher, the famous old witch of Nantuxet, was the heroine. The date of its publication is not known and it has not been included in the poet's writings. A poem entitled "Mosses from an Old Pile," printed at Boston in 1836, in a little volume of 69 pages, is the first which the author cared to recognize in later editions of his works, and about as it was, it called forth friendly but discriminating notice from the *North American Review*. These earlier products of Whittier's pen are to be judged with the charity which may justly be claimed for first writings, reinforced, in this case, by consideration of the poet's lack of training and the absence at that time of all fixed standards in American literature. It is interesting to notice how early the poet was drawn to New England legends for his themes, and with what seriousness of mind he dealt with them. *Mosses from an Old Pile*, the hero of this poem, was a chief of the Saco Indians, and not a very pleasant person, so that the reader does not greatly regret his murder at the hands of Ruth, the outlaw's daughter. Two years later appeared a volume of Ballads, and in 1845 a volume entitled "Lays of My Home and Other Poems." Long before this the poet's soul had been kindled with righteous indignation against African slavery, and in the volumes just mentioned were included some of the thirty-eight poems which were published at Philadelphia in 1849 under the title "Voices of Freedom." Voices of freedom they were, indeed, and there was a vehemence and a martial ring in some of them which almost belied the peaceful tenets of the poet's faith. Mr. R. H. Stoddard has avowed his inability to admire Mr. Whittier's anti-slavery poetry, and his wish that the time spent in writing it had been devoted to more delightful tasks. But there was no more delightful task just then for the liberty-loving poet than to give his voice for human freedom, and to be counted among those who were hated and persecuted for their allegiance to the cause. Mrs. Wasson has well said of these poems that they were pieces of rhythmic oratory. "They are themselves battles and stir the blood like the blast of a trumpet. What a beat in them of fiery pulses! What a heat, as of molten metal or coal mines burning under ground! What anger! What desire! And yet we have in vain searched these poems to find one trace of base wrath, or of any degenerate and selfish passion." Even at this distance of time, who does not thrill at lines like these, addressed as

by Massachusetts to Virginia, in the days of the hunting for fugitive slaves?

"We wage no war—we lift no arm—we fling no torch within
The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil of sin;
We leave ye with your bondmen, to wrestle, while ye can,
With the strong upward tendencies and godlike soul of man.
But for us and for our children, the vow which we have given
For freedom and humanity is registered in heaven;
No slave-hunt in our borders—no pirate on our strand!
No fetters in the Bay State—no slave upon our land!"

And these from "The Crisis," written on learning the terms of the treaty with Mexico:
"The Crisis presses on us; face to face with us it stands,
With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx in Egypt's sands:
This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we spin;
This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or sin;
Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy-crown,
We call the dew of blessing or the bolts of cursing down!"

By all for which the martyrs bore their agony and shame;
By all the warning words of truth with which the prophets came;
By the future which awaits us; by all the hopes which
Their faint and trembling beams across the blackness of the Past;
And by the blessed thought of Him who for Earth's free-

dom died,
O my people! O my brothers! let us choose the righteous side!"

The encouragement which such poems as these gave to the champions of freedom can scarcely be estimated. William Lloyd Garrison, in a lecture at Newburyport in February, 1859, said: "Whittier in his most inspired moments rises as far above his contemporaries as the soul is above the body. In regard to the question of slavery he has fulfilled his early promise. In every emergency of the cause, in every insolent attempt of the slave power to override truth and justice, and poison with its pestiferous breath the fairest hopes of the free millions of our common country, he has never failed to raise his warning voice as a sweet singer in Israel."

About His Works.

The titles of Mr. Whittier's volumes of poems subsequent to *The Voices of Freedom* are: *Songs of Labor and Other Poems, 1850; The Panorama and Other Poems, 1856; Home Ballads and Poems, 1860; In War Time and Other Poems, 1863; National Lyrics, 1865; Snow Bound, a Winter Idyll, 1866; The Tent on the Beach and Other Poems, 1867; Among the Hills and Other Poems, 1868; Miriam and Other Poems, 1870; The Pennsylvania Pilgrim and Other Poems, 1872; Hazel Blossoms, 1874; The Vision of Echard and Other Poems, 1878, and The King's Misdeed and Other Poems, 1881; Bay of Seven Islands, and Other Poems, 1883; Poems of Nature, 1885; and St. Gregory's Guest, and Recent Poems, 1886. A final edition of his poetical and prose works, supervised by himself and including his sister's poems, was published in seven volumes, in 1888-89.*

Mr. Whittier had gathered the poems he had written since the publication of *St. Gregory's Guest*, and they are to appear this fall under the appropriate title "At Sundown." Some of these poems, if not all, appeared in a privately printed book under the same title a year or two ago. Mr. Whittier's last complete poem was his tribute to Dr. Holmes on his 83d birthday, in the September Atlantic Monthly, and his last bit of verse the four lines which he contributed to *The Journal's* group of tributes to the loved "Autocrat," Aug. 29.

Nearly all the poems contained in his volumes are brief, the longest being *Snow Bound* and *The Tent on the Beach*—and of these the latter is rather a series of poems, linked together like Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. Of the friends who tell the several tales in *The Tent on the Beach*, it is easy to recognize Mr. Fields in the "lettered magnate" who could

"Well the market value tell
Of poet and philosopher."

Mr. Whittier in the dreamer,

"Who, with a mission to fulfill,
Had left the Muses' haunts to turn
The crank of an opinion mill."

and Mr. Bayard Taylor in the traveler, with Arab face tanned by tropic suns and boreal frosts, who

"In idling mood had from him harled
The poor squeezed orange of the world."

The volume, "Hazel Blossoms" contains nine poems written by the poet's sister Elizabeth, which in form and spirit suggest a nature much like her brother's and help to explain the close sympathy which existed between them, and which is further indicated in the tender words with which Mr. Whittier introduced them. It is interesting to trace in these volumes the poet's growth—his genius constantly conquering for itself riches, sweeter and more graceful forms of expression, and his later poems evincing a more accurate sense of harmony, a simpler vocabulary, and a more assured command of versification than his earlier. His name also has steadily broadened, and his hold upon the regard of his readers has become stronger. It was in 1847 that Mr. Muzzey, who combined the occupations of publisher and publisher, meeting Mr. Whittier on Cornhill, suggested to him the idea of collecting his scattered writings into a single volume, and offered to pay him a copyright of \$500. As soon as the poet recovered from his astonishment—for it seemed to him, for the moment, as he afterward expressed it, that Mr. Muzzey had gone mad from eating his own pills—he gladly closed with the offer, and the book was brought out in 1849, with illustrations. Its success astonished author and publisher alike, and years afterward, when the author bought back the copyright he had to pay \$2000 for what he had gratefully sold for \$500. It was not until the publication of "Snow Bound," however, that the poet's popularity became an assured and to him an astounding fact. Some of the critics looked askance at it. One of the first critical

journals in the country declared that it was more likely to lessen than to increase his reputation, and apologized for its feebleness on the ground that, as it had been written to beguile the weariness of a sick chamber, it was hardly open to the usual criticism. But the obstinate public could not be made to understand that the simple beauty and naturalness of the poem, and the grace and sweetness with which it treated of common things called for any apology; and the book was demanded with an avidity which amazed the author and his publishers and unimpeachable critics most of all—the sale for the first twelve months running up to more than 30,000 copies. A friend who visited him not long after found his house painted and otherwise improved, and the morning after his arrival the poet, drawing on his boots, said: "There will have to excuse me, for I must go down to the office of the collector." And he added, with a humorous gleam in his eye, "Since 'Snow Bound' was published I have risen to the dignity of an income tax."

Seventieth Birthday Celebration.

Mr. Whittier contributed to the first number of the Atlantic Monthly, and has continued until the present time one of its most regular and valued contributors. With Emerson, Longfellow, Fields and twenty or more others of the Atlantic contributors, he was associated in the "Saturday Club," which, with ranks sadly thinned by death, still holds its monthly meetings. A very pleasant and fitting recognition of Mr. Whittier's association with the Atlantic was made by the publishers of that periodical, in a banquet which they gave in honor of his seventieth birthday, Dec. 17, 1877, to which the Atlantic contributors were invited. The banquet took place at the Hotel Brunswick, and was a most delightful occasion. It is a striking illustration of the poet's timidity and shrinking from publicity, that it was with difficulty that he was persuaded to be present at this banquet, given in his honor. He fortified himself against the contingency of absence by placing in Mr. Longfellow's hands the poem which he wrote for the occasion, and, though his shyness was so far overcome that he appeared at the banquet and spoke a few words of simple acknowledgment of the compliments paid him, he still had not the heart to read his own lines, and that service was rendered by Mr. Longfellow. At this banquet addresses were made by Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Houghton, Mr. Howells, Mr. Warner, Col. Higginson and others, and poems were read by Dr. Holmes, Mr. Piatt and Mr. Stoddard. Mr. Emerson, who was present, responded to the calls made upon him by reading Mr. Whittier's "Iola." Another very pleasant and gratifying recognition of Mr. Whittier's seventieth birthday was the publication of a "Whittier number" of the Literary World. To this number Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Bayard Taylor, Mr. Stedman, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Paul H. Hayne, Dr. Holland, Mr. George P. Lathrop, Mrs. L. Maria Child, Mrs. Thaxter, Miss Phelps, Mr. Garrison and others contributed poetical tributes to the character and writings of Mr. Whittier, and there were cordial letters of friendship and high regard from the venerable Richard H. Dana, William Cullen Bryant, George Bancroft, Col. Higginson and many more. It is a painful reminder of the losses which American literature has sustained of late that of the fifteen names mentioned above as among those who joined in this tribute to Mr. Whittier, seven are those of persons who are already dead.

Mr. Longfellow's tribute to his brother bard at this time was the exquisite sonnet, "The Three Silences":

Three silences there are: the first of speech,
The second of desire, the third of thought;
This is the lore a Spanish monk, distraught
With dreams and visions, was the first to teach.
These silences, commingling each with each,
Made up the perfect silence that he sought
And prayed for, and wherein at times he caught
Mysterious sounds from realms beyond our reach.
O thou, whose daily life anticipates
The life to come, and in whose thought and word
The spiritual world preponderates,
Herald of Amesbury! thou too hast heard
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,
And speakest only when thy soul is stirred!

His Modesty and Shyness.

The shyness which Mr. Whittier manifested in connection with such tributes as those to which reference has been made was only one phase of a modesty which led him to think and speak with singular humility of his work. In 1867, writing to correct a misapprehension which found place in the Nation, to the effect that he regretted that he had not given himself to purely literary pursuits, instead of devoting

so much of his strength to labor for the emancipation of the slave, he said:

"The simple fact is that I cannot be sufficiently thankful to the Divine Providence that so early called my attention to the great interests of humanity, saving me from the poor ambitions

and miserable jealousies of a selfish pursuit of literary reputation. Up to a comparatively recent period my literary writings have been simply episcopal, something apart from the real object and aim of my life, and whatever of favor they have found with the public has come to me as a grateful surprise rather than an expected reward. As I have never staked all upon the chances of authorship, I have been spared the pain of disappointment and the temptation to envy those who, as men of letters, deservedly occupy a higher place in the popular estimation than I have ever aspired to."

Writing, in 1874, in answer to a letter which informed him that his works were to be made a subject of special study by the Friends' Social Lyceum of Wilmington, Del., he said:

"I have not felt able to place a very high estimate on my writings. I know too well their deficiencies, but I have given the public the best I had to give, and the measure of favor with which they have been received has been a constant surprise to me. This at least I can say truly, too. I have been actuated by a higher motive than literary success, and it has been my desire that whatever influence my writings may exert should be found on the side of morality, freedom and Christian charity."

The regard in which Mr. Whittier is held among the Friends is indicated by the fact that they named the institution of learning which they established in 1866 at Salem, Iowa, Whittier College, in the hope that it might "furnish the highest intellectual and moral culture," and "reflect the life and character of the poet whose name it bears."

As regards personal appearance, Mr. Whittier, like his ancestors, was tall—measuring six feet or more—of slender build, but straight as an arrow. He had a high forehead, a quiet smile, dark, piercing eyes, and hair that was once black, but in his old age thinned and gray. He dressed in a suit of black, cut in Quaker fashion, and he retained some of the Quaker peculiarities of speech. He was given to long walks, and was a most pleasant and companionable neighbor; but he was not in the habit of driving, and he traveled but rarely and for short distances—never, it is said, having gone farther than to Washington. He often spent a portion of the winter in this city, usually at the house of his friend, ex-Governor Claflin. He wrote only when the mood was on him, and then very soon after the idea which he sought to express had taken possession of his mind. He wrote easily and with an absorbing interest in his subject, and although he was too conscientious to send out crude writing, his first drafts were not usually greatly altered by subsequent revision. For several years, his home has been in a comfortable, roomy house at "Oak Knoll" in Danvers, a place named for the beautiful oak trees which adorn it. He has retained ownership of the house in Amesbury where his mother and sister died, but has lived most of the time of late at the "Knoll," finding congenial employment and diversion in the quieter cares of rural life. He has had always the same simple and cordial welcome for all comers, and there are many poor people who have reason to hold him in grateful remembrance.

It is a serene, winning, courageous and noble spirit which has gone from us. As some one has well said, his life was his best poem. Poet of New England life and legend, of the home and home affections, of freedom and charity and religious faith, his work and his character stand out in noble relief, and are an inspiration to pure living and noble endeavor. From the sunset of his life was shed something of the glory and beauty of which he sang in his sweet poem, "Sunset on the Bearcamp":

Slow fades the vision of the sky,
The golden water pales,
And over all the valley-land
A gray-winged vapor sails.
I go the common way of all;
The sunset fires will burn,

The flowers will blow, the river flow,
When I no more return.
No whisper from the mountain pine
Nor lapsing stream shall tell
The stranger, treading where I tread,
Of him who loved them well.

But beauty seen is never lost,
God's colors all are fast;
The glory of this sunset heaven
Into my soul has passed—
A sense of sadness unconfined
To mortal date or clime:

As the soul liveth, it shall live
Beyond the years of time.
Beside the mystic asphodels
Shall bloom the home-born flowers,
And new horizons dash and glow
With sunset hues of ours.

TRIBUTES AND ANECDOTES.

A Selection From the Numberless Good Things Said of Mr. Whittier.

The "poet of freedom" has passed away and numberless are the tributes and anecdotes which follow the demise. A few of the many loving things said about him yesterday have been collected by The Journal. The tribute by Edward Everett Hale is, perhaps, the fullest that has come to notice. From it are taken the following excerpts:

Edward Everett Hale.

"Dr. Holmes has taught us that the poet remembered by the most is he whose songs are sacred enough to be sung in men's churches, while they are simple enough for men and women of all sorts and conditions to remember them and want to sing them. He has shown that of the English poets of the last century it is not your grand quarto-printing Thomson or Somerville, dedicating their poems to forgotten noblemen, who is most widely quoted to-day. Not even Cowper or Alexander Pope, the king of them all. It is dear Doctor Watts, of whom a hundred lines come to memory and lip for one from the stately poems, who is familiarly remembered. Both Dr. Holmes and Mr. Whittier have achieved for themselves such success as is thus described. In each case the success is due to the writer's habit of personal and hearty intimacy with all sorts and conditions of men."

"Yet more than one of Whittier's hymns—of those best known—were written with no thought by the 'Quaker Poet' that they would be sung in 'meeting.' What, indeed, would George Fox have said had he been told that within two centuries after his journey through New England, the songs of a New England 'Friend' would be sung in every 'steepie house' in New England, not to say in every 'steepie house' in Old England? Whittier wrote, not that men might sing—not, indeed, that they might praise him—but because this thing ought to be said, and he would say it as well as he could say it there and then."

"In hundreds of churches thousands of worshippers sing and remember the hymn:

"O fairest born of love and light,"

and thank him for it. The fine verses thus known so widely were selected by his friend, Samuel Longfellow, from the ode to "Democracy," which Whittier wrote in 1843, on "election day." There are but few men who could tell us what the issues of that election were."

Song of the Kansas Emigrants.

We cross the prairie, as of old
Our fathers crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged northern pine.

Upbearing, like the ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

No pause nor rest, save where the stream
That feeds the Kansas run;
Save where our pilgrim goal
Shall find the setting sun!

Col. T. W. Higginson.

"Going to reside at Newburyport, Mass., I was within a few miles of Whittier, and was often a guest at his peaceful and happy home at Amesbury. He and his mother and sister belonged to the Society of Friends in the most literal sense of that fine title; and the strength of that quality was not impaired by their living in a little white cottage in a factory village. The three members of the family formed a perfect combination of wholly varying temperaments. Mrs. Whittier was placid, strong and sensible, an exquisite housekeeper and 'provider'; it seems to me that I have scarce seen no whiteness to be compared to the snow of her tablecloths and napkins. But her soul was of the

same hue; and all worldly conditions and all fame of her children—for Elizabeth Whittier then shared the fame—were to her wholly subordinate things, to be taken as the Lord gave.

"On one point only this blameless soul seemed to have a shadow of solicitude, this being the new wonder of Spiritualism, just dawning on the world. I never went to the house that there did not come from the gentle lady very soon a placid inquiry from behind her knitting needles. 'Has there any further information to give in regard to the spiritual communication,' as they call them?' But if I attempted to treat seriously a matter which then, as now, puzzled most inquirers by its perplexing details, there would come some keen thrust from Elizabeth Whittier which would throw all serious solution further off than ever."

James Russell Lowell's Tribute.

This was Mr. Lowell's verse for Mr. Whittier on his eightieth birthday:

How fair a pearl chain, eighty strong,
Lustrous and hallowed every one
With saintly thoughts and sacred song
As 't were the rosary of a saint!

Hon. H. O. Houghton of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the publishers for Mr. Whittier, was seen yesterday and gave some personal reminiscences, as follows:

"When I went once to Danvers, at the invitation of Mrs. Woodman, I remember Mr. Whittier spoke to me cheerfully and pleasantly, about his approaching end. He expressed himself as ready for the change at any time. He thought it was all in the course of nature, and he spoke thoughtfully. Mr. Whittier was a delightful conversationalist, but he was shy and never cared to talk to more than one person at a time. During this visit I enjoyed myself very much. Mr. Whittier was in a charming mood and he was living in a happy spot, and he was

very happy. I don't think I ever enjoyed a visit more than I did this one.

"As an instance of his self-depreciation. I remember that Mr. Howells and myself attended a dinner complimentary to the poet on his 70th birthday, and Mr. Whittier in course of conversation said: 'I know the people of this country like my poems, because they tell me so, and they write to me how much they enjoy reading them, and I think they are truthful, but it's all humbug.'"

"And yet," said Mr. Houghton, "his poetry has a wonderful power. Many of his poems have the ring of musketry and rifles."

"One of his poems, which he was very late in acknowledging, was full of the military spirit. I speak of the 'Old Vermonters.' It is a remarkable poem, and one can hardly realize that it was written by the quiet, unassuming Quaker poet, who has just passed away from us."

"He very rarely, in conversation, referred to politics or religion, but he had very decided views as to his political duties, and was a deeply religious man."

An Old Acquaintance.

Mr. Frank B. Sanborn has known Mr. Whittier ever since he first began to attract attention as a poet. In an interview yesterday he said:

"As appears very clearly from his autobiography, published the other day, the domestic life of Whittier was from the beginning very simple and even rustic. As long as he remained on the farm at Haverhill he took part in all the farm labors without exception, mowing, reaping, threshing with an old-fashioned flail, and all those forms of manual labor which are now almost forgotten. Few persons visited him in Haverhill except the anti-slavery men, with whom he was then so closely connected."

"After he removed to Amesbury his cottage there was often visited by many of his friends. He received there Alcott, Emerson, Ellery Channing and the other early transcendentalists, toward whom he inclined, and some of whom were, like himself, very familiar with the Merrimac River and its neighborhood."

"A friend of mine, long since dead, Benjamin Griffin, who was well known as a Republican politician and friend of Charles Sumner, lived for years in West Newbury, a few miles across the river from Amesbury, and was in the habit of visiting Whittier informally, as most people did. The family then consisted—say in 1850—of the poet, his mother and a sister Elizabeth, who was herself a writer of excellent verse and the liveliest and most social member of the household."

"Whittier at that period, as in his youth, was shy in conversation, except with intimate friends, and fashionable visitors, or those who insisted on praising him too openly, could seldom draw much from him. His increasing knowledge of the world, and the fame which his verses brought him, removed much of this shy and rustic manner after years, but he was never

fond of a large company, and usually avoided those occasions where he might be lionized."

"I could never notice that even in old age, Whittier wrote less easily than before he had acquired great skill by practice, and his verse is more free from those traits which lead some of his English critics to undervalue his high poetic merit. He belonged to the school of Burns and not to that of Pope, or Coleridge, or Tennyson—still less of Matthew Arnold."

"His home life was simple to the last. In conversation he was emphatic and evinced great independence of opinion, but he was by no means given to disquisition. He was particularly interested in religious matters, and in politics as connected with the anti-slavery cause. He kept in touch with the news of the day, was a somewhat close reader of the newspapers and was a much wider reader of books than was generally supposed."

"I think that the best example of his peculiar style is 'Snowbound,' which deals with such interesting phases of New England life. Whittier was emphatically a local poet and poet of scenery. The poems of his that have probably produced the most effect were some of his anti-slavery ballads and religious poems. The anti-slavery ballads were extremely good and introduced a form of verse into our literature that was not known before—a sort of combination of narrative and poetic eloquence that appears in some of the ballads, and shows forth even better than in Longfellow's writings. 'Barbara Freitchie,' for instance, is one of his poems that will live long."

"Whittier was more like an apostle or ballad singer—a sort of Quaker minstrel, as it were—than a literary figure. He struck here and there, where he had a particular interest, but the broader view of life he did not take. He was a sort of George Fox in rhyme. He was a real poet, with as much enthusiasm and rapture as any of them, and was yet a Quaker and devoted himself to religious causes all the time. Whittier will be read by more people at different ages than most of our poets. He appeals to young and old alike."

Metrics of the Poet.

When Mrs. Ceila Thaxter was boarding at the little English-like inn on the sunny slope of Beacon Hill called Hotel Winthrop, Mr. Whittier went there one day to see her. Mrs. Thaxter liked the quiet place, with its ivied window and the glimpse of the strong, short, arched tower of St. John the Evangelist, and she praised it to her old friend. That was some time in 1881, and in November of that year he joined his Oak Knoll cousins, Mrs. Woodman and her daughter and the Misses Johnson, at the Winthrop. The ladies of his family came in September, but Mr. Whittier did not join them until November. He said that he did not want to lose his vote in Amesbury."

A lady who was one of that "family" tells a story of seeing in the morning paper, one day, a paragraph to the effect that "a certain widow was likely by persevering efforts to succeed in becoming Mrs. Whittier. When she went down to dinner that day the poet was seated at table with a stranger from the country and her three handsome boys. He was all devotion to the party. He buttered the children's bread and ordered jam to top the butter. Everything on the bill of fare was provided for the boys and their mother and "more nuts and raisins" called for. When they were gone and the family had assembled in the parlor where the evenings were spent, across the hall from the morning-room, the lady who had cut the paragraph read it merrily to the party, saying: 'From what we saw at dinner to-day, it seems as if this story of the widow may be true.' Mr. Whittier laughed with the rest, then said seriously and with that sincere modesty which was his life-long charm. 'That lady brought her boys

40 miles to see me. I don't know what there is about me that would make anybody want to come forty miles to see me.' The stranger had arrived about dinner time on the pigmy size with her boys, and had been cordially invited to stay to dinner by the hospitable poet. She told the house-keeper that she had felt as though she "could not let Whittier get old and die without seeing him and having her boys see him."

Once a friend, a lady who had some property in Virginia, wrote Mr. Whittier of having named a street in a new town for him, and of having set aside a portion of ground in his name. He replied with thanks, adding that he had that week received news of no less than three towns or streets being named for him, with a gift of town lots, adding: "If this sort of

thing goes on much longer I shall be land poor."

During the winters he was at the Winthrop. Mr. Whittier's favorite way of getting about was in a Nordic. They were "not pretty," but they "knew the way to places." Politicians used to go there to see him and try to get him to banquets. But his life-long avoidance of politics in the minor sense made him easily resist their wiles. "I have seen Mr. — (a well-known name) come here and just about go down on his knees to get Mr. Whittier to speak or even to come to a banquet," says the landlady (who is, by the way, an old-time Quakeress weary of a novel at's pen), "but Mr. Whittier would just sit there—right in that chair you're in—of a kind of smile to himself as it to say, 'Oh, your talk won't amount to anything.' Well, once or twice he came here and stayed and stayed, talking and persuading, and I gave Mr. Whittier an earache if ever a man had one. But he didn't make anything by it, although he finally had to take a bed and stay all night."

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE FUNERAL.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., Sept. 7. It is understood that Mr. Whittier left a will, made about two years ago, in which are directions about his funeral and burial.

It is probable the body of Mr. Whittier will be brought to Amesbury from Hampton Falls to-morrow, and that the funeral services will be held at his home on Friend street on Saturday. They will be conducted according to the Friends' ritual, by whom is not determined. The burial will be in the Whittier family lot, located in the Friends' quarter of the old cemetery, near Bartlett's corner, in Amesbury. In the lot are Mr. Whittier's parents, sister and aunt. The lot is enclosed by an evergreen hedge.

THE QUAKER CUSTOM.

HAMPTON FALLS, N. H., Sept. 7. According to the Quaker custom there will be no sermon preached at the funeral services over the body of John G. Whittier. The services will be quite simple. The bells in Amesbury, Mr. Whittier's late home, were tolled this forenoon when the news of his death was received there.

HAVERHILL MOURNS.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Sept. 7. The news of the death of John G. Whittier has been received here with universal feelings of sadness and regret. The City Hall bell was struck 84 times at 5 o'clock, as indicating the age of the deceased, and flags on the buildings and also on the school houses were displayed at half-mast as a token of respect for the great poet.

WHITTIER IS DEAD.

The Quaker Poet Passes Peacefully Away.

Eighty-Four Years of Useful Life Ended.

HAMPTON, N. H., Sept. 7. Mr. John G. Whittier, the poet, passed away at 4.30 this morning. He died peacefully and was conscious up to the moment of his death.

His nearest relatives were with him when he passed away. Dr. Douglass, who had relieved Dr. Howe, was present when death came.

The funeral will take place at Amesbury, Mass., at 2.30 Saturday.

According to the Quaker custom there will be no sermon preached at the services over the body. The ceremonies will be quite simple.

The bells in Amesbury, Mr. Whittier's late home, were tolled this forenoon when the news of his death was received there.

EXPRESSIONS OF SOBBOW.

Haverhill Deeply Grieved by the Sad News from Hampton Falls.

HAVERHILL, MASS., Sept. 7. The news of the death of John G. Whittier has been received here with universal feelings of sadness and regret. The City Hall bell was struck eighty-four times at eight o'clock as indicating the age of the deceased, and flags on the buildings and also on the schoolhouses were displayed at half-mast as a token of respect for the poet.

THE POET'S LIFE.

"And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at hand the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand."
(Snow-Bound.)

John Greenleaf Whittier, one of the sweetest and purest of the world's poets, died at 4.30 this morning, at the residence of his friend, Miss Sarah A. Gove, at Hampton Falls, N. H., where he has been passing the past two months.

The story of Mr. Whittier's life is a very brief and a very simple one. He was born in the beautiful Merrimac Valley, five miles out from the market-town of Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 7, 1807. At his primitive homestead all things were elementary and of the plainest cast. Both his parents were Quakers, and his ancestors on both sides had belonged to the Society of Friends for many generations. John Whittier, the father of the poet, is described by citizens of Haverhill as having been a rough, but upright, kind-hearted farmer. His neighbors gave him the nickname "Quaker Whycher." He seems to have been a sturdy, decided person, and deeply religious. There was no Friends' church in Haverhill, yet invariably on First Days "Quaker Whycher's" one-horse chaise could be seen winding towards the old brown meeting-house in Amesbury, six miles away. According to the poet, one of the reasons why his mother removed to Amesbury, in 1840, was that she might be near the little Friends' "meeting" in that town.

Aspects of his boyhood, we are told that Whittier even when a little lad, was always writing verses instead of doing sums on his slate in school. The reading material that came into his father's house consisted of the almanac and the weekly village newspaper, with perhaps a score of books and pamphlets, among them Lindley Murray's "Reader" and Ellwood's "Davids, or the Life of David, King of Israel." There was nothing to learn of the outer world except from the eccentric and often picturesque stroller, who in those days peddled, sang or fiddled from village to village. Yet the boy's poetic fancy and native sense of rhythm apparently were not inert. He listened eagerly to the provincial traditions and legends—a genuine folk-lore recounted by his elders at the fireside—and he began to put his thoughts in numbers at the earliest age.

Of his early literary aspirations and the events which moulded his thoughts and guided his pen in after years no better account can be given than the modest, simple story told by himself some years ago. "When I was fourteen years old my first schoolmaster, Joshua Coffin, the able, eccentric historian of Newbury, brought with him to our house a volume of Burns' poems, from which he read, greatly to my delight. I begged him to leave the book with me, and set myself at once to the task of mastering the glossary of the Scottish dialect at its close. This was about the first poetry I had ever read—with the exception of that of the Bible, of which I had been a close student—and it had a lasting influence upon me. I began to make rhymes myself, and to imagine stories and adventures. In fact, I lived a sort of dual life, and in a world of fancy, as well as in the world of plain matter of fact about me. My father

always had a weekly newspaper, and when young Garrison started his Free Press at Newburyport, he took it in the place of the Haverhill Gazette. My sister, who was two years older than myself, sent one of my poetical attempts to the editor. Some weeks afterward the news-carrier came along on horseback and threw the paper out from his saddlebag. My uncle and I were mending fences. I took up the sheet, and was surprised and overjoyed to see my lines in the "poet's corner." I stood gazing at them in wonder, and my uncle had to call me several times to my work before I could recover myself. Soon after Garrison came to our farmhouse, and I was called in from hoeing in the cornfield to see him. He encouraged me, and urged my father to send me to school. I longed for education, but the means to procure it were wanting. Luckily, the young man who worked for us on the farm in summer eked out his small income by making ladies' shoes and slippers in the winter; and I learned enough of him to earn a sum sufficient to carry me through a term of six months in the Haverhill Academy. The next winter I ventured upon another expedient for raising money and kept a district school in the adjoining town of Amesbury, thereby enabling me to have another academy term. The next winter I spent in Boston, writing for a paper. Returning in the spring, while at work on the farm, I was surprised by an invitation to take charge of the Hartford (Conn.) Review, in the place of the famous George D. Prentice, who had removed to Kentucky. I had sent him some of my school "compositions," which he had received favorably. I was unwilling to lose the chance of doing something more in accordance with my taste, and, though I felt my unfitness for the place, I accepted it, and remained nearly two years, when I was called home by the illness of my father, who died soon after. I then took charge of the farm and worked hard to "make both ends meet;" and, aided by my mother's and sister's thrift and economy, in some measure succeeded.

"As a member of the Society of Friends, I had been educated to regard slavery as a great and dangerous evil, and my sympathies were strongly enlisted for the oppressed slaves by my intimate acquaintance with William Lloyd Garrison. When the latter started his paper in Vermont in 1832, I wrote him a letter commending his views upon slavery, intemperance and war, and assuring him that he was destined to do great things. In 1833 I was a delegate to the first national anti-slavery convention at Philadelphia. I was one of the secretaries of the convention and signed its declaration. In 1835 I was in the Massachusetts Legislature. I was mobbed in Concord, N. H., in company with George Thompson, afterward member of the British Parliament, and narrowly escaped from great danger. I kept Thompson, whose life was in danger, concealed in our lonely farmhouse

for two weeks. I was in Boston during the great mob in Washington street, soon after, and was threatened with personal violence. In 1837 I was in New York, in conjunction with Henry B. Stanton and Theodore D. Weld, in the office of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The next year I took charge of the Pennsylvania Freeman, an organ of the Anti-Slavery Society. My office was sacked and burned by a mob soon after, but I continued my paper until my health failed, when I returned to Massachusetts. The farm in Haverhill had in the meantime been sold, and my mother, aunt and youngest sister had moved to Amesbury, near the Friends' Meeting House, and I took up my residence with them. All this time I had been actively engaged in writing for the anti-slavery cause. In 1833 I printed at my own expense an edition of my first pamphlet, "Justice and Expediency." With the exception of a few dollars from the Democratic Review and Buckingham's Magazine, I received nothing for my poems and lit-

erary articles. Indeed, my pronounced views on slavery made my name too unpopular for a publisher's uses. I edited in 1844 the Middlesex Standard, and afterward became associate editor of the National Era at Washington. I early saw the necessity of separate political action on the part of abolitionists, and was one of the founders of the Liberty party—the germ of the present Republican party.

In 1857 an edition of my complete poems up to that time was published by Ticknor & Fields. "In War Time" followed in 1864, and in 1866 "Snow-Bound." In 1860 I was chosen a member of the electoral college of Massachusetts, and also in 1864. I have been a member of the board of overseers of Harvard College and a trustee of Brown University. But while feeling and willing to meet all the responsibilities of citizenship, and deeply interested in questions which concern the welfare and honor of the country, I have as a rule declined overtures for acceptance of public stations. I have always taken an active part in elections, but have not been willing to add my own example to the greed of office.

"I have been a member of the Society of Friends by birthright, and by a settled conviction of the truth of its principles and the importance of its testimonies, while at the same time I have a kind feeling toward all those who are seeking, in different ways from mine, to serve God and benefit their fellow-men. Neither of my sisters is living. My dear mother, to whom I owe much every way, died in 1858."

The above is the modest story of a man whom the country delighted to honor and whose birthday has for the past few years been celebrated on its annual recurrence not only by the school children throughout the land, with whom his melodious and simple verses have always been a favorite, but by the leading poets and writers. Indeed, but little remains to be added. His quiet and uneventful life at his home in Danvers has often been described. The occasional poems that came from his pen in later years have been eagerly read and widely copied, and although age and increasing infirmities had rendered letter writing a task, he still, almost up to the last, continued to send out loving greetings to old friends, and to write words of encouragement in aid of any cause in which he was interested. We believe that the last letter he ever indicated was the congratulatory note to Dr. Holmes on his eighty-third birthday anniversary.

The following is a list of his published works in the order of their appearance in print: "Legends of New England," 1831; "Justice and Expediency" (a pamphlet on the slave question), 1833; "Mog Megone," 1836; "Ballads," 1836; "Lays of My Home, and Other Poems," 1843; "The Stranger in Lowell," 1845; "Waggonerism in New England," 1847; "The Bridal of Pennacook," 1848; "The Voices of Freedom" and "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal," 1849; "Songs of Labor and Other Poems" and "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," 1850; "The Chapel of the Hermits," 1853; "Literary Recreations and Miscellanies," 1854; "The Panorama and Other Poems," 1856; "Home Ballads and Other Poems," 1860; "In War Time, and Other Poems," "National Lyrics" and "Maud Muller," 1865; "Snow-Bound," 1866; "Teat on the Beach, and Other Poems," 1867; "Among the Hills, and Other Poems," 1868; "Miriam, and Other Poems," 1870; "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim, and Other Poems," 1873; "Mabel Martin," 1874; "Hazel Blossoms," 1875; "The King's Missive, and Other Poems," 1881; "The Bay of Seven Islands," 1883; "Jack in the Pulpit," 1884; and St. Gregory's Guest, and Recent Poems," 1886.

Since this time a number of single poems have been published in the magazines and newspapers.

A recent visitor thus describes the personal appearance of the poet: "In personal appearance Whittier is remarkable. Tall, and as

straight as one of the young pines in his favorite grove; it seems impossible that he is about at the end of four score years. The crown of his head is bald, and his hair is glossy silver, but his great black eyes are as clear, bright and piercing as if he were in the prime of life. He walks with the deliberation and dignity of age, but without a suggestion of physical feebleness, and while he remains standing his head is as finely poised as a soldier's. The straightness of his figure is the more noticeable on account of his Quaker dress, the coat of which fits him as neatly and closely as if it were the conventional 'swallow tail.' When seated and listening, his head drops slightly forward and aside—a pose which seems peculiar to poetic natures the world over. He is a most appreciative reader of other men's books and poems, and talks admirably of all good writings, except his own, of which he can scarcely be persuaded to speak, even to his dearest intimates."

His brother, Matthew Franklin, who died a few years ago left one son, who is the only immediate relative of the poet bearing the family name. On Oct. 24, 1884, a portrait of Mr. Whittier, painted by Edgar Parker of Boston, was presented to the Friends' School at Providence, R. I. The donor was Mr. Charles C. Coffin of Lynn, Mass., who was a pupil in the school fifty years ago and afterwards a teacher, now dead. The portrait, which now hangs in Alumni Hall, is life-size, and represents the poet as seated in an arm-chair in an attitude of peaceful thought. On the occasion of the presentation, an address was delivered by President Chase of Hartford College. A letter from Minister Lowell containing the following sonnet was read:

New England's poet, rich in love as years,
Her hills and valleys praise thee, and her
brooks
Dance to thy song; to her grave sylvan nooks
Thy feet allure us, which the woodthrush hears
As maids their lovers, and no treason fears.
Through thee her Merrimacs and Agioo-
chooks,
And many a name uncouth, win loving looks,
Sweetly familiar to both England's ears.
Peaceful by birthright as a virgin lake,
The lily's anchorage, which no eyes behold,
Save those of stars yet for thy brothers' sake,
That lay in bonds, thou blew'st a blast as bold
As that wherewith the heart of Roland brags,
Far heard through Pyrenean valleys cold.

Slow fades the vision of the sky,
The golden water pales,
And over all the valley land
A gray-winged vapor sails.
I go the common way of all;
The sunset fires will burn,
The flowers will blow the downy dew.
When I no more return,
No whisper from the moon
Nor lapsing stream shall
The stranger, treading where
Of him who loved them,
But beauty seen is never
God's colors all are fast.
The glory of this sunset he
Into my soul has passed—
A sense of gladness unconfined
To mortal date or clime:
As the soul liveth, it shall live
Beyond the years of time.
Beside the mystic asphodels
Shall bloom the home-born flowers,
And new horizons flush and glow
With sunset hues of ours.

(Whittier)

STORIES OF WHITTIER.

His Winters in Boston—Quaint Comments on City Life—A Last Word.

When Mrs. Colla Thaxter was boarding at the little English-like inn on the sunny slope of Beacon Hill called Hotel Winthrop, Mr. Whittier went there one day to see her. Mrs. Thaxter liked the quiet place, with its ivied window and its glimpses of the strong, short, green-draped tower of St. John the Evangelist's, and

she praised it to her old friend. That was some time in 1881, and in November of that year he joined his Oak Knoll cousins, Mrs. Woodman and her daughter and the Misses Johnson, at the Winthrop. The ladies of his family came in September, but Mr. Whittier did not join them until November. He said that he did not want to lose his vote in Amesbury.

It was a winter full of pleasure to the poet. He was not then too feeble to go out evenings and he spent many pleasant hours with friends like the Clafins and others. But the hours in the parlor of the hotel make the place historic and give it a special interest and meaning for his future biographer. Mr. Whittier had room 14 (the number of a sonnet's lines, twice seven, with luck for a poet!) and the fire escape made a little balcony for him on a corner towards St. John's. The landlord had a door cut through the thick old wall to the rooms adjoining and these were the rooms of Mrs. Woodman and the rest. It is old Boston, decidedly in that quarter. The brick of the houses is mellow old red and there is nothing very new-fangled anywhere about. Mr. Whittier said he preferred coming here rather than to one of the big hotels because there he was "overwhelmed with the service" and here it seemed "more like Amesbury" where people "are neighborly and drop in without knocking." He had "always been used to waiting upon himself" and he "liked being in a place where they would let him."

It was his custom mornings to come down into the little reception room on the street floor and "sitting right in that chair where you're sitting" as the writer was told, he "used to read his letters and throw all the papers in a pile on the floor and go off and leave them." That little room was a great place of congregation for "the family" as the boarders who were there with Mr. Whittier like to call themselves.

The poet would sit on the sofa with a favored one on each side of him and the rest in a group about, "often on footstools or on the floor, as like as not," while he "told stories of war times." General Stevens was there during one of the poet's long stays; he had been a classmate of General Lee and of Jefferson Davis at West Point, and he and the abolition poet discussed these men and their times from the broader view of later days.

A lady who was one of that "family" tells a story of seeing in the morning paper, one day, a paragraph to the effect that "a certain widow" was likely by persevering efforts to succeed in becoming Mrs. Whittier. When she went down to dinner that day the poet was seated at table with a stranger from the country and her three handsome boys. He was all devotion to the party. He buttered the children's bread and ordered jam to top the butter. Everything on the bill of fare was provided for the boys and their mother and "more nuts and raisins" called for. When they were gone and the family had assembled in the parlor where the evenings were spent, across the hall from the morning-room the lady who had cut the paragraph read it merrily to the party, saying, "From what we saw at dinner today, it seems as if this story of the widow may be true." Mr. Whittier laughed with the rest, then said, seriously and with that sincere modesty which was his life-long charm. "That lady brought her boys forty miles to see me. I don't know what there is about me that would make anybody want to come forty miles to see me." The stranger had arrived about dinner time on the pilgrimage with her boys, and had been cordially invited to stay to dinner by the hospitable poet. She told the housekeeper that she had felt as though she "could not let Whittier get old and die without seeing him and having her boys see him."

Once a friend, a lady who had some property in Virginia, wrote Mr. Whittier of having named a street in a new town for him, and of

having set aside a portion of ground in his name. He replied with thanks, adding that he had that week received news of no less than three towns or streets being named for him with a gift of town lots, adding: "If this sort of thing goes on much longer I shall be land poor."

During the winters he was at the Winthrop Mr. Whittier's favorite way of getting about was in a herd. They were "not pretty," but they "knew the way to places." Politicians used to go there to see him and try to get him to banquets. But his life-long avoidance of politics in the minor sense made him easily resist their wiles. "I have seen Mr. — (a well-known name) come here and just about go down on his knees to get Mr. Whittier to speak or even to come to a banquet," says the landlord (who, by the way, is an old-timer character worthy of a novelist's pen), "but Mr. Whittier would just sit there—right in that chair you're in—and kind of smile to himself as if to say, 'Oh, your talk don't amount to anything!' Well, once Mr. — came here and stayed and stayed a-talking and persuading, and gave Mr. Whittier an ear-ache if ever a man had one. But he didn't make anything of it, although he finally had to take a bed and stay all night."

"The poets used to send him their new books of poems," said another speaker. "Sometimes he would get several at a time in his mail. One morning he just wrote his name on all that came and gave them to my daughter." Right here must be given a most characteristic letter, written by the poet later to this lady when she was starting on a journey to California:

AMESBURY, 4-26-1884.

My dear Mrs. Cole—I trust they will have a very pleasant journey to the Pacific Slope. It is the right season of the year and the scenery on the way is delightful. I am told, I wish the Pilgrim Fathers had drifted round Cape Horn and landed at Santa Barbara instead of Plymouth and I had, in consequence, been born in a land of flowers instead of ice. I have had times with colds the past winters and have been confined to the house a great part of the time, but am now feeling better. Thy daughter will be glad to see thee in her new home. Give my love to her. With all good wishes to thee,
I am thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

He had a birthday celebration while at The Winthrop and it is one of the treasured legends of the house that it was "filled with flowers for once." There are memories for every one who was ever associated with him of Mr. Whittier's kindness and consideration for those about him. He thought of himself last, and he loved human kind not only in the abstract, but in the associations of daily life. His almost apologetic letter to his landlord shows his thoughtfulness. No wonder the recipient treasures the following letter which he intends bequeathing to the Roston Museum when his own days on earth are done:

AMESBURY, 3rd Mo., 19.

Dear Mr. Keleher—I am sorry to have thee

stop coming to the Winthrop. I am tired to thee for reminding them. I miss the Winthrop a good deal. I found it a comfortable home and I have a very pleasant memory of landlord and guests. Please give my regards to each of the latter as remain, and assure them I am not likely to forget our pleasant evenings in the parlor. Winter holds on with a light grip here still. There is some snow, but more ice. Thine truly,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Here is an extract from a letter written after his last winter in Boston. He had hoped to come into town again, but gave it up. "This is written in November of 1884:

I hope Mr. Keleher does not keep my room for me, as I shall not be able to occupy it. My health is not as good as last year, and all the changes of our very changeable season affect me. I shall hope to look in upon you sometime, though I shall miss some of the last winter's guests,—the dear, good general especially, but I shall see all who remain. The social atmosphere of the hotel I greatly enjoyed.

But the letter which is of most recent date is most affecting, as it shows how he loved life to the last:

My Dear Mrs. Cole—I thank thee for so kindly remembering me New Year's Day. My health does not allow me to do much reading or writing, and I can only make brief return. I am nearing my 82nd year, and I feel the burden of age, but I am thankful that I can love my friends and Nature as well as ever, and that it is four-score is worth living. With the good wishes of the season,

I am thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Whittier's lack of self-consciousness was always marked. He was not the kind of man capable of asking, "Do you know who I am?" of any of God's creatures. He was greatly touched once to hear of a volume of his poetry in the hands of a Southern freedman, adding, "I hadn't realized they even got as far away from home as Virginia." He was never a traveller. Sometimes he got as far away from home as the White Mountains.

"Did I ever tell you my experience with Whittier?" says a Boston business man. "Well, I was at North Conway once and I fell in with an old fellow different from anybody I had ever seen out walking. I was around with him for an hour and he was talking all the time about the things he saw, the spray on the falls and such things. He would pick up a leaf and say how pretty it was, or a piece of stick and talk about that. I had never got hold of anybody like him. Don't let it get out, but I called it Nancy-ism to myself! Yes, I said to myself, 'I'll find out who this nice old Miss Nancy is, that keeps calling things pretty.' And when we got back to the office of the hotel I asked a man, 'Know that old fellow's name?' 'Yes,' said he, 'that's John G. Whittier.' Well, I was crushed completely."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Boston Eve. Transcript, Sept 7, 1892

It is not easy, in our quiet times, to estimate as it deserves such service as Whittier has rendered to his country. It is a service such as he never dreamed of himself, even in those hopeful days of his youth which he has so well described. When to his delight he first saw his own verses in the "Post's Corner" of Garrison's Free Press, he had no thought that it was as a poet that he was to be remembered and loved for generations. The young people of our own time value him and keep at heart verses of his which speak best for them their best emotions. But they cannot carry themselves back to days of storm, when the country needed men as brave as he to speak its best hope and give to it true courage, when the signs of the times were of the darkest. This is no holiday poet who stepped out from a bower when the fight was over with a precious copy of verses for the conqueror. He was ready to be in the thick of the fight, though he scorned the soldier's weapons of war. He was a child of the people, and he spoke and sang for the people to the people. He knew that the republic could not stand on any foundations which tried to rest on a bog of compromise; and, whether the sky were dark or clear, his clarion voice rang out in words of absolute truth and simplicity.

It is this readiness to serve at any and every moment which endears him to all men and women. Nor can anyone rightly rate his service to his time, who cannot look back far enough to see how much such a voice was needed in times of doubt.

Such a life has been spared, thank God, for efficient service which covers more than seventy years—more than two generations of men. In all that time, wherever the pressure has been the hardest or the sky the darkest, some word has come from him of warning, of encouragement or of direction. Here is a good lesson, therefore, for those doubting Thomases, who at college commencements or after defeat at elections, tell us that in our fierce democracy

men of the finest mould and of the divine affinities find no fit place unless they attempt the duties of the men who administer Government. When we are told thus that poets and other seers ought to seek places in city councils or in senates, it is well that we can remember Whittier, and the positive and evident service which for seventy years he has rendered to the people and to the nation. The leaders lead, and he has been one of the leaders as truly as if he had worn the stars of a commander-in-chief on his shoulders.

Indeed, it is only a man who is in the thick of life who knows what life is, or can interpret its moods to others. And the young men who flatter themselves that by sitting at home and reading poetry and counting syllables and talking to each other about artistic form and cadence and the school of Thingumbob they will ever become the poets of a people, and live in men's hearts for generations, will do well if they read and inwardly consider a life like Whittier's. It is the working editor of a struggling newspaper who knows enough of the realities to write the ode to "Democracy." It is a man who has seen democracy behind and before, and from the inside. It is a man who has taken a half-cord of wood in payment for two years' subscription to his paper, adjusted the rhymes of his verses while he was guiding his plough, who has learned to make ladies' shoes so that he may pay for three months at the academy—it is such a man who writes an ode to democracy which gets itself repeated as men chop their wood and haul it to market, or as they fling their hooks and lines off the schooner in the fog.

Dr. Holmes has taught us that the poet remembered by the most is he whose songs are sacred enough to be sung in men's churches, while they are simple enough for men and women of all sorts and conditions to remember them and want to sing them. He has shown that of the English poets of the last century it is not your grand quarto-printing Thomson or Somerville, dedicating their poems to forgotten noblemen, who is most widely quoted today. Not even Cowper or Alexander Pope, the king of them all. It is dear Doctor Watts, of whom a hundred lines come to memory and lip for one from the stately poems, who is familiarly remembered. Both Dr. Holmes and Mr. Whittier have achieved for themselves such success as is thus described. In each case the success is due to the writer's habit of personal and hearty intimacy with all sorts and conditions of men.

Yet more than one of Whittier's hymns—most of those best known—were written with no thought by the "Quaker Poet" that they would be sung in "meeting." What, indeed, would George Fox have said had he been told that within two centuries after his journey through New England, the songs of a New England "Friend" would be sung in every "steeple house" in New England, not to say in every "steeple house" in Old England? Whittier wrote, not that men might sing—not, indeed, that they might praise him—but because this thing had to be said, and he would say it as well as he could say it there and then.

In hundreds of churches, thousands of worshippers sing and remember the hymn—

"O fairest born of love and light,"

and thank him for it. The fine verses thus known so widely were selected by his friend, Samuel Longfellow, from the ode to "Democracy," which Whittier wrote in 1843, on "election day." There are but few men who could tell us what the issues of that election were.

What is certain is that what generally called itself democracy in that day was, something of a very indifferent pattern. It was a democracy linked in the closest bonds with the slave-driving propensities of a handful of Southern oligarchs. Mr. Longfellow selected five verses from the ode, and gave to them the fit name "Christianity." Whittier had given to them the motto of all true Christianity and all true democracy. "All things whatsoever ye would

that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" and the hymn had the best possible right to its new name. Such is a good enough illustration, where it would be easy to give a hundred; of the penetration by a profound religious spirit, one might say of every line which Mr. Whittier has published. The ballads and songs suggested by hints from New England history are alive with this light, which shines on one who has seen the infinite vision. And so the world has the fortunate lesson that this man, trained in that school of absolute religion which looks most coldly upon written creeds or established forms, has, in the seventy years of his literary life, made himself the spokesman of men and women of every religious communion.

It is true that Mr. Whittier has written and has printed his poems with utter indifference to his own reputation, if only he thought the occasion demanded the poem, or thought the poem could serve the duty of the present hour. He has lived loyally up to the spirit of the highest eulogy ever pronounced in words, which says of the Saviour, "He made himself of no reputation." It is clear that Mr. Whittier never cared, in those days of darkness, whether the poem he printed had or had not been filed as it should be filed, whether its rhythm were rough, or its images could be improved.

"The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
The jarring words of one whose rhyme
Beats often labor's hurried time,
Or duty's rugged march through storm and
and strife, are here."

But, as he says again—

"Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense
And hearty in its vehemence
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my
own."

Indeed, what he would have liked most would be the reputation, which he certainly has through America, of being the poet of freedom.

"O Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still, with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy
shrine!"

But it would be, to the last degree, unjust to imply that, because Mr. Whittier began his public life when he was driving the plough, and making alippers for women, he had not, as life went on, used the advantages of the "larger college of the world," upon whose most active courses he had entered. He had that divine lyric impulse to which, fortunately for us, a few men and women are born in every generation, and which no study nor painstaking supplies. To this his real passion for poetry led him, from his early life, to add whatever a careful study of the English poets, not only of the best schools, but of all schools, would give him. And there was no man in our circle whose conversation on literary subjects, particularly such as involved the course of Eng-

lish poetry, was more interesting. Modest to the last degree, he still knew what he knew, and had his definite and well formed opinions. He was most thoughtful and affectionate in his conversation with younger men and women, and gave up his time with reckless sacrifices if only he could inspire them. He showed himself so thus to any young companion as one of the most unselfish and considerate of men and all young aspirants in literature who were called into activity by the great struggle for national existence and the destruction of slavery, knew that they would find in him a sympathetic adviser.

He had at one time a large class of pupils, well read and of sufficient maturity to know how to hunt the best sources of English literature, and to quicken their habits of reading by turning them from time to time, as an exercise, selection, from the whole body of English literature, of such poems as fitted in best with the

at anniversaries in our own history. Thus, I would bid them, bring me illustrations fit to be read or sung on Forefathers' Day, on Independence Day, on other anniversaries of great events; poems fit to be read on our great religious festivals, or on our annual fairs. I have by me now the collection which these readers—scouts, may I say, in the great open country of literature—brought in answer to my requests. It is most curious to see how often it proved that Whittier answered the demand for something at once strong, poetical and American,—something so hopeful that young people would like to read and remember it, something so alive with the best life of poetry as to be worthy of themes so noble as those which are suggested by our great anniversaries. Since that experience of a generation ago, I have ranked Whittier as most distinctly what he himself asked and wished to be, the poet of freedom. It is generally idle for us to forecast the estimate which the future is going to give to such men. But I cannot think we are wrong in supposing that, as the poet of freedom, Whittier and his verses are to be remembered as long as the people of this nation are true to the principles on which it is founded.

When, in 1854, the gods made mad the leaders of the Southern oligarchy of America, and in the practical business of the settlement of Kansas, there was at last opened something which the men and women of the North could do. A party of some forty New Englanders left Boston for what was then the wilderness of Kansas with the proud object of making a free State. They took their lives in their hands, and many of them paid with their lives for that noble rashness which sent them there, in defiance of the whole power of the national government as it was then administered. Some of the wisest men of the North regarded this adventure as madness. Forty people, with a capital of hardly twenty thousand dollars behind them, were to go fifteen hundred miles, to defy that organization of slaveholders which, from the necessity of the case, would act with absolute unity against them. At that moment Mr. Whittier printed the song of the "Kansas Emigrants":

"We cross the prairie, as of old
Our fathers crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!"

We go to rear a wall of men—
On Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged northern pine.

Unbearing, like the ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

No pause nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run;
Save where our pilgrim gonfalon
Shall float the setting sun!"

The words of that song were sung in railway cars and in cabins built of logs of wood. And where the song was not sung, the words were repeated and remembered as the simple and convenient creed of the movement which, in fact, was the first wave of the flood which overwhelmed the system of slavery. To perceive at the instant the importance of the movement, to forecast its success, and to encourage those who personally engaged in its hardships—this was the contribution of what we call a seer or a poet in the great struggle of the time. It is literally by a thousand such contributions that Mr. Whittier made his mark in that great revolution which, for the first time, made the United States a nation.

Writing these hasty words at the moment when Whittier has just passed away, it is impossible to make any fit statement of the place which this great man occupies in the history of our time. It must be enough to call the attention of young men and women to the lesson which is learned when one sees that there is no

royal road needed for achieving the highest success. A farmer's boy, who was willing to work in the shoe shop, has made himself the poet of freedom. Nay, he has won his way to the hearts of the nation because he is one of the people, who knows their life and sympathizes with them in every trial. He has not despised his surroundings, he has not been indignant because they were what they were; rather, he has used his surroundings, and has made them the stepping-stones of his power and his fame. First and last, he has chosen intimacy with the Infinite Spirit who is in all life as the companionship and society which he has most enjoyed. Because of this intimacy with God, he has won the confidence and affection of all God's children who have seen him or have read his writing. And he dies honored and loved of this community, not because of his skill in rhyming, not because of his careful study of literature, but because in every exigency he said what he believed in the way in which he could best say it at the moment. With God's help he thought for himself, he has said exactly what he thought—no more and no less—and he did exactly what he said. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Boston Herald, Sept. 8, 1892

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Not unexpected at his 85th year, and yet universally beloved and lamented, the poet Whittier has been taken away. Only the other day he contributed a memorial poem on the occasion of the 50th birthday of Dr. Holmes, which in finish of touch and felicity of phrase is on a level with his best work, and though it has long been known that he was exceedingly feeble, there is no trace of failing mind or body in this overture of one venerable poet to another. Holmes and Whittier were the only American poets left who belonged to the great coterie of the middle part of the century, and Dr. Holmes is today the patriarch of American letters, the only New England poet who enjoys a world-wide fame. The late Dr. Parsons won long ago an enviable fame as a minor poet, but he never claimed the position to which his abilities entitled him. Whittier for fully seventy years has been a writer of poetry. His first verses were contributed to the poet's corner of the journal edited by Garrison, who quickly saw that his young contributor had signs of promise, and gave him the praise and sympathy which encouraged him to go on. He had more to do with the making of Whittier than any other person in his early life, but it was the poems of Burns which he read in his 14th year that awakened in him the desire to become a poet.

Whittier has been so long before the American public that for fully two generations he has been perhaps more widely and universally known than any other American poet. He chose, from the first, American themes, the legends and pastoral tales of his native land, and having always lived in the country and possessing a quick instinct for natural beauty, he was able to fill out the meaning of whatever he wrote so that it kindled the imagination and touched the feelings of his readers. This gave

his early poems a wonderful popularity. When Longfellow was just beginning to be known, and long before Emerson had published anything beyond fugitive verses, he had obtained wide recognition as a poet who had written from the very heart of American life, and it is his special distinction that he never worked away from his choice of American subjects. Whether ballad or lyric or pastoral idyl was attempted, his heart was with the American people, and whatever he wrote had the spirit of the soil in it. His poetry was not so great as it was true and lifelike. It never moved on stilts. It was as if a neighbor had written it, and nothing is praised by him so much as the simplicity and purity and sincerity of the home virtues. Though brought up a Quaker and keeping close to the traditions of his sect, his religion, as it speaks in his poetry, is like that of the Quaker mystics in its spirit, and like that of his Puritan forefathers in its insistence upon the strict essentials of the Christian faith. He is almost ascetic in the strictness of his faith, and yet he is too cheerful and sweet in his temper, and too charitable to others, to let the Puritan spirit overshadow his genius.

Whittier was much more than the poet of nature or of religious devotion. He had the spirit and the heart of a great citizen, and it is in his position as a citizen poet that he gained his strongest hold upon the American people. He was the companion of Garrison in his anti-slavery reform, and it was Whittier's songs of labor, quite as much as Garrison's incisive utterances, that roused the nation to its moral sensibility in regard to slavery. His heart was with the people, and his conscience was too quick and keen to allow a great wrong to exist without uttering his passionate protest against it. He did great and valiant work long before the organization of the Republican party, by his burning lyrics, in enkindling men's hearts and inducing them to take the lead in national reforms. His labor and freedom lyrics are as "true to the kindred points of heaven and home" as the magnet is to the pole. He was never a fanatic, but no man ever held firmer by his convictions. Even when they are simply part of a great history these songs of freedom and labor beat and glow with the passion that is in them. They reveal the power of Burns and the sincerity of Cowper; they are what the great mass of the people would say if they only knew how. During all the years of our great conflict Whittier was a power behind the throne. It was in his gift to speak the winged words that reached the whole country, and if he never actively engaged in politics he was one of the men whose word on public questions was universally respected. He was like an inspired leader. Whittier was distinctly an individual.

ist in his thought and spirit, and his strength as a poet was chiefly in his power to take up small subjects and pathetic incidents and present them in an artistic and poetical form; but when he was thoroughly aroused the moral spirit of the man came into play, and charged his words with such force that they had the volume of a sectional utterance. Then he spoke for the whole country, and the nation heard him as one of its representative citizens. It was known that he stood for conscience and for moral right, and that his word was that of a sincere and honest man. Though he has lived into advanced years, his interest in public matters showed no more signs of failure than did his poetical powers. No man in the country stood individually for more character and conscience, and he had kept himself so close to the hearts of the people in his writings, both prose and poetry, and he was so intensely and honestly American in his spirit, that his better work is already regarded as a permanent part of our literature. If Longfellow could be called the most popular of American poets, Whittier can be justly regarded as standing next to him, or as his only rival. He has been aptly called the Burns of America. He has lived into our pastoral and political life with such intensity, and has so thoroughly represented the life of the people in his work, that he is sure for many generations of a foremost place in the hearts of the American people, and from his abundant writings there could be selected a volume of religious and pastoral poems that must always have a place of honor in our literature.

N.Y. Sun, Sept. 8, 1892

John G. Whittier.

EMERSON and POE, BRYANT and LOWELL, LONGFELLOW and WHITTIER; these six are by general consent placed at the head of American poets. The death of JOHN G. WHITTIER in his eighty-fifth year has taken from us the last of our eminent national singers. They were all, with the exception of POE, natives of New England, and three of them were ardent laureates of the anti-slavery cause. But the verse of WHITTIER owes least to alien impulses and models; it smacks most deeply of the New England soil, and he was *par excellence* the bard of the long discredited but at last triumphant Abolitionists. For the general appreciation of his artistic merits he had to wait for the success of his political co-laborers; it was not until 1867, that he was everywhere acclaimed as one of the chief literary representatives of his country.

There are certain facts relating to WHITTIER's earlier life which help us to understand the quality and trend of his poetical talent. He was born in Essex county, Mass., the stronghold of Puritanic traditions. The hard features, however, of the Puritan character he had not inherited,

for both his parents were of Quaker stock, and they were themselves members of the Society of Friends. His father was a poor, hard-working farmer; the farm which he tilled cost but six hundred dollars of borrowed money. If we except twelve months at the Haverhill Academy, the only tuition which the future poet ever had from others was obtained at a common school. Narrow also were his opportunities for self-education: too poor to buy books, he had to borrow them, and the libraries to which he had access were small and few. He was all his life a stranger to the influences of college culture and of foreign travel, which had much to do with shaping the minds of EMERSON, LONGFELLOW, and LOWELL. Two other circumstances are of capital significance. The poetic instinct was awakened in him by the poetry of ROBERT BURNS. As he lately told a friend: "BURNS was the first poet I read, and he will be the last." The second pregnant incident was this: that the first poem of WHITTIER's ever printed appeared in 1826, when the author was 19 years old, in WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON's newspaper, the *Free Press*. Five years later the farmer's son decided to cast in his lot with the despised Abolitionists, and became in a distinctive sense the poet of freedom. For thirty years WHITTIER's political lyrics appealed to a gradually widening audience, until his "Kansas Emigrants" was heard from Massachusetts Bay to the Missouri River, and his "Ein Feste Burg" and "Song of the Negro Boatmen" were sung in the Union armies. It cannot be said, however, that he ever deliberately wrote in praise of warfare; on the contrary, his poems are full of passages deploring it. In "Massachusetts to Virginia" he said, "We wage no war, we lift no arms" against the South. In "Stanzas for the Times" his bugle call was not to battle, but to the contest of truth and love with error. Even in "Brown of Ossawatimie" the same spirit was so conspicuous as to provoke the charge of lukewarmness from GARRISON. The keynote of "Disarmament" is that "peace unweaponed conquers every wrong," and the poet's own attitude toward the vanquished South was indicated in the lines to WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT:

"Mourn, Essex, on thy sea-blown shore,
Thy beautiful and brave,
Whose falling hand the olive bore,
Whose dying lips forgave."

Although the heart and mind of WHITTIER were for the most part absorbed in the agitation against slavery, some of the strongest proofs of his purely artistic faculty were exhibited before the close of the civil war; among these may be named such ballads as "Maud Muller," "Skipper Ireson," and "The Pipes at Lucknow." It is, nevertheless, true that the national as distinguished from the sectional awakening to the charm of WHITTIER's verse dates from the publication in 1866-7 of "Snow-Bound" and "The Tent on the Beach." In these compositions it is evident that his aspirations and endeavors are tending to turn away from a homiletical or

didactic purpose to the embodiment of æsthetic beauty. But, although he no longer weakened the artistic effect of a composition by tacking to it a moral, it must not be inferred that WHITTIER was ever a conscious advocate of art for art. His whole nature was steeped in a sense of duty and responsibility, and it is doubtful if he could even comprehend beauty divorced from goodness. His conception of the poet was rather that of the *vates*, or bard, who elevates, than that of the *poeta*, or maker, whose exclusive purpose is to please. In his view the possession of artistic powers implied a divine commission to lift, invigorate, and purify mankind. If the artist in him was often tempted to forsake "themes of public wrong" for "the green and pleasant paths of song," his conscience interposed the query which COLERIDGE had uttered:

"Was it right,

While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,
That I should dream away the trusted hours
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use?"

It is with LONGFELLOW that WHITTIER is naturally associated in the minds of American readers, for the points of contrast which undoubtedly exist are less salient than the points of likeness. Both were essentially lyric poets; it was in songs and ballads that their finest talent was shown. The best verse of each is characterized by a sweet tunefulness, and by a grace which seems unfutured, but is really the product of an exquisite art. If LONGFELLOW's intellect was more richly stored and more variously trained, it may be that WHITTIER's had more native vitality and robustness; it is certain that the Quaker had more fire in him than the college professor; his strokes upon the anvil drew more sparks. He is more truly at home and more unfeignedly happy in New England history and amid the somewhat bleak and commonplace surroundings of New England rural life; and yet there is nothing of WHITTIER's which equals the pathos of "Evangeline." To WHITTIER, as to BURNS, romance was no far-won exotic; to both of them the beautiful was no more lacking in the homely types of humanity around them than in the wayside flowers of their own lands. Poets of the common people, that is to say, of man in the great mass, they will never be outgrown by their audience. That is why BURNS and WHITTIER will probably survive, when the special stamp of culture and refinement accepted by a given generation may seem *rococo* and inadequate, amid wider intellectual horizons and divergent currents of taste.

Boston Advertiser, Sept. 8, 1892

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

To say that the world is the poorer that Mr. WHITTIER has left it is but to utter feeble words. Wherever the English tongue is spoken the news will be received with sadness. An expression of sorrow that is heartfelt will go forth, even though it is true that we have had him with us so long, and that the news that he is no more can

scarcely cause surprise. The truest word to say is not that the world is the poorer now, but that it is the richer because he has lived in it.

Mr. WHITTIER was almost, if not altogether, the greatest of American poets. He was also a man among men. His was a sterling personality which made its impress upon those among whom he moved. While England's poet-laureate has hidden himself from view amid the trees at Farringford, the poet of America has been visible to the world, as he has walked beneath the spreading branches at Oak Knoll.

Mr. WHITTIER has been called the poet of freedom. His service with his pen during the days of the anti-slavery agitation and, later, during the rebellion, can scarcely be estimated. He was to the very core, a patriot. Higher praise can scarcely be accorded to any man.

But it is chiefly in the hearts of his countrymen that Mr. WHITTIER's memory as a friend, a man, and a patriot will long remain green. It is upon his character as a poet that his fame, with future generations, must rest. As such the lustre of his name will not soon be dimmed. Mr. WHITTIER will not be forgotten, because his verses, among all those of American poets, keep most closely to human life. GOLD-SMITH'S "Deserted Village" and GRAY'S "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" have become integral portions of our very language, while even in his lifetime, but few of the poems of TENNYSON are household words. So, too, "Maud Muller" will be read when the title only of many a more ambitious poem will be remembered. The poems of WHITTIER have appealed to the heart, and will live long after those, beautiful in themselves, which have addressed simply the intellect, are covered with dust. His verses will, many generations hence, rest within easy reach upon the library shelf.

The thought must have occurred to multitudes of people when the tidings of Mr. WHITTIER's serious illness reached them that, should their worst fears be realized, no words from any tongue or pen could more fittingly express sentiments appropriate to such an end of such a life as his than those contained in the closing lines of the Quaker poet's own tender and beautiful tribute offered but a few days ago to OLIVER WESDELL HOLMES. Read now, in the light that shines through our tears, how wonderfully prophetic they seem!

The hour draws near, how'er delayed and late,
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift our hands alone

For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that Gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives,
And live because He lives.

Boston Journal, Sept. 8, 1892

THE POET WHITTIER.

The death of John Greenleaf Whittier was not wholly unexpected, for he was an old man. He had said good-by to the four-score years which Moses allowed to unusual strength. And yet his mental quickness, his interest in all things pertaining to humanity and his unflinching power of expression were so pronounced that it now seems as though he were taken away in the prime of

manhood. With one exception he was the last of the poets who sang so long together for the glory of New England, and in certain respects he was the one poet who was most fully possessed with the spirit of New England; the one who best portrayed in verse her landscapes and expressed most subtly as well as with the sharpest realism the temper of her people. For Longfellow was cosmopolitan; and it is easy to imagine the Lowell of later years as dwelling in comfort on foreign soil. Bryant could have chanted his hymns to nature and to death under a different sky, and Emerson, in spite of his intense love of the New England soil, was a poet-philosopher of the universe. But it is hard to think of Whittier without at once coupling with his name New England scenes and New England ideas.

His life prepared his poetry. First of all entered into his poetical equipment heredity. He came of persecuted stock, and he naturally sympathized deeply with the oppressed. Born on a farm, he knew the life of a farmer; but it was not only the routine work that he could so well describe, or the dress and the ways of life; he became the trusted friend of Nature, and to him she told her secrets. Eager for education, he made shoes, and he taught school that he himself might learn. His first published verses won the praise and the sympathy of Garrison, and his friendship with that zealous liberator, added to his natural inclinations, made him the poet of the anti-slavery party. The stern New England spirit that in his religious poetry was so strongly tempered by the optimism and the sweetness of his sect, blazed with the fiery indignation of a Hebrew prophet in denouncing the cruelty of the oppressor and in warning the nation of the wrath to come. He sang the promise of those early days when Fremont was leader; he aroused the Northern people to a lively sense of the arrogance of the slaveholders; he exulted in memorable verse when it was proclaimed throughout the land that those in bonds were set free forever.

It has been said by them whose talk is of art for art's sake that the poet was overshadowed by the reformer; that the sincerity of the latter made him despise the polishing of verse; that in becoming the bard of an epoch he forgot the requirements of Time, the final judge. It is true that Whittier was never a juggler with words. There are provincialisms of word and accent in his poems, whether they treat of pastoral scenes or of slavery, and he was occasionally careless in his rhymes. But the individuality of the poet, as well as the New England individuality, would have suffered from the Horatian labor of the file. The rugged honesty of his excited thought could not brook the delay necessary to the cutter of verbal gems. When a dull nation needed the prick of a zealous prophet it would have seemed treachery to him to have halted for the sake of a more felicitous expression. Poetry was to him in those dark days before the war the readiest tool to serve his purpose. A national disgrace or a national crime was never merely material for poetry.

As by his glowing lines he served his country, so by his poetic illustrations of homely New England life he glorified a homely people; so by his religious verses full of sweet charity and implicit trust he appeased many a doubting spirit and brought consolation to many a mourner. The New Englander of

past years, stern to severity, a man of obstinate convictions, yet not inaccessible to the demands of justice; who in the routine of his hard life was apt to neglect the cultivation of things now thought necessary; who, absorbed in wrestling from the land or the sea a livelihood, paid little or no attention to the glories of autumnal woods or settling suns, waves dashing against rocks or laughing under a blue sky; whose grim humor was often displayed in tragic situations; this New Englander finds his most kindly, sympathetic and at the same time realistic interpreter in Whittier. The poet may choose an episode in the history of New England, as in his version of the long-credited inhumanity of "Floyd Tresson." He may treat of a pathetic superstition as in "Telling the Bees;" or he may give a photographic representation of farm life in winter, as in "Snow-Bound;" and in each and every case the graphic touch or the faithful delineation never suggests merely the cold, accurate observer; but the lines glow with the warmth of human feeling and human appreciation. He sees Nature as the friend of man, even in her sterner moods; he does not use her as a subject for metaphysical speculation. Indeed, speculative as well as analytical poetry was foreign to him. Nature and man and woman as they were found in New England were his subjects. These subjects were closely bound together. He sang of the people and the scenes near and familiar to him. A man of the people, he wrote for the people. They listened to him gladly. They understood him. They loved him.

Boston Herald, Sept. 9, 1892

John G. Whittier combined the native meekness of the Quaker with the aggressive earnestness of the apostle of reform in a way that has been seldom illustrated in history. Those who have known Whittier in the later years of his life saw in him a gentle old man with a heart that looked out kindly and charitably to all the world. He could not be otherwise than this in his inherent nature; yet he had an earnest hatred of wrong, which found vent in as fiery utterance in his early life as that of the most impassioned partisan of a cause or of an idea. It was doubtless a sore trial to Whittier when so many of his old associates of the early abolitionist movement parted company with him in these latest years to which we have referred before. He held firmly to his party because it had been the anti-slavery party, and, doubtless, found it difficult to understand their leaving it; but he knew them too well and had too high an appreciation of their sincerity of character to deal with them as he had done with those who had earlier differed from him. This circumstance probably affected Whittier's attitude in later life toward opponents on political questions generally. He had learned a tolerance which had not previously been in his temperament.

Indignant denunciation of wrong has never been uttered with more vehemence of language than by this calm

Quaker. In the abstract it was met with a spirit of absolute intolerance on his part for wrong itself, according to his own standard. There are no such fiery words in the language in poetry as Whittier put into his anti-slavery verses. They indicate a mind in the extreme state of excitement, and giving way to the most unbounded freedom of utterance. There is not the slightest tendency to self-repression, such as we should have expected of the Quaker. Whittier never took his pen on such occasions without going into a white heat. His attention was mostly given to slavery, but he wrote a poem entitled "The Prisoner for Debt" at this early time, in which is the same quality. School boys selected these pieces for declamation because of their intense energy of expression. It was all natural enough if it had not come from a Quaker. The strange feature of it was the Quaker finding such unrestrained expression. There was the same vehement assault in his dealings with individuals, Mr. Louis A. Godey, a half-century ago, was publishing a periodical called "The Lady's Book," which circulated throughout the country, and of course largely in the South. Mr. Godey truckled to that section on the slavery question with a view to his subscription list. About that time he caused a portrait of himself to be printed. Whittier wrote the most blindingly severe lines addressed to this picture. They ate in like caustic. The verses have not been preserved among his writings. But that terrible arraignment in the poem "Ichabod" is perpetuated, and forms one of the most impressive pieces in our literature. These things which we have noted were incompatible with the idea of the Quaker in the ordinary mind.

The spirit of the aggressive moral reformer and the spirit of the Quaker were really incompatible, and the spirit of the former conquered in the case of Whittier. His poems were not at all the poems of the non-resistant. That quarter was the last one to which the reader would have attributed their authorship. The man was made much what he was by the anti-slavery controversy. He was in this as entirely as were any of its apostles. It carried him into active politics. He did not follow Garrison and the men of his school in holding his hand from this work. He engaged in it eagerly. It was not a part of the mission he felt to be his to attend caucuses, though we have little doubt that he would have done this had he felt it necessary to advance the cause he had at heart; but he was willing to be a candidate for office, and took nominations for Congress and for presidential electors. It would be difficult to imagine him at home in the former body; but his feelings of political fellowship were so strong that

they never left him, even in the many placid years of his latest life. His continuance as a Republican adherent, no doubt, came largely from the memory of battles on the part of that party in which he had participated, as well as of remembrance of encounters with the enemy whom it had opposed. He could not leave the one or go into alliance with the other, even when he saw many of his former associates taking this course. He was a natural fighter, though he was trained in other respects in the Quaker faith. He had the feeling of the old warhorse when the battle was on. Of course he fought primarily from principle. We would not question for a moment that this was his underlying and paramount motive; but, unlike those with whom he had acted in anti-slavery battles, he could not take his eye from the old standard. The call to this was answered without reservation, and he never recognized the possibility of being reasoned away from it.

Boston Herald, Sept. 9, 1892

THE END OF AN EPOCH.

The sudden, though not unexpected, death of two men, who were the last of their generation in the lines of activity which they followed, shows that we have really come to the end of an epoch, or rather of two epochs. Mr. Curtis was the last of the great Lyceum force which did much to prepare the way for the unattached schools, which are now universal, and Mr. Whittier was the last of our American poets who belonged to our literature for this century. He was the equal of his peers, and, though Dr. Holmes survives, he is not so exclusively a poet that we can rank him among the great American poets of this century. Both Mr. Curtis and Mr. Whittier represent the end of an epoch. They have been chiefs and leaders in the departments of literary and public effort which they cultivated, and they have passed away without leaving any person who takes their places. The lecture field has come to an end. Its legitimate function of agitation is better accomplished in another way, and in respect of poetry it cannot be said that any of our younger writers command the attention of the nation as Lowell or Longfellow or Whittier did. We look in vain for the man whose bugle notes are universally listened to. Half a dozen poets may be named, but they have not the clear and universal utterance which introduces them to national fame. It is in this sense that the departure of these two men is to be regarded as the end of an epoch. They are without successors, and we are compelled to look out upon the future from a different point of view. Who shall forecast what the leadership shall be in the spheres in which these men held sway?

Boston Globe, Sept. 9, 1892

THE TWILIGHT OF THE POETS.

The "twilight of the poets" deepens with the death of WHITTIER. He was the last but one of that great group of writers who made American literature memorable. That one, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, still lives, the lonely survivor of a mighty epoch.

But because we are now passing through the twilight of the poets is no reason to apprehend that there will never be another sunrise. Literature, in any age or country, has never flowed on in one continuous and undiminished stream. Genius has its seed-time and harvest, and there is of necessity a barren winter between the sheaves of harvest and the blooms of spring.

When we remember that England, though she has the greatest literature in the world, has produced only eight or ten really great poets in eight or ten centuries, America should not be discouraged if there is a short intermission in her literary productivity.

Though the great era that produced EMERSON, BRYANT, HAWTHORNE, POE, LONGFELLOW, LOWELL, WHITMAN and WHITTIER is now over, it is probable that the golden age of American literature has not yet dawned. WALTER BESANT has prophesied that there is soon to be an outburst of literary genius in America such as the world has not seen since the age of Queen Elizabeth. Our "twilight of the poets" will, in due time, be succeeded by a sunburst of morning.

Boston Transcript, Sept. 6, 1892

THE FAITH OF WHITTIER.

To the younger generation of readers, men and women who have grown up since the stirring days when Whittier's most fiery songs were sung, his poetry has a significance different from its relation to elder minds. To these, as to boys and girls who are now reading Whittier, with the first glow of youthful interest, he represents a heroic age of our country, and is more historical than contemporaneous. He has translated for all who have not lived through half of the century with him the spirit of the days of the early sixties. He interprets the passion of the abolitionists to the young and gives them throbbing personal share with their elders who echoed Whittier's cry in "Voices of Freedom."

Shall honor bleed?—shall truth succumb?
Shall pen and press and soul be dumb?
No! by each spot of haunted ground,
Where freedom weeps her children's fall,
By Plymouth's rock and Bunker's mound,
By Griswold's stained and shattered wall,
By Warren's ghost, by Langdon's shade,
By all the memories of our dead!

There is another and a larger freedom for which Whittier has always spoken, and in this utterance his influence upon his times is incalculable, even through his sometimes formal expression of it may militate against his rounded future fame. It is the hand to hand and heart to heart encouragement he has given—faith, faith in its highest and broadest meaning which is meant now. He has shown not only his "earnest sense of human right and wrong,"

and
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence;

and he has not merely made all men his brothers in his sharing of their sorrow and their pain. But he has uttered over and over again his soul's certainty of immortality and his life's serenity of faith in words which are fruitful deep in the lives of his countrymen. It is scarcely possible to go into a remote village, an isolated hamlet, a sparsely populated region anywhere in the United States without coming upon a volume of Whittier's poems. More than any other of our poets he has spoken as common man to common man, and the unlettered love him with an affection never inspired by those whose form of expression is less simple, direct and sincere. Thousands of these people as well as those of the sort who read the latest Atlantic Monthly and know how touching a thing it is that Whittier's last poem is there for Dr. Holmes—thousands of these revere his name for words which have strengthened the soul of the nation, as his war poems stiffened its backbone. And there are stanzas like these from "My Soul and I" which are parts of sacred experience to many men and women:

"Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
What'er thou fearest;
Round him in calmest music rolls
What'er thou hearest."

What to thee is shadow, to him is day,
And the end he knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth."

Or this from "The Over-Heart:"

"O hearts of love! O souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and best!
To you the truth is manifest:
For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean like John upon his breast!"

Or these from "The Eternal Goodness:"

"I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long.
But God hath led my dear ones on
And he can do no wrong."

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove,
I can but give the gifts he gave
And plead his love for love."

And so beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar:
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore."

Or these from "Our Master:"

"Death comes, life goes; the asking eye
And ear are answerless:
The grave is dumb, the hollow sky
Is sad with silentness."

The letter falls and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The spirit overbrooding all,
Eternal love remains."

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves thee best who loveth most
His brothers and thy own."

IT WAS A BOY'S SUGGESTION

That Led Whittier to Write
"Barbara Freitchie."

Mrs. Southworth Tells of Her Friendship for the Quaker Poet—She Recalls a Visit to His Plainly Furnished Home—Tribute of the Amesbury Selectmen.

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE BOSTON HERALD.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 8, 1892. Whittier had in Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the well-known novelist, a friend and great admirer. It was Mrs. Southworth

who sent Mr. Whittier the story of the famous incident at "Fredericktown," which suggested "Barbara Freitchie."

Last evening Mrs. Southworth, at her charming home in Georgetown, told to a reporter of the Star the story of her connection with the famous poem:

"In September, 1863," said Mrs. Southworth, "a Mr. C. S. Ramsburg, a neighbor of mine, related to my son Richmond and myself the story of Stonewall Jackson's raid through Maryland the previous year and his passage through Frederick, telling us how old Barbara Freitchie, a connection of Mr. Ramsburg, hung out from her window the stars and stripes, and how they were shot down. If I remember rightly," continued Mrs. Southworth, "Barbara was at the time more than 90 years old. The town was about equally divided between sympathizers with the southern cause and those who upheld the Union."

"Barbara was a staunch Unionist, and when, upon hearing of the approach of Stonewall Jackson and his army, the Unionists of the town hid their flags, the brave old lady nailed a small American flag to a staff, and placed it at her window. Jackson came riding in at the head of his men, and, seeing the flag, ordered them to shoot it down."

"They did so, and the flag fell. It was then that Barbara caught the flag up, and, leaning out of her window, waved it high above Jackson's head, crying to him: 'Shoot me if you dare, but spare the flag.' Jackson halted, looked up at the brave old lady, and, to the everlasting glory of the man and soldier, ordered his men to march on."

"That was about the way the incident was related to me by Mr. Ramsburg," said Mrs. Southworth, "and upon my son remarking, 'what a grand subject for a poem by Whittier, mother,' I at once sat down and

Wrote to Mr. Whittier.

telling him the story and acquainting him with my son's suggestion. I received an early reply, which was as follows:

AMESBURY, 9 Mo. 8, 1863.

My Dear Mrs. Southworth: I heartily thank thee for thy very kind letter, and its enclosed message. It ought to have fallen into better hands, but I have just written out a little sketch of Barbara Freitchie which will appear in the next Atlantic. It is good for anything that deserves all the credit for it. I wish I could accept thy kind invitation to thy pleasant cottage home, but I am too much of an invalid to undertake the journey. I thank thee none the less, however, for asking me. I shall go there in imagination if I cannot otherwise. With best wishes for thy health and happiness, I am most truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"I must tell you," explained Mrs. Southworth, after she had shown the reporter the original of Whittier's letter, "that I had known Mr. Whittier many years previous to the late war. He was one of my earliest literary friends. I made his acquaintance at the home of Dr. Bailey, the editor of the National Era in 1847. At that time my first serial story, 'Retribution,' was running in that publication. Previous to our acquaintance Dr. Bailey handed me a letter written to him by Mr. Whittier, speaking very kindly of my story."

"Meeting Mr. Whittier shortly after that an acquaintance began which ended only at his death."

"We also corresponded for many years, and when I sent him the story of 'Barbara Freitchie,' I wrote him that I considered it a message from the spirit world. Barbara died, if I remember correctly, shortly after the incident related, and, therefore, I never had the pleasure of reading Mr. Whittier's beautiful lines, which first appeared, I think, in the Atlantic of October, 1863."

"I visited Mr. Whittier at his home in Amesbury in 1873," said Mrs. Southworth, "in company with my son and Mr. Ramsburg. I well remember that we had no little difficulty in discovering his residence. On the streets of the town, in answer to inquiries, we were told by several persons that they knew where a shoemaker by the name of Whittier lived, but did not know just

Where the Poet Resided.

"Mr. Whittier's residence, we found, to be a small two-story frame cottage, setting back in a yard well shaded by trees. In answer to our rap, Mr. Whittier himself appeared at the door, and, when I had introduced my party, cordially welcomed us into a very plainly furnished little parlor, the furniture being of the old-fashioned horsehair style. We talked of the late war among other things, and of the emancipation of the slaves, for which Mr. Whittier had labored so long. My son asked: 'Are you not proud of the result, Mr. Whittier?' And I shall never forget his answer as he bowed his head, and in a low voice filled with emotion replied, 'I am very thankful.'"

"It was then about an hour after noon," continued Mrs. Southworth, "and Mr. Whittier suddenly asked: 'Did thee lunch before leaving Boston?' We answered no, when he remarked: 'Oh, then, then must,' and excused himself for a few moments. Upon his return to the room, we resumed our conversation, until about half an hour later. A young lady opened the door between the little parlor and the dining room, and invited us to partake of a light lunch of tea—home made bread and butter cakes and preserves."

"The house was plainly furnished and neatly kept, and in every nook and corner, even on the landings of the stairs, books were scattered about. Returning to the parlor we talked of Barbara Freitchie, and Mr. Whittier showed us Barbara's cane, which a friend of his secured upon a visit to Frederick, to verify the incident which formed the subject of the poem."

"Mr. Whittier informed us that this friend had found the story to be substantially true about as I have related it, and the cane, he said, the old lady used to shake at the little boys of the town who would come about her house and hurrle for her Dave."

THE POET SLEEPS.

JOHN G. WHITTIER PASSED
AWAY YESTERDAY.

THE END CAME PEACEFULLY AT HAMPTON.

Boston, TON FALLS, N. H. Sept. 8,
Admission 1892

WITH THE FIRST BREAKING OF THE
DAWN HIS SOUL WINGED ITS FLIGHT.

He Was Conscious Until the Very Last Moment

—The Story of a Long and Useful Life—How

His Early Years Were Spent—The Friend-

ship of William Lloyd Garrison of Great As-

sistance to Him—He Early Imbibed a Love

For the Poems of Burns and His Early At-

tempts Were After the Style of the Scotch

Eard—Notable Celebration of His 70th Birth-

day—From That Time His Birthday Was

Marked by Celebrations Year by Year—Gen-

eral Sorrow Expressed at His Death.

HAMPTON, N. H., Sept. 7.—J. G. Whittier, the gentle poet, died at 4:30 this morning of heart failure. He died peacefully and was conscious to the last moment of his death. The funeral will occur at Amesbury, Mass., Saturday, at 2:30 P.M.

His nearest relatives were with him when he passed away.

According to the Quaker custom, there will be no sermon preached at the funeral services over the body. The services will be quite simple.

At Hampton Falls he has been the guest of old friends, his sojourn having been at the house of Miss Sarah A. Gove, in an ancient colonial mansion. Hampton seems to have been a place of unusual interest to Mr. Whittier. The town appears, first seen, perhaps, across the marshes; with their myriad haystacks seemingly dancing as the train flies past, but an ordinary seaside town. Nowhere else in New England is there such a prairie as this. At several points the marsh is divided by rocky partitions that reach seaward, forming in one place the bluffs of Bear's Head, and in another spot the three rivers converge and, joining their swirling waters, flow together past the rocks of Rivermouth. This is made memorable by Whittier's legendary poem, "The Wreck of Rivermouth."

HIS BUSY LIFE.

His Earliest Effort Contributed to Garrison's Paper—Pays His Own Way Through School.

Thomas Whittier, the first of the family in this country, was born in the same year in which the Pilgrims landed upon Plymouth Rock, and sailed from Southampton, England, for Boston, in the ship Confidence of London in April, 1638. He settled upon a tract of land in the town of Salisbury, on the banks of the Powow River, a tributary of the Merrimack. A few years later he removed to Haverhill, where he erected a log house, which he inhabited a great many years. About the year 1688 he erected a large and substantial mansion, which has since been the home of his descendants and in which the poet was born, December 17, 1807.

John Greenleaf Whittier was the fourth in descent from the founder of the American branch of the family. It is regarded as not a little remarkable, by Mr. Whittier's biographer, that the lapse of nearly two centuries should see but four generations in the poet's line of descent, the more especially as the family has been prolific of sons and daughters. The seeming anomaly is explained in the fact that the poet's line descended in every generation through the younger sons of the families.

The grandmother of the poet was Sarah Greenleaf of Newbury, who married Joseph Whittier, the son of Joseph, the son of Thomas. The elder Joseph was married in 1694 to Mary Peasley, whose father, Joseph Peasley, was well known in those early days in the history of our country as a prominent member of the Society of Friends, then opprobriously called Quakers. It was through the family of his great-grandmother, then, that the poet received his Quaker birthright, and that the family became identified with the fortunes of that once despised and persecuted, but now warmly respected, sect. From the family of his grandmother, Sarah Greenleaf, he received his name, combined with that of his father John, who was born Nov. 22, 1760.

In Whittier's poem, "A Name," which he addressed to his grand-nephew, he thus alludes to the name of Greenleaf, and its origin:—

The name the Gallic exile bore,
St. Malo, from thy ancient mart,
Became, upon our Western shore,
Greenleaf for Feuillevert.

The mother of the poet was Abigail, daughter of Joseph Hussey of Somersworth (now called Rollinsford), N. H. The two were married October 3, 1804, and lived in wedlock 28 years, when, in June, 1832, the connection was severed by the death of the husband.

"Abigail Hussey, the poet's mother," says Mr. Whittier's biographer, "was descended from Christopher Hussey, a fellow townsman with Thomas Whittier in

Haverhill, who afterward removed to Hampton, N. H., where he married the daughter of Rev. Stephen Bachelor (sometimes written Batchelder), the first minister of that town. The Husseys came from Boston, Eng., and were people of distinction, both in the old country and the new."

From the same family stock were descended Daniel Webster, William Pitt Fessenden, Caleb Cushing, William B. Greene and other prominent men.

John Whittier, the 10th child of his father and the father of the poet, was born Nov. 22, 1760, and to him and to his wife Abigail were four children born. These were Mary, born in 1806; John Greenleaf, born Dec. 17, 1807; Matthew Franklin, born in 1812; and Elizabeth Hussey, born in 1815. The youngest of these was the shortest lived, and died in 1864. The only brother of the poet lived to the age of 71, and died in 1883. The eldest, Mary, and her brother John were lifelong companions. She was his keenest, though his most considerate critic; and to her encouragement, doubtless, is due much of his success as a man of letters. Her death was doubtless the greatest grief of his life.

The old Whittier homestead, which was erected by the great-grandfather of the poet, and in which he himself "first breathed the vital air," is a large mansion, solidly framed of hewn oak. It was built after the manner of many of the early colonial houses, being of two stories in front, while in the rear the roof sloped back to a single story. In the year 1801 this architectural peculiarity was obliterated by improvements made in the edifice by the father of the poet. "It is now," says the biographer, "more open to view from the main road than it was 60 years ago."

At an early age he was set at work on the farm and in assisting his mother in household duties. His leisure hours were passed in roaming the woods and fields, and his communings with nature were certainly heartfelt. Many of the poet's finest touches found their inspiration in these hours of what was then, perhaps, termed idleness, but which bore its fruit in after years. In his poem, "The Barefoot Boy," we taste some of these fruits.

He early imbibed a love of the verses of Burns, through a wandering Scotchman, who stopped a while at his father's house, and his earliest attempts at verse were after the manner of the Scottish bard. His first schoolmaster, Joshua Coffin, so says Whittier himself in a little autobiographical pamphlet, brought to his father's house a volume of Burns, and his delight in reading it was very great. "The poetry of Burns and the Scottish music had enthralled him, and his own feelings began to shape themselves in rhyme." His sister Mary gave him much encouragement, and for a time she alone shared his secret with him.

It was about this time that William Lloyd Garrison was an indentured apprentice to the proprietors of the Newburyport Herald, and was accustomed, from time to time, to contribute to its columns. Later, Garrison, in 1826, established the Newburyport Free Press. Of this newspaper the father of Whittier was a subscriber.

One day Mr. Garrison received a poem anonymously contributed, which he published in the poet's corner. A day or two later a young man employed in mending fences in his father's field saw the news-carrier approaching on horseback, and received from his hand a moment later a copy of the newspaper. His eye first fell upon his own verses, and for a few moments he was speechless. This poem was "The Deity," a versified amplification of the scriptural passage, 1 Kings xix. 11, 12, and was in blank verse, somewhat in the manner of "Paradise Lost," though it is not at all certain that he had at that time so much as heard of Milton.

This was early in the year 1826. In the summer of that year Whittier was one day

called from the cornfield, at the summons of a visitor. It proved to be Garrison, who had discovered through the medium of Mary Whittier the identity of the author of the poems which he had received and published; for the first success had emboldened the young man to make fresh ventures. Mr. Garrison earnestly commended the young man's work and prophesied for him a brilliant future. He urged upon the father that the son be offered an opportunity for a more extended education, but in those days of small things this seemed an insurmountable task. The young man, himself, however, overcame all obstacles, and by working at the shoemaker's bench he obtained funds sufficient to pay for a course of six months at an academy.

In the autumn of 1828, Garrison, who was then in Boston, where he had founded the National Philanthropist, procured for Whittier a position on the staff of the American Manufacturer, where he remained for several months, at a salary of \$9 per week. In June, 1830, he returned to his father's farm, where he remained until July, 1830. During this period his pen was prolific, but though his productions gave promise of genius, none of them are regarded as having great merit. Still, as his biographer says, "the juvenile poems are not to be despised. They are the sunken piles that stand under the slowly-reared edifice of his fame."

In 1830 Mr. Whittier succeeded George D. Prentice in the editorial chair of the New England Review. During his connection of 1½ years with this publication, Whittier wrote and published no less than 42 poems, many of which are preserved among his collected works. At this time, Mr. Whittier was but 22 years of age.

He retained his position until January, 1832, when his health, always delicate, forced him to retire from journalistic life. In the meantime, his first volume was published, under the title, "New England Legends in Prose and Verse." Many of these early productions Mr. Whittier, in later years, caused to be suppressed as unworthy of his reputation.

Leaving Hartford, he returned to Haverhill, and for a time devoted himself wholly to literature, the greater portion of his work appearing in Buckingham's New England Magazine, then published in Boston. But just then the slavery question began to be uppermost in the minds of the people. Thenceforth his life was to be devoted to the cause of freedom and of universal brotherhood. The heart of the young man Whittier was fired and he entered the lists, throwing down as his gauntlet a pamphlet with the title, "Justice and Expediency; or, Slavery Considered with a View to Its Rightful and Effectual Remedy, Abolition." This pamphlet was printed in 1833, at the author's sole expense. Says the biographer concerning this pamphlet: "It covers the ground completely, and its positions were never met in argument, only by evasions, misstatements, or more commonly by abuse or personal violence."

From this time forward Whittier's pen was never idle. He had embarked in a great cause. He was a target for abuse, but he persevered. He was threatened with legal proceedings and with personal violence, but he was undaunted. Governors of States offered rewards for his head, but he was not silent. Thoroughly earnest, active, aggressive, he lost no opportunity for insisting upon the great truth, which is now recognized throughout the land, of the sacredness of the right of personal freedom. He was attacked by a mob in Concord, N.H.; he witnessed the mob in Boston, when his friend Garrison was dragged through the streets with a rope about his neck.

Rev. S. J. May, himself one of the foremost of the anti-slavery men, says of Whittier: "But of all our American poets, John G. Whittier has from first to last done most for the abolition of slavery." A sufficient eulogy, surely, for any man!

In May, 1836, Mr. Whittier was again for a time the editor of the *Haverhill Gazette*. Later, he was one of the secretaries of the National Anti-Slavery Society. In 1837, he was engaged as a writer upon the staff of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, published in Philadelphia. In March, 1838, he became its editor, but resigned two years later. During his occupancy of the editorial chair, the building in which the office of the newspaper was located was sacked and burned by a mob, egged on by the mayor of the city.

Upon leaving Philadelphia he returned to Massachusetts, and in 1840 the Whittier family, having sold the farm in Haverhill, removed to Amesbury, where he has for many years lived. He was moulding the minds of men for the great struggle about to come. It was during this period that many of his poems, afterwards collected in a volume entitled "Voices of Freedom," were written.

In 1847 the *National Era* newspaper was established at Washington, and Whittier became the corresponding editor, which position he retained until 1859. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared first in this newspaper, as a serial, in 1850. During this period more than 80 of Whittier's poems appeared in its columns. He was also a voluminous contributor to other periodicals, notably the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which many of his sweetest songs first appeared. Perhaps the best known of the "Atlantic" poems was "Maud Muller," long an English classic, and the "Witch's Daughter," afterwards republished as "Mabel Martin." These works are quite equally divided between the two classes of purely literary and political. In the former the pure poetic soul of Whittier glows with a light almost divine; in the latter he employs satire than which none could be more biting, argument and powerful invective, forming at times, as his biographer says, oftentimes scarcely more than "rhymed eloquence."

But I have lingered too long about the fascinating narrative of Whittier's earlier years. At 50 years of age he was fully recognized as one of the foremost poets of the age. His connection with the *Atlantic Monthly* has been alluded to, but it should be said that he was in reality one of the founders of that magazine, and to him is due very much of its success. These services were fully recognized, when Mr. Whittier had reached his 70th year, in a dinner tendered to the poet, at which the literary men and women of New England were his guests. Mr. H. O. Houghton, the senior publisher, was seated at the head of the table.

Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Howells, Charles Dudley Warner, Prof. Norton and Mark Twain were among the guests, and letters of regret were read from Bryant, Curtis, Aldrich, Bayard Taylor, President Eliot, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Francis Parkman and others. Dr. Holmes read a poem, as did many of the guests, and Mark Twain brought out a sketch in which Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes and Whittier were made to masquerade as Western roughs, pelting each other with quotations. The effect was rather startling at first, but its comicality redeemed it.

Whittier's own contribution was "My Birthday."

Better than self-indulgent years
The outlying heart of youth,
Than pleasant songs in idle years
The tumult of the truth.

"From that time his birthday was marked by celebrations, year by year. In 1881, on the occasion of his 77th anniversary, there was gathered at Oak Knoll a pleasant company of friends and relatives, who were received by the venerable gentleman with his customary gentle courtesy and generous hospitality. In 1885, the beginning of the 78th year of the poet was quietly celebrated at Danvers the residence of his two cousins. On the afternoon of that day Mr. Whittier's por-

trait, which had been placed in the town hall at Haverhill, was unveiled in the presence of a large audience. When he became an octogenarian in 1887, he was active, erect, firm and full of cheerfulness. On his birthday came the governor and his wife and many distinguished people. There were numerous presents, not intrinsically valuable, but gifts of loving friends. There was a great basket containing 80 red and white roses.

Among those who paid loving tribute, in a memorial volume collected for the purpose to his worth, were George W. Childs, Walt Whitman, Senator Hoar, Mark Twain, Secretary Lamar, Chief Justice Waite.

Mr. Whittier, like his ancestors, was tall—measuring six feet or more—of slender build, but straight as an arrow. He had a high forehead, a quiet smile, dark, piercing eyes, and hair that was once black, but in his old age thinned and gray. He dressed in a suit of black, cut in Quaker fashion, and he retained some of the Quaker peculiarities of speech. He was given to long walks, and was a most pleasant and companionable neighbor; but he was not in the habit of driving, and he travelled but rarely and for short distances—never, it is said, having gone farther than to Washington.

He often spent a portion of the winter in this city, usually at the house of his friend, ex-Gov. C. Claflin. He wrote only when the mood was on him, and then very soon after the idea which he sought to express had taken possession of his mind. He wrote easily and with an absorbing interest in his subject, and although he was too conscientious to send out crude writing, his first drafts were not usually greatly altered by subsequent revision.

Mr. Whittier's remarkable preservation of his mental strength has been his greatest pleasure and the pleasure of his friends. Although advanced in years and always of a delicate constitution, even almost to the last moment of his life he ceased not to sing. As the world now beholds his face serene and placid in its last sleep it will recall his lines to his friend Dr. Holmes published in the current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Did he, as he wrote these final lines, already hear the rustling of angel pinions.

The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift void hands alone.

Whittier's Hymns

Dr. Hale in the Transcript.

Dr. Holmes has taught us that the poet remembered by the most is he whose songs are sacred enough to be sung in men's churches, while they are simple enough for men and women of all sorts and conditions to remember them and want to sing them. He has shown that of the English poets of the last century it is not your grand quarto-printing Thomson or Somerville, dedicating their poems to forgotten noblemen, who are most widely quoted today. Not even Cowper or Alexander Pope, the king of the ball. It is dear Doctor Watts, of whom a hundred lines come to memory and lip for one from the stately poems, who is familiarly remembered. Both Dr. Holmes and Mr. Whittier have achieved for themselves such success as is thus described. In each case the success is due to the writer's habit of personal and hearty intimacy with all sorts and conditions of men.

Yet more than one of Whittier's hymns—most of those best known—were written with no thought by the "Quaker Poet" that they would be sung in "meeting." What, indeed, would George Fox have said had he been told that within two centuries after his journey through New England, the song of a New England "Friend" would be sung in every "steeple house" in New England, not to say in every "steeple house" in Old England? Whittier wrote, not that men might sing—not, indeed, that they might praise him—but because this thing had to be said, and he would say it as well as he could say it there and then.

In hundreds of churches, thousands of worshippers sing and remember the hymn—
"O fairest born of love and light."

and thank him for it. The fine verses thus known so widely were selected by his friend, Samuel Longfellow, from the ode to "Democ-

racy, which Whittier wrote in 1843, on "election day." There are but few men who could tell us what the issues of that election were.

STORIES OF WHITTIER

Like all America's literary men of eminence, he was a bread-winner first and a poet next, though in his case, from the simplicity of his life, he began his endeavor in purely literary work earlier than Longfellow or Emerson or Lowell. But at this earlier period of his life he was always on the side of the abolitionists, ready to assist them in any way, often giving the support of his presence to their meetings and travelling over northern New England with members of the fraternity. Once in Concord, N. H., with the English abolitionist, Armstrong, he again narrowly escaped rough treatment by a mob. Armstrong and he had been to an abolitionist meeting at Flymouth, N. H., and were to remain over night at the house of one of Whittier's friends in Concord. Early in the evening the mob took possession of the grounds about the house and demanded the abolitionists within. After they had made considerable disturbance and were organizing for a concentrated movement upon the house, a horse and buggy had been quietly prepared for flight in the barn, and Armstrong and Mr. Whittier, descending by a back exit, were hustled into the buggy and driven hurriedly away, pursued for some distance by the mob. They made no stop on the way back to Massachusetts until they had put distance enough between them and their enemies to insure safety.

The poet admitted to the writer to having been mobbed on other occasions also, but did not specify them. Some years after the Concord episode he was walking along the street in Portland, Me., when a man, after eyeing him curiously for some time, finally stepped up and asked: "Is not this Mr. Whittier?"

The poet admitted his identity, when the man replied: "I am somewhat ashamed to admit it, but I was one of the members of that Concord mob which was so desirous of meeting you at close quarters some years ago."

"And what would the mob have done if it had succeeded in getting possession of us?"

"Probably your complexion would have been changed considerably," replied the ex-mobber, rather sheepishly. A coat of tar and feathers was evidently intended.

"I remember that one summer afternoon, up under Wachusett," says a young acquaintance of his, "I came with a friend upon a pleasant old farmhouse, large and rambling, where we stopped in our walk for a cup of water out of the well that was had spied from afar. The master of the manor was coming across the yard as we made to him our humble request. He seemed not uninclined to talk. And when he learned where we had been, and found that we were bound for Monadnock, he told us that Mr. Whittier had just passed that way, and stopped. I think a night or two with him there, at the farm. 'Why, he's just as natural as any like folks as can be,' he said. 'He wrote some poems right out here in the yard on a board he picked up, and he was sittin' in a kitchen chair he brought out, looking toward Chusett yonder. His poems we can understand, tho' we're not book people; he's like folks, Whittier is.'"

"And you ever heard the story of Whittier and the cabbage?" asked an old friend yesterday. "It may have been told before, but it is worth repeating now. He hated the odor of cabbage, like most sensible men, and had a cordial horror of the right smell in the wrong place, as Henry James calls the fragrance of a dinner in the hallway. One day, however, a cabbage was cooked at Oak Knoll, and most of it was left over. In deference to her cousin's olfactory the mistress of the house directed her cook to put the cold cabbage on the top shelf in the pantry until next day. In the course of the afternoon Mr. Whittier was seen digging in the garden. A member of the family asked him what he was going to do, but he put her off with a merry twinkle in his eyes. When in the course of household events the cook sought the cabbage it was gone. Mr. Whittier had traced it to its errie; he had climbed up and had borne it away in triumph, and in defiance of domestic economy had buried it in the garden. I tell the story as it was told to me," said his friend. "Call it 'How the Poet Planted a Cabbage (boiled).'"

The Nation, Sept. 15, 1892,
vol. 55, no. 1420 pp. 199-200.

WHITTIER.

THE popular poet-laureate of this country passed away in peace on September 7, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. This longevity, and numerous and very recent biographies, have made the principal facts of his uneventful life well known to the public. Neither of the careers which he would fain have determined for himself was destined to be his. From journalism as from politics the farmer's son was turned back to that simple inspiration of poet which was confirmed in him, on discovery, by his neighbor, the editor of the *Newburyport Free Press*, afterwards the editor of the *Boston Liberator*. The friendship of those two men might have led the younger, as disciple, to become entirely absorbed in the agitation against slavery, in which he did in fact for a time do editorial service. But partly his political and partly his sectarian bias drew him away from Garrison at the time of the schism in the abolition ranks growing out of political and sectarian differences, though in after years they came together without bitterness and with their old affection. Moreover, the poet was physically unfitted

"to ride
The winged Hippogriff Reform."

He was all his life a victim of ill-health, having brought on neuralgia and headache by overwork in the early days of his journalism. For many years he could not write fifteen minutes at a time without a headache. A worthy grocer of Amesbury, whenever he heard this fact spoken of with compassion, used to dispute the sentiment with some vehemence; Mr. Whittier's ill-health having, as he thought, been beneficial to his fame by "preventing his engaging in any business," and thus turning him to poetry. The inference seemed to be that, with good health, Mr. Whittier too might have been a flourishing grocer, just as some of Sir Walter Scott's neighbors thought that he would have been "sae weel respectit" had he stuck to the law and not wasted his time on poetry and novels. Be this as it may, it is certain that Mr. Whittier's delicate health was for almost all his life a drawback to continuous mental exertion, although care and watchfulness greatly benefited his general condition during his later years. This improved health, together with other causes, produced in him an increase, not a diminution, of sociability and freedom of intercourse as years went on. He became more frequently a guest at private houses, where nothing but an increase of deafness prevented him from being a most delightful companion. His shyness visibly diminished—a quality so marked in early life that it sometimes seemed a positive distress to him to be face to face with half-a-dozen people in a room.

This habit showed itself chiefly in what is called society; with men met for political or even business purposes he was more at home. He was for many years an active politician (in 1835 and 1836 he was a member of the *Massachusetts Legislature*), and was esteem-

ed—though a poet—a man of excellent judgment in all public matters. He was a keen judge of character, was perfectly unselfish, and always appeared to look at affairs more with the eyes of a man of the people than with those of a student. Without making any words about it, he seemed held by early associations as well as principle to the point of view of the working class. His whole position in this respect was very characteristic of American life; had he lived in England and among the social restrictions of that more stereotyped society, he would perhaps have been simply some Corn-Law Rhymer, some Poet of the People. As it was, there was nothing to keep him from full identification with the most cultivated class, and yet he was always able to remain in full sympathy with the least cultivated. In this respect he was more typically national than our other bards. His liberal attitude was aided also by his training in the Society of Friends. Of this body Mr. Whittier was always a faithful member, though never narrow or technical in his spirit. In his youth his anti-slavery associations sometimes brought him into danger of discipline; and he used to say jokingly in his later years that the Society would gladly have then put upon him, would he but consent, all the committee work and the little dignities from which his position as a reformer had excluded him in his youth. He always held to the prescribed garb so far as the cut of his coat was concerned, but conformed to the ways of the world in his other attire. He did not use the "thee" to members of his own society alone, as is the case with some, but presented it in his intercourse with the world at large.

It is difficult to say whether in his life, as in Irving's, an early romance led the way to a career of celibacy. A few passages in his writings, but only a few, might bear this interpretation, while the view was discouraged by his nearest kindred. It is certain that in later life he sometimes permitted himself to express regret that he had never married, since all his tastes and habits were eminently domestic. He always appeared to advantage in the society of women. His manners had all the essentials of courtliness in their dignity and consideration for others, and while he had little small-talk, he had plenty to say about men and books; this being always said with sympathy and with quaint humor. Utterly free from self-esteem, he was always glad to keep the topic of conversation away from himself, and was quite disposed to rejoice in any evidences of obscurity.

He was a wide reader and had a tenacious memory; but he spoke no language except his own, nor did he—although he translated one or two simple French poems—read much in any foreign tongue. He never visited Europe. He used to say that in early life he had a great yearning for travel, but that after reading a book about any foreign place, he retained in his mind a picture so vivid that his longing for that particular place was satisfied. Yet, as Thoreau said that he had travelled a great deal—in Concord, so Whittier was familiar with New England and Pennsylvania, and has done far more than any poet (perhaps as much as all other poets together) to preserve the legends and immortalize the localities of these

portions of our country. It is only necessary to look through the New England volumes of Longfellow's 'Poems of Places' to be satisfied of this. In his treatment of legends, his Quaker truthfulness comes in, and he generally produces his poetic effects while keeping close to history. But his great skill lay in discovery; everything he found was turned to account,

and he shared with Hawthorne the honor of demonstrating that the early New England life was as rich in poetic material as the Scottish.

Of his poetry it may safely be said that it has two permanent grounds of fame: he was the Tyrtæus of the greatest moral agitation of the age, and he was the creator of the New England legend. He was also the exponent of a pure and comprehensive religious feeling; but this he shares with others, while the first two branches of laurel are unmistakably his own. His drawbacks are about as plain and unequivocal as his merits. Brought up at a period when Friends disapproved of music, he had no early training in this direction and perhaps no natural endowment. He wrote in a letter of 1883, "I don't know anything of music, not one tune from another." This at once defined the limits of his verse and restricted him to the very simplest strains. He wrote mostly in the four-line ballad metre, which he often made not only effective, but actually melodious. That he had a certain amount of natural ear is shown by his use of proper names, in which, after his early period of Indian experiments had passed, he rarely erred. In one of his very best poems, "My Playmate," a large part of the effectiveness comes from the name of the locality:

"The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea."

In "Amy Wentworth," another of his best, he gives to one of his verses the unconscious flavor of a Scotch ballad by using, as simply as a nameless Scottish minstrel would have used, the names at his own door:

"The sweetbriar blooms on Kittery-side
And green are Elliot's bowers."

These are the very names of the villages where the scene was laid, and even the Kittery-side is vernacular. Whittier sometimes prolonged his narrative too much, and often obtruded his moral a little, but, so far as flavor of the soil went, he was far beyond Longfellow or Holmes or Lowell. If he lost by want of ear for music, the result was chiefly injurious in that it impaired his self-confidence; and where he had trusted his ear to admit a bolder strain, he was easily overawed by some prosaic friend with a foot-rule, who convinced him that he was taking a dangerous liberty. Thus, in "The New Wife and the Old," in describing the night-sounds, he finally closes with—

"And the great sea waves below,
Pulse o' the midnight, beating slow."

This "Pulse o' the midnight" was an unusual rhythmic felicity for him, but, on somebody's counting the syllables, he tamely substituted

"Like the night's pulse, beating slow,"

which is sporadic and heavy; but he afterwards restored the better line. In the same

way, when he sang of the shoemakers in the best of his "Songs of Labor," he originally wrote:

"Thy songs, Hans Sachs are living yet
In strong and hearty German,
And Canning's craft, and Gifford's wit,
And the rare good sense of Sherman."

Under similar pressure of criticism he was induced to substitute

"And patriot fame of Sherman";

and this time he did not repent. It is painful to think what would have become of the liquid measure of Coleridge's "Christabel" had some tiresome acquaintance, possibly "a person on business from Porlock," insisted on putting that poem also in the stocks.

Whittier's muse probably gained in all ways from the strong tonic of the anti-slavery agitation. That gave a training in directness, simplicity, genuineness; it taught him to shorten his sword and to produce strong effects by common means. It made him permanently high-minded also, and placed him, as he himself always said, above the perils and temptations of a merely literary career. Though always careful in his work, and a good critic of the work of others, he always talked by preference upon subjects not literary—politics, social science, the rights of labor. He would talk at times, if skilfully led up to it, about his poems, and was sometimes, though rarely, known to repeat them aloud; but his own personality was never a favorite theme with him, and one could easily fancy him as going to sleep, like La Fontaine, at the performance of his own opera.

Yet certainly few men of limited early training have brought from that experience so few literary defects as Whittier. He soon outgrew all flavor of provincialism, and entered into the thorough atmosphere of literature. The result is that when he uses a mispronunciation or makes a slip in grammar, it has the effect of an oversight or a whim, not of ignorance. Thus he always accents the word "romance" on the first syllable, as in

"Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes;"

and in the poem "The Knight of St. John" has this bit of hopeless bad grammar:

"For since the time when Warkworth wood
Closed o'er my steed and I,"

Yet these things suggest no flavor of illiteracy. A worse fault is that of occasional dilution and the reiteration of some very simple moral. D'Alembert said of Richardson's novels, once so famous, "Nature is a good thing, but do not bore us with her (*non pas jusqu'à l'ennui*)." Whittier never reaches the point of ennui, but he sometimes makes us fear that another verse will bring us to it; and yet, when he will, he can be thoroughly terse and vigorous. He is always simple—always free from that turgidness and mixture of metaphors which often mar the verse of Lowell. On the other hand, he does not so often as Lowell broaden into the strong assertion of great general principles. Lowell's "Verses Suggested by the Present Crisis" followed not long after Whittier's "Massachusetts to Virginia," and, being printed anonymously, were at first attributed to the same author. Whittier's poem had even more lyric fire and produced an immediate impres-

sion even greater, but it touched universal principles less broadly and is therefore rarely quoted, while Lowell's

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne"

is immortal on the lips of successive orators.

But while this is true, it is also certain that there is room, even in the United States, for such a function as that of poet of the people; and here Whittier filled a mission apart from that of the other members of his particular group of New England bards. The difference was indeed ante-natal, and affords a most interesting study. Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell belonged more or less completely to what one of them described well enough as "Brahmin blood," representing traditions of hereditary cultivation, if not always of station or wealth. Their ancestors were to a great extent lawyers or clergymen, *gens de robe*. With the questionable exception of Father Batchelder, Whittier held a widely different ancestry. But here came in a new element of interest: he came of a race which had a culture of its own, namely, that implied in "birthright membership" of the Society of Friends. He could say for himself in good faith what Lowell said only from a dramatic attitude:

"We draw our lineage from the oppressed."

Nor was it from the oppressed alone, but from those who had suffered in a spirit so lofty and with such elevation of purpose as to yield through transmitted spiritual influence many of the results of the finest training. No one appreciated better than he the essential dignity of the early New England aristocracy—he whose imagination could trace back his heroine's lineage through the streets of Portsmouth, N. H.:

"Her home is brave in Jaffray Street,
With stately stairways worn
By feet of old Colonial knights
And ladies gentle-born."

"And on her, from the wainscot old,
Ancestral faces frown—
And this had worn the soldier's sword,
And that the judge's gown."

But what was all this to him who had learned at his mother's knee to go in fancy with William Penn into the wilderness, or to walk with Barclay of Ury through howling mobs? There is no better Brahmin blood than the Quaker blood, after all. It was, then, as from kinsman to kinsman that Whittier's last verses were addressed to Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Boston Traveller, Sept. 8, 1892

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

By the not unexpected death of the aged Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, a notable career is ended, a life of great usefulness is closed. Descended from Thomas Whittier, who, as a boy of 13, came from England in 1633, and settled in Newbury, he was a typical New Englander, and was the embodiment of those stern and rugged Puritan virtues which have given New England its power and influence in shaping American history and directing American destiny. Combined with

these virtues was the instinct of the reformer, the insight of the poet and the gentleness of the Quaker mystic. As the poet of the great anti-slavery struggle he rendered invaluable service, while he never aroused bitter antagonisms and hatreds. He lived to see the cause to which he devoted his life triumphant, and has enjoyed a happy and serene old age. There is a sweetness and homeliness in his poetry which appeals strongly to the heart, and which has given him a peculiarly warm place in the affections of the masses of the people. He was indeed

The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong.

A nation mourns his death, while it rejoices in his noble life. The singer has passed on, but the song still lives.

Boston Transcript

NEW ENGLAND'S SINGER.

Old England's Appreciation of
Whittier's Worth.

The Robert Burns of the New
World.

LONDON, Sept. 8. The newspapers this morning contain editorials on the death of John G. Whittier, the American poet.

The Times says: "It may almost be said that what Scott did for Scotland, Whittier did for New England. The most salient features of his verse were those also observable in his personal character—sincerity, simplicity, earnestness and manliness."

The News says: "Whittier sang of a distinctive New England life as no one ever sang it before, and, since it is going the way of all things, as no one will ever sing it again."

The Standard thinks that it was good fortune rather than preeminent merit that secured Whittier an attentive and sympathetic hearing on this side of the Atlantic. It imagines that in America itself his claims to distinction will be more energetically questioned than here.

The Chronicle says: "Whittier was the nearest approach to our conception of an American Robert Burns that the New World has given us. The world has lost one of the sweetest lyrists of its saddest wrongs."

The Telegraph says: "Whittier possessed no small portion of Wordsworth's genius. Although inferior to the best work of Bryant and Poe, it is probable that his 'Moxg Megone' and 'Maud Muller' will live as long as 'Thanatopsis,' and 'The Raven.'"

N.Y. Evening Post

THE DEATH OF WHITTIER.

Oliver Wendell Holmes's Acquaintance
with the Poet.

BEVERLY FARMS, Mass., September 8.—On learning yesterday of Mr. Whittier's death, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "Mr. Whittier was one of the sweetest natures—he was one of the sweetest singers we ever had or ever shall have. His death was to be expected in the course of nature, but nevertheless it leaves me stunned."

Dr. Holmes said he had been on terms of in-

timacy with Mr. Whittier for many years. His acquaintance with him dated from the starting of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857. He had corresponded with him ever since then, and of late years had often received from him letters expressing sentiments of the highest regard and expressions of friendship. The Doctor said he had frequently visited Whittier at Oak Knoll. It was, he said, a beautiful sight to see the poet among his trees around his home. "The last time I saw him there," said Dr. Holmes, "was last year, when we had a most delightful time together. When I came away he just loaded me down with fruit. It was a very pretty act."

Boston Advertiser, Sept. 8, 1892

THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

The poet Whittier has chosen the home of his ancestors in which to die,—not the house but the parish, for his first American ancestor, Rev. Stephen Bachiler, lived for years in the old town of Hampton, and his daughter, the wife of Christopher Hussey, lived not far from "The Hill" in Hampton Falls, where stands the house of Miss Gove, in which the poet had been spending the summer before his fatal illness. He is descended from one of the sons of Christopher Hussey, who himself seems to have become a Quaker in the latter half of the 17th century, when George Fox and his disciples first invaded New England. Christopher Hussey died in Hampton Falls, or Seabrook, but his descendants colonized Nantucket and also established families in different parts of New Hampshire.

The family of Gove, with which the descendants of Rev. Stephen Bachiler intermarried, was also long ago settled in the parish of Hampton Falls; and the lady at whose house Whittier was visiting is a descendant, no doubt, of that Edward Gove who in 1632 raised an insurrection against King Charles' representatives in the colony of New Hampshire; was tried and sentenced to death for treason, sent to England, and there pardoned by Charles II. after a year's imprisonment. His descendants also became Quakers, and several of them were leading members of the Quaker meeting in Seabrook close to the town line of Hampton Falls, where Whittier and his sister often came from the neighboring town of Amesbury, to join in the silent worship, or to listen to Mrs. Gove, an eloquent preacher, whose death Whittier commemorated by a beautiful poem some years ago. This meeting house is now gone, and I suppose the nearest Quaker meeting for the few Friends who remain in the towns of Hampton Falls, Kensington and Seabrook, is that at Amesbury, near which was Whittier's cottage, when I first visited him.

The fine old house of Miss Gove stands on the hill which gives its name to the small village, and not far from the falls in the little river, which gave their name first to the parish, and then to the town; and the Quaker meeting house, of Seabrook is some half mile south of it. It was the home when I first knew it, more than 50 years ago, of Mrs. Wells, the grandmother of Miss Gove, a wealthy widow who owned also the large, three story tavern-house, where the poet has been dining the past summer. This was a famous "stage-tavern" before the Eastern R.R. was built, but long since ceased to be an inn, though sometimes a boarding house of late years. It stands where there was an inn for 200 years, I suppose—or from 1645 to 1845, and there in 1741 was the "George Inn," bearing the head of King George on its sign,

where the provincial authorities of New Hampshire and Massachusetts met for dinner, after determining the boundary line between the two Provinces. Here, also, and in the hall of the house which is now standing, Daniel Webster pleaded an important law case before referees while he was practising law at Portsmouth. As is well known, Webster, as well as Whittier, descended from Rev. Stephen Bachiler, and his Bachiler ancestors lived on a farm 1½ miles north of Miss Gove's, where now stands the villa of Warren Brown.

Of this whole region between the Merrimac and the Piscataqua, between the Deerfield Mountains and the seashore, Whittier has been the local poet; there is scarcely a hill or stream or village therein which he has not celebrated in his poems. His ancestors or his cousins lived all about this region, which was in fact the whole of the old colony of New Hampshire when the Husseys were important magistrates there. Hampton Beach, three or four miles from Miss Gove's house, was often visited and sometimes sung by Whittier; and he has even described a fatal voyage down the Hampton River, which has a course of only a few miles before reaching the ocean,—the first navigable stream north of the Merrimac. Up this stream in October, 1638, sailed Whittier's first American ancestor, Stephen Bachiler, accompanied by young John Winthrop, afterwards governor of Connecticut, for the purpose of laying out the plantation of Hampton; and a few months later, his two daughters, Mrs. Christopher Hussey, with her husband, and the Widow Sanborn, with her three sons, joined their father in the new plantation, of which he was the first minister.

No poet of New England has lived so close to the actual habits of the people, in the present and the past centuries, as did Whittier; and his poems of locality will become as much a feature of New England literature as are those of Burns or Scott in their native country. This fidelity to homely fact and profound sentiment have made Whittier more than any other the patrician and religious poet of New Hampshire and eastern Massachusetts. He has done in verse what Hawthorne did in prose; it was only the accident or accomplishment of verse which separated these two poets, and made one of them our most graceful and romantic prose writer; while the other became our most spiritual and literal poet.

F. B. SANBORN.

Concord, Sept. 7.

MY TRIUMPH.

By John Greenleaf Whittier.

The autumn-time has come;
On woods that dream of bloom
And over purpling vines,
The low sun fainter shines.
The aster flower is failing,
The hazel's gold is paling;
Yet overhead more near
The eternal stars appear,
And present gratitude
Insures the future good.
And for the things I see
I trust the things to be.
That in the paths untrod,
And the long days of God,
My feet shall still be led.
My heart be comforted.

O loving friends who love me!
O dear ones gone above me!
Careless of other fame,
I leave to you my name.
Hide it from evil praises,
Save it from evil phrases:
Why, when dear lips that spake it
Are dumb, should strangers wake it?

Let the thick curtain fall;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.
Not by the page-work painted
Let life be banned or sainted;
Deeper than written scroll
The colors of the soul.
Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue,
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed to act.
Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong.
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail to win.
What matter, I or they,
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life be sweeter made?
Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.
The airs of Heaven blow o'er me!
A glory shines before me,
Of what mankind shall be,
Pure, generous, brave and free.
A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold!

The love of God and neighbor;
An equal-handed labor;
The richer life, where beauty
Walks hand in hand with duty,
Ring bells in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets far off blown,
Your triumph is my own,
Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.
I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

POET TO POET.

This was Mr. Lowell's verse for Mr. Whittier on his 80th birthday, as published in the famous Whittier edition of *The Advertiser* of that year:—

How fair a pearl chain, eighty strong,
Lustrous and hallowed every one
With saintly thoughts and sacred song,
As 't were the rosary of a nun.

Walt Whitman.

AS THE GREEK'S SIGNAL FLAME
For Whittier's 80th birthday, Dec. 17, 1867.
As the Greek's signal flame, by antique records told,
(Tally of many a hard-strain'd battle, struggle, year—triumphant only at the last.)
Rose from the hill top, like applause and glory,
Welcoming in fame some special veteran,
With rosy haze, requesting the dead he'd served,
So I aloft from Manna-hatta's ship-fringed shores,
Lift high a kindled brand for thee, Old Poet.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

To John Greenleaf Whittier.

At dawn of manhood came a voice to me
That said to startled conscience, "Sleep no more!"
Like some loud cry that peals from door to door
It roused a generation, and I see
Now looking back through years of memory
That all of school or college, all the lore
Of worldly maxims, all the statesman's store

Were nought beside that voice's mastery.
If any good to me or from me came
Through life, and if no influence less divine
Has quite usurped the place of duty's flame;
It taught me worthy in this heart of mine,
Aught that, viewed backward, wears no shade
of shame;
Bless thee, old friend! for that high call was
thine.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.
Cambridge, Dec. 17, 1887.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

To John Greenleaf Whittier.

Friend, whom thy fourscore winters leave
more dear
Than when life's roseate summer on thy cheek
Burned in the flush of manhood's manliest
year.
Lonely, how lonely! is the snowy peak
Thy feet have reached, and mine have climbed
so near!
Close on thy footsteps mid the landscape drear
I stretch my hand thine answering grasp to
seek.
Warm with the love no rippling rhymes can
speak!
Look backwards! From thy lofty height survey
Thy years of toil, of peaceful victories won,
Of dreams made real, largest hopes out-run!
Look forward! Brighter than earth's morning
pay
Streams the pure light of Heaven's unsetting
sun.
The all-unclouded dawn of life's immortal day!
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
Boston, Dec. 17, 1887.

Boston Herald, Sept. 12, 1892

WHITTIER'S FUNERAL.

The request of the poet that whenever he passed away his funeral might be in keeping with the simplicity and humility of his life was strictly observed. The day was a perfect day for early autumn, and in the house where he had lived relatives and friends gathered for such simple testimonials of affection and respect as the Quaker system allows. The whole population of the town sought to pay some tribute to its most distinguished citizen. The emblems of mourning were displayed at nearly every house as they were in Concord on the day when Emerson was buried. It was such a quiet funeral as Whittier himself has often described, and it was a fitting lowering of the curtain upon a great New Englander, who had sprung from our country hillsides, and who had celebrated in all its features the rural life of New England. It was not a time for mourning that he had gone. It was an occasion for rejoicing that a life so nearly perfect had been lived in our community, and had been enjoyed by the people at large. The pastoral simplicity and beauty of this service will be remembered with satisfaction by all who had a share in it, and they were the best sort of tribute to the memory of a great poet. It was the simple acknowledgment of the beauty and ripeness of the life of a good and great man.

Boston Journal, Sept. 10, 1892.

WHITTIER'S LAST POEM.

Dr Holmes.

Beloved physician of an age of ail!
When grave prescriptions fail
Thy songs have cheer and healing for us all
As David's had for Saul.

John G. Whittier

Hampton Falls, N.H.
Aug 26 1892

Fac-simile of the Verse Written for The Journal.

The last poem that John G. Whittier wrote is given in fac-simile above. It was written for The Boston Journal in honor of Dr. Holmes's 83d birthday and was originally published in this paper on the 29th of last August.

The warmth of affection that has always existed between Mr. Whittier and Dr. Holmes has been remarkable, and when The Journal prepared its tribute to the Autocrat Mr. Whittier most willingly responded. He was then staying at the residence of Miss Gove at Hampton Falls, and, though feeling somewhat weak on account of the weather, was not deemed to be at all ill. In fact, it was hoped that he would gather sufficient strength to return very soon to the more active life at Amesbury. But a few days after writing this verse he was stricken with sudden illness, and in less than a week passed away.

In publishing this poem, as written by Mr. Whittier, it is appropriate also to repeat the tribute sent by Dr. Holmes to The Journal last year on the occasion of the last birthday celebration of Whittier. The Journal at that time prepared a tribute to the poet who has since passed away, and warm words of affection were published from Robert C. Winthrop, Sarah Orne Jewett, Lucie Larcom, Celia Thaxter, Julia Ward Howe, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Andrew P. Peabody, Rose Terry Cooke, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward, George W. Cable, T. W. Higginson, Charles Elliot Norton, Donald G. Mitchell and others. Dr. Holmes's tribute at that time was in the form of a letter, reading as follows:

My Dear Whittier:

I congratulate you on having climbed another glacier and crossed another crevasse in your ascent of the white summit which already begins to see the morning twilight of the coming century. A life so well filled as yours has been cannot be too long for your fellow-men and women. In their affections you are secure, whether you are with them here or near them in some higher life than theirs. I hope your

years have not become a burden, so that you are tired of living. At our age we must live chiefly in the past—happy is he who has a past like yours to look back upon.

It is one of the felicities incidents—I will not say accidents—of my life that the lapse of time has brought us very near together, so that I frequently find myself honored by seeing my name mentioned in near connection with your own. We are lonely, very lonely, in these last years. The image which I have used before this in writing to you comes more and more to my thought. We were on deck together as we began the voyage of life two generations ago. A whole generation passed and the succeeding one found us in the cabin, with a goodly company of coevals. Then the craft which held us began going to pieces, until a few of us were left on the raft placed together of its fragments. And now the raft has at last parted and you and I are left clinging to the solitary spar, which is all that still remains aloft of the sunken vessel.

I have just been looking over the headstones in Mr. Griswold's cemetery, entitled "The Poets and Poetry of America." In that venerable receptacle, just completing its half century of existence—for the date of the edition before me is 1842—I find the names of John Greenleaf Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes next each other, in their due order, as they should be. All around are the names of the dead—too often of forgotten dead. Three which I see there are still among those of the living. Mrs. John Osborn Sargent, who makes Howard his own by faithful study and ours by scholarly translation; Isaac McLeellan, who was writing in 1830, and whose last work is dated 1880; and Christopher F. Crouch, whose poetical gift has too rarely found expression.

Of these many dead you are the most venerated, revered and beloved survivor; of these few living the most honored representative. Long may it be before you leave a world where your influence has been so beneficent, where your example has been such inspiration, where you

are so truly loved, and where your presence is a perpetual benediction.

Always affectionately yours,

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Boston Traveller, Sept. 8, 1892

Whittier Color Blind.

The poet Whittier, strange as such a defect appears in one who makes such effective use of color in his poetry, is color blind, says the Chicago Journal. He is able to describe with as much accuracy as beauty the tints of the evening sky at sunset, the hues of clouds and forest upon the side of a mountain or the changing purple, blue and violet of the twilight sea.

Recently, however, his peculiarity of vision betrayed him into an error, although not an error discoverable by his readers.

The Quaker poet shares in all respects the quiet tastes of the sect into which he was born, and shares them no less by temperament than breeding, being naturally one of the simplest, sedatest, most retiring and least showy of men.

His friends were, therefore, naturally astonished when he made his appearance one day not long ago with his usually sombre garb enlivened by a flowing necktie of a flaming scarlet hue. They wondered for a time in silence; then a very old friend ventured to inquire:

"There's never worn a necktie like that before, Greenleaf; does thee think it is becoming?"

A little surprised, Mr. Whittier appealed to the company for their verdict, when, the color of the offending decoration being mentioned, he expressed both amusement and dismay, and volunteered a promise to discard it at once and forever. He had purchased it, he assured them, under the impression that it was of a dull and devious green.

As in many other cases of persons similarly affected, Mr. Whittier's color blindness is only partial, and is limited to an inability to distinguish green from its complementary color, red.

WHITTIER.

Boston Journal Sept. 10, 1892
Anecdotes of New England's

His Words During Various

Inferentials.

Recollections of an Old and Valued Friend.

It is related that years ago, when Whittier's works were not as popular as now, he was walking the day on Cornhill when he met Muzzey, the publisher and bookseller. After some conversation about poetry and one thing and another, Muzzey proposed to pay him \$500 for the copyright of his productions and a percentage on the sales. Mr. Whittier was vastly astonished. He thought him mad and bookmaking had combined to make the man crazy; but Muzzey was in dead earnest and at last Mr. Whittier, with a reserved feeling of compassion for the demented publisher, consented to the arrangement. Muzzey brought out the hitherto ill-dressed and obscure children of the poet's brain, which he picked up here and there, in neat and attractive shape. The sales which im-

mediately followed astonished nobody as much as the poet himself; but he gradually reconciled himself to them and began to put money in his pocket. He realized, however, no very great sum from his productions before the advent of "Snow-Bound," which he himself considered a very inapparent bit of versification, its sudden popularity being one of the greatest surprises of his life.

Mr. Charles Brainerd, who made him a visit some time after the publication of "Snow-Bound," told him the story: "I found his house newly refurnished and improved, whereupon I said to him, 'I am sure that poetry has ceased to be a thing in the market.' The next morning Mr. Whittier's answer came. It was in the winter, and as the poet went up to the fire to warm his bones preparatory to putting them on, he said: 'I shall have to excuse me, for I must go down to the office of the Collector.' Then, with a humorous gleam in his eye, he added: 'Since "Snow-Bound" was published I have risen to the dignity of an income tax.'"

To an Englishman who lately visited him Mr. Whittier expressed his surprise that his guest should know so much of his poetry by heart. "I wonder," he said, "thou shouldst burden thy memory with all that rhyme. It is not well to have too much of it; better get rid of it as soon as possible. Why, I can't remember any of it. I once went to hear a wonderful orator, and he wound up his speech with a poetical quotation, and I clapped with all my might. Some one touched me on the shoulder and said, 'Do you know who wrote that?' I said, 'No, I don't; but it's good.' It seems I had written it myself. The fault is, I have written far too much. I wish half of it was in the Red Sea."

Mr. Whittier when interviewed some time ago as to his favorite works, replied: "Oh, really, I have none. Much that I have written I wish was as deep in the Red Sea as Pharaoh's chariot wheels. Much of the bread cast on the waters I wish had never returned. It is not fair to revive writings composed in the shadow of conditions that make every acceptable work impossible. In my early life I was not favored with good opportunities. Limited chances for education and a lack of books always stood in my way. When I began to write I had seen nothing, and virtually knew nothing of the world. Of course, things written then could not be worth much. In my father's house there were not a dozen books, and they were of a severe type. The only one that approached poetry was a rhymed history of King David, written by a contemporary of George Fox, the Quaker. There was one poor novel in the family. It belonged to an aunt. This I secured one day, but when I had read it about half through I was discovered and it was taken away from me."

Mr. Whittier, in speaking of Longfellow's works a few years ago, said: "Evangeline" is a favorite with me. I think it is one of the most beautiful of poems. Longfellow had an easy life and superior advantages of association and education, and so did Emerson. It was widely different with me, and I am very thankful for the kind esteem that people have given my writings. Before "Evangeline" was written I had hunted up the history of the banishment of the Acadians, and had intended to write upon it myself, but I put it off, and Hawthorne got hold of the story and gave it to Longfellow. I am very glad he did, for he was just the one to write it. If I had attempted it I should have spoiled the artistic effect of the poem by my indignation at the treatment of the exiles by the Colonial Government, who had a very hard lot after coming to this country. Families were separated and scattered about, only a few of them being permitted to remain in any given locality. The children were bound out to the families in the localities in which they resided, and I wrote a poem upon finding in the records of Haverhill the indenture that bound an Acadian girl as a servant in one of the families of that neighborhood. Gathering the story of her death I wrote "Marguerite."

Once in Concord, N. H., with the English Abolitionist Armstrong, he narrowly escaped rough treatment by a mob. Armstrong and he had been to an Abolitionist meeting at Plymouth, N. H., and were to remain over night at the house of one of Whittier's friends in Concord. Early in the evening the mob took possession of the grounds about the house and demanded the Abolitionists within. After they had made considerable disturbance and

were organizing for a concentrated movement upon the house, a horse and buggy had been quietly prepared for flight in the barn, and Armstrong and Mr. Whittier, descending by a back exit, were hustled into the buggy and driven hurriedly away, pursued for some distance by the mob. They made no stop on the way back to Massachusetts until they had put distance enough between them and their enemies to insure safety. Some years after the Concord episode he was walking the street in Portland, Me., when a man, after eyeing him curiously for some time, finally stepped up and asked: "Is not this Mr. Whittier?" The poet admitted his identity, when the man replied: "I am somewhat ashamed to admit it, but I was one of the members of that Concord mob which was so desirous of meeting you at close quarters some years ago." "And what would the mob have done if it had succeeded in getting possession of me?" "Probably your complexion would have been changed considerably," replied the ex-mobber, rather sheepishly. A coat of tar and feathers was evidently intended.

To the Editor of The Boston Journal:

I May I call your attention to some errors in your sketch of John G. Whittier. In the second column it is stated that "In 1840 Mr. Whittier came to live in a plain, white, old-fashioned house, which he had purchased in the outskirts of Amesbury, and here he lived for nearly 40 years, having as his sole companion, until her death in 1864, his last surviving sister, Elizabeth."

Having been personally acquainted with the family, I speak from my own knowledge when I say that his mother kept house for him until her death in 1837, as stated on your first page, and then his sister Elizabeth, who had lived with them all the time, took her mother's place until she died in 1864. But Elizabeth was not his only surviving sister, as his oldest sister, Mrs. Caldwell, did not die until Jan. 7, 1881 (as stated on your first page), sixteen years after Elizabeth. But Mrs. C. was not a member of the family, but lived about one hundred yards from her brother. I think it is scarcely correct to speak of the house as in the outskirts of Amesbury, as it is pretty near the centre of the village; and although after the marriage of his niece (Mrs. Pickard), who kept house for him after the death of his sister, he made arrangements to spend a large part of his time in Danvers, he still retained his home in Amesbury, and as he himself told me when I visited him there last year he spent about one-third of his time there, reckoning from 1840 that would make his residence in Amesbury, at least partially, 52 years.

Allow me to add that your description of his library, with its appointments, is very characteristic, with the exception that his writing table was in the centre of the room, just opposite the open fireplace. The poet was a methodical man, not given to change, and when I was in the library last year it looked just as it used to look when I was a frequent caller there thirty-seven years ago, and I told him so. W. H.

Boston Transcript, Sept. 8, 1892.

WHITTIER PERSONALITIES.

His Home-Keeping Ways—The Story of His Last Poem—Avoiding Pilgrims—His Relations With His Publishers.

Mr. Whittier was never a traveller. He had not been out of New England for many years. His journeys to Washington and to Pennsylvania were his longest ones. Possibly he was our only American man of letters—certainly the only one of the first rank—who never went to Europe.

Hampton Falls, N. H., where he died, is only seven miles from Amesbury, Mass., his "resting home." He has said that he should like to be in Florida or California for a winter, but the going appalled him, and the bright open fire in his library at Oak Knoll has given him condensed sunshine for his recent winters of growing infirmity.

There is an interesting little story in connection with his last poem, "To Oliver Wendell Holmes," which appears in the September. At

lantic Monthly. It was copied for him and sent to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and in the copying a stanza was left out. Nobody will find it easy to guess where the omitted stanza ought to come in the poem as it appears in the current Atlantic. But when Mr. Whittier got the proof he wrote in strenuous haste to inquire for the missing stanza. It was too late then; the plates of the Atlantic had gone to press without it. His readers will have this stanza in the volume of his poems, "At Sundown," which will be out in November.

St. Nicholas has a poem by Whittier which will appear in the November number (the first number of that magazine's year), and the complete book will follow. The letter Mr. Whittier wrote about the missing stanza is the last one received by his publishers. It is a long time since he was in Boston, and his last visit to Mr. Garrison in his office at Houghton, Mifflin & Company's was not a recent one. The autograph copy of the birthday poem that went to Dr. Holmes contained, of course, the stanza the copist had left out.

Mr. Whittier's relations with his publishers were always of a happy sort. He made a modest fortune from his poetry, and his income might be said to be on an average about that of a college professor. He was most generous to his family, liberal in subscription to good causes, and no man was ever more appealed to from all sorts and conditions of enthusiasts, as well as beggars outright, with no reason for asking except the goodness of his heart.

Several years ago he burned a great quantity of material—letters, etc.—which would be of priceless value to his biographer, whoever that may be. Some one has asked, "Why not Miss Lucy Larcom?" She was certainly very near to him in understanding, affection and long friendship, and knew him thoroughly and well. The letters he destroyed went into the flames at a time when several volumes of "Life and Letters" of eminent men had laid bare to public criticism, passing notions, evanescent opinions and sacred secrets of experience. Mr. Whittier had no wish to risk such ill-treatment from an injudicious biographer. It is said that he has since repented of his holocaust of material. At all events there is a great fund of living loving knowledge concerning his simple, democratic, beautiful life readily accessible.

The story has been told before of a visitor to Oak Knoll once praising "Hannah Binding Shoes" to Mr. Whittier, with the comment that the speaker "always liked that best of your poems Mr. Whittier." With a sparkle of merriment in those keen dark eyes (he was color-blind by the way), he said he admired that poem very much himself. After exhibiting an amount of interest in the poem surprising to the visitor who had heard that Whittier was modest about his poetry, the poet called in Miss Lucy Larcom, who chanced to be a visitor in the house, and said "Thee will like to meet the author of 'Hannah Binding Shoes.'" and introduced her!

All the world loves a poet, all the world of reading people, at least, and the people who made pilgrimages from far and near to see Whittier were countless. Of late years he has not been able to see many of them, and it has taxed the ingenuity of his friends at Oak Knoll and at Amesbury to keep them away without hurting their feelings. Until a few years ago he welcomed them all; but a chief reason that he went seven miles from home this summer was to be at a place where he could "avoid pilgrims," to use his own phrase. He asked his life-long friend, Miss Gove, one day after meeting, "Abby, has thee a spare room up at thy house?" And of course she was happy to welcome him. He had said within a month that this was the most restful summer he had spent in forty years. They went across to the Inn for their meals, except when Mr. Whittier was feeling ill, then they used the little dining-room in the house.

There was a little balcony from Mr. Whittier's room where he could look off to sea. The station agent at Hampton yesterday pointed out to a visitor from Boston the places in sight connected with several of Whittier's poems.

"Yonder are the 'River-mouth Rocks,' and that house there is the one where 'Goody Cole' lived. 'The Tent on the Beach' was over on Salisbury Beach, and [how thoroughly of New England this!] though I've lived here within sight of it for fifty years, I've never yet been over to the beach."

It is particularly broad and lovely at Hampton Falls, and there 'are two superb elms near

the house where the poet died. And on the way down from Boston you see, in going, the "meadows green and low," and glimpses where a "river comes winding down from salt-sea meadows and uplands brown." It is a journey through Whittier's own country:

"And fair are the sunny isles in view
"East of the grisly Head of the Boar,
And Agamemnon lifts its blue
Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er;
And anotherly, when the tide is down,
Twixt white sea-waves and sand-hills brown,
The beach-birds dance and the gray gulls wheel
Over a floor of burnished steel."

WHITTIER AND HIS VERSE.

The Christian Union

BY S. H. THAYER. pp. 223-224.

IF it be true that "all great joys are serious," surely Whittier took deep draughts from these, and felt the exaltation from their springs; for Whittier, of all of our own poets, in the gift of pure spiritual absorption early touched the hem and felt the virtue.

With a father wrought upon by the authority and solemnity of religious teaching, and with a mother devout and zealous in her stern faith, he caught their mantle and breathed their spirit. Sympathy we may know in our commonest life; the rough man's speech breathes it, the humanitarian will send it with his gifts; but Whittier's sympathy is of the sacred sort, weighed down yet winged with the consecrated songs of a consecrated life.

The lonely youth in the wooded vale of Haverhill took on some of the shadow of his loneliness. Whittier loved the wildness of nature, as did Wordsworth and Bryant, but he never caught distinctively the color or the tone of either. The limited culture of his earlier life held him to the more unstudied thoughts and influences that worked through him as he worked, like "a well of water springing into life." Almost without books, repressed by a careful father, he stole moments, as if of gold, in which to con the wild songs of Burns from a volume that happy chance sent him. On the grass, at noontide, by the shadow of the stone fence which he himself was building on his father's farm, he eagerly caught the inspiration, and felt its stimulus gathering and beating in his life. The first paper that came to him with one of his own poems in its "poet's corner" dazed him, thrilled him, elated his heart; and when, later, after successive publications, the editor, William Lloyd Garrison, struck by the promising character of his unknown contributor, searched him out and visited him at his home, the fire burned forth that has never since been quenched.

Happily in vain, his rigorous parent plead with him and with the editor that such notions would undo him for useful work: his power, his genius, had discovered itself; henceforth nothing could change his destiny.

It is plain that Whittier's creations are of the inevitable sort; he was born a poet, not made such; whatever of after culture and training came to him, the flower was in the bud that was to blossom for the world. I will not trace his personal life further, save to mark the simplicity and dignity which its discipline imparted. Whittier, cherishing his newly born love—nay, not newly born, but newly baptized of hope—sang, like the immortal Burns, at his work, keeping time in symphonic thought with the reaping and the threshing.

What, then, is the secret of his music? He had, in a marked degree, the "consecration and the poet's dream;"

didactic, not a preacher, not a psalm singer merely, but both an artist and a prophet, touched by the tongued fire of truth, which burned in him with an unquenchable glow. He is not an artist for the sake of art, nor a poet for the rhythm and rapture of music alone; but, passing through the portals of song, which lure and hold so many songsters by their sensuous beauty, he enters the inner temple, and brings his offerings to the very altar. First and last, too, an apostolic voice (humanity's own) has uttered its noble dictum through his poetry. His is a manly spirituality, rising above the

and he has written in a fitting time for the best display of his own moral and spiritual distinction. Whittier's profound religious nature must have vent, and the large humanity of that nature swept the keys of that national protest which the public conscience would not let die. Slavery was barbarism and paganism combined; its bonds must be broken; and song after song rang out from the lonely seclusion of that hidden home, punctuated with "Thus saith the Lord," and with the tense and tread of an army, against the wrong.

Whittier is, first and last, a poet of the conscience; not

written scroll like an incense, discovering the divine law in the natural order. From such a fountain, springing from the heights, what tests would we bring to his body of verse?

As we have said, he is an artist, but of no school. Whittier's peculiar meter and rhythm have become famous, and he has the gift of concealing his art; an innate modesty runs through all of his verse as it does through his life. It is the fault of the imitator, the society versifier, that we see through all a labored design; the skeleton is there; he is studied, overnice. Who reads Swinburne but feels satiated with the affectations of his verse? He subordinates matter to manner to the point of attenuation; liquid and musical he is, but he is so overcharged with alliterations, and his methods constitute so chiefly his design, that the effect of his art is sometimes very meretricious. Not that we crave slovenly written verse, but, above all, and first of all, we ask for real beauty, not the toilet's art. Now, if I read Whittier aright, while he feeds the heart, his finish is beautifully adapted to his theme and treatment; there is in him a certain harmony that makes for strength, and there is, frequently, in his verse, a unique beauty of analogy that in his more spiritual themes is often sublime in its deep, sympathetic aptness. Take a stanza from his poem entitled "A Friend's Burial." She is laid to rest within sight and sound of the sea. How fittingly it illustrates this comment:

"Sing softly, spring bird, for her sake;
And thou, not distant sea,
Lapse lightly, as if Jesus spake,
And thou wert Galilee."

This is one of his many famous touches. As an interpreter of the moral law and life, another stanza from the same poem, quite as famous, reveals his largeness of faith:

"From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives,
The blessed Master none can doubt,
Revealed in holy lives."

His simplicity, his manner, and his trend of thought conspire alike to elevate and distinguish his poetry. We may well wonder at the marriage of ideas and treatment in one so comparatively unlettered; and, knowing the intimacy that, through long years of literary work, existed between Whittier, Emerson, Longfellow, and Hawthorne, such a contrast in genius and training leaves us to marvel at the tenacity with which he held, and holds, his own individuality of taste and execution. In the matter of culture, he tells us that he felt keenly his own inferiority; this, with him, was not false modesty, it was real feeling. A master in the lore of art and tradition presided over the quartet in Longfellow; the philosophical spirit and temper enriched their intercourse through the sage of Concord; the weird imagination, of Hawthorne played through their talks with a magician's skill; while the still, grave nature of Whittier could not have failed to absorb much that widely contrasted with his own. If he had been a nice imitator, what an opportunity these years would have afforded him! but, artist as he was, he felt that his strength lay in his own individuality. And, conscientious as he was, he must write, himself, his own thought and feeling, in the songs of his life; he would not borrow color or inspiration; they must evolve from his own genius and spirit, and reflect an inner creation. Whittier, unlike others of his contemporaries, did not go far for his subjects. In his tales, he is the poet of New England's lore and

traditions; they lay in his heart; they were his first love. His pictures are conscientiously native to the New England manner and spirit. Far removed from Puritanism as he was, he yet could go behind the crust of its stern thought, and, with large charity take the narrow gauge of its isolated, contracted, yet elevated faith. We can imagine what comments Taine might indulge in if he were to make a study of our Quaker poet. One who could scarcely tolerate the high and serious grandeur of such a noble masterpiece as Tennyson's "In Memoriam" would not dwell happily on the spiritualizations which characterize much of Whittier's meditative verse. Whittier has the English moral reverence and stamina which so baffles the French mind; his protests against wrong are charged with almost a prophet's cry; he is the latter-day Isaiah, but with the faith ineffable, that, like a nimbus, crowns the song of David. In this day of so much elaborate and soulless verse, such a voice as Whittier's sounds as from the heights. As the Christian's watch-tower is, and ever must be, faith, so all men aspiring and toiling upward toward their hope and ambition must have faith—faith in their own destiny, and in all of the processes that tend to it; faith that true work is crowned at last; that longing and constancy have a meaning and a fulfillment; that all of the prayers and pleadings of truth, in art, as in life, point to the benediction: "Well done!" This faith, inseparable from nobleness, broods over the spirit of Whittier, and gives to his work and days a serene atmosphere. A man's poetry will, taken as a whole, express the ideal of the man, if not the real man himself. The restless, intense, turbulent nature of Byron is articulated with almost painful distinctness in his body of verse. The quite gentleness of Wordsworth, his interior serenity of feeling, not conspicuously evident, but deep, is the source from which flows his river of song.

So, like these, Whittier lives and breathes in the music which he makes. Whatever the merit of his verse, great or slight, it always carries with it a pure sweet flow of harmonious beauty, as if his own spirit were on the surest terms with the truth which he would convey. Keats, in his "Ode to a Grecian Urn," makes that immortal climax—

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty: that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

This he wrote in meditating on the grace and form of ancient Grecian sculpture. When we read exalted and pure poetry, do we not feel in a high sense the inexpressible charm that springs from this union of beauty and truth? Grecian art revealed this to Keats: it was a sentient ideal with him. Music of a high order carries the same lesson to the ear; and noble poetry, which surpasses in nobleness all other order of creation in literature, conveys the same divine revelation to the mind and soul of man. A discord between the poet's environment and his poetic impulse, as in Byron's life, mars this unity necessary to the realization of Keats's thought. However great a genius, discord between the spirit and the career of a poet will run through his music, and vex its vibration, as surely as defective art will mar its forms. That which distinguishes genius from mere intellectual greatness is this inborn gift of harmony—in some arts we call it proportion, touch, expression; but in music and poetry we feel that it is more a soul quality than in any creation of form or color. To those, if any, who may hold Whittier's work in slight esteem, I submit that he possesses this nameless something, which Carlyle would call the worshipful in him, something which earth neither gives nor takes, which raises him

high in the scale among poets. With his dominating moral sense, we ordinarily would not expect the exercise of so much conscience in outward finish as we find pervading Whittier's poetry; but we may go far and wait long for one who excels him in the choiceness and euphony of words and sentences.

In the quality of his imagination, Whittier is rather rare and reserved than profuse. He leaves much to be supplied by the reader; he is suggestive rather than voluble; and yet how unlike Longfellow, who is so aptly called the poet of fancy! Whittier could not have conceived the Cambridge poet's inimitable touches of

fancy. All through Longfellow's poetry we are continually surprised by the subtle introduction of material images in illustration of the immaterial, as in these passages: "Our hearts, like muffled drums, are beating."

"Footprints on the sands of time."

"The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain."

"Into each life some rain must fall."

"And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

"She floats upon the river of his thought"

"The leaves of memory seem to make
A mournful rustling in the dark."

These are Longfellow's; uniquely, unmistakably his. We know him by his touches of fancy even when we cannot place the text. Whittier was far removed from this fanciful imagery; his gift had not this airy, magical quality; it rather weighed and deepened than winged his verse. Some passages that I have quoted exemplify this; others might be cited; a strikingly beautiful one occurs in the "Battle Autumn of 1862," where he would express the beneficence of Nature:

"She sees with clearer eyes than ours
The good of suffering born,
The hearts that blossom like her flowers,
And ripen like her corn."

Without possessing any marked dramatic quality, Whittier's imagination is at times boldly realistic, and presents to us vivid scenes where action is strong and passionate; he is picturesquely graphic in description, and at times appeals to our livelier emotions with marked effect. His short poem, "What the Birds Say," is rich with weird imagery. His "Skipper Ireson's Ride" has the genuine Browning accent for nervous, precipitate action; while "Barbara Freitchie" is of a heroic cast that challenges an exalted yet instant enthusiasm. With all of his grandness of nature, Whittier manifests in a variety of poems, distributed over a wide range of years, a steady glow of fervor, that quality which is inevitable in the atmosphere of the poet's inspiring thought, like the electric current, lightening with the object and occasion; his war lyrics are illuminated by it, while in his more ideal, his commemorative, and his spiritual creations alike, it glows with a pure, almost holy emotion; it is a part of himself; like all that Whittier expresses, 'tis the heart of him.

As contrasted with Emerson, Whittier does not work in as abstract or sublimated a realm, but is more human; interprets life, with its range of profound feeling, with more intimate fidelity. His pathos possesses virility and dignity; it effectually discards mere sentimentality. He indulges in no conceits by which to catch the coarser ear. His work is unblemished by those obvious frailties of speech which often mar and taint the work of greater poets, as painters sometimes ingeniously contrive to vitiate the general effect of a fine perspective by incongruities in the foreground. With Whittier there are no degrading surprises, no stoopings to conquer. His imagination exalts his theme; he is serene in the faith that the higher law rules in art as in morals. He does not itch for fame. His true native modesty is an adequate shield against sensationalism in style or subject.

Whittier has written too much, it is true. So did Chaucer, so did Spenser, and even Shakespeare, in their time. So have all of the modern poets, from Scott to Tennyson; the latter, perhaps, less than most. Masters in all arts have left their remnants. Raphael and Michael Angelo have left unworthy relics of their art. We measure a poet by his masterwork, not his inferior—his power is equal to his best. I am not unmindful that Whittier, for the time, seems overshadowed by contemporaries. Such work as his is not bold or striking;

it does not assert itself in the popular impulse. He is the George Herbert of our choir, but as far advanced beyond him as the nineteenth century is beyond the seventeenth. His felicities are of the searching sort. Serious and grave with all, he is neither metaphysical or artful. Light humor is wanting. For passionate appeal, for intense subjectiveness, for the sensuous or sensual appetizing, the world craves the school of a Byron; for a call to self-renunciation and soul service, the world, though not always knowing it, needs a Whittier. He is a benign light that never dazzles. Stimulate the popular sense with the pageantry of wealth, make men selfish, proud, and Christless, and the poetry of Whittier will languish. Stir the conscience, quicken thought and emotion, awaken the moral and ideal, and Whittier's voice has a meaning and a power.

It is a question, I imagine, which the present generation of critics will hardly solve, how posterity will rank such verse as Whittier's. Not only is the class of subjects selected significant as to the relative qualities of a poet, but the tone and atmosphere as well in which the treatment is rendered. I have studied to convey a clear idea of Whittier's standard in relation to these. That Whittier has selected the profounder themes bearing on human existence is eminently true. He treats of the interior phases of human conduct, not the superficial or conventional; he dwells on the value of rectitude and faith, and shows their relation. In a beautiful and simple way he speculates on the divine fruition in obedience to the higher law. He is free from the worn-out traditions of thought; he is catholic and progressive. It appears to me that in his symbolic, poetic reasoning, he leads the mind reverently away from human limitations, and fixes it on the transcendent, the immutable. If, then, the interior and unseen elements of life, nobly treated, constitute an enduring basis in poetry, some of Whittier's work, at least, bears the seal of and holds the key to immortality.

The Critic. Lowell's Love of Dante Aug. 20, 1892

WE QUOTE the following paragraphs from the Eleventh Annual Report of the Dante Society, in which they constitute the report proper, filling five of the 109 pages of the pamphlet:—

The past year has been a memorable one for the Dante Society. The favorable reception by scholars and by the public of works published during the year by members of the Society—Mr. Butler's annotated translation of 'Heli,' Dr. Scartazzini's 'Dante Handbuch,' the late Mr. Latham's translation, with historical notes, of Dante's Letters (the Dante Prize Essay for 1890), and Mr. Norton's translation of the 'Divine Comedy'—has shown with what faithfulness and what success the members of the Society are promoting its object, 'the encouragement of the study of the Life and Works of Dante.'

But the year has been chiefly and darkly memorable for the Society on account of the death of its second President, James Russell Lowell, who succeeded Mr. Longfellow in that office in 1882. The distinction conferred on the Society by its first two Presidents [Longfellow and Lowell] is enduring, and the example afforded by their life and work will be a perpetual stimulus and encouragement to their successors. The following extract is from the records of the annual meeting, May 17, 1892.

'The meeting having been called to order, [President] Norton spoke briefly of the loss which the Society had sustained in the death of its President. Mr. Lowell stood first among the interpreters of Dante to the English-speaking race. Alike as scholar and as poet, by long study and by sympathetic insight, he had become one of the intimate familiars of Dante. He had applied to himself in relation to Dante, the words of Dante to Virgil: "May the long zeal and the great love avail me which have made me search thy volume!" The zeal and love had begun in early life and continued

to its end. Mr. Norton spoke of the character of the instruction given by Mr. Lowell, as professor, to his classes in Dante; and then read some extracts from letters of various dates illustrating the constancy of Mr. Lowell's occupation with the Poet, closing with the following extract from one of his unpublished college lectures:—

"One is sometimes asked by young men to recommend to them a course of reading. My advice would always be to confine yourselves to the supreme books in whatever literature; still better, to choose some one great author and grow thoroughly familiar with him. For as all roads lead to Rome, so they all likewise lead thence; and you will find that in order to understand perfectly and weigh exactly any really vital piece of literature, you will be gradually and pleasantly persuaded to studies and explorations of which you little dreamed when you began, and will find yourselves scholars before you are aware. If I may be allowed a personal illustration, it was my own profound admiration for the 'Divina Commedia' of Dante that lured me into what little learning I possess. For remember that there is nothing less fruitful than scholarship for the sake of mere scholarship, nor anything more wearisome in the attainment. But the moment you have an object and a centre, attention is quickened, the mother of memory; and whatever you acquire groups and arranges itself in an order which is lucid because it is everywhere in intelligent relation to an object of constant and growing interest. Thus, as respects Dante, I asked myself, What are his points of likeness or unlikeness with the authors of classical antiquity? In how far is either of these an advantage or defect? What and how much modern literature had preceded him? How much was he indebted to it? How far had the Italian language been subdued and supplied to the uses of poetry or prose before his time? How much did he color the style or thought of the authors who followed him? Is it a fault or a merit that he is so thoroughly impregnated with the opinions, passions, and even prejudices not only of his age but his country? Was he right or wrong in being a Ghibelline? To what extent is a certain freedom of opinion which he shows sometimes on points of religious doctrine to be attributed to the humanizing influence of the Crusades in enlarging the horizon of the western mind by bringing it in contact with other races, religions, and social arrangements? These and a hundred other such questions were constant stimulants to thought and inquiry, stimulants such as no merely objectless and, so to speak, impersonal study could have supplied."

The attention of members is called to the change made by the unanimous vote of the Council, as provided in section five of the By-Laws.

No essays were presented in May, 1892, for the Latham Prize, which therefore remains open for another year. Attention is especially called to the fact that the competition is open not only to the students in any department of Harvard University, and to Harvard graduates of not more than three years' standing, but also to students and graduates of similar standing in any college or university in the United States.

The following subjects are proposed for the year 1892-93, but competitors are at liberty to write on any one of the subjects which have been proposed for the six years during which the Dante Prize has been offered:—

1. A comparison of Dante's system of sins in 'Hell' and 'Purgatory,' and an explanation of its apparent differences in the two realms.
2. Who was the Matilda of the 'Earthly Paradise,' and what is her allegorical and symbolical character?
3. The acquaintance of English writers from Chaucer to Gray with the 'Divine Comedy.'

The first of the papers which accompany this Report concludes the reprint, begun last year, of all documents known to exist concerning Dante's public life. A large part of these documents are contained in books or periodical literature not easily accessible to many students of Dante, and it is hoped that to such this collection of them may be of permanent value; to all students it will be a convenience to have in a single publication documents which have been too long contained only in many different works. The second paper is the list of books and periodical articles relating to Dante, received at Harvard College Library during the year ending May 1, 1892. These number 172 titles, about the same as last year; 52 are works purchased with the Society's money; 53 were given by authors, editors, or others; the rest are articles in periodicals or books bought with Library funds. To the many friends

of the Society in Italy and elsewhere who have presented their writings to be added to its Dante library, and to each of whom a note of thanks has already been sent by mail, the Society desires again publicly to express its gratitude. The third paper is the successful essay in competition for the Timmins Prize of 1891, at the Harvard Annex, printed here through the courtesy of the authorities of the Annex, and at the expense of a member of the Society.
GEORGE RICE CARPENTER,
Council of the Dante Society.
May, 1892.

for him a store of happy recollections, on which he drew delightfully in his later years in conversation and in the lucubrations of his "Easy Chair"; with much graver matter, telling of his exploits in washing dishes and how he danced the clothes-pins from his pockets in the evening's joyous round. From Brook Farm he passed to Concord, Mass., and there for two years increased his intimacy with Emerson, Thoreau, and Hawthorne; the last-named, at ambrosial feasts in Emerson's parlor, "riding his horse of the night" in silence for the most part—in whatever company, alone. In his 'Homes of American Authors,' Mr. Curtis's memory of these years helped him

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GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

JOURNALIST, orator, man of letters, the leading Independent in our politics, the foremost among those who have endeavored to redeem our civil service from the baseness of a partisan system of rewards and punishments—such was George William Curtis, who died after much suffering on August 31. He was born in Providence, R. I., February 24, 1824, and was thus, as it were, sealed from his birth to that "soul liberty" of Roger Williams's proclamation which was a watchword often on his lips. With Lowell's birthday on the 22d of the same month, and Longfellow's on the 27th, there was here a pleasant omen of the friendly nearness of these men that would enrich his life; Lowell's the nearer, that the omen might not lack anything of exactness. On his father's side he came of a family that had long been honorably known in Worcester, Mass., and his father, George Curtis, was a man of pronounced business faculty. His mother was a daughter of James Burrill, jr., at one time United States Senator from Rhode Island, and at another Chief Justice of the State; and hence we may imagine that direction of his blood which tended to a life of public interests rather than one of mercantile pursuits. The latter would have pleased his father more, and to this end, in 1839, after the boy had been at a boarding-school near Boston for four years and with a private tutor for another, he was placed in a German importing-house in New York. In these years he had lost his mother, and his father had married again and come to New York to engage in banking. The boy's school-life at Jamaica Plain is supposed to be freely rendered in the opening chapters of 'Trumpets,' Mr. Curtis's only novel (1858-'9), and not his most successful book.

he remained about four years. This episode marked his acquaintance with Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, Ripley, Emerson, Alcott, Parker, and many other permanent residents or transient visitors at the Farm, and laid up

By this time the transcendental movement was in full swing, and young Curtis's interest in it soon became much deeper than his interest in the routine of business, and he broke away in 1840 and went to Brook Farm, where

to many a vivid stroke; among others, to that tragic incident of a poor girl who drowned herself, which furnished Hawthorne with the basis of his drowning of Zenobia in 'The Blithedale Romance.'

From August, 1846, until August, 1850, Mr. Curtis was in Europe, and he never went again and never felt any pressing inclination to do so. It may well have been, especially in the later years, because he knew that it would be "another Yarrow," and another everything, if he went again. His itinerary, even for those times, was of uncommon interest, for it took him first to Italy, then to Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Egypt, Palestine, and to England on the eve of his return; and it coincided with a period of great events—that of the revolutions of 1848. In Italy, with others, he risked a dangerous walk from Como to Milan, and he was in Berlin at the time of the outbreak, and saw that most impressive sight, the coffins of a hundred or more of the dead revolutionists borne in long procession on the shoulders of their comrades to their burial. He made many acquaintances that were an honor to his youth and a growing satisfaction to his maturer years; the Brownings possibly the most precious of them all. The manner of his meeting them is related in one of the "Easy Chair" papers included in the select volume published in 1891.

But Mr. Curtis's travels were of more importance because of the literary fruit they bore than because of any enjoyment that he reaped from them at the immediate time. This fruit—the 'Nile Notes' and 'The Howadji in Syria'—was of an Eastern daintiness which melted in the mouth. They were not the stuff to brace the intellectual or moral man, but they were no vain repetitions of a theme which, even then, was not unworn; they were fantasies upon it which involved every concrete detail in rosy mists of fancy and conceit. The manner was not unrelated to other writing of the time, but it had the stamp of individual talent upon every page. Here, as in 'Prue and I,' sentiment was pushed to the verge of sentimentalism, but not across the line. The 'Nile Notes' was published in 1851, and 'The Howadji in Syria' in 1852; and the latter gave to Mr. Curtis a sobriquet that clung to him for many years and into a period which had little in common with the dreamy languor of the Howadji. While Mr. Curtis was abroad he furnished occasional letters to the *New York Times* and *Tribune*, of which his friends Henry J. Raymond and Charles A. Dana were then managing editors. His first literary work after his return was in the way of musical criticism for the *Tribune*, and simultaneously, or soon after, he wrote a series of letters for the same journal about the Catskills, Niagara, Saratoga, and other places of summer resort. These were gathered into a volume in 1853, and they are as pleasant now as when they first appeared—pleasanter than the places which they celebrate are now, except Niagara, which, like Browning's forest, has "relapsed to its ancient mood." And here it may fitly be mentioned that Mr. Curtis's predilection for "doing good by stealth and getting found out," though for the second part he did not care, had a fine illustration in his silent partnership in the enterprise which

saved Niagara from private greed and made it the possession of the State. No one except his friend Prof. Norton was more helpful in that business.

In 1853 Mr. Curtis did his first work for *Harper's Monthly*, the earliest of his comments on the social world, foregleams of 'The Potiphar Papers' and the long bright day of genial, social satire that was afterwards to shine in his department of the same magazine. But in the meantime he was to have some pleasant and some sad experience as the editor of *Putnam's New Monthly Magazine*. Parke Godwin and Charles F. Briggs, eleventh 'Harry Franco' in Lowell's 'Fable for Critics,' were associated with him in the editorial care. In it, as in no previous venture, was the promise and the potency of our present *Harper's*, *Century*, *Scribner's*, and *Atlantic*. But it had a character of its own, not reproduced in any one of these, though in the *Atlantic* more than in the others. Mr. Curtis contributed to it his 'Potiphar Papers' and his 'Prue and I,' the former his most satirical performance, showing unmistakably the influence of Thackeray, for whom he had the warmest admiration, increased by personal acquaintance; and though he could not be other than a "kindly wag," his spear disclosed abundant snobbishness and other folly in the social world. 'Prue and I' was very different, the most charming bit of sentiment he ever wrote. The different papers which made up 'The Homes of American Authors' were also written for *Putnam's*. His business connection with the enterprise was less fortunate. When the magazine changed hands, Mr. Curtis connected himself with the new firm, which soon failed. Well might Lowell write to William Page, a common friend, "Tincture of laurel is not good for daily bread." By availing himself of legal technicalities Mr. Curtis might have escaped his share of the responsibility, but he was incapable of doing this. Holding himself morally responsible, he went to work as heroically as Sir Walter in his last years, but fortunately with youth and health upon his side, to pay a greater sum than he had ever hoped to gather for his own.

He was now settled in his "Easy Chair," and was also writing a series of papers for *Harper's Weekly* called "The Lounger," but his income from these sources did not begin to meet the creditors' enormous claim. He enlarged his lecture field and gave some years a hundred lectures in the season for such edification. His rivals were Beecher and Chapin and Parker and Emerson and Phillips and many of less note, but no one was welcomed more cordially than he or did less to debase the currency which he exchanged for "Fame," as Chapin called it—"Fifty And My Expenses," then a maximum rate. Parker was more massive, Emerson more profound and mystical, Phillips more incisive, Chapin more vehement, Beecher more humorous and impassioned, but Curtis had a charm of voice and manner of his own, suiting the dignity of noble thoughts expressed in musical cadences. Many of his lectures were upon literary subjects, but always with a lively feeling for the personality behind the book. His "Sir Philip Sidney" was related to his repertory much as Phillips's "Lost Arts" to his,

which was much more contracted; and ever, as men heard it, they confused the speaker with the man of whom he spoke. As the anti-slavery combat deepened, his lectures took its impress more and more, until frequently it became his solitary theme, and he must go from Dr. Furness's house, in Philadelphia, to the lecture-hall with eight revolvers in the pockets of as many friends to insure his safety. But, whatever the subject or the inspiration of the lecturer or the editorial contributor, the bulk of all his earnings for a dozen years and more went to the payment of his debt. Yet could political passion rage so fierce in 1884 that men who knew all this could not account for Mr. Curtis's political course but by imputing to him mercenary motives!

Students of Lowell's life have found in his great love for Maria White and his happy marriage with that lady the secret of his deepening purpose and his devotion to the anti-slavery cause. Late in 1856 Mr. Curtis was married to Anna Shaw, and John C. Frémont was at the wedding. Mr. Curtis had just done his best for this candidate in the Presidential campaign, but the Quakers had not "come out," and Frémont could lend to Mr. Curtis's nuptials only the ornament of a defeated general, still picturesque, as he had always been, and little more. But the coincidence of Mr. Curtis's political beginnings with his marriage is too obvious not to suggest a wonder whether here also there was not a *propter hoc*. Certain it is that his wife, a daughter of Francis George and Sarah B. Shaw, and sister of Col. Robert G. Shaw, who was "buried with his niggers" at Fort Wagner, and of Josephine, who married Col. Charles R. Lowell of like glorious fame, was of a stock and parentage so earnest and so philanthropic, and was so true to all their inspirations, that Mr. Curtis may well have found some heightening of his aims in his new life and love and in the new associations that now touched his spirit. Before this there was little in his character that prophesied the man he came to be. It seemed much more likely that his star would lead him to a career exclusively literary, if not dilettantish, than that he would be found among the prophets of political justice and the organizers of political reform. But there was little doubt which way it was leading him after 1856. From that time onward the anti-slavery conflict became more engrossing to his mind and heart, and entered more largely into his public utterance. Not content with this, he entered vigorously into the local politics of Staten Island, where he had made his home, and soon found himself Chairman of the Republican County Committee, an office which he held for many years, nor was it any sinecure as held by him. In 1860 he was a delegate to the Republican Convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln; though Seward was his candidate, he afterwards appreciated to the full the happy fortune which secured the honor for the less experienced but wiser man. A speech which Mr. Curtis made at this Convention was the most impressive and effective of all the shorter speeches of his life. A motion by Joshua R. Giddings to add a clause from the

Declaration of Independence had been lost by a large majority in their desire to conciliate the border States. Mr. Giddings was about to leave the Convention when he was brought back by John H. Bryant, a brother of William Cullen Bryant, to hear a motion by Mr. Curtis which differed inappreciably from his own, and a speech in its support which carried the Convention with its impassioned eloquence and secured for the motion a unanimous vote. After Lincoln's election, Mr. Curtis's energy on the platform and the stump was directed to so husbanding the victories of the war that they should be the victories of emancipation. But before the war was over (1863) he had become the political editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and thus secured "a door of utterance" much wider than the platform of the lecturer had afforded him. In 1869 he was urgently invited to assume the editorship of the *N. Y. Times*, Henry J. Raymond having died. Many have felt that here was the most splendid opportunity he ever had, yet he put it from him as a forbidden thing.

Mr. Curtis has been often spoken of as one who abandoned a literary career for that of politics and reform. But he did nothing of the kind. Ruskin assures us that all rivers have their deep and shallow side. It may not be so—most likely it is not; but Mr. Curtis had his deeper side in his political activity, and a side less deep where his mirth and humor played in and out among the social topics of the time, among men and books, as the sunlight plays among the leaves and pebbles of a river's shallower side. The literary impulse of his youth was continued in the essays of his "Easy Chair," but the essays were not editorials and the editorials were never the superfluous products of his "Easy Chair." It was remarkable that two lines of production could be kept so perfectly distinct for thirty years. But in all this time, and especially in the concluding score, Mr. Curtis had a third instrument of use and power, the oration, in which the strength of his editorial writing and the beauty of his essays both found expression, while there was scope for other faculties which these did not employ, something architectonic, which evolved their structure into a noble symmetry,

"swelling up loudly

To a climax and then dying proudly."

In these last years Mr. Curtis wrote but few lectures in the manner of those earlier ones which delighted both the town and the country mouse, but he wrote and delivered many orations, and their structure was quite different from that of his lectures. They were generally read, but they had not the effect of reading, and when they were memorized, as at the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington Arch, there was no creak of the memoriter machine. He was the ornament of many great occasions; municipalities and States were always seeking him for their great commemorations and to honor their illustrious dead. His eulogies upon Sumner and Phillips and Bryant and Lowell were all significant and admirable, each subtly fitted to its special theme, and that upon Lowell (1892) fitly concluding the distinguished line. Each one of these and every other was made

the vehicle of some impressive lesson needed by the hour. And the same is true of all that multitude of speeches which he delivered at civic banquets and on similar occasions.

Already a generation has arisen that knows not the Hon. Thomas A. Jenckes of Rhode Island, who in 1865 framed the first practical measure of civil-service reform, and, by his intelligent and earnest advocacy, compelled an unwilling legislature to give it at least the semblance of a trial; but Mr. Curtis was always ready to disclaim the honor, which was

frequently accorded him, of being a pioneer in that "wilderness of shameful precedent." He always cherished for Mr. Jenckes a sense of loyalty as to a living chief. He became at once his second in command, and in 1871 was appointed by President Grant to the Chairmanship of the first Civil-Service Commission. He never doubted Grant's sincerity or earnestness in the matter, but the President felt himself too much alone to keep up the weary fight. It was given up in 1873, and Mr. Curtis, whose hopes had been absurdly high, was correspondingly depressed and full of mortification and chagrin. But he soon rallied, and, under his guidance, and inspired by his resolve, the National Civil-Service Reform League was formed in 1881, with local organizations wherever a nucleus of political idealists could be found. The first of these, the New York Civil-Service Reform Association, had been organized in 1877 and reorganized in 1880, from which time Mr. Curtis was its President, drawing to him many strong allies. In *Harper's Weekly* he applauded every onward step, and stigmatized in fitting terms each old abuse or cowardly retreat. He was in correspondence with every Senator and Representative or State official or municipal officer in whom there was any hope of better things. At each annual meeting of the National League, as its President, he made a careful address in which he counted up the losses and the gains and measured men according to their works. And his reward was great. At the time of the last annual meeting already more than 36,000 national offices had been redeemed from the spoils system and made subject to competitive examination and promotion upon merit—to say nothing of the reform effected in New York and in Massachusetts; while bills have been proposed in the present Congress which, if only evidence of that "hypocrisy" which is "the homage that vice pays to virtue," are signs that may not be despised.

To support Gen. Grant in 1872 was a great strain on Mr. Curtis's loyalty to his party; when it came to supporting Mr. Blaine in 1884, the strain was more than he could bear. At the Convention which nominated Blaine he did his best to avert the evil; and when that proved impossible, faithful to his constituents, he remained until the end, to save, if possible, a little from the general wreck. A conference of Independents was soon after held, and an organization formed allying the recalcitrant Republicans with the interests of Mr. Cleveland in the pending election. Of this conference and organization Mr. Curtis was the life and soul. His editorials gave no uncertain sound. They had always been the exact expression of his own opinions, absolute and

complete, equally free from partisan duplicity and personal control. Once, in the Cornell or Folger time, when a phrase in one of them had been softened by his publishers, he being out of reach, the next week the paper was without an editor, and that was sufficient for the understanding that there should be no further tampering. Now, he and they were wholly of one mind. But the campaign was fraught for Mr. Curtis with the utmost bitterness. Day after day his mail came to him foul with anonymous abuse and the reproaches of his dearest friends. And no man had loved the Republican party more than he. Had he remained in it, we are assured that his ideals would have compelled the allegiance of the party soon or late, and that honors only less tempting than the highest would have been at once within his grasp. But for him to remain was simply impossible. Great offices had for him no great temptation.

President Hayes had wished to make him Minister to England, and, further on, to Germany, but he preferred his editorial chairs, though each had no doubt those "thorns in the cushion" of which Thackeray wrote so feelingly. Once he had accepted a nomination for Congress, but it was only "to stand up and be shot at," without expectation of success. But these things were neither here nor there. He could not support Mr. Blaine with a good conscience, and therefore he could not support him at all. In 1888 he again supported Mr. Cleveland. Not that he was by any means satisfied with his administration of the civil service, but he thought Mr. Harrison would do much worse, and the event has justified his premonition. Latterly, with renewed confidence in Mr. Cleveland, his confidence in the Democratic party as represented by its managers and Congressional representatives and Tammany Hall had steadily declined. But the nomination of Mr. Cleveland in spite of these assured him of the sounder mind in the great body of the party.

In 1867 Mr. Curtis was Chairman of the Committee on Education in the State Constitutional Convention, and in the course of the debates he urged the enfranchisement of women in a speech of great ability, but without any practical result. The enlargement of women's educational opportunities was a matter very near his heart, and he brought all the resources of his humorous satire to bear on the opposing party. As a member of the Board of Regents from 1864 he exerted a happy influence on the educational methods of the State, and as Chancellor of the University of the State of New York he mediated graciously between the confidence of the larger universities and the jealousy of the smaller colleges and academies. As President of the Metropolitan Museum his influence was steadily for the improvement of its collections and their more unrestricted popular use on all days of the week. He was the President of the National Conference of Unitarian Churches and a Vice-President of the American Unitarian Association. That he was also an officer of the Free Religious Association shows that his Unitarianism was of the radical type. In the little Unitarian Church at Staten Island he often read the

sermons of Martineau and Dewey and others to "audience fit though few."

In 1889 Mr. Curtis edited an edition of John Lothrop Motley's letters, and it was characteristic of his genial disposition that he omitted almost every reference to the most painful episodes of Motley's life. It was only natural that there were those who thought that this was not well done.

No man was ever less inclined to insist upon the maxim, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." He did a very great amount of unrewarded, often thankless, work, especially as he answered every decent letter he received, however stupid it might be. He was prodigal of help to those who sought his judgment in great literary tasks. His eloquence was often at the service of some honorable cause or valued friend. In every personal relation he was a good man to know, a better man to love, as relative or friend. He was full of pleasant talk and golden memories of persons and events, nowhere more interesting and engaging than in some friendly circle; everywhere, and especially in his own home, the least formidable of men, putting the most awkward at their ease. His most remarkable endowment was not any intellectual distinction, any imaginative force or originality of mind, but a character which united in itself the rarest gentleness and the sternest sense of duty and resolve to have it done. He was our Puritan cavalier. His gracious manners masked an iron will. He added nothing to our literature which did not make for kindness, charity, and peace; nothing to our politics which does not shame its ordinary levels and beckon it to higher things.

The Independent, May 10, 1894

THE DELPHIC HYMN TO APOLLO.

AN event of the greatest interest, not only to archeologists and classical scholars, but to the world of culture generally, is the recent reproduction of the Hymn to Apollo, found on two inscriptions unearthed at Delphi by the French excavators last October. Every one can imagine the emotion with which the select audience, gathered recently in the library of the French School at Athens, listened to the tones which, after a silence of two thousand years, once more vibrated upon the air. The melody, rendered by four male voices in unison and accompanied very cleverly on the piano by M. Nicolle, a French student of ancient musical lore, produced a powerful impression; its weird cadences had a mysterious charm, and the prevailing minor character gave to the whole hymn an effect of grandeur and majesty. It is understood, of course, that these effects were partly due to the piano accompaniment; but the latter, as M. Nicolle assures us, was composed on the basis of what is known of ancient Greek instrumental music, so that it is not unfair to judge of the performance as a whole. But we owe the reader the chief details of this subject.

This Hymn to Apollo consists of two inscriptions, or rather two slabs of the same inscription, found in the Treasure-House of the Athenians at Delphi. The beginnings and the ends of the slabs are mutilated, and the first slab has lost a large piece down the right-hand side; but there can be no reasonable doubt that they

belong together, and probably there was a third slab as well, for the conclusion of the Hymn is not to be found on the second. The letters of the inscription are of the post-classic style, an indication confirmed by what seems to be a reference to the invasion of Greece by the Gauls in 278 B. C. Thus the Hymn in all probability dates back to the middle of the third pre-Christian century, and was contemporary to the more learned, tho hardly more powerful hymns of Kallimachos. It was evidently sung by an Athenian deputation or band of pilgrims on their march up to the sacred Kastalian fountain; indeed, the conjecture made by M. Reinach is quite plausible, that it was composed by order of the Athenian Republic and sung at the festival of the Sôteria (in memory of the victory over the Gauls) by the great embassy sent to Delphi to thank the god for sparing Athens the calamity of foreign invasion.

The hymn is composed in the peonic meter, with all its varied substitutions. Following is the text with a literal translation, as restored by MM. Reinach and Weil, of Paris. First fragment:

[Aθ]ηναίος.

[τὸν καθαρί]σει κλυτὸν παιῖδα μέγαν [Διό]
[ς ἔρωσ' ὅτε παῖρ ἀκρονιφῇ τόνδε πάγον αἰμ-
[όροτα πρό] πᾶσι θνατοῖσι προφαίνει [ει]
[ς λόγια, τρ]ίποδα μαντευῖον ὥς εἰ[λες, ἐχ-]
[θρὸς δὲ ἐφρ] οὐνερεῖ δράκων, ὅτε τε[οῖσι]
[δέλεσιν ἐτ]ορησας αἰὼλον ἐλίκτων[φνάν]
συρίγῃσσι ἱεῖς ἀθῶπ[εντος]
δὲ Γαλαταῖν ἀρης [eight broken lines]

Second fragment:

ιστον Θεόν σσ

[Ἐλικῶ]νι βαθυδένδρον αἰ λά[χε]-
[τε, Διὸς] ἐ[ρι]δρύουσιν θύγατρες εὐώλε[νοι,]
μόλε[τ]ε, συνόμιμον ἵνα Φοῖβον ὠίδαῖ-
σι μέλῃητε χρυσεόκομαν, ὃς ἀνὰ δικορύν-
ια Παρνασσίδος ταάσδε πετέρας ἔδρανα μ[ε]-
τὰ κλυταῖς Δεελφίσιν Κασταλίδος
εὐνύδρον ὕματ' ἐπενίσσεται, Δελφὸν ἀνὰ
[πρ]ωῶνα μαντευῖον ἐφέπων, πάγον.
[Ἴθι], κλυτὰ, μεγαλόπολις Ἀθῆναι, εὐχαί-
[ισ]μὴ φερόπλοιο ναῖονσα Τριτωνίδος δά[πε]-
[δ]ον ἀθρανστον· ἅγιος δὲ βωμοῖσιν Ἀ-
[φ]αιστος αἰεθε[ε]ῖ νέων μῆρα ταούρων ὄμον-
ον δὲ νιν Ἀραφ' ἀτμός ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἀνακίδν[α].
ται· λυγὴ δὲ Δωτοὺς δρέμων αἰδολοῖσιν[μ]
λεσιν ὠίδαῖν κρέκει, χρυσέα δ' ἀδύθρον[ς κ]-
θαρὶς ὕμνοισιν ἀναμέλῃται· ὃ δὲ [θ]-
[ε]ω[ρ]ῶν πρόπας ἐσμός Ἀθῆναι λαχ[ύων]

" . . . the Athenian [or, By Athenæus] . . . These we praise, son of great Zeus, famous for thy playing upon the cithara, who beside this snow-capped mountain dost foretell divine words to all mortals . . . how thou didst capture the oracular tripod guarded by a hostile dragon, when with thy arrows thou didst pierce his spotted, coiling body . . . wildly hissing, untamed . . . the war of the Gauls . . . passed the unholy . . . (Second fragment): . . . Ye daughters of loud-thundering Zeus, who have received as your portion thickly-wooded Helicon, ye of the beautiful arms, come and with your songs extol your brother Phoebus of the golden locks, who near the twin-peaked abodes of this Parnassian rock, hovers among the far-famed Delphic maidens about the waters of Kastalia's plenteous spring, as he visits this lofty crag of the Delphic oracle. Come with thy prayers, O glorious Attic metropolis, who inhabitest the undestroyed land of the armed Tri-

tonis. Upon the sacred altars Hephaistos burns the thigh bones of young bullocks and at the same time the black vapor [*ἁρῶν ἄτμος*, incense?] is wafted up to Olympus. Merrily the whistling pipes strike up an ode of varied song, and the golden, sweet-voiced cithara resounds with hymns, while the entire body of envoys, who have received Attica as their lot . . ."

That this hymn was set to music would be evident, even were there no musical signs affixed, from the reduplication of many vowels or diphthongs (e. g., *ἐφφου-ου-πει-ει*) denoting that the reduplicated syllable covered two notes when sung; but, fortunately, the musical score is also given, by letters of the Ionic alphabet, upright or reversed, placed above the syllables. M. Reinach transcribes the melody on the modern key of three flats, tho this is, no doubt, arbitrary. One notices the great range of the melody, covering more than the mean vocal octave *f-f*, and reaching the limit of an augmented eleventh. The rhythm of the hymn is $\frac{3}{4}$ time, with a noticeable increase of vivacity in the second half.

With regard to the musical notation, the new Hymn, which is the most complete and authentic document of its kind, more than confirms beyond all doubt the testimony of ancient writers on the theory of music. Our knowledge of ancient Greek music (indeed, of Roman music as well, which is never spoken of as distinct from the Greek) has been derived hitherto from a few unimportant fragments of musical pieces, a few scattered notices in the works of Plato and Aristotle, and a goodly number of theoretical works of ancient authors. Thus, we have three hymns of Dionysius and Mesomedes (of the reign of Hadrian), the instrumental composition of the Anonymous (ed. Bellermann), a short, musical inscription of Tralles, and a fragment of a chorus of Euripides's "Orestes" (ed. Wessely), since proved to bear no musical signs, but only peculiar punctuation marks. The chief theoretical works are those of Aristoxenos, the real founder of ancient musical science, of Aristides, the orator, of Claudius Ptolemæus, the eminent astronomer and mathematician of the reign of Antoninus Pius (preserved only partially in a commentary of Porphyrius). To these must be added the works of Alypius, Gaudentius, Pseudo-Plutarch, Martianus Capella, Boethius, and the stray notices in Pollux and Athenæus. The work also of Manuel Briennios (fourteenth century) is of great importance for the many excerpts which it contains of ancient musical lore.

As is well known, the Greeks used a different notation for instrumental and for vocal music. The latter comprised fifteen signs or notes, of which the new Hymn gives fourteen, *ΦΘΥΟΜΑΚΙΘΓΒΔΞ*. Alypius gives the varied notation of these fifteen notes in three classes: diatonic, chromatic and enharmonic, a distinction which will be perfectly intelligible to modern students of music. The fourteen musical signs of the new Hymn, with the exception of two, belong to the notation of the chromatic trope. Yet the character of the melody is not strictly chromatic throughout; on the contrary, the opening twenty-five lines are diatonic, then follows a chromatic passage badly mutilated, on quite an elevated pitch. With the beginning of the second half we have another diatonic passage, followed by the chief chromatic passage, and lastly another diatonic passage. It would seem that these changes in the character of the music correspond to changes in the subject matter of the text.

The music of this Hymn belongs to the so-called Phrygian or Hypo-Phrygian class. The ancient authors give eleven harmonic classes or scales—the Lydian, Phrygian, Doric, Meso-Lydian, Hypo-Lydian, Ionic or Hypo-Phrygian, Æolic or Hypo-Dorian, Boeotian, Syntono-Lydian, Lokrian and Syntono-Lokrian. This array of names gives an insight into the great range and detail of ancient music to a degree surpassing all our modern systems and even the capacity of our modern instruments.

To those who wish to look further into this matter one may recommend the excellent articles in Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities (latest edition), Müller's "*Handbuch der klassischen Alterthumswissenschaft*," Vol. II (second edition), Westphal's "*Die Musik der alten Griechen*," and Gevaert's "*Histoire et Théorie de la Musique de l'Antiquité*." For the new Hymn to Apollo see the latest French School Report ("*Bulletin de Correspondance hellénique*," 1893. Second half).

A practical suggestion in closing. The glory of having unearthed these precious musical fragments at Delphi would to-day belong to the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, had the \$80,000 necessary for the Delphi excavations been raised in America more promptly. Let the past supply lessons for the present. The American School has just received the privilege from the Greek Government of excavating the northern slope of the Acropolis at Athens, where the most important public buildings of the ancient city are undoubtedly buried under fifty feet of earth. It is to be hoped that the friends of classical learning and culture in America will be more prompt this time with their subscriptions.

For the facts given above we are indebted to Deme-trius Kalopothakes, Ph.D., Lecturer on History in the National University of Athens. An early announcement of the discovery should be put to the credit of Professor Manatt in *The Brown Magazine* for April.

PHILLIPS BROOKS AND THE MODERN PULPIT.

OF Phillips Brooks it can be said, more truthfully than of any other clergyman of his generation enjoying anything like his fame, that his career and success were those of a preacher. In an age when it is universally agreed that the pulpit has declined, he was able to attain in it an eminence and a power as great as any man could desire. Such a figure as his in the Christian pulpit of the last half of the nineteenth century may well give pause to those who are affirming that modern conditions have for ever broken the power of the old-time preacher. To those, on the other hand, who say that modern conditions are all wrong, and that the thing to do is, with Cardinal Newman, to wish that the world might again become bigoted and superstitious, so that religion and its official expounders might be restored to their old place—to such bewailers of the good old times the career of Phillips Brooks in the better new times ought also to furnish food for thought. They ought to be

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led by it to ask themselves whether the wise way is to seek in vain to bring back what is now in the irrevocable past, or to adjust themselves to the present.

This is what Brooks did. He furnishes no proof whatever that an old-time preacher can flourish under modern conditions as well as a century ago, for the simple reason that he was not an old-time preacher. Whatever genius he had, lay in his perception that the men of his generation can no longer be reached by the methods of the past, and in his power to speak the language of the present. His example does not show that it is still possible for the pulpit to hold its old place, but only that it is still possible for the pulpit to make for itself a new place. How that new place can be made may be seen by a glance at some of the qualities which gave Phillips Brooks his influence.

His liberality was sincere and boundless. It did not consist, as in too many cases, of a grudging recognition of the fact that opinion can no longer be controlled by ecclesiastical or civil law, and so find its main expression in calling freedom of thought freedom to damn yourself by false beliefs. Nor was his liberality mere indifference, as if all truth were pretty doubtful anyhow, and all you had to do was to choose your party or your church and then stick to it. His convictions were profound and intense, but so, he clearly saw, might be other men's who differed from him. His method, therefore, was not to denounce others, or to seek to impose his beliefs on them, but to join hands with all earnest men everywhere in the search for truth and righteousness.

Obviously such a man could have no sympathy with anything that was merely sacerdotal. The forms and conventions of his church he used with ease, and doubtless with pleasure, as Emerson said that a man of native strength and skill of handling could succeed even under the oldest and mouldiest conventions; but when men attempted to bind him with them he snapped them as Samson did his green withes. Professional airs and priestly assumptions were abhorrent to him. He was always horrifying the "unco guid" of his own denomination by his carelessness of clerical privilege, and by the frank terms of equality on which he placed himself with all honest and benevolent men. Even the robes of a bishop could not make an ecclesiastic out of him, and only a few weeks ago a fellow-bishop, whom it is charity not now to name, published a long protest to the Church at large against the scandalous conduct of Phillips Brooks, an Episcopalian bishop, in consorting with Congregational publicans and Unitarian sinners.

Of still more importance in securing him his sway over men was the perfect sincerity which always marked his bearing and his speech. He never gave the impression of keeping back anything, of "looking this objection full in the face," as a preacher said once in unconscious confession, "and passing by on the other side." It is not probable that he was a great student, or deeply read, but he knew what men were thinking of, and he had the gift of speaking to their real and present needs. Religion was in him near to Matthew Arnold's famous definition of it as "morality touched with emotion," and his greatest flights as a preacher were those in which he glorified the common round and daily task of mortals with the light of eternal principles and hopes. Wall Street crowding Trinity Church at noon-day meetings for a week to hear Phillips Brooks speak on righteousness and truth and judgment gave striking testimony to the power of his honesty and manly faith.

His life proves, in short, that if the pulpit has declined, the trouble is with the pulpit and not with the times. It is a great mistake to suppose that the opportunity of the preacher has passed or is rapidly passing. What has passed is the notion that a sermon, as such, is a channel of grace; that an illogical harangue is not an illogical harangue when delivered from the pulpit; that a man whom his college mates know to be of no more than average ability becomes suddenly endowed with supernatural wisdom and authority upon entering the ministry. All that is dead and gone. But what has not gone, what will never go as long as human nature remains what it is, is the willingness of men to hear gladly the preacher who can put an ideal interpretation upon their lives, and quicken all their nobler aspirations, and strengthen them in all their worthier resolves. For such a preacher the time is always ripe, and for lack of him too many churches are in the condition of the one where Carlyle went to hear Sterling preach—where, he said, it would be possible to let off a musket in any direction without danger of hitting an auditor. Phillips Brooks has no better lesson to teach the ministry of to day—and he was emphatically a preacher's preacher—than the lesson that the surest way to reestablish the pulpit in the respect and affection of the people is to make it tolerant, unaffected, progressive, and, above all, transparently honest.

THE LATE MRS. THEODORE PARKER.—The widow of Theodore Parker died in Boston on Saturday night, April 16. She was almost seventy years old, and had for some time been in delicate health. A year or more ago she was injured by a carriage accident, from the effects

of which she had never fully recovered. Since the death of her husband, in 1860 she has lived a very retired life, her name seldom appearing before the public; and of late years she has been known intimately to a comparatively small circle. She was connected with old Boston families. She was highly cultivated, said to be something of a linguist, and accomplished in many ways. Pleasant reference is made to her in Weiss' life of Parker, and some of her letters are there quoted. She was devoted to her husband, and was his companion and helpmeet. She had maintained some honorary connection with the remnant of Parker's society which established the Parker memorial, but did not take any active part in it.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

MOTLEY AND PRESCOTT.—The Boston *Herald*, writing of distinguished authors whose earlier works were rejected by publishers, names Carlyle, Thackeray, Kinglake and Anthony Trollope as having passed through that pleasant ordeal. It also mentions that John Lothrop Motley underwent the humiliation of receiving his manuscript of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" back from the famous publisher John Murray, of London, with thanks and compliments. But his first disappointment was when, after he had spent several years in the collection of the material and sketching and laying out his work, he heard that Prescott was preparing a "History of Philip II." Motley was almost crushed by the news. He felt that he would have to renounce forever a long-cherished idea, and probably give up his career as author. He had long had the intention of writing some kind of a history, making the choice of subject a second thought; but this subject had attracted him, and he was absorbed in it. He felt the necessity to write the book over which he had thought so much, but no disposition to write on another subject. He went to Prescott, and frankly explained his position. Prescott treated Motley in the same noble spirit with which Scott had treated Robert Chambers on a similar occasion, and encouraged and supported him in every possible manner. Had the result of the interview

been otherwise, Motley said that he would have laid aside his pen forever.

LONGFELLOW'S FIRST POEM.—When our great poet was nine years old, his master wanted him to write a "composition." Little Henry, like all children, shrank from the undertaking. His master said:

"You can write words, can you not?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then you can put words together?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," said the master, "you may take your slate and go out behind the school-house, and there you can find something to write about, and then you can tell what it is, what it is for, and what is to be done with it, and that will be a composition."

Henry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which chanced to be near by, and seeing a fine turnip growing up, he thought he knew what that was, what it was for, and what would be done with it. A half hour had been allowed to Henry for his first undertaking in writing compositions. In a half hour he carried in his work, all accomplished, and the master is said to have been affected almost to tears when he saw what little Henry had done in that short time.

THE POET OF OUR HOME LIFE.

John G. Whittier Is so Termed
by Rev. L. A. Banks.

Boston Herald, Sept. 10, 1892
His True Pictures of New England Life—Rev. E. L. Rexford Says the Quaker Verse-Maker Was the Friend of Mankind—His Efforts in Behalf of Woman Suffrage.

Rev. E. L. Rexford, yesterday morning, in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, delivered a series of three discourses on the life work of the Poet Whittier, his special theme being "Whittier, the Poet of New England Home Life." He chose for his text: "Who prophesied with a harp." I. Chronicles xxv., 3.

He said in part: David, the poet-king, had as a department of government a company of sweet singers, who were gifted with the prophetic spirit, and who voiced their message in song. We come to study the work of a prophet soul, who voiced the thought and feeling and sentiment of the common home life in New England perhaps better than any one else, not from pulpit or altar, but from sweet, melodious harp.

Whittier was a son of the soil, like Amos, who was called from among the herdsmen and from dressing sycamore trees, or Elisha, from his oxen and his plough. For Whittier to sing of New England home life was only to count his own pulsebeats, for its music was in his very blood. He was born in one of the "sweet homes" that "nestle in these dales."

"And perch along these wooded swells,
And, best beyond Arcadian vales,
They hear the sound of Sabbath bells.
Here dwells no perfect man sublime,
Nor woman winged before her time;
But, with the faults and follies of the race,
Old homestead virtues hold their not unhonored place."

He was his own "barefoot boy" of his later song, who

"Was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honey bees."

No one born out of New England could ever have sung the song of "The Pumpkin" with so much delicacy and pathos.

Who could sing about the old New England cobbler's bench like the boy who earned his first schooling through long winter's toil unaking shoes? Never out of his memory was lost the vision of the shoemaker

"Upon his cobbler's form,
With a pan of coals on either hand
To keep his wax ends warm."

And there, in the golden weather,
He stretched and hammered and sung;
In the brook he moistened his leather,
In the pewter mug his tongue."

No one has told the story of winter in the New England farmhouse like Whittier in "Snowbound." How many gray heads have lost their frost and been boys and girls again, as carried on the current of his song, they have been

"Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged flocks about,
Content to let the north wind roar.
In barred rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost fine back with tropic heat."

What matter how the night behaved
What matter how the north wind raved?
Now high, blow low, not all is snow
Could quench our hearthfire's ruddy glow."

No poet in our time, or in any time, has brought out more clearly the divine influence of friendship and love on our everyday home life than Whittier. It shines out in the oft quoted poem, "In School days," in the face of the little girl who hated to go above him.

"Because, you see, I love you!"

And there is a deep sixth which many of

us have felt and understood in the last verse:

"He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph, and his loss,
Like her—because they love him."

A FRIEND OF MANKIND.

The Poet Whittier as Seen by Rev. E. L. Rexford of Roxbury.

The life and works of the dead Poet Whittier furnished a theme for Rev. E. L. Rexford's discourse at the Roxbury Universalist Church yesterday morning.

The gentlest, kindest and most amiable elements, said he, were possessed by Whittier. By the children he was dearly beloved, and the same tender feeling went out to him from the aged. On the whole, he was a simple and noble friend of mankind.

Great characters are not the products of their own age. Supernatural qualities are usually called in. Emerson was professed by seven generations of noble ancestry. Whittier was filled with all good filial loyalty, and he paid tribute to his parentage. In the brotherhood of humanity he saw his religious expression.

His first American ancestors came to this country in 1638, and it was in the second generation that Quakerism was adopted. He was born and reared in a religious society whose first principle was brotherhood. He learned the meaning of brotherhood, and virtually said that all men were his brothers. From that principle he acted from his birth until last Wednesday morning.

Quaker thought he was, he saw that there could be no peace in public life as long as slavery existed. Whittier lost no opportunity to thrust his lance through wrongs that predominated in this country. His poems fairly burned with indignation when the occasion required.

In the Lincoln campaign he made the Quakers of Pennsylvania come out to vote. This incident occasioned his song, "The Quakers Are Out." It seems impossible to us of this generation that public sentiment should be revolutionized in the life of one man. Not only the slave of the South, but the oppressed of everywhere were near to his heart.

Just to the red man, he was also just to the women of this country. For many years he has been a prominent advocate of woman suffrage. He has been sympathetic and responsive as a listener to the manifold cries of human distress. The heart treasure of childhood and old age Whittier abides with all and is loved by all.

A NEPONSET PASTOR'S TRIBUTE.

At the Appleton M. E. Church, Neponset, yesterday morning, the pastor, Rev. E. H. Hadlock, paid a brief tribute to the late John G. Whittier.

After speaking briefly of the early life and formative influences brought to bear upon the young poet, Mr. Hadlock dwelt particularly on Whittier as the Christian poet of America, and pre-eminently the Christian poet of New England.

As distinctively a Christian poet, Whittier has no peer among his American colleagues. His life was devoted to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, the uplifting of his race and the amelioration of the condition of his countrymen. Incessantly and unselfishly he toiled for the glory of God and the welfare of men. The speaker quoted several selections from Whittier's poems, to show the religious tone of his poetry, among them a selection from the latter part of Whittier's recent tribute to Holmes:

The hour draws near, how'er delayed and late,
When at the eternal gate—
We'll see the world and works we call our own
For laid to fill; our nakedness of soul
Brings to that gate no ally;
Others we come to find, who all things give,
An alive because they live."

The great American poet has seen God waiting, has seen his beckoning hand, has obeyed the summons, and has gone to be with him, whom his soul loved, and for whom he lived.

Tributes of the Preachers to the Quaker Poet.

Boston Herald, Sept. 17, 1892
Rev. S. L. Bell of Marblehead on "The Character and Influence of Whittier"—Rev. Louis Albert Banks on "Whittier, the Poet Reformer."—Memorial Service in Melrose.

Rev. S. L. Bell of the First Congregational Church, Marblehead, delivered a very interesting discourse on "The Character and Influence of the Late John G. Whittier," at that church yesterday morning.

Mr. Bell took for his text: Amos vi., 14, 15, "I was no prophet, neither was I a son of a prophet, but I was a herdsman and a gatherer of sycamore fruit, and the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and the Lord said unto me, Go; prophesy unto the people of Israel."

He said in substance: "It was Whittier's lot to know something of the stern conditions under which the ordinary soul is educated among us, and fitted for its work in life. There was for him no luxurious home, no splendid library, no schools of art and of music in which the great possibilities of his nature might be developed. But in spite of his environment, he early showed distinctive signs of genius. His contributions to the press before he attained manhood proved that he was not destined more than the prophet Amos to remain a killer of the soul."

"The character of Whittier was always charming and attractive. He was one of the most sincere men this century has seen. His convictions were the result of his fine sense of righteousness and the ever-abiding consciousness of his duty to God and humanity."

"The existence of wrong troubled his soul and forced him to speak out what was in him. It was impossible for him to be false to his better nature, and to turn away his ear from the cry of the suffering and oppressed."

However, he was remarkable for the simplicity of his manner and habits of life. He was not spoiled by flattery or flattered into self-consciousness by his enthusiastic admirers. The graces of modesty, meekness and gentleness never forsook him. "What a delight it was to see him in his own home! He sat in plain clothing in a small and unpretentious room, with eyes full of meaning, and a voice which in conversation on favorite themes often became as musical as a rippling stream. And there was in him a singular purity of thought and aim and purpose. Whatever things made for the elevation of his spirit, for the enrichment of his soul, for the lessening of the world's burdens were loved by him and used for the moulding and shaping of his character. In him there was no guile. He lived in an atmosphere of saintliness all his days and was truly a man after God's own heart."

"He was unquestionably a great poet, though by no means the greatest of American poets. He had not the deep and measured cadence of Bryant, who not seldom reminds us of one of the old psalmists. He had not the titillating fancy and subtle power of touching the common which was so conspicuous in the lines of Longfellow. He had not the clear insight and virtue movement, the creative force and wealth of allusion, and the classic elegance and perfect grace of Lowell."

"But he had to a marvellous degree the lyric quality of Burns. When the inspiration was upon him, the verses came spontaneously, and their rhythm was of the highest order. He had such buoyancy and energy, and consciousness of diction and sublimity of thought, such sweet and beautiful ideals, that he carried his readers along with him with ever increasing admiration and pleasure. Under the spell of his genius they forgot his errors of grammar, his mistakes in accent, his too frequent repetition of ideas, his strained moral observations."

"But his poetry is full of the noblest moral teaching. God is to him the Father of the human race; all men are brethren; the

universe is the symbol of the Divine presence and energy. Upon these three pregnant and thoroughly scriptural images he constantly dwelt in his meditative hours and in his moments of rapturous song.

"And now he has gone to his reward. We shall not look upon his like again. But we are unfeignedly thankful for the blessings he has left us, and we shall endeavor to acquire his Christ-like temper and the splendid charity of his words and deeds."

REV. L. A. BANKS ON WHITTIER.

Yesterday morning, in Grace Church, on Temple street, Rev. Dr. Louis Albert Banks delivered the second of a series of three discourses on Whittier, his subject being "Whittier—the Poet—Reformer."

He said in part: William Lloyd Garrison was Whittier's Elijah. He found him a barefooted, young lad who had had the slightest possible opportunities for education, and whose only acquaintance with books was confined to a library of 20 volumes, and a stray copy of Burns' poems, borrowed from a pedler. It was Garrison's kindly sympathy and keen appreciation of the abilities indicated by Whittier's early verses that inspired in his heart a determination to have a better education, and to fit himself to take an earnest part in the work of reform.

It is not hard to understand how a strong, magnetic nature like Garrison's, all aglow with his undying love for humanity and hatred of oppression, should have moulded the shy young Quaker into a living engine of reform. In those early days of the anti-slavery agitation, no message rang out with a truer note in behalf of "Americans to market driven, and bartered as the brute for gold" than Whittier's.

Some of his lines recalling the heartlessness of slavery's disregard for the rights of humanity might easily be applied, without change, to conditions that exist all too often among us today.

Whittier did not cease to be a reformer when slavery was overthrown. Oppression anywhere aroused his indignation and compelled his sympathy. He was a warm friend of equal rights for women, had the most hearty sympathy for the temperance cause, and was ever ready with voice and pen to defend the Indian, the prisoner of debt or any one about whose head misfortune gathered.

WHITTIER'S FUNERAL.

Quickly Solemnized Beneath
the Trees.

Boston Transcript

Thousands View the Honored Poet's
Remains.

[OFFICIAL DESPATCH TO THE TRANSCRIPT.]

AMESBURY, Sept. 10. The dense mist that hung over Amesbury like a damp pall early this morning was in harmony with the stillness and somberness with which everyone was impressed in the presence of the great sorrow felt all the more intensely as the hour approached for the burial of the great poet and philanthropist, John Greenleaf Whittier. The mystery of death was typified by the shifting and elusive shadows of the fog, and the glory and hopefulness of the resurrection was illustrated by the bright, warm rays of the sun that came with the growing of day.

Although the time when the friends of the dead poet were to have an opportunity of taking a last look at his face was arranged for between the hours of ten and two, by 9.30 o'clock earnest requests came from immediate friends and neighbors of Judge Cate, on Friend street, where she remains lay, for an opportunity to view them before the appointed time, and from then until the hour for the funeral there was a continuous

human stream passing through the house. For the first two or three hours or until the arrival of the trains from Boston the callers were confined principally to people of Amesbury. One lady brought with her an offering of fringed gentian—Mr. Whittier's favorite flower—rare at this season of the year, which was placed on the coffin. The funeral arrangements were under the charge of William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., Judge Cate and S. T. Packard, editor of the Portland Transcript, whose wife is a niece of Mr. Whittier. They courteously gave visitors an opportunity to view the modest little study of the poet, where most of his literary work was done. At the window looking out upon the garden shaded with fruit trees and beautified with a great bed of hydrangeas in the little round table he used for a desk. Shelves set into a niche in the wall contain a small library of carefully-selected books. On the walls are a few engravings and the photographs of relatives and friends. An open stove gave a cheerful glow and combined with the furnace in affording heat in the winter. The rest of the furnishings are equally simple and unpretentious. Letters and despatches were being constantly received from friends far and near who were unable to be present in person. Among the first was one from the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who wrote as follows:

HARTFORD, Sept. 8, 1892.
Dear Friend—Let me thank you for your kind remembrance of me, in communication with our mutual friend. I had already learned from the papers of the going home of his pure spirit. To such as he the transition from this world to the next is but slight. It would be selfish to sorrow. Ours is the loss and his the eternal gain. I wish I might send a fitting tribute, but my days are almost numbered and my pen halts in my hand. His own beautiful, solemn words come to me now:

The hour draws near, however delayed and late
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own
And lift our hands alone
For Love to fill our nakedness of soul.

It will not be possible for me to be present in person on Saturday. But I will be with you in spirit. With truest sympathy, I am
Sincerely yours,

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Grace Greenwood wrote from Nutley, New Jersey:

"Mrs. Gertrude Cartland. Dear Friend—I am quite overcome with the shock and sorrow of our great friend's death. . . . I have been hoping and wishing to go on to Massachusetts and New Hampshire with the hope of seeing my noble beloved friend once more. Indeed, that was my chief object when I left home, to see him who has for many years been to me the most dear and venerated of men. You can understand how it seemed to me when I awoke this morning and realized that he had gone. . . ."

The following despatches were received:

BAN HARBOR, ME., Sept. 8, 1892.
Hon. Geo. W. Cate—I had hoped to be present at Mr. Whittier's burial, but it is impossible. I feel sad, indeed, to think I shall see him no more. I have long regarded him with affectionate veneration. JAMES G. BRAINE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 10, 1892.
Mrs. Gertrude W. Cartland—The death of John G. Whittier touches me deeply, but the severe loss is softened with thankfulness that he lived to witness the triumph of the cause he loved and served so well. Emancipated millions will hold his memory sacred.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Remembrances in the form of flowers, arranged in elaborate and artistic designs, began arriving early. Sarah Orne Jewett sent an ivy wreath; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, a large bouquet; Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, widow of the publisher, of Concord, a bunch of white lilies and smilax, tied with a broad satin ribbon, on which was inscribed "In Memory of John G. Whittier" on one end, a verse of poetry on the other; Oliver Wendell Holmes, a large wreath of white roses and smilax; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., a wreath of roses; Mrs. Lyman of Jamaica Plain, sister of T. Jefferson Coolidge, roses and smilax.

Other despatches and letters were received from Ira I. Coolbraith of Oakland, Cal., J. I. Brown of Newburyport, Alpheus H. Love, president of the Universal Peace Union, Philadelphia, Hon. John D. Long, Hon. J. P. Cogswell of Salem, Anson Titus of Natick, Hon. R. T. Davis of Fall River, Celia Thaxter.

Among those present were General O. O. Howard, Edna Dean Proctor, Miss Harriet McElwin Kimball, Colonel Henry L. Higginson, William Endicott, Jr., John C. Ropes, General Thomas Sherwin, Hon. H. S. Rice, Colonel Rice, Hon. Edward L. Pierce and wife, ex-Governor Claflin, Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, Francis J. Garrison, Hon. William Lloyd Garrison, Robert Treat Paine, president of the American Peace Society, of which Mr. Whittier was vice-president, John W. Hutchinson, one of the famous Hutchinson family, and his sister, Mrs. Ludlow Patten of New York, the famous Abolition singers, Judge des Brisay of Bridgewater, N. S., S. B. White of Brooklyn, Edward Clarence Stedman of New York, Charles C. Coffin, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, James W. Forbes, H. O. Houghton, Colonel J. C. Frankle, a delegation of ten members from the Loyal Legion, Samuel May, Parker Pillsbury, W. P. Blossom, Professor Palmer and wife, Mrs. Caroline H. Dall, Frances H. Underwood, Mayor Rantoul of Salem, F. E. Avery, Thomas R. Fitch, Attorney General Pillsbury.

The 1.30 train from Haverhill brought twenty members of the city Government headed by Mayor Thomas E. Burnham and the Whittier Club, which George B. Howe is president and many ladies members. They marched through the streets in double file to the house.

It was originally intended to hold the simple services in the Friends' meeting-house, but early this morning the weather was so promising of a bright and beautiful day it was decided to allow the remains to rest in the house until the hour of interment, and say the few words of consolation and eulogy in the little garden he loved so well. Chairs and settees were arranged under the trees and from a low improvised platform, those who were moved by the spirit to speak, addressed the assembled mourners. Although the services were in strict accordance with the custom of the Friends, few among those present wore the garb of members of that faith.

The interment was in the lot in that part of the Union Cemetery used by the Friends in which the Whittier family are buried. The grounds are large, but modestly laid out. They are situated at what is known as Bartlett's Corner, about three-quarters of a mile from Amesbury, off Main street on the Haverhill road. Many Union soldiers are buried there. The members of Mr. Whittier's family who rest in the lot are John Whittier, who died June 11, 1831, aged 70, his father: Abigail Whittier, died Dec. 27, 1857, aged 77 years, his mother: Moses Whittier, an uncle, who died Jan. 23, 1824, aged 61 years; Mercy E. Hussey, an aunt, died April 14, 1846; Mary W. Caldwell, a sister, died Jan. 7, 1881, aged sixty-four; Elizabeth H. Whittier, a sister, died Sept. 8, 1864, forty-eight years old, and Matthew Franklin Whittier, who died Jan. 7, 1853. The whole lot was covered with evergreens which hid from sight the earth taken from the grave. The casket was lowered into a brick vault built just large enough to contain it. The vault will be closed by an arched brick roof.

Memorial Services in Salem.

Memorial exercises were held today in all the public schools of Salem. The exercises consisted chiefly of the reading of Whittier's favorite poems. At the Phillips School a draped crayon portraits of the dead poet was hung in the school room. It was surrounded by flowers, the gift of the pupils. Placed in the frame of the picture was an autograph letter written by Whittier to the pupils of the school on the co-

casion of a reunion last spring.

Mourning in Danvers.

This afternoon, in Danvers, services in which the school children took a prominent part, were held in the Town Hall. Flags were at half-staff and all the church bells in town were tolled at half-past two o'clock.

The programme of exercises was as follows: Reading of scripture, Rev. J. W. Hyde; prayer, Rev. A. P. Putnam; hymns by Mr. Whittier, by select choir; address, Hon. Alden P. White; "Our Offering," written for the children by Harriet P. Fowler; selections from Mr. Whittier's poems, read by pupils of the public schools; address, Rev. W. H. Trickey; "America," sung by school children; benediction, Rev. Edw. C. Ewing.

Mr. Whittier was much beloved in Danvers, where for many years he spent much of his time at his beautiful home "Oak Knoll."

Boston Traveller, Sept. 19, 1892

MR. WHITTIER'S FUNERAL

His Last Days and the Funeral Were Described by Mr. Fisher.

His last days were described by Anson Tibbels.

Mr. Whittier's last will makes this funeral service his last and my funeral will be conducted in the plain and quietest of the Society of Friends, with which I am connected not only by birthright, but also by a settled conviction of the truth of its principles and the importance of its mission.

This wish of Mr. Whittier's was fittingly respected. The funeral services were most appropriate to the man. Mr. Whittier was a Friend, a loyal and devoted adherent to the faith of his ancestors. "The plain and quiet way" was his, and his only way, in which the last rites could be observed. Judge Cate and Mr. Pickard saw that this wish was observed. Their management of the funeral was superb. There were thousands present. Most of whom viewed the remains, but not all of whom could possibly attend the service.

The house would have been too small for the most intimate friends; the Friends' Meeting-house, a short distance away, would have been too small to have gone to any church or hall would have been inappropriate. Heaven smiled, and a most beautiful September day was given. It was one of Mr. Whittier's own days; just such as he himself would have chosen. The day was full of health and joy. Those in charge of the services fittingly thought of having services in the beautiful garden lawn just in the rear of the house. This garden is a familiar place to every visitor. It was a favorite haunt. From the library windows its trees and shrubs were seen, and their growth and harvest watched with constant interest. It was a most beautiful place for the service. There was present a large audience of choice friends. The plain and quiet service was beautiful beneath these trees.

The words of the several speakers, who were truly moved by the spirit, were touching. The poems recited took on new meaning; and the words of Mr. Steadman were a source of help and strength. He said to know Mr. Whittier was a consecration, and to have his sym-

pathy a benediction. The sorrow of the hour was tinged with a joy born of God. The entire service was permeated with the thought, that this life was not all; that immortality was a blessed fact, and that goodness, faith and love were mightier than all the things of earth. It was good to be there. The occasion was a fitting close to his life. In his dying hours he sent forth the message of "love to the world." Those gathered in that garden realized that the sorrowing hearts of the world were with them. We are sure that the thanks of the thousands, who loved Mr. Whittier for the good he has done them, will go to those who had in charge these last rites, and to the Father in heaven, for the beautiful September day.

In this large concourse were many friends, with whom through a long life, Mr. Whittier had trod the quiet aisles of prayer. They were dear and treasured friends in a double sense of the word. They have many reasons to sorrow, and many to rejoice. One of their number has gone, his presence they will miss, his companionship and counsel was most dear; but their faith was lived. A gazing world saw in that departed life, a character sweet and pure and true. Mr. Whittier loved this faith, and his wish was to give a parting expression in behalf of "the birthright and conviction of the truth of its principles and the importance of its testimonies." In this expression, these services were joined by those of every shade of religious belief and rite. The helpful spirit melted every heart, and became as one. In the departure of such a soul from the scenes of earth, there is a spiritual delight, which makes all to be drawn nearer God.

The people of Amesbury are as one in their sorrow. Age and youth alike were softened by the death of their neighbor and distinguished citizen. Sincere homage was evidenced all through the town. Public buildings and private residences testified their sorrow. The people gave the quiet greeting to the many strangers who came to mourn with them. The gentle and genial bearing of Mr. Maxwell, a leading Friend in the Amesbury meeting, who had public charge of the services, and the appreciative administration to many of the details of the service by Mr. Garrison will be recalled with great pleasure. They rendered satisfactorily their services. The press of Amesbury were generous in their help to visiting correspondents and editors. The Amesbury News had a fine tribute to Mr. Whittier's memory, by the Hon. W. H. B. Currier, a life-long neighbor of Mr. Whittier, and for a half century connected with the local press. He is probably the best acquainted man of Mr. Whittier's early editorial labors. His tribute was fitting, neighborly and sincere.

The "plain and quiet way" was observed. The many hundreds did not prevent it. The hearts of a loving and sorrowful world are thankful that the wishes of the dear poet were carried out by true and faithful friends.

Boston Traveller, Sept. 8, 1892

HAMPTON, N. H., Sept. 7.—John G. Whittier passed away at 4.30 o'clock this morning. He died peacefully and was conscious up to the last moment. The funeral will take place at Amesbury, Mass., at 2.30 Saturday afternoon.

According to the Quaker custom, there will be no sermon preached at the funeral services over the body of John G. Whittier. The services will be quite simple. The bells in Amesbury, Mr. Whittier's late home, were tolled this forenoon when the news of his death was received there.

Sketch of His Life.

The following sketch, written by Mr. Whittier with his own hand a few years ago in response to inquiries made of him, gives the main points of interest in a long and useful life. It has never been given to the world generally:

I was born on Dec. 17, 1807, in the easterly part of Haverhill, Mass., in the house built by my first American ancestor, 106 years ago. My father was a farmer in moderate circumstances—a man of good natural ability and sound judgment. For a great many years he was one of the selectmen of the town, and was often called upon to act as arbitrator in matters at issue between neighbors. My mother was Abigail Hussey of Rollingsford, N. H.

A bachelor uncle and a maiden aunt, both of whom I remember with much affection, lived in the family. The farm was not a profitable one; it was burdened with debt, and we had no spare money; but with strict economy we lived comfortably and respectably. Both my parents were members of the Society of Friends. I had a brother and two sisters. Our home was somewhat lonely, half hidden in oak woods, with no house in sight, and we had few companions of our age and few occasions of recreation. Our school was only for 12 weeks in a year—in the depth of winter and half a mile distant.

At an early age I was set at work on the farm and doing errands for my mother, who, in addition to her ordinary house duties, was busy in spinning and weaving the linen and woollen cloth needed in the family. On first-days father and mother, and sometimes one of the children, rode down to the Friends' Meeting-house in Amesbury, eight miles distant. I think I rather enjoyed staying at home and wandering in the woods, or climbing Job's hill, which rose abruptly from the brook which rippled down at the foot of our garden. From the top of the hill I could see the blue outline of the Deerfield mountains in New Hampshire, and the solitary peak of Agamenticus on the coast of Maine.

A curving line of morning mist marked the course of the Merrimac, and the Great Pond, or Kenosha, stretched away from the foot of the hill toward the village of Haverhill hidden from sight by intervening hills and woods, but which sent to us the sound of its two church bells. We had only about 20 volumes of books, most of them the journals of pioneer ministers in our society. Our only annual was an almanac. I was early fond of reading, and now and then heard of a book of biography or travel, and walked miles to borrow it.

When I was 14 years old my first schoolmaster, Joshua Coffin, the able, eccentric historian of Newbury, brought with him to our house a volume of Burns's poems, from which he read, greatly to my delight. I begged him to leave the book with me, and set myself at once to the task of mastering the glos-

sary of the Scotch dialect at its close. This was about the first poetry I had ever read—with the exception of that of the Bible, of which I had been a close student—and it had a lasting influence upon me.

I began to make rhymes myself and to imagine stories and adventures. In fact, I lived a sort of dual life, and in a world of fancy, as well as in the world of plain matter of fact about me. My father always had a weekly newspaper, and when young Garrison started his Free Press at Newburyport, he took it in the place of the Haverhill Gazette. My sister, who was two years older than myself, sent one of my poetical attempts to the editor.

Some weeks afterward the news-carrier came along on horseback and threw the paper out from his saddle bags. My uncle and I were mending fences. I took up the sheet and was surprised and overjoyed to see my lines in the "Poet's Corner." I stood gazing at them in wonder, and my uncle had to call me several times to my work before I could recover myself. Soon after, Garrison came to our farmhouse, and I was called in from hoeing in the cornfield to see him. He encouraged me, and urged my father to send me to school.

I longed for education, but the means to procure it were wanting. Luckily, the young man who worked for us on the farm in summer, oiled out his small income by making ladies' shoes and slippers in the winter; and I learned enough of him to earn a sum sufficient to carry me through a term of six months in the Haverhill Academy. The next winter I ventured upon another expedient for raising money, and kept a district school in the adjoining town of Amesbury, thereby enabling me to have another academy term. The next winter I spent in Boston, writing for a paper.

Returning in the spring, while at work on the farm, I was surprised by an invitation to take charge of the Hartford, Ct., Review, in the place of the famous G. D. Prentice, who had removed to Kentucky. I had sent him some of my school "compositions," which he had received favorably. I was unwilling to lose the chance of doing something more in accordance with my taste, and though I felt my unfitness for the place, I accepted it, and remained nearly two years, when I was called home by the illness of my father, who died soon after. I then took charge of the farm and worked hard to "make both ends meet"; and, aided by my mother's and sister's thrift and economy, in some measure succeeded.

As a member of the Society of Friends, I had been educated to regard slavery as a great and dangerous evil, and my sympathies were strongly enlisted for the oppressed slaves by my intimate acquaintance with William Lloyd Garrison. When the latter started his paper in Vermont in 1828, I wrote him a letter commending his views upon slavery, intemperance, and war, and assuring him that he was destined to do great things. In 1833 I was a delegate to the first national anti-slavery convention at Philadelphia. I was one of the secretaries of the convention and signed its declaration. In 1833 I was in the Massachusetts Legislature.

I was mobbed in Concord, N. H., in company with George Thompson, afterward member of the British Parliament, and narrowly escaped from great danger. I kept Thompson, whose life was hunted for, concealed in our lonely farmhouse for two weeks. I was in Boston during the great mob in Washington street soon after, and was threatened with personal violence. In 1837 I was in New York, in conjunction with H. B. Stanton and Theodore D. Weld, in the office of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

The next year I took charge of the

Pennsylvania Freeman, an organ of the Anti-Slavery Society. My office was sacked and burned by a mob soon after, but I continued my paper until my health failed, when I returned to Massachusetts. The farm in Haverhill had in the meantime been sold, and my mother, aunt, and youngest sister had moved to Amesbury, near the Friends' meeting house, and I took up my residence with them. All this time I had been actively engaged in writing for the anti-slavery cause. In 1833 I printed at my own expense an edition of my first pamphlet, "Justice and Expediency."

With the exception of a few dollars from the Democratic Review and Buckingham's Magazine I received nothing for my poems and literary articles. Indeed my pronounced views on slavery made my name too unpopular for a publisher's uses. I edited in 1844 the Middlesex Standard and afterward became associate editor of the National Era at Washington. I early saw the necessity of separate political action on the part of the abolitionists; and was one of the founders of the Liberty party—the germ of the present Republican party.

In 1857 an edition of my complete poems up to that time was published by Ticknor & Fields. "In War Time" followed in 1864, and in 1865 "Snow Bound." In 1860 I was chosen a member of the electoral college of Massachusetts, and also in 1864. I have been a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College and a trustee of Brown University. But while feeling and willing to meet all the responsibilities of citizenship, and deeply interested in questions which concern the welfare and honor of the country, I have as a rule declined overtures for acceptance of public stations. I have always taken an active part in elections, but have not been willing to add my own example to the greed of office.

I have been a member of the Society of Friends by birthright, and by a settled conviction of the truth of its principles and the importance of its testimonies, while at the same time I have a kind feeling toward all those who are seeking, in different ways from mine, to serve God and benefit their fellow-men.

Neither of my sisters are living. My dear mother, to whom I owe much every way, died in 1858. [His brother Matthew Franklin Whittier, died in 1853.]

My health was never robust; I inherited from both my parents a sensitive, nervous temperament; and one of my earliest recollections is of pain in the head, from which I have suffered all my life. For many years I have not been able to read or write for more than half an hour at a time; often not so long. Of late my hearing has been defective. But in many ways I have been blest far beyond my deserving; and, grateful to the divine Providence, I tranquilly await the close of a life which has been longer, and on the whole happier, than I had reason to expect, although far different from that which I dreamed of in youth. My experience confirms the words of old time, that "it is not in man who walketh to direct his steps." Claiming no exemption from the sins and follies of our common humanity, I dare not complain of their inevitable penalties. I have had to learn renunciation and submission, and

"Knowing That kindly Providence its care is showing In the withdrawal as in the bestowing, Scarcely I dare for more or less to pray."

The News at Haverhill.

HAVERHILL, Sept. 7.—The news of the death of John G. Whittier has been received here with universal feelings of sadness and regret. The City Hall bell was struck 84 times at 8 o'clock, as indicating the age of the deceased, and flags

on the buildings, and also on the school-house, were displayed at half-mast as a token of respect for the great poet.

THE PAY OF OUR POETS.

Lord Tennyson died a rich man. How rich, no one yet knows, but if he left a fortune of \$1,000,000 and over it would surprise no one. His early publishers, Messrs. Strahan & Co., paid him, Mr. George W. Smalley writes from London, \$20,000 a year for the privilege of publishing his poems, and a royalty besides, which was above the conventional 10 per cent. paid to most authors. It is fair to suppose that he changed his publishers to his profit, and that the Messrs. MacMillan paid him during recent years in which they were his publishers a still larger sum, which may readily have reached, with royalties and other returns, \$40,000 to \$50,000 annually. He was paid by the Nineteenth Century \$1675 for the "Reverence." Good Words paid him twenty guineas, or about \$105 a line for one of the worst poems he ever wrote, and twenty years before he received \$50 a line from an ambitious publisher. Yet down to the issue of his collected works, forty-four years before his death, he had obtained next to nothing for his poems during a period in which he had produced "Maud" and "In Memoriam," and his first assured income came from the familiar two-volume edition in which so many of this generation first read his poems. It was in the sting of straitened resources after the loss of his personal fortune and before his poems yielded him a revenue that he accepted the pension of \$1000 a year which he continued to receive up to the time of his death.

Early neglect followed by later riches has been no unusual lot among the poets of the century. Longfellow, who received \$14 for "Excelsior," \$20 each for the "Goblin of Life" and "To the River Charles," and \$25 for the "Wreck of the Hesperus," lived to receive \$4000, \$20 a line, for the "Hanging of the Crane." "I wish," he wrote in 1840 of the \$10,000 a year made by N. P. Willis, "that I made ten hundred." Down to 1852, \$2500, he records, was the largest sum he had received in any one year from his pen, and this was after he had published "Evangeline," perhaps his most popular poem. Yet when he died he left an estate of \$356,200. Whittier has just left \$200,000, though for his earlier poems he received nothing. Lowell, on the other hand, published his first poems at his own expense, and to the end his income from them was small; and it was only in the closing ten or fifteen years of his life that Browning, who had a similar experience with his first volume, received anything from his poems.

The enormous increase in the number of readers in this century has undoubtedly added to the gains of the average and mediocre writer. It has, too, given genius a reward it has never before had; but the returns of popular poets were as great half a century, a century, or even two centuries

ago, as now. No author of the last half of the century has approached the \$1,500,000 Scott earned with his pen. For one novel he was paid at the rate of \$252 a working day. The "Lost Minstrel" he sold for \$3948.50, "Marmion" for \$5000, and the "Lady of the Lake" for \$10,500. Byron began where he closed, with \$20,000 for "Childe Harold," and \$15,000 for "Don Juan." "Lalla Rookh," a few weeks' work, was sold in advance for \$15,750, and Moore received \$45,000 for "Irish Melodies." Campbell, comparatively unknown, received \$15,000 for the "Pleasures of Hope," though Burns, less fortunate, was paid \$100 for the first Kilmarnock edition of his poems—single copies of which sell for far more—and \$3500 for the second edition. Poe, who sold the "Raven" for \$20, never had the good fortune to see a second edition of his poems wanted.

Earlier English poets did as well—commercially speaking—as the brilliant group which opened the century. Dryden's "Virgil" brought him \$4000, and Pope's "Homer" \$40,000. Gray, it is true, received only \$200 for his poems, but this was due to his prejudices against making money with his pen, and the "Elegy," which he gave to Dodsley, brought the publisher \$5000 in profit. John Gay made \$8350 out of the "Beggars' Opera," and \$5000, out of its successor "Polly." Goldsmith, it is true, only received \$300 for the "Traveler," \$500 for the "Deserted Village," but this was due to lack of any business ability in driving a bargain: while the \$75 paid Milton for "Paradise Lost" is a classic example of unrewarded genius, though the same public made Bunyan rich with the profits of his work.

English authors have in the main been better paid than those on the Continent. Few countries, like Norway, pension a poet as Ibsen has been, or, as in Hungary, provide a residence and "income by the gifts of friends, as has been done for Moritz Jokai, the Hungarian poet. Schiller's heirs have been paid \$450,000 in copyrights, but he only received \$14,500 from 1794 to 1805. Goethe was paid by one publisher, Colta, \$122,770 in his life-time, and his heirs received as much more after his death. Chateaubriand was paid \$10,000 for his collected works, and Lamartine \$4000 for "Fall of an Angel," and \$100,000 for his history; but neither poet nor novelist and journalist get better pay than English or French poet receives in general.

?Independent, N.Y., Apr. 19, 1883

Washington Irving.
No. 2.

AS A MAN AND AUTHOR.

We may say of Irving what he said of Goldsmith: "We read his character in every page, and grow into familiar intimacy with him as we read. The artless benevolence that beams

throughout his works, the unforced humor—his mellow, flowing, softly-tinted style, all seem to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities and make us love the man at the same time that we may admire the author." Yes, all "the secret windings of the heart" we seem to trace as we turn the pages of this charming writer. As Bancroft expressed it in writing to Irving about the Life of Washington: "The throbbings of your heart are as marked and perceptible along the pages as in anything you ever wrote." He calls Irving one of the "great masters" of the English tongue, "always felicitous, never redundant—graceful and elegant." J. Lothrop Motley expresses the feeling of thousands when he says a sense "of personal obligation" mingles with admiration in the hearts of his "innumerable readers."

The truthfulness of Irving's character is another feature worthy special commendation. In his diplomacy at Madrid, he says: "I have depended more upon good intentions, frank and open conduct, than upon a subtle management. I have an opinion that the old maxim, 'Honesty is the best policy,' holds good even in diplomacy!" He was heart-sick, he says, at the intrigue and falsehood seen in court circles, the lack of "high honor and pure patriotism in political affairs." When released from duties at Madrid, the Queen stepped out of the formalities of style seen in state papers and addresses, to thank Irving for his "frank conduct" as well as loyalty and ability.

Charged with puffing his own books, he explained that, at the request of the publisher in England, Mr. Murray, he wrote, what many authors now do, matter illustrative of his work on Granada to explain certain points, not laudatory. He used the sobriquet of a Spanish name, and was paid for what he did as for other articles furnished Mr. Murray. Misrepresentations will always attend the best and truest public men. As Milton says—

"Fame has two wings, one black, the other

white;
She waves them both in her unequal flight."

The warm, hearty and healthy sympathy with nature shown by Irving, is a continual sunshine that floods his pages. His pictures of English rural life entrance us with their sweet serenity and blissful beauty. He also uses the processes of nature to illustrate truth, as where he represents the growth of genius under difficulties. Providence delights in "disappointing the assiduities of art with which it would lead dulness to maturity and to glory in the vigor and luxuriance of her chance productions. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds. Though some may perish among the stony places of the world, and some be choked by the thorns and brambles of early adversity; yet others will now and then strike root, even in the clefts of the rock, struggle up bravely into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birth-place all the beauties of vegetation."

Again, he conceives an affinity between all natures, animate and inanimate, and compares the pride and lustiness of the oak to the power of lion and eagle; and then, rising to a higher parallel, he makes the mighty pillar, with its leafy honors lifted high and broad in the free air and glorious sunshine, "an emblem of what a true nobleman should be—a refuge for the weak, a shelter for the oppressed, a defence for the defenceless . . . an ornament and a blessing to his native land."

Inviting a friend to Sunnyside, he writes, "Come and see me, and I'll give you a book and a tree."

After reading "Rural Life in England," Richard H. Dana said that he was as much refreshed as if he had been really enjoying an hour or two in the very fields and woods themselves. The subduing influences of nature seem to clear away every disturbing thought, or transform them, as the clouds are turned to beauty by the splendor of the moon. At one time Mr. Irving writes: "I feel a kind of intoxication of the heart as I draw in the pure air of the mountains, and

the clear transparent atmosphere; the steady, serene, golden sunshine seems to enter my very soul."

An intimate friend in England said: "Nature, in her sweetest or grandest moods, pervaded his whole imagination, and left no place for low or evil thoughts." He loved the birds that sung about Sunnyside, and woke one night in great distress, having dreamed that he had killed one of them. He could not shake off the impression till he lit his lamp and read off the effects.

In his last days he wrote: "O blessed retirement, friend to life's decline! How delicious it is to loll in the shade of the trees I have planted, and feel the sweet southern breeze starting up the green banks, and look out, with half-dreaming eye, on the beautiful scenery of the Hudson, and build castles in the clouds as I used to do hereabouts in my boyhood. We never had so many singing birds about the place, and the humming birds are about the windows continually after the flowers of the honeysuckles and trumpet creepers which overhang them." How like the picture Bunyan gives of Beulah Land, "whose air was very sweet and pleasant; yea, they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw, every day, the flowers appear on the earth." Sunnyside was and is a sweet Elysian, but it was the sunny spirit within that brightened Irving's outward paradise and made its atmosphere melodious. The birds were there, but a querulous spirit out of sympathy with nature would have never heard their melody.

Irving's chivalric regard for woman is another noble feature of his character. Speaking of Madame A——, he said that she seemed an ideal of divine grace and purity before whom he could have knelt and worshipped. "For my part, I am superstitious in my admiration of them (women) and like to walk in a perpetual delusion decking them out as divinities. I thank no one to undecieve me and to prove that they are mere mortals." Highest of all is the place he gives to a mother. Her love to a son is painted in glowing

words: "Neither chilled by selfishness, daunted by danger, weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will glory in his fame, exult in his prosperity, and if adversity overtake him he will be the dearer to her by misfortune. If disgrace settle on his name she will still love and cherish him. If all the world beside cast him off she will be all the world to him." His love for Matilda Hoffman, who died in 1809, in her eighteenth year, was deep and abiding. Her Bible and prayer-book he placed under his pillow, and in his subsequent wanderings in far-off lands these were his constant companions. The removal of her whom he hoped to make his bride, cast a life-long shadow over his path. Some of his references to it are seen in "St. Mark's Eve," and other articles. "There are departed beings that I have loved as I never shall love again in this world; that have loved me as I never shall be loved again."

Speaking of the service which Irving has rendered to American letters, Charles Dudley Warner says, that we owe to him what Scotland owes to Scott and Burns. He has invested a new, crude land, with the enduring charms of romance and tradition, a priceless legacy, an imperishable possession. He was, he says, always a literary man, with the habits and tastes of such a one, looking at life from that outlook rather than from a political, philosophic, theologic, or economic point of view. This may appear to be a less exalted one amid the tremendous energies seen in passing affairs, but it is the point that endures. Its creations remain to charm and civilize life, like the poems of Horace, if they do not mould it, as did the Roman law. Irving was not aggressive or partisan, but full of lenient charity for all the world.

The symmetry of Irving's works as a whole is worthy of attention. We see in all "an admirable proportion." As Underwood says, He does not fatigue us by learned antithesis or proverbial philosophy: he omits nothing necessary and avoids details that are needless; he is as happy in delineations

of character as he is of scenery; "he moves us to tears or to laughter at his pleasure; his style, in short, is absolutely unrivalled in its fluency, grace and picturesque effect. The vivacity of youth never wholly deserted him. Although he ceased writing humorous works, it served to animate his graver histories and to give them a charm which the mere annalist could not attain. Other authors may, perhaps, excite more of our wonder or reverence, but Irving will be remembered with delight and love."

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

ONE of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. —Emerson.

Boston Herald

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS
The death of Mr. Curtis was not unexpected, but it comes with a sad sense of loss to thousands of people who have been delighted by his genial and intellectual work, and to thousands besides who have looked upon him as an illustrious American citizen. He figured before the American public both as a literary man and also as an influential political writer, and almost equally in both positions was he an interpreter of social life and of political tendencies. His early life had in it the element of romance. Unlike most bright New England boys, he served his novitiate at Brook Farm in West Roxbury, and at Concord, where he was brought into close contact with Emerson and Hawthorne and Thoreau. He caught the inspiration of the transcendental movement, and remained a sweet-tempered radical all his life; but he soon passed out of this romantic period, and after spending some time abroad, laying in a large experience of social life, he married and became an editorial and magazine writer in New York city. Mr. Parke Godwin and Mr. Curtis were the chief promoters of Putnam's Magazine, started in 1854. They associated with themselves Mr. Lowell, Mr. Charles F. Briggs, Mr. George Ripley, and other choice literary men of that day, and Putnam's Magazine in his hands became an influential factor in American literature. To Mr. Curtis contributed the materials which were afterward collected into a volume or two. All of these writings are delightful in style and treatment, but were chiefly dependent for their interest on things of passing moment. His connection with this magazine was also the

occasion of his burdening himself with a debt of \$100,000, which was incurred because he was a silent partner in the firm that published the magazine. It was this debt, honorably assumed and as honorably discharged, which was both a help and a hindrance to him.

It led to the far more serious pursuit of literature than a man like Mr. Curtis had at first intended, and it compelled him to work in the harness when he would have been glad to have taken life more easily. He had already been for several years the contributor of the papers entitled the "Editor's Easy Chair" in Harper's Monthly, and it was in this field, occupied for nearly forty years, that he was to do his best literary work. Not only that, but when Harper's Weekly was established he became its principal editorial writer, and when, ten years later, Harper's Bazar was begun, he continued to write additional weekly essays for that for the next six years. He had, par excellence, among American writers, the ability to say graceful, pleasant and true things. He had a style of wonderful sweetness and flexibility, and while he did not appear as a censor of American manners, he always exerted a positive and refining influence upon our social life. Ephemeral as his work was in subject, the treatment was as finished and graceful as if it were intended to last for all time. Perhaps there is no series of comments on American life for the last forty years equally broad and kindly, and at all to be compared with what Mr. Curtis has written. He never wounded the sensibilities of his readers, never betrayed them by a false touch, never missed his opportunity to say the right thing. If he has left no work that is in itself a proper measure of his ability, he has, nevertheless, furnished specimens of style which will compare with the best social writing in the eighteenth century, when Addison and Steele and Swift and Johnson were the social censors of the town. He had a wonderful gift for saying delightful things, and this appeared in his platform work as a lecturer in as marked a degree as it did in what came from his pen. His lectures were of so fine a quality that in the great lyceum era of the century only our best speakers surpassed him as an orator. He carried the spirit of youth and romance and enthusiasm into thousands of villages and hamlets all over the land, and while in this way he was discharging his pecuniary obligations to others, he was everywhere the inspirer of our American youth.

It remains to speak of him as a citizen. We have had more illustrious representatives of citizenship, but we have had few instances of men who have stood for the ideal life of the citizen. Mr. Curtis was like Chevalier Bayard; he believed in honest politics and in honest methods of carrying his ends, and he would never stoop in the inter-

ests of party to the doing of questionable work. He stood on the national side of every public question, and was as strong for purity in politics as for purity in private life. He was an unswerving Republican until 1884, when he became one of the leaders of the Independent Republicans, who refused to support Mr. Blaine in the campaign which resulted in the election of Mr. Cleveland. His independent position in politics since that time made him in some respects both a more influential and a less prominent man, but it did not in any way impeach the integrity of his conduct or the honesty of his convictions. When he ceased to be one of the leaders among the younger men of the Republican party and to carry the standard of the torch-bearer, he inevitably lost the prestige which a great and powerful party gave him, but he was easily among the first of the men who became Independents in politics, and his course in this new position was as consistent as in the old one. Mr. Curtis stood in politics for great national issues, and in this light his efforts in behalf of civil service reform show him to have been one of the patriots and pioneers of his day. His work became representative, and whether he succeeded or failed in what he sought to accomplish, every one felt the inspiration and the strength of an honest man in what he undertook to do. He was a typical American citizen, a man who illustrated the spirit of John Adams, a man who had the instincts of the aristocrat and was yet so broad a man that he could be nothing less than one of the people, a man whose life was bright and sunny and helpful, a man who had the good fortune to make beautiful friendships and who made his career full of goodness and truth, and on whom the whole community depended for the light and cheer of his word.

Phil. Evening Telegraph BY TELEGRAPH.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THE EMINENT EDITOR, AUTHOR,
AND REFORMER PASSES AWAY.

FATAL TERMINATION OF MR. CURTIS' LONG ILLNESS—HIS EVENTFUL CAREER—ONE OF THE BROOK FARM COLONY IN EARLY LIFE—HIS ASSOCIATION WITH EMERSON, HAWTHORNE, AND THOREAU—HIS BUSY LIFE AS ANTI-SLAVERY AGITATOR, AUTHOR, EDITOR, LECTURER, AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31 (By Direct Telephone).—Mr. George William Curtis, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, who has been seriously ill at his home on Staten Island for a long time past, died at 2 o'clock this morning.

AN EVENTFUL AND BRILLIANT CAREER.

George William Curtis was born in Providence, R. I., on February 24, 1824, and had thus more than half completed his sixty-ninth year at the time of his death. He was partly of Massachusetts descent, his father having been born in Worcester, in that State, of which an ancestor was the first settler. His mother was the daughter of James Burrill, Jr., at one time Chief Justice of Rhode Island, and afterwards United States Senator. In 1830 he went to boarding-school at Jamaica Plain, near Boston, where he remained for four years. Pleasant reminiscences of his school-days there are found in the early chapters of his novel, *Trumpet*, narrated with a freshness and enthusiasm which remind the reader of *Tom Brown at Rugby*. Meanwhile he lost his mother; and in 1839, his father, who had married again, removed with his family to New York, and, desirous that his son should pursue a mercantile career, placed him, after a year's study with a private tutor, as a clerk in a German importing house in Exchange Place.

But mercantile life was not agreeable to the youth. His tastes were decidedly literary, and in the course of his reading he became deeply interested in the transcendental movement, in which so many of the best and purest minds of New England were at that time engaged. Accordingly, after about a year of uncongenial drudgery in the importing house, in 1842, when he was about eighteen years old, he went with his eldest brother to join the fraternity of remarkable men and women who tried at Brook Farm the experiment of founding a little Utopia of their own, afterwards celebrated by Hawthorne in the *Mother's Romance*. Here he remained about eighteen months, in the society of Emerson, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, and other leading minds of the New England of that day, whose personality must have made a strong impression upon his own tastes and habits of thought.

Apparently he found rural pursuits, for a time, less distasteful than did Hawthorne, who has recorded with quaint humor his aversion to milking cows and digging potatoes; for, after leaving Brook Farm, he went to live with a farmer at Concord, Massachusetts, and performed his allotted share of farm labor with industrious regularity. Here, also, he continued his intimacy with Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau, his warm friendships with whom being broken only by death. In his *Home of American Authors* he has printed some interesting notes of his intercourse with the philosopher, the romancer, and the hermit.

But, like other members of the Brook Farm community, Mr. Curtis at length grew weary of amateur farming, and again turned his attention to more elegant and more congenial pursuits. In 1846 he went abroad. After spending nearly a year in Italy, he passed a few months in study at the University of Berlin, and then extended his wanderings into Egypt and Syria. This included a trip up the Nile, in the delightful old fashion now vanishing before the introduction of steamboats and railroads. The fruit of these wanderings were those charming books of travel, *The Nile Notes of a Howadji* and *The Howadji in Syria*. Mr. Curtis did not travel in search of useful information, and the reader who looks for it in these books will be disappointed. He will find there neither "facts" nor "figures," in the Gradgrind sense; but the very spirit of the East pervades every page. The impressions caught from the mighty architecture that, as firm and nearly as old as the eternal hills, rises on the banks of the sacred river which "flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands"—from the strange, weird people and their customs—are reproduced in these books with a fidelity which overcomes the reader as with enchantment, and transports him to the very scenes traversed by the wanderer. If one would thoroughly enjoy the East, without making a journey thither, he should read these delightful books.

Mr. Curtis remained abroad about four years. On his return to this country, he was engaged, for a while, on the staff of the *New York Tribune*, and wrote for that paper a series of brilliant let-

ters from Newport and other fashionable watering-places of the period. These letters, overflowing with graceful humor, delicate satire, and fine descriptions, were afterwards gathered into a volume, under the title of *Letus Esting*.

In the autumn of 1832 *Putnam's Monthly* was started, and Mr. Curtis was one of its first editors and writers. His contributions to its pages included a series of brilliant papers on "Our Best Society," afterwards published under the title of *The Fortieth Papers*, in which the ridiculous side of our fashionable society was satirized with a wit and humor which are as pertinent now as they were forty years ago. When *Putnam's* was sold to Dix, Edwards & Co., Mr. Curtis was a silent partner in the firm; and when it subsequently became embarrassed, in the spring of 1837, he assumed, with Mr. Miller, who printed the magazine, all its assets and liabilities, in the hope of securing the creditors against loss. In this he was unsuccessful. The magazine soon went down, and carried with it the whole of his private fortune.

Some years previous to this failure, Mr. Curtis had connected himself with *Harper's Magazine*. In the winter of 1838 he succeeded Mr. Donald G. Mitchell as the occupant of the "Editor's Easy Chair," a position which allowed and called forth the display of a mental versatility rarely equalled in literature. Every month, for nearly forty years, the reader has turned to this department with expectation never doomed to disappointment. The whole range of periodical literature contains no other instance of a series of articles so varied, so brilliant, so well sustained, as this. The nearest approach to it, in respect of duration, is the *Noctes Ambrosianae* of Christopher North, which ran through thirteen years. In the "Easy Chair" Mr. Curtis has treated the topics of the time—rarely, however, touching on those of a political nature—with a grace and ease of manner peculiarly his own.

When *Harper's Weekly* was established, in 1857, Mr. Curtis became a constant contributor to its columns, conducting a department called "The Younger," which consisted at first of essays in the lighter vein on social and literary topics, very much in the manner of the "Easy Chair." After the beginning of the war Mr. Curtis frequently introduced subjects of a national and political character in this department; but his field was comparatively restricted until, on the retirement of Mr. John Bonner from the position of its editor, in 1863, he assumed control of the editorial page. From that time until ill-health compelled an abandonment of literary labor, Mr. Curtis was the principal editorial writer in *Harper's Weekly*, and gave direction and tone to its political course. Whatever may be thought of his opinions on party questions, men of all shades of political faith agree in commending the dignity, fairness, and ability with which his views have been expressed. He has never intentionally misrepresented an opponent, and has always been ready to correct an error into which he may have fallen.

In addition to the "Easy Chair" and the political editorials in *Harper's Weekly*, Mr. Curtis was the author of the charming series of papers in *Harper's Bazar* entitled "Manners upon the Road," in which, under the signature of "An Old Bachelor," he treated principally social topics of current interest. These articles were commenced in the first number of the *Bazar*, in January, 1858, and were continued weekly until he was obliged, some five years later, temporarily to lay aside his pen. They exhibit the same traits of versatile thought, graces of style, and refined culture, which have characterized the "Easy Chair."

In the early period of his career, when he was spurred to activity by the determination to pay off every creditor of *Putnam's Magazine*, the amount of labor he performed was literally enormous. Besides filling the "Easy Chair" of *Harper's Magazine* and the editorial chair of *Harper's Weekly*, he delivered a long series of lectures, sometimes speaking a hundred nights in the course of a single season, and travelling without rest from place to place at the insatiable call of managers and

to place at the insatiable call of managers and Committees. No one was more popular as a lecturer in those halcyon days of the American lyceum. The charm of his manner was irresistible, and he spoke with the grace and ease of the true orator. One of the most popular of his lectures was that upon the perfect soldier of chivalry, Sir Philip Sydney, and scarcely less popular were his Lowell lectures upon the modern English novelists, which were repeated in all the larger cities of the United States, and in many of the smaller towns. The physical and mental strain involved in this labor was so excessive that many people wondered that he was willing to undergo it. A few only of his immediate friends knew that the proceeds of all his lectures during a period of almost ten years, and a part of his salary as editor, were devoted to the liquidation of the debt from which the law, but not his high sense of moral responsibility, would have absolved him. In his early career, too, Mr. Curtis was a writer of very graceful and polished verse. In the summer of 1843 he delivered an excellent poem before the University of Rochester, at its annual commencement, and also one the following year at Brown University. Almost all young Americans of culture and taste take to writing poetry, but not all have the good sense to leave off when the serious business of life begins. The only books, besides those already mentioned, published by Mr. Curtis are *Prus and I*, a very pleasant volume made up from papers which originally appeared in the pages of *Putnam's Monthly*, and *Trump*, which was first printed as a serial in *Harper's Weekly*. *Trump* abounds in felicitous sketches of character, and in fine delineations of certain phases of social and political life; but the story failed to take hold of public interest. It is, indeed, rather the groundwork of a novel than a finished and well-rounded work of art.

During these years the slavery question had gradually absorbed public attention, and had become the paramount theme in the press, the pulpit, and the lyceum. In his Newport loungings Mr. Curtis had noted the effect produced upon Northern society by the slave power, and his attention had been called to the necessity of combating the evil influence by every popular means. Accordingly in all his lectures, like many of the lyceum speakers at that time, he discussed the subject with great freedom and force, and did much to arouse and enlighten public opinion on this vital question, and to prepare the way for the great revival of anti-slavery feeling in the North which followed the personal assault upon Charles Sumner in 1856. Mr. Curtis was one of a large number of young men who felt, when that assault took place, that the time for decided action had come.

In the year just mentioned he delivered a college address at Middletown upon the "Duty of the American Scholar to Politics and the Times," in which the situation and the impending crisis were discussed from an anti-slavery point of view. He went upon the stump for Fremont, in that year, speaking in New England, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and entered actively into politics on Staten Island, where he lived, and where for many years he was Chairman of the Republican County Committee. He was a delegate to the second National Convention of the Republican party, which assembled at Chicago in May, 1860. It will be remembered that the construction of a "platform" was a labor of considerable difficulty. There were still many Republicans who wished to conciliate the border States, and when Mr. Joshua B. Giddings moved in Convention to add to the first resolution the "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" clause from the Declaration of Independence, the opposition was loud and determined. The motion was lost by a large vote, and Mr. Giddings, who had urged its adoption in the most eloquent and impressive manner, proposed to withdraw from the Convention; but Mr. Curtis took an early opportunity to renew the motion in a slightly modified form. There were again loud cries of opposition. Mr. Curtis asked whether the party was prepared at

its second National Convention to vote against the great charter of American liberty, and cautioned the delegates to beware how, there in the broad prairies of the West, they receded from the position which the party had occupied at Pittsburgh and refused to repeat the words of the Fathers of the Revolution. His eloquent periods acted like magic on the Convention. The amendment was adopted unanimously amid wild excitement, the great multitude rising and giving round after round of applause. "Ten thousand voices," says a contemporary report, "swelled into a deafening roar, and for several minutes every attempt to restore order was hopelessly vain. The crowd of people outside took up and rehearsed the cheers, making a scene of excitement and enthusiasm unparalleled in any similar gathering." It was a great popular triumph, and was of vital service to the party, not only in retaining the influence of Mr. Giddings and his followers, but in swelling the enthusiasm which greeted the platform and the candidates.

The war for the preservation of the Union was at its height when Mr. Curtis became the political editor of *Harper's Weekly*, which he soon made a power in the Republican party, and in the country at large. He won and kept the enthusiastic personal support and admiration of his audience as probably no other editor has succeeded in doing, with the single exception of Horace Greeley. His position was strengthened by his never seriously entertaining proposals, however brilliant and tempting, that would interrupt his relations with his readers. Thus, although he could serve as a Regent of the University, of which he was finally chosen Chancellor in 1890, and as a non-resident Professor of Cornell University for four years, he declined in 1880, upon the death of Mr. Henry J. Raymond, who had previously asked him to become assistant editor, an invitation to the chief editorship of the *New York Times*. Once he accepted the Republican nomination for Representative in Congress, knowing that his district was hopelessly Democratic, and that there was no prospect of his election. In 1867, also, he served in the State Constitutional Convention, in which body he acted as Chairman of the Committee on Education and frequently took part in the debates, making, especially, an elaborate speech in favor of the extension of the franchise to women, a measure of which he had been for years a consistent advocate.

In the editorial columns of *Harper's Weekly* and in his public addresses, Mr. Curtis early expounded and advocated a reform of the Civil Service, and continued his struggle to the end of his career, in spite of the wrath and ridicule of the practical politicians. He accepted the Chairmanship of the Civil Service Commission when it was first created in 1871, under Grant's Administration, with sanguine hopes of success. But in 1872, becoming convinced that, yielding to the pressure of the practical politicians, the President had changed his views, Mr. Curtis resigned, and in the following year the whole project was abandoned for the time. He presided over the Republican State Convention in 1875 and in a notable address on assuming the chair advocated, in the most outspoken way, opposition to the Third-Term movement, which was then in its incipency. He also participated in the State Convention of the following year which selected delegates to the Cincinnati Convention, and opposed, but in vain, the instruction of the delegation-at-large for Senator Conkling. He represented his Congressional district in the National Convention of that year, and at the beginning of President Hayes' Administration was requested to select a foreign mission, which he declined, and he also declined the special offer of the mission to Germany. Still continuing his activity in the councils of the party, he held a seat in the State Convention of 1877, in which he again crossed lances with Senator Conkling, who, as Chairman of the Committee on Platform, had reported an elaborate argument against the doctrine that national office-holders should be prohibited from taking part in politics. Mr. Curtis

moved to strike out this portion of the platform, and insert an amendment commending President Hayes, whereupon Senator Conkling made a bitter attack upon the great Civil Service Reformer, whose amendment was, after a long and animated debate, defeated by the decisive vote of 109 to 293. It was in Senator Conkling's speech on this occasion that occurred the famous reference to the "men-milliners, the dilettanti and carpet knights in politics, who devoted their energies to denouncing men more honest than themselves."

In the State Convention of 1878 Mr. Curtis again appeared as the eulogist of President Hayes. In the following year, however, he finally broke with the Republican managers in New York, and in the columns of *Harper's Weekly* protested against the principal nominations made by the Saratoga Convention of that year. His course in the paper was fully endorsed by the publishers in an open letter, and Mr. Curtis formally severed his relations with the party organization, by resigning as Chairman of the Staten Island local Convention. In the following year, however, he made an effort to enter the State Convention as a delegate, but was defeated in this attempt by the Conkling-Grant combination, and subsequently remained independent of party associations until October last, when he again enrolled his name in the Republican column, with the statement, "I shall vote the Republican ticket this fall; in politics I regard myself as an Independent, but when it comes to a choice as between Tammany Hall and its powerful organization, on the one hand and the Republicans on the other, I can have no hesitation."

Meanwhile Mr. Curtis had been elected President of the Civil Service Reform Association at the annual meeting in 1890, and was continued in that position by successive annual elections down to the present time. In June, 1894, he presided over a meeting of Independent Republicans which took action against the candidacy of James G. Blaine, who had just been nominated for the Presidency by the National Convention at Chicago, and in the campaign which followed he supported the Democratic candidate, Mr. Cleveland, in the columns of *Harper's Weekly*. In the national campaign of 1888, Mr. Curtis again stood by Mr. Cleveland, who, he declared, had "made his own platform in his Message, and there had been nothing in his Administration which had alarmed the business interests of the country." Mr. Curtis has been in such poor health of late that he has been unable to take an active part in the pending campaign.

Mr. Curtis was married in 1857 to a daughter of Mr. Robert G. Shaw, the eminent philanthropist. For many years he had resided in West New Brighton, on Staten Island, except during the summer months, when he sought rest and relaxation in a pleasant, old-fashioned country home in the village of Ashfield, Mass. He was a medium-sized, well-built man, with an athletic frame, a large and well-shaped head, a thick growth of bushy gray hair, and strong, handsome features, with white side whiskers, a pale, ruddy complexion, and large gray eyes. Few men bore their years so well, and, though he had always been such a hard worker, until his fatal illness overtook him he looked younger than most men do at fifty, a result largely due to his love for the open air of the country and his regular alternations of work and exercise.

Phil. Evening Telegraph,
Aug. 31, 1892

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

ONE of the most genuinely distinguished of contemporary Americans has gone to his rest, George William Curtis was a true master mind, and his work was informed first and last by conscience which knew no shadow of turning from what he was convinced was the right. Where you have such a combination the result must be momentous; either without the other might fall of good to the world,—

together they are irresistible. Mr. Curtis occupied a place in our national life akin to that of Emerson. That is, he was a thinker and a maker of thinkers. He had not the pure intellect of Emerson, but the world was more to him, and he was more practical. The work of each was done largely through an elevation which not so much approached the whole mass of society as if raised disciples who widely spread the message of humanitarianism. We by no means underrate the direct work of Curtis as an editor and publicist, but undoubtedly the bulk of his influence was through the multitude of writers of lower grade, who were inspired and enlightened by him;—and this is to be one of the master minds.

The career of Mr. Curtis was a double one of literary man and politician; but the first province, as years went on, was swallowed up by the second. By this we mean the province of pure literature. In so far as journalism may be called literature it remained always an integral part of his labors. But the line between his early ambitions as a writer and his later position as a publicist and social philosopher is distinctly drawn. There is room for lament over it, for American authorship had some of its brightest promise in Curtis' early books, *Prue and I* is a novel which justly led the public to expect a series of books of this class of a high grade, and *The Potiphar Papers* showed a satirical power akin to that of Lowell. Without doubt if this line had been continued Mr. Curtis would have secured a position in it equal to the best of the men who succeeded him; and, as far as personal distinction is concerned, the divergence into his subsequent tasks is to be deplored. But, as we said at the outset, he was a man of conscience; he felt impelled to take part in the living and breathing affairs of the world; he never ceased to be a student of literature, but his genuine lifework left his early ventures far behind.

Mr. Curtis stands beyond everything else as an example of the American politician at his best. We may say this without intending to endorse all his opinions as editor of *Harper's Weekly*, or as expressed on numerous prominent public occasions. The course of his journal on our industrial policy and other matters is opposed to our own convictions, but the judgment just expressed in nowise suffers from that fact. The honesty, the ability, and the dignity of this noble teacher are beyond dispute. He educated our lawmakers, our office-holders, our candidates for office. His ideas were adopted by legislators, they were incorporated through second, third, or fourth hands in laws which experience has shown to be beneficial. In this way the leaders often strike the mark; ridiculed, it may be, as impracticable, their ideas percolate the mass of ignorance or indifference; at last and in most unexpected places they strike root; apostles

are raised up who carry on the work to triumph. So Garrison and Greeley worked, after methods less strictly intellectual than those of Emerson. Curtis was of the fiber of each of those great men; he had the same relentless purpose, the same purity of heart, the same love of his fellows.

Such a figure is at once an honor to our culture as a people and a hope of the best things in our national future. The battle for civil service reform carried on by Curtis for so many years was certainly not a losing fight, contemptuously as it was regarded by the professors of practical politics. Out of a hundred men ninety-nine might pass it by coldly or with ridicule, but to the hundredth it was a burning message. And those hundredth parts make the saving remnant of society; or them depends the carrying out of the ideas which will make the Republic what it was ordained to be by fate. And they will carry them out; obsequy and corruption will not prevail, despite the ninety-nine; the good men, though few, will conquer. This is the law. One of the high preachers of it has gone from among us, but his example remains.

Boston Journal, Sept. 1, 1892

THE EASY CHAIR.

The death of George William Curtis will be felt keenly in many ways. The voice of the orator will be heard no more. The orator, whose speech was heavy with thought and brilliant with the display of imagination, whose polished sentences were warm with feeling and strong in sincerity, whose melancholy and graceful bearing were emblematic as the humble instruments

of religious conviction, or in the expression of man's joy or lamentation. The citizen, whose name was known in all his endeavors, in his speech and in his action, thought first of the good of the republic, and this was known to all that they who could not share in his separated cheerfully the honesty of the patriot. As a man, his death will seem to many a personal loss, although they never spoke with him, although they never saw him, for he that sat in the Easy Chair was the reflection of the man that walked the streets of Ashfield and New York. To him the epithet of "gentleman" might be applied. Nor would it be the mere rhetoric of ordinary eulogy to describe him as the ideal American gentleman in thought, in manner and in speech.

As an orator, a citizen and an example of manhood his place will not be quickly filled, even in these days of sudden leaps to success and of mushroom reputations. But the fame of the orator is too often merely a vague or a disputed tradition, and the record of the exemplary citizen is a tombstone inscription. Nor are the Chinese, the people of centuries, to be blamed for their jealous preservation of all things printed. The book is, after all, the life-boat to posterity.

When Mr. Curtis was one of the editors of the old "Putnam's Monthly," when he wrote "The Potiphar Papers," "Prue and I" and "Trumps," he was undoubtedly strongly under the influence of Thackeray, and for this he was then reproached. "The Potiphar Papers" was called a New York version of "The Book of Snobs." The charge was not without truth. He took Thackeray as his model; he not only preached his belief in the "cynic"—for so it was the fashion to regard the creator of Col. Newcome—but his own thoughts moved in the channels constructed by the greater man.

Boston Herald, Sept. 12, 1892

"OUR DEAD PROPHET."

Tribute Paid to the Memory of George William Curtis.

At the Harrison Square Church in Dorchester yesterday, Rev. W. R. Lord referred in his sermon to the late George William Curtis, in substance, as follows:

I want to make this new text for our purpose today: "Holy men of modern times speak as they are moved by the Holy Spirit." The present tense best expresses God's relation to our human life and history—not God "made," but God makes; not so much God "spoke," as God speaks. Holy men of old did speak, but they spoke for their own generation the truth it most needed. The same God who spoke then speaks now through our own prophets the special truths we most need.

Thank God for the living prophets! And while it is immensely important that we should reverence the prophets of the oldest time, it is not half so important as that we should hear and obey the prophets of our own time. One has just died, and while yet the tones of his voice vibrate in our ears, let us again hear his message.

Every individual prophet has his own special truth to speak and work to do. George William Curtis stood for truth in the whole; and in whatever way he approached humanity, whether in its social, economic or literary aspects, it was to summon it to purity and righteousness.

He was not content in his efforts, and many noble causes are higher today because he lived. But it was for him, as for all prophets, to emphasize some one thing in life, and above all, he became the prophet of political reform.

He saw, as we can all see, that the whole pyramid of corruption in our government, city, state and national, rests upon the spoils system; that the ladder upon which small and selfish and venal men crawl to power, is held up by the seekers after office and plunder.

Mr. Curtis was also the prophet of political independence. Always, he said, loyalty to conscience, to the cause of pure government, and not to party. Be ready at any time to forsake your party, but never your cause. What was the source of Mr. Curtis' vision, power and courage? I answer that it was, as with all the prophets, he was "moved by the Holy Spirit." Mr. Curtis was a religious man. He believed in God and caught his vision of the world as God wanted it, while looking up.

MR. CURTIS AT NEWPORT.

Boston Transcript, Sept. 10, 1892.

A Glimpse of Him as a Young Man—Well-known People who were his Friends—The Memory of his Courtship—Stories of the Lecturer.

NEWPORT, Sept. 7, 1892.

The first dropping of the autumn leaf! What more beautiful or more fitting time for a poet to pass away from earth than now, when the summer is still in its full beauty—the beauty of maturity—and only the most delicate fruit, the most fragile flowers, and the most tender leaves fall to the ground? The man whose death we mourn today was of so exquisite a nature, so refined by the long years of a life given to noble thought and high endeavor that it seemed eminently fitting the greater timent of clay, once so vigorous, so full of manly strength and beauty, should have waxed frail and tender. The ethereal and spiritual beauty of old age—the old age that grows a life well lived—had set its silver seal upon our silver-tongued speaker and one fancies that he faded gradually away from us till little was left save that beautiful voice, the memory of which shall long ring in our ears, and the noble spirit, which even in the valley of the shadow of death gave heed to its life work. On the brink of the grave he still called back to us his chosen

and yet there were many felicitous touches in those earlier pages, which Thackeray himself might have envied. But "Nile Notes of a Howadji," "Lotus Eating," as well as the books mentioned, are comparatively unknown to the younger generation.

It was his habit, a habit confirmed by the practice of many years, to talk each month, seated comfortably in his Easy Chair, concerning the ever changing mental and material fashions of mankind; to point out in humorous vein the petty weaknesses; to glorify, with more animated voice, a good or noble deed; to rebuke in withering irony the meanness of snobbery in society, the crime of corruption in high places. Nothing that pertained to humanity was to him foreign. The range of subjects seemed unlimited. By his treatment of these subjects will he undoubtedly be best known. If the subjects themselves were ephemeral, the treatment was for the coming years.

Comparisons are made easily, and it is not surprising that Mr. Curtis, the essayist, was likened frequently to Addison or Steele or Lamb or Thackeray. There were traces of all these writers in his monthly essays, but the peculiar flavoring was his own. There was a savor of the soil; not strong and rank, as in the works of certain ultra-Americans, but like the smell of a virgin wood or the meadow land of a new country. He had the humor characteristic of the gaunt American, but it was mellowed, free from exaggeration, kindly even when it was used in rebuke. His sentences were fragrant with flowers of speech, natural flowers, such as are still found in old-fashioned gardens trimmed with box. In these gardens of speech the figures familiar to an antique eye were seen occasionally. The men took snuff and whispered names with powder, patches and painted fans. The compliments were courtly. There was a clipped and trained tree in the foreground. But this love of olden days was never affectation, never pedantry. Nor as he grew older was he like the old man of forage who spoke only of the past. Always catholic in taste, his sympathies went out the more in all directions as mankind multiplied around him. The same man who remembered the Italian singers of golden voice wrote appreciatively of Wagner, or at least called for fair play. Although he was faithful to the literary loves of his youth, he welcomed the new comers, and in some cases his heart was touched, so that there was a faint flush in his cheek when he spoke of them in public. He never preached as from a pulpit in these essays; yet what wholesome lessons were taught, lessons of abiding good to men and women.

In this essayist the man will live. For the essayist and the man were one. The cheerful, kindly, pure and Christian philosophy of the writer was the guide to the feet of the man who was not unacquainted with adversity and sorrow. In the literary world there are startling antitheses of practice and profession. Seldom is there such unity of inmost thought and outward action as there was in the daily life of Mr. Curtis.

a man of unblemished character—a gentleman in the highest sense of the word. What he was in this latter regard was finely illustrated by his conduct when, like Sir Walter Scott, through no fault of his own, the failure of a publishing firm with which he was connected left him heavily involved, and when, like the noble-hearted romancer, he went resolutely to work to discharge the obligations against him. The amount for which he was liable is said to have been about \$100,000; but in 1873, sixteen years later, he paid off the last dollar of the debt, and felt that he was a free man again. This he did by writing and lecturing, and perhaps he shortened his days by his exertions to accomplish his object. But his reputation was worth more to him than life itself, and he begrudged no expenditure of time and strength that enabled him to draw nearer to the wished-for goal.

Mr. Curtis was a genuine patriot. He might differ from men as wise as himself on political questions, but no one could doubt that he loved his country and was anxious that it should prosper in the broadest possible sense. In this respect, too, he showed himself to be a courageous man. He was not to be deterred by severe criticism from following the lead of his convictions. What he thought he ought to do as an American citizen, that he did, regardless of any consequences to himself, and in so doing set an example that his critics, as well as his political associates, admired.

Again, Mr. Curtis was an elegant writer. His English was well-nigh faultless, and although as an editor he was compelled to write so much, his style never suffered, but was as refined and elevated at sixty-eight as it had been at forty. He was, withal, a truly eloquent speaker, and pronounced more than one oration that will live for a century to come. Few of those who graced the platform in the days when the lyceum was in its glory, could begin to compare with him as an orator, and no thoughtful young man desirous of becoming a successful public speaker could hear him without large profit.

But, after all, it was, what George William Curtis was as a man that suggests our greatest loss in his death, and his influence as such will live long after him; and thus, like the righteous man of old, though dead he will continue to speak to the land of which he was so loyal a citizen.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Boston Traveller, 9/11/1892

The death of George William Curtis is a national loss, and will be recognized as such from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He was, to begin with,

watchword "Reform," and the charge that he has laid down we must take up and continue his work as far as we may.

But who shall take his place? Where among our young men shall we find one distinguished by the exquisite grace of manner, the dignity, the high-breeding of George William Curtis? He was an American gentleman of the highest, because of the most intellectual type, and as unassuming as the man of true worth and nobility of character always is. All honor, all praise to such a man, and may his high example ever find followers among the young men of our republic!

It is of Mr. Curtis as associated with Newport that I would like to say a few words, however, and in order to do so I shall have to go back into the dim past, when my recollections of him begin here, in the early fifties. Mr. Curtis was a gay young man of society in those early days—and the writer of the present article was in her sixth year.

Although he was fond of parties and balls, as is the average young man, healthy in body and mind, his tastes drew him toward literary people, as is natural in one who was already an author. Instead of spending the summer at one of the vast hotels which then contained Newport's summer population, he lived at the Old Cliff House, a delightful but primitive hostelry, near the site of which the present Cliff House and cottages are built. Here were gathered together, during the season of which I speak, a rare summer party of friends, including the poet Longfellow and his beautiful wife, Mr. Tom Appleton, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, the artists, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mr. Curtis and others.

A photograph is still in existence of this merry group, in which all are smiling—probably at some *bon-mot* of Mr. Appleton's—and Longfellow, wearing a high stove-pipe hat of the absurd shape then in fashion, looks benign and beaming, as if he greatly enjoyed the joke of the thing. For the protracted sittings before the camera, which were necessary in those days, had to be taken either as a most sober and dreadful earnest, or as a huge jest.

Mr. Curtis was then usually called "the Howadjii" by his friends, and what a Howadjii might wear was a source of wonder and mystery to my infant mind. I fancy that Mr. Curtis was a sort of pet with the rest of the party, who were for the most part older than he, and already married.

Indeed, the Old Cliff House was quite a family hotel, and unfortunately for Mr. Curtis his room was somewhat noisily situated, next to the nursery of the Howe children.

I suppose that some one must occupy the upper rooms at hotels—which were not, in the ante-elevator days, as agreeable as the upper rooms at synagogues and feasts are supposed to be. Young men and children, who are sound sleepers, and don't mind the stairs, are conveniently disposed of there.

Poor Mr. Curtis, who enjoyed the balls and hops of Newport, did not retire to rest very early. But his next-door neighbors did—and were on the alert, at the "screech of dawn," when he would faintly have slept a little longer. They and their nurse made such a noise over the morning ablutions, that Mr. Curtis was wont to complain, half jestingly, of the dreadful racket made by the Howe children and their loud-voiced tin bathtub.

Some of the gentlemen at the Cliff House practised pistol shooting, but I don't think Mr. Curtis was of the number. I have a sad memory of a beloved silver mug—my mug—lying on the grass, with a great wound in its side, some one having taken it for a pewter cup! We had a delightful "joggling-board" on this same lawn—and I remember the poet Longfellow's baby daughter sporting about in its vicinity. The boys were some-

what older, and with the assurance of young gentlemen of six and eight years of age, held an animated argument with their father as to the propriety of his name, which they declared ought to be *Shortfellow* rather than *Longfellow*.

Mr. Curtis's courtship was, in part at least, carried on on our beautiful island of Aquidneck; a year or two after the pleasant Cliff House days, there were rumors of his engagement to Miss Anna Shaw—whom I remember as a handsome young woman, wearing her hair in curls. It is pleasant to think that the romantic spell of this peaceful spot was upon those two young people, and that they perhaps wandered through its deep-wooded valleys and drove together along its quiet grass-fringed roads; while they were deciding to take together that longer journey through life which has just ended for one of them.

We were all much interested in the publication of Mr. Curtis's novel "Trumps," in Harper's Weekly, although I was too much of a child to appreciate it then and never got beyond the first chapters. The characters of the story were drawn according to the *on dit* from Boston people whom we all knew—or whom our fathers had known. But as the lady from whom the portrait of the heroine was said to have been copied is still living it would manifestly not be proper to give her name.

Of the noble struggle which Mr. Curtis made—and made successfully—to pay off the debt of his publishers, for which he was not responsible, save morally, we used to hear at times, in the days when I remember him in his full power as a brilliant orator, and handsome man, with brown hair and whiskers, and the finely formed chin, which he always wore shaved. Brilliant, confident and winning speaker as he was, there must have been a time in the beginning when he suffered from stage fright, to judge from the following story my mother used to tell us with much amusement, how Mr. Curtis at his first lecture, advanced and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, this Platonist Bott," with a solemnity which was changed to confusion when he perceived his error. For of course ~~that was~~ a ~~satirical allusion to~~

Of late years, we have often had a pleasant glimpse of him here at Newport where he came for the sessions of the Civil Service Reform League, and sometimes, merely to visit old friends. But I doubt whether the rush and whirl of the modern Newport life, were altogether agreeable to the busy literary man, with his scholarly tastes, for his stays were brief.

His conversation was delightful and entirely free from that pedantry which marks the man of half-culture. He was not such a brilliant, irrepressible talker as our dear Ancestor, but his speech had a great charm; and although he did not seek to take the lead in conversation he was willing to do his part, and did it incomparably well. He has been called cold, but I think he was calm rather than cold, with a certain sadness, as of one who had been obliged, from the force of his convictions and belief, to take a more active part in the battle of affairs than his tastes would have led him to assume.

I remember his telling some amusing stories of mistakes that had been made upon the lecture-platform, by people who confused his name with that of Cable; as the initials of the two names are the same, they are sometimes confounded—and Mr. Curtis and his audience were alike astounded when he was introduced to them as the brilliant and popular novelist, George Washington Cable.

I last saw him at one of those Newport gatherings, where it seemed most appropriate that he should be—at a meeting of the Town and Country Club. It was held

at the house of an artist, where all the surroundings were of the refined beauty which only the loving hand and knowledge of the artist can create. The presence of such a distinguished man as Mr. Curtis, added éclat to an

already brilliant occasion. But he was as usual, simple and dignified in manner. He gave me a few kindly words of greeting—calling me by the childish nickname which one never outgrows to those who remember one's early days—to the valued friends of one's parents.

Peace be to his memory! But a few days ago, he was with us, and one of us, in this busy, struggling world, now he has fought the good fight—fought it, and won it, and remains to us only as a shining instance of high courage and steadfast virtue, a precious memory and a noble example.

FLORENCE HOWE HARRIS.

Boston Transcript, Sept. 1, 1892

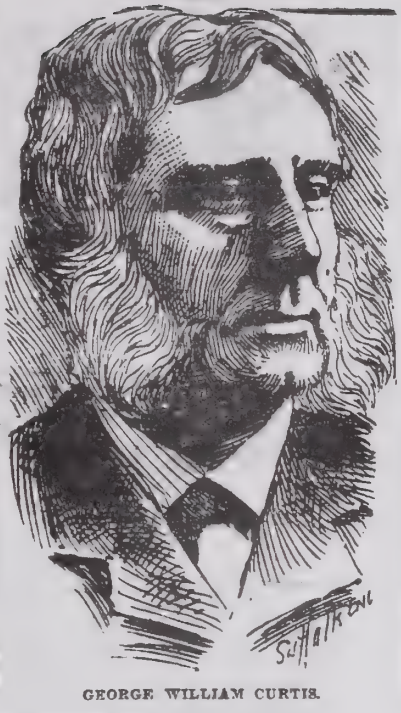
MR. CURTIS AS A POLITICIAN.

George William Curtis's long and honorable career before the American people, in which his face and form have become familiar to all classes, has been overflowing with incidents showing to what extent a scholarly man, liberally endowed by nature and gifted with an abnormally unyielding vertebral column, can accomplish in the purification of political and public affairs. This enlightened critic of American politics, whose nature revolted at everything mean and degrading wherever it might present itself, made an indelible impression upon our modes of political thinking. He was ever ready to battle with wrong, whether it appeared in abstract opinion, or concretely in acts of oppression or hypocrisy. As a hater of slavery, a constant and powerful opponent of intriguing politicians, however high placed, an ardent friend of civil service reform, and the value of his services to that cause cannot be over-estimated, as an advocate of women suffrage, and as an Independent, ever since the Cincinnati convention of 1872, fearlessly uttering his convictions at all proper and seasonable times, Mr. Curtis stands forth today as one of those courageous Americans who have nobly performed a high mission in life and consequently leave to posterity an example and a record which will grow brighter as the years recede.

George William Curtis early fell under the ban of the Conservatives. It was the "Union savers" who detested him prior to the war of the Rebellion. He was announced to speak in Philadelphia in December, 1860, before the People's Literary Institute, on "The Policy of Honesty." This, on the face of it, does not seem to be an inflammable topic, but the prevailing Northern style was then to avoid all appearance of offense to the South, and the hall was refused for the delivery of this lecture on the ground that it would cause a riot. This incident is rehearsed here to show how often Mr. Curtis was ahead of popular sentiment and how the crowd finally veers to the side that is right. Mr. Curtis's political battles with Roscoe Conkling, who regarded with supreme contempt anybody holding the opinion that the use of Federal patronage in elections is incompatible with true republicanism, are an important part of the history of New York politics, because the "Mat-Milliner" quite vanquished his redoubtable senatorial opponent. It was found in these encounters that for virile English Conkling, with all his adjectives, was no match at all for Curtis, and when it came to cutting and penetrating sarcasm Conkling proved himself the veriest bungler when contrasted with a foeman whom he so often derided for his impractical views. But

take the verdict of the country on these two men today, which would rank the highest in public estimation? Curtis's contention has issued in the constant though retarded progress of civil service reform. Conkling's contention culminated in the assassination of a President.

Mr. Curtis had the happy fate to concentrate upon himself all the venom of those who could not bear to have any ideal standard set up in politics. Although the chosen intimate of those leaders who founded and built up the Republican party, he was frequently the victim of savage vituperation because he never hesitated to denounce every practice tending to reaction or to selfish interest and corruption in public life, whether found in the party with which he was nominally connected or in the opposite organization. The "courtesy" group of United States Senators, of which Conkling was so conspicuous and appropriate a representative, always looked upon Mr. Curtis as a writer and speaker worthy of not the slightest quarter from men whose business it was to carry elections and so dictate the country's policy. After all, however, Mr. Curtis's voice and pen were probably more effective in influencing popular opinion than all the efforts of those who denounced him because fearing that he was despoiling them of their vocations as practical politicians. Thought, pluck, intelligence, culture and a high moral purpose were all in him for a good deal in America. It is fortunate for the re-



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Boston Journal, Sept. 1, 1892

The Well-known Editor of
Harper's Weekly.

His Noted Career as Author and
Journalist.

Sketch of His Travels and His
Works.

George William Curtis, the well-known author and journalist, died at 2.30 Wednesday morning at his residence in West Brighton, S. I. Last July Mr. Curtis's illness assumed a serious form. He had not been feeling well since the middle of June, but he continued to do his regular work until after the Fourth of July. Just before the Fourth a change for the worse took place, and soon Dr. Janeway and Mr. Curtis's brother, Dr. Curtis, were called in to aid the local physician. The trouble was in the lower part of the stomach and consisted of a swelling, attended by inflammation. But the nature of his disease has never been determined. It was announced some time ago that he was suffering from cancer in the stomach, but the physician who attended him could not agree that his disease was of a cancerous nature, and it was the opinion of a number that he suffered from some abnormal growth on the abdomen, which became very large. It is understood that there will be an autopsy.

His Early Career.

Starting out on his youthful career as the author of several charming books of travel, and

afterward drifting into literary engagements with the New York Tribune, Harper's Weekly and other journals, Mr. Curtis was at an early age driven by conviction to take part in the great moral revolution which culminated in the war for the Union and the abolition of slavery in the United States, and, throwing himself with fervor into this new field of activity, he abandoned a profession in which he might have attained high honors, for the one in which he has achieved his great reputation as a leader of men. Born in Providence, Rhode Island, Feb. 24, 1824, he was partly of Massachusetts descent, his father having been born in Worcester, of which an ancestor was the first settler. His mother was the daughter of James Burrill, Jr., at one time Chief Justice of Rhode Island, and afterward United States Senator. In 1830 he went to boarding school at Jamaica Plain, where he remained for four years. Pleasant reminiscences of his school days there are found in the early chapters of his novel, "Trumps," narrated with a freshness and enthusiasm which remind the reader of "Tom Brown at Rugby." Meanwhile he lost his mother; and in 1839, his father, who had married again, removed with his family to New York, and desirous that his son should pursue a mercantile career placed him, after a year's study with a private tutor, as a clerk in a German importing house in Exchange place.

But mercantile life was not agreeable to the youth. His tastes were decidedly literary, and in the course of his reading he became deeply interested in the transcendental movement. Accordingly he went to Brook Farm with his brother and there remained until 1844. They then passed two years in Concord, Massachusetts, studying and farming. Here Mr. Curtis became very intimate with Emerson, Hawthorne and Henry Thoreau, forming warm friendships with them, which were broken only by death. In his "Homes of American Authors" he has printed some interesting notes of his intercourse with the philosopher, the romancer and the hermit.

Letters and Magazine Work.

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Letters and Magazine Work.

Beginning with 1846, Mr. Curtis traveled extensively abroad. A journey across the desert, by way of Gaza to Jerusalem, of which he wrote an account in "The Howadji in Syria," ended Mr. Curtis's Eastern travels. He spent the early summer of 1850 in England, and returned home in August. His pen had not been idle during his wanderings. Besides his journals, he had written letters for the Courier and Inquirer, of which Mr. Henry J. Raymond was then managing editor, and for the New York Tribune, where his friend, Mr. Charles A. Dana, held the same position. On his return he entered upon an active literary life. He became musical critic and editorial writer on the Tribune, and wrote out his "Nile Notes," which were published in 1851 by the Harpers. In the autumn of that year he wrote a series of picturesque traveling letters to the Tribune, from the Catskills, Saratoga, Trenton, Niagara, Newport and Nahant, which were published in 1852 as "Lotus-Eating," beautifully illustrated by his friend Kensett. In the same year, "The Howadji in Syria" was published, and Mr. Curtis wrote some sketches of social life for Harper's Monthly.

The establishment of Putnam's Monthly, in 1853, opened a new field to Mr. Curtis, who, in conjunction with Mr. Parke Godwin and Mr. Charles F. Briggs, assumed the editorial management of that periodical, which was destined to a brilliant though brief career. Within the first year of its existence he wrote the papers on Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow and Barrett, in the series on "The Homes of American Authors." In this magazine Mr. Curtis contributed "The Posthumous Papers," a brilliant satire on certain phases of New York society, and "True and I," a series of delightful sketches, rather than of actual facts.

When the magazine passed into the hands of Messrs. Dix & Edwards, Mr. Curtis and Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted became connected with the firm, and were involved in its failure. Considering himself morally, if not legally, responsible for a portion of the indebtedness, Mr. Curtis refused to avail himself of the technicalities of the law, and set himself to the work of paying the creditors. He devoted himself diligently to literary work.

The amount of labor he performed was literally enormous. Besides filling the "Easy Chair" of Harper's Magazine, in which he had just taken his seat, and writing "The Lounger" in Harper's Weekly, he delivered a long series of lectures, sometimes speaking a hundred nights in a season, and travelling almost without rest, from place to place, at the insatiable call of managers and committees. No man was ever more popular as a lecturer. The charm of his manner was irresistible; he had not only something to say which the people wanted to hear, but knew how to say it with the grace and ease which belong to the true orator. One of the most popular of his lectures was that upon the perfect soldier of chivalry, Sir Philip Sidney.

In Politics.

Mr. Curtis was a delegate to the second National Convention of the Republican party, which assembled at Chicago on the 16th of May, 1860. It will be remembered that the construction of a "platform" was a labor of considerable difficulty. There were still many Republicans who wished to conciliate the border States, and when Mr. Joshua R. Giddings moved in convention to add to the first resolution the "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness" clause, from the Declaration of Independence, the opposition was loud and determined. The motion was lost by a large vote, and Mr. Giddings, who had urged its adoption, proposed to withdraw from the convention; but Mr. Curtis took an early opportunity to renew the motion in a slightly modified form. There were again loud cries of opposition. Mr. Curtis asked whether the party was prepared at its second National Convention to vote against the great charter of American liberty, and cautioned the delegates to beware how they receded from the position which the party had occupied at Pittsburg. His eloquent periods acted like magic. The amendment was adopted unanimously amid wild excitement, the great multitude rising and giving round after round of applause.

It was a noteworthy event in the history of American journalism when, in December of 1863, Mr. Curtis became the political editor of Harper's Weekly. He had been conducting a department called "The Lounger," begun in the autumn of 1857, which consisted at first of essays in the lighter vein on social and literary topics, very much in the manner of the "Easy Chair." After the beginning of the war Mr. Curtis frequently introduced subjects of a national and political character in this department; but his field was comparatively restricted. From the moment, however, that he took his seat in the editorial chair, his discussions assumed a wider scope, embracing all the great issues before the country. His interest in Civil Service Reform is noted, and at one time he was Chairman of the Civil Service Commission.

Honors Offered Mr. Curtis.

Mr. Curtis served as a Regent of the University and as non-resident Professor at Cornell University for four years. He declined, in 1869, upon the death of Mr. Henry J. Raymond, who had previously asked him to become assistant editor, an invitation to the chief editorship of the New York Times. Mr. Curtis never accepted a political office, although often pressed to do so. By Mr. Seward he was offered the Consul-Generalship to Egypt; President Hayes urged him to accept the post of Minister to England, and afterward that of Minister to Germany, but he could not be tempted away from his editorial position. Once he accepted the nomination for Representative to Congress, knowing that his district was hopelessly Democratic, and that there was no prospect of his election. In 1867 he served in the State Constitutional Convention, in which he was Chairman of the Committee on Education. He frequently took part in the debates, and made an elaborate speech in favor of the extension of the fran-

chise to women—a measure of which Mr. Curtis has been for years a consistent advocate. Mr. Curtis delivered in Boston, in 1884, the public eulogy on Wendell Phillips. He refused to accept any pecuniary compensation, but the City Government presented him with a gold medal.

Mr. Curtis was married in 1857 to a daughter of Mr. Robert G. Shaw, the eminent philanthropist, recently deceased. For many years he resided in West New Brighton, Staten Island, except during the summer months, when he sought rest and relaxation in the village of Ashfield, Mass.

Boston Transcript, Sept. 8, 1892.

Mr. Curtis was methodical in his work; and while at Ashfield for four months each year, kept up his regular work just the same as when at his Staten Island home, or in New York. The morning he devoted to work, and had his regular mail day for sending manuscript to New York. In the afternoon he generally took a drive with Mrs. Curtis, for she invariably drove the pair of horses, which the family had owned for years, or took a walk with Professor Norton, and the two would roam around the country like a couple of boys. His mail, which was always large, came in at six o'clock in the afternoon, and he generally devoted his evenings to looking it over, and scanning the newspaper. He had nearly all the local papers from all over New York State, so that with his trained eye he could keep in touch with the people on the political and social questions of the day. While at Ashfield, he made it a point to take a vacation from politics and rarely tried to influence the villagers upon this subject.

Boston Transcript, Sept. 1, 1892

HON. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Death of the Distinguished Author, Orator and Publicist.

Hon. George William Curtis, who has been ill at his summer residence, Livingstone, S. I., died at 2.30 this morning.

Mr. Curtis was born at Providence, R. I., February 24, 1824. He received his early education in a private school at Jamaica Plain, Mass. At the age of fifteen he removed with his father from Providence to New York, where for a year he was a clerk in a mercantile house. In 1842 he went with his elder brother to reside at Brook Farm, in West Roxbury, Mass., where he passed a year and a half in study and agricultural labor; after which he went to Concord, Mass., and with his brother spent eighteen months there, living with a farmer, and both taking part regularly in the ordinary work of the farm, and afterwards for six months tilling a small piece of land on their own account. In 1846 Mr. Curtis went to Europe, and after a prolonged stay in Italy and Berlin, travelled in Egypt and Syria. In 1850 he returned to the United States, and published his first book,—"Nile Notes of a Howadji."

He soon joined the editorial staff of the New York Tribune, and in the summer of 1851 wrote a series of letters to that journal from various watering places, which were afterwards collected in a volume under the title of "Lotus Eating." His second book, however, was "The Howadji in Syria," published in 1852. In the autumn of 1853 Putnam's Monthly was commenced in New York, of which Mr. Curtis was one of the original editors, and with which he continued connected till the magazine ceased to exist. In the meantime it had passed into the hands of the firm of Dix, Edwards & Co., in which Mr. Curtis was a special partner, peculiarly responsible, but taking no part in its commercial management. In the spring of 1857 the house was found to be insolvent for a large amount, and Mr. Curtis sank his private fortune in the endeavor to save its creditors from loss, which he finally accom-

plished in 1873. Portions of his contributions to the magazine were subsequently published under the titles of "The Potiphar Papers" (1853) and "Erne and I" (1856). As a lyceum lecturer, upon which field of labor Mr. Curtis entered in 1853, he met with great success. He has delivered several orations and poems before literary societies, and held a high rank as a popular orator. In the presidential canvass of 1856 he enlisted with great zeal as a public speaker on behalf of the Republican party. In the winter of 1858 he advocated the rights of woman in a lecture entitled "Fair Play for Women." To the current literature of the day he has been a constant contributor since 1853, through Harper's Monthly, and since the autumn of 1857 through Harper's Weekly newspaper, of which journal he was the principal editor. In 1859-60 he wrote for this paper a novel entitled "Trumpet," which was published in a volume in 1862. Upon the establishment of Harper's Bazar in 1867, he began a series of papers under the title of "Manners upon the Road," which was continued weekly until the spring of 1873. In 1871 President Grant appointed him one of a commission to draw up rules for the regulation of the civil service; and he was elected chairman of the commission and of the advisory board, in which it was subsequently merged. In March, 1873, he resigned because of essential differences of views between him and the President in regard to the enforcement of the rules. Mr. Curtis was a delegate to the Republican National Conventions of 1860 and 1864, which nominated Mr. Lincoln; and in the latter year he was the Republican candidate for Congress in the First District of New York, but was defeated. In 1862 President Lincoln offered him the post of consul general in Egypt, which he declined. In 1867 he was elected one of the delegates at large to the Constitutional Convention of New York, in which he was chairman of the committee on education. In 1868 he was a Republican presidential elector. Since 1864 he has been one of the regents of the University of the State of New York.

Last July Mr. Curtis's illness assumed a serious form. He had not been feeling well since the middle of June, but he continued to do his regular work until after the Fourth of July. Just before the Fourth's change for the worse took place, and soon Dr. Fenway and Mr. Curtis's brother, Dr. Curtis, were called in to aid the local physician. The trouble was in the lower part of the stomach and was at first thought to be cancer of the stomach, but this was afterwards denied by his physicians.

Mr. Curtis was married in 1857 to a daughter of Mr. Robert G. Shaw, the eminent philanthropist, recently deceased. For many years he resided in West New Brighton, Staten Island, except during the summer months, when he sought rest and relaxation in the village of Ashfield, Mass.

Although nearly all his life a resident of New York he, by long association, residence and interest, had a close relationship with Massachusetts, partly through his marriage into a Massachusetts family of note, partly perhaps, through the ties formed in those idyllic days at Brook farm and Concord. And in Massachusetts he had another home, at Ashfield, to which he repaired every summer. It is an old farmhouse on the outskirts of the village, which lies among beautiful maple-clad hills, between the Berkshire valley and the picturesque neighborhood of the Deerfields and Northampton. Some eighteen years ago, with his friend Charles Elliot Norton, Mr. Curtis aided in founding a library for Ashfield, and he was so much of a favorite with his neighbors there that they were anxious to make him their representative in Congress. He, however, seemed to prefer their friendship and the glorious cel-

ors of their autumn woods to their votes.

In 1875 it was to him that Concord turned when seeking an orator for the centenary of her famous "fight;" and it was he again whom Boston, in the spring of '84, invited to pronounce the eulogy upon Wendell Phillips.

Mr. Curtis long years since gained national reputation as a lecturer. His first venture in that line was "Contemporary Art in Europe," in 1851; then he fairly got under way with "The Age of Steam," and soon became one of that remarkable group, including Starr King, Phillips and Beecher, who built up the lyceum into an important institution, and went all over the country lecturing. Mr. Curtis gave lectures every winter until 1872.

He has always manifested a deep interest in the cause of higher education, and in addition to his efforts in behalf of political reform and his literary labors, he found frequent opportunity to use his voice and pen in behalf of humane enterprises.

He was a staunch supporter of Henry Berg in his defence of dumb animals from cruelty, and of almost every other work of mercy and charity undertaken in New York and neighboring commonwealths.

Mr. Curtis was not an unfrequent visitor to Boston, and one of his most forcible appeals in behalf of civil service reform was made at the Tremont Temple in October, 1890.

Boston Transcript, Sept. 1, 1892

MR. CURTIS IN THE FIFTIES.

In the minds of those readers whose acquaintance with American literature covers the decade preceding the civil war, the announcement of the death of George William Curtis will awaken memories of a peculiarly interesting character. The present generation knows Mr. Curtis principally as a political reformer, the editor of a great weekly, and, in a literary way, as the Easy Chair of Harper's Magazine. But, to those whose memories go back thirty-five years comes up a personality so different and so distinctive in character from that which marked his later public life as to warrant special reference.

Mr. Curtis was born with the literary instinct, which manifested itself in his boyhood's days. He rebelled against the commercial career which had been marked out for him; and at the age of eighteen broke away from it and joined the little band of reformers at Brook Farm, where he stayed for a year and a half, undergoing a discipline which had no doubt a great influence upon his subsequent career. Then the thirst for foreign travel came over him, and he spent four years abroad, absorbing material for future work. At twenty-six he was on the editorial staff of the Tribune, and at twenty-eight became the editor of the best literary magazine this country has ever known—the old "Putnam's." It was in this that "The Potiphar Papers" were originally published, a series of satirical papers which created a decided sensation in New York society circles. "True and I," a charming novel of American life, also first saw the light there as a serial. "Trump," Mr. Curtis's latest novel, appeared in 1860. More successful than either of these novels, perhaps, was "The Nile Notes of a Howadji," which came out soon after the author's return from abroad, a book which an English reviewer described as "an unrhymed poem; wild, wilful, fantastic, but very beautiful."

A little later Mr. Curtis became a prominent figure on the lecture platform, and happy indeed in those palmy days of the lyceum was the agent or audience that could secure his presence with his elegant personality and his

culture and his eloquence that were not spent merely on self-display, but in the manifold cause of progress. Oratory was not one of the least of his gifts, and that undoubtedly led him in the direction of political life. It was at this time he stood at the parting of the ways. He had achieved a reputation such as few Americans enjoyed in literature, and his admirers saw before him an ever-broadening and ever-brightening career. Fate, however, decided differently and the powers which otherwise might have been devoted to the enrichment of American letters became gradually diverted into mere practical channels; the *litterateur* grew into the political reformer, and it is comfort to know that although in one sense literature may have lost from his seeming defection, society has been a gainer. His constant and aggressive

life has
sting in—

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

(From the New York Tribune.)

OBITUARY, AUG. 31, 1892.

I.

All the flowers were in their pride
On the day when Rupert died.

Dreamily, through dozing trees,
Sighed the idle summer breeze.

Wild birds, glancing through the air,
Spilled their music everywhere.

Not one sign of mortal ill
Told that his great heart was still.

Now the grass he loved to tread
Murmurs softly o'er his head:

Now the great green branches wave
High above his lonely grave:

While in grief's perpetual speech
Roll the breakers on the beach.

Oh, my comrade, oh, my friend,
Must this parting be the end?

II.

Weave the shroud and spread the pall!
Night and silence cover all.

Howsoever we deplore,
They who co return no more.

Never from that unknown track
Floats one answering whisper back.

Nature, vacant, will not heed
Lips that grieve or hearts that bleed.

Wherefore now should mourning word
Or the tearful dirge be heard?

How shall words our grief abate?
Call him noble; call him great.

Say that Faith, now gaunt and grim
Once was fair, because of him:

Say that Goodness, round his way,
Made one everlasting day:

Say that Beauty's heavenly flame
Bourgeoned whereso'er he came:

Say that all life's common ways
Were made glorious in his gaze:

Say he gave us, hour by hour,
Hope and patience, grace and power:

Say his spirit was so true
That it made us noble too:—

What is this, but to declare
Life's bereavement, Love's despair?

What is this, but just to say
All we loved is torn away?

Weave the shroud and spread the pall!
Night and silence cover all.

III.

Oh! my comrade, oh! my friend,
Must this parting be the end?

Heart and hope are growing old,
Dark the night comes down, and cold.

Few the souls that answer mine,
And no voice so sweet as thine:

Desert wastes of care remain—
Yet thy lips speak not again!

Gray eternities of space—
Yet nowhere thy living face!

Only now the lonesome blight,
Heavy day and haunted night.

All the light and music left—
Only thought and memory left!

Peace, fond mourner. This thy boon,
Thou thyself must follow soon.

Peace—and let repining go!
Peace—for Fate will have it so.

Vainly now his pain is said;
Vain the demand for his head:

Yet thou art not's shadow cast
From the kindness of the past.

All my love could do to cheer
And his heart when he was here.

Thou's plaudit, Friendship's vow
Did not coldly wait till now.

Oh, my comrade; oh, my friend,
If this parting be the end,

Yet I hold my life divine,
To have known a soul like thine?

And I hush the low lament
In submission, penitent.

Still the sun is in the skies:
He sets—but I have seen his eyes.

ROSE THORPE'S ONE POEM.

[From the Buffalo Courier.]

Rose Hartwick Thorpe, the author of "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," is now going to the South for the benefit of her husband's health, but, as her own health suffers there, they think of making Southern California their future home. She is now a woman of 39, and she wrote the well-known verses when she was under 17. All to get for them was a letter of thanks from the editor of a Detroit newspaper to whom she sent the lines. She is a native of Indiana and passed her childhood in great poverty. She says: "Of all dull, prosaic mine was the dullest and most prosaic." When she wrote "Curfew" she had no education and no knowledge of books, though she afterwards applied herself to learn, and became a school teacher. But even during her early married life it was very important to her reputation among "fashionable" circles that she should "keep house" in approved fashion than that she should write well, and she remarks: "Until the year 1860 I was laundrymaid, cook, seamstress and nurse for my children." This experience recalls the story of Mrs. George Ripley, to whom suspended Harvard students used to go to be coached. Some one is said to have once found her sitting at the same time to one boy who was reciting Greek and another who was demonstrating a proposition from analytics, while she shelled peas and rocked the baby's cradle with her foot.

ALL HAPPENED ON FRIDAY.—Declaration of Independence was signed on Friday.

Washington was born on Friday.

Queen Victoria was married on Friday.

America was discovered on Friday.

Mayflower landed on Friday.

Joan of Arc was burned at the stake on Friday.

Battle of Waterloo was fought on Friday.

Basile was burned on Friday.

Battle of Marengo was fought on Friday.

Julius Caesar was assassinated on Friday.

Moscow was burned on Friday.

Shakespeare was born on Friday.

King Charles I was beheaded on Friday.

Battle of New Orleans was fought on Friday.

Lincoln was assassinated on Friday.

LONDON, Nov. 23.—The ceremonies attended by a group in the unveiling of the memorial to James Russell Lowell, in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, began at noon to-day. The memorial consists of two tablets of brass and one of stone. One of them is divided by a pediment into three parts, while at the bottom of the other two is a medallion portrait of the minister, author and poet. On the three sections of the millstone window are representations of an angel bearing a shield below the arms of the United States, the bust of the Pilgrim Fathers from the Mayflower, and the figure of St. Botolph. On the other window are the figures of St. Laurence, an angel bearing a shield below the arms of the United Kingdom, and a figure of St. Ambrose, as well as a symbolic representation of the emancipation of the slaves.

Subscribers to the Memorial Fund.

While Mr. Lowell was American Minister to Great Britain he greatly endeared himself to the best classes of the English people, and shortly after his death the project was started of erecting a memorial to him. The funds were quickly raised among his English friends, and to-day's ceremonies marked the final completion of the work of love. Among those who subscribed to the fund were the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Argyll, Earl Rosebery, Lord Coleridge, Lord Brassey, Lord Playfair, Sir John Lubbock, Professor Bryce, Professor Tyndall, George Meredith, Dr. Conan Doyle, Canon Farrar and Alma-Tadema.

Among Those Present.

Among those present to-day were the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, American Ambassador; Miss Balfour, sister of the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour; the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dean Bradley and Miss Bradley, Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice; the Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel, Speaker of the House of Commons; Lord Rosebery, Foreign Minister; Canon Farrar, Lord Herschell, Lord High Chancellor; Mr. Walter Besant, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and Mrs. Chamberlain, the Right Hon. Sir Henry James, Lord and Lady Beay, Lord Aberdare, Mr. William Lecky, the historian, and Lord and Lady Pembroke.

Dean Bradley's Speech.

Dean Bradley presided. In his opening speech he said: "We have met in this venerable building to pay a tribute to the memory of one whose high character and great gifts endeared him to an ever widening circle till the day of his death. I will leave others to speak of Mr. Lowell as a writer who helped others to appreciate great writers of the same race."

Leslie Stephen's Address.

Mr. Leslie Stephen, as Chairman of the Memorial Committee, begged Ambassador Bayard's acceptance of the memorial on behalf of the United States. He said, among other things: "I had the honor of Mr. Lowell's friendship for many years. The reason we have met here to honor Lowell is suggested to any one visiting the Poets' Corner. The long line of illustrious men whose monuments are there, and who passed the torch of literature from Chaucer to Tennyson, would doubtless recognize Lowell as a congenial disciple. Scarcely one of these followed letters with more unflinching zeal. On him fell the spirit of the great masters. He always spoke from his heart, and hence nobly. He would not take a low rank among the masters."

Mr. Stephen lengthily eulogized Mr. Lowell's works, and referred to the influence exerted by "The Biglow Papers." He also referred to Mr. Lowell's love for English literature and England generally, even English weather. He extolled Lowell's power of speech, his sympathy and kindness, and said he was proud to call him his friend all his life. The committee had received many offers from the United States regarding the memorial, but it had been thought fit to decline them because they wished to show that Englishmen themselves knew how to honor a great American in the spirit in which Lowell spoke and wrote. "We have erected this memorial," he added, "in the hope that it

will be accepted as it is intended, so that Americans can see that Englishmen are capable of respecting and admiring one of them as heartily as if he was one of our own countrymen."

Ambassador Bayard's Response.

Ambassador Bayard then arose and said: "I hold myself happy in that I have been permitted to be in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey when, for the second time, the name of an American is inscribed in this double sanctuary of religion and renown—the bust of Longfellow, and now the memorial of his brother poet, both from our kindred beyond the sea. The forms of these two gifted sons of America are clasped in the bosom of the land of their birth; their ashes rest in peace at home, but the echoes of their fame have been wafted across the Atlantic, and they fall in clear and musical notes upon the loving ears of the two countries whose people speak the same tongue. Longfellow and Lowell, here in Westminster Abbey, in blended fellowship, are worthy companions of that band who sung with Wordsworth and who gave us nobler love and nobler care."

"I am unable in the few words permitted me to attempt a portrait of Lowell. Happily this is needless, owing to the eloquent address of Mr. Stephen, which is especially grateful to myself and my compatriots and which will be received thus by the country whose son is its subject. It is a strong saying, 'Blood is thicker than water.'"

"Every day proves how the ties of common origin and ancestry are stronger than written treaties. The inborn sympathies of race finally silence international discord and jealousy. It is pleasant to recall in this chamber that the man in whose honor this unveiling takes place to-day stood 12 years ago speaking words of honor and affection of Dean Stanley, that pure, noble being, whose memorial is before us, seemingly the guardian spirit of this venerable place. But eight years since the voice of Lowell was again heard in these precincts when the bust of Coleridge, the gift of Americans, was unveiled. I am glad indeed that this mark of honor to my dear countryman was created so soon after his death. The reproach of long delay, often just, cannot be made here, nor can be applied to the words of Johnson,

"See the nations, slowly, wise and meanly
To buried merit raise the tardy bust."

"For here brotherhood in letters and kindred spirits hasten to give buried merit a just memorial. I cannot forbear to wish, however futile it may be, that he should have been permitted to foresee this honor. It was his purpose to bring the people of Great Britain and the United States to a knowledge of each other, to replace suspicion by confidence and ignorant animosity by friendly appreciation. He liked to call himself a man of letters. Truly, he was a master of the English language, and he made the knowledge the agency to interpret the feeling of both branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. In all American hearts a sense of grateful pride will be felt when they learn the name of fame their countryman, the scholar, statesman and patriot, has received at the hands of Britons in this venerable temple of national religion, honor and renown. 'Give my love to England in general' was the last message of Lowell to Thomas Hughes. In these memorials may we not read England's reply to Lowell and the nation he faithfully represented?"

After the ceremonies many persons lingered in the Chapter House to admire the memorial.

AMBASSADOR BAYARD'S TRIBUTE TO LOWELL THE POET.

Following will be found the full text of Ambassador Bayard's eloquent tribute to James Russell Lowell, delivered November 23, upon the occasion of the unveiling of the memorial of the distinguished American poet, scholar and diplomat at the entrance to the Chapter House, Westminster Abbey:

"I hold myself happy indeed that I have been permitted to be in the Chapter House of Westminster, and in an assembly so distinguished and impressive, when, for the second time, the name of an American is inscribed in this 'double sanctuary' of religion and renown—the bust of Longfellow, and now the windows and tablet to his brother poet, both from 'kindred beyond the sea.' The forms of these two gifted sons of America have been clasped to the bosom of the land that gave them birth, and their ashes rest in peace at home; but the echoes of their just fame are wafted to and fro across the Atlantic, falling in clear and musical notes upon loving ears in the two countries whose people speak the same mother tongue. 'Longfellow and Lowell,' here in Westminster Abbey, their names are blended in goodly fellowship—worthy companions of that band, sung by Wordsworth—

"Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares."

In the few words permissible to me on this occasion, I may not attempt portraiture of James Russell Lowell, for that has happily been rendered superfluous by the eloquent and interesting address of the eminent scholar, Mr. Leslie Stephen, to which we have just listened—which was so especially grateful to me and my compatriots here gathered—and will be received with such acclamation by the entire country whose gifted and beloved son was its subject. It is a fine, strong saying that 'blood is thicker than water'—and every day proves how the ties of a common origin and ancestry are stronger than written treaties and inborn sympathies of race, in the end, can silence international discords and jealousies. It is pleasant to recall that, in this very chamber, the man in whose honor these memorials are unveiled to-day stood 12 years ago speaking warm words of honor and affection of Dean Stanley—that pure and noble being whose memorials are before us—seemingly the guardian spirit of this venerable place. And it is but eight years since the voice of Lowell was again heard in these precincts, when the bust of Coleridge—the gift of an American—was unveiled. I am glad, indeed, that this mark of honor to my dear countryman has been erected so soon after his death. The reproach, an often just, of long delay cannot here be made, nor the words of the great Johnson be uttered—

"See nations, slowly wise and meanly
To buried merit raise the tardy bust."

For here a brotherhood of letters—kindred spirits—have hastened with grateful and loving appreciation to give to 'buried merit' its just memorial. I cannot forbear the wish, however futile, that he could have been permitted to foresee the erection of these marks of honor to his name. For I can well imagine the honest and exquisite pleasure it would have caused him, for who could—who so well as he did justice by pen and speech to such acts of sympathy and praise to 'buried merit?' It was his great and honorable purpose to bring the peoples of Great Britain and of the United States into a better comprehension of each other, to replace suspicions by confidence and ignorant animosity by friendly appreciation. He liked to call himself 'a man of letters,' and truly he was a master of the English tongue, and made his skill and knowledge an agency to interpret the better feelings of both branches of the race who share its glories in common. In American homes, throughout the broad land over which the ensign of their country floats, a sense of grateful pride will be felt when they learn that the same and same of their fellow-countryman, the poet, scholar, statesman and patriot have received at the hands of Britons this high tribute of respect in their most venerable temple of national religion, honor and renown. 'Give my love to England in general' was a late message of Mr. Lowell in a letter to his friend, Judge Thomas Hughes, and in these memorial windows and tablet may we not read the reply of 'England in general' to

James Russell Lowell and the nation he faithfully represented at the Court of St. James?" Mr. Chamberlain responded to Mr. Bayard as follows:

"The very acceptable and honorable duty has been cast upon me of returning thanks to the American Ambassador for his presence here to-day. I am very glad that it has fallen to his Excellency, so early in the history of the distinguished appointment which he fills, to take a part in a ceremony which indicates the close community between his countrymen and ours. It has been sometimes said that such meetings tend to the closer union of the American with the British people. I will not say that this is perhaps an exaggeration, but at least it indicates a union which is already accomplished. I think that the Americans have always rightly claimed the possession and inheritance in all our illustrious and distinguished dead. Now, on our part, we too claim a common interest and a common pride, and almost a common ownership, in illustrious Americans. I have said I am very glad that Mr. Bayard has been called upon to acknowledge this memorial, because I do not think that even among his countrymen will be found any one who is more deeply permeated with that living interest in our English history and our illustrious dead than Mr. Bayard himself, and who is so well qualified to sympathize with his illustrious fellow countryman. I am sure you will readily join me in the expression of our thanks to the Ambassador for his presence here to-day."

Mr. Chamberlain's happy reply elicited the subdued response of the American Ambassador:

"It is perfectly plain that our feelings to-day are one, and that we echo Mr. Chamberlain's speech, that whatever is noble and illustrious, whatever shall dignify humanity and promote the welfare of the world, will be welcomed by every man and woman who speaks the English tongue on both sides of the Atlantic."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Mr. Howells Gives an Account of His Meeting With Him in 1860.

Mr. Howells's description of a journey to New England undertaken thirty years ago and contributed to Harper's Magazine, is one of the most delightful bits of autobiography printed for many a day. In the second instalment, issued with the May number, he gives an account of his first meeting with Lowell:

Lowell was not then at the height of his fame; he had just reached this thirty years after, when he died; but I doubt if he was ever after a greater power in his own country, or more completely embodied the literary aspiration which would not and could not part itself from the love of freedom and the hope of justice. For the sake of these he had been willing to suffer the reproach which followed their friends in the earlier days of the anti-slavery struggle. He had outlived the reproach long before; but the fear of his strength remained with those who had felt it, and he had not made himself more generally loved by the "Fable for Critics" than by the "Biglow Papers," probably. But in the "Vision of Sir Launfal" and the "Legend of Brittany" he had won a liking if not a listening far wider than his humor and his wit had got him; and in his lectures on the English poets, given not many years before he came to the charge of the Atlantic, he had proved himself easily the wisest and finest critic in our language. He was already, more than any American poet,

"Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

and he held a place in the public sense which no other author among us has held. I had myself never been a great reader of his poetry, when I met him, though when I was a boy of ten years I had heard my father repeat passages from the "Biglow Papers" against war and slavery and war for slavery upon Mexico, and later I had read those criticisms of English poetry, and I knew Sir Launfal must be Lowell in some sort; but my love for him as a poet was chiefly centred in my love for his tender and lofty rhyme, "Auf Wiedersehen," which I cannot yet read without something of the young pathos it first stirred in me. I knew and felt his greatness somehow apart from the literary proofs of it; he ruled my fancy

and held my allegiance as a character, as a man; and I am neither sorry nor ashamed that I was ashamed when I first came into his presence; and that in spite of his words of welcome I sat inwardly quaking before him. He was then forty-one years old, and nineteen my senior, and if there had been nothing else to awe me, I might well have been quelled by the disparity of our ages. But I have always been willing and even eager to do homage to men who have done something, and notably to men who have done something in the sort I wished to do something in myself. I could never recognize any other sort of superiority; but that I am proud to recognize; and I had before Lowell some such feeling as an obscure subaltern might have before his general. He was by nature a bit of a disciplinarian, and the effect was from him as well as in me; I dare say he let me feel whatever difference there was as helplessly as I felt it. At the first encounter with people he always was apt to have a certain frosty shyness, a smiling cold, as from the long, high-sunned winters of his Puritan race; he was not quite himself till he had made you aware of his quality; then no one could be sweeter, tenderer, warmer than he; then he made you free of his whole heart; but you must be his captive before he could do that. His whole personality had now an instant charm for me; I could not keep my eyes from those beautiful eyes of his, which had a certain starry serenity, and looked out so purely from under his white forehead, shadowed by auburn hair untouched with age; or from the smile that shaped the auburn beard and gave the face in its form and color the Christ-like which Page's portrait has flattered in it.

His voice had as great a fascination for me as his face. The vibrant tenderness and the crisp clearness of the tones, the perfect modulation, the clear enunciation, the exquisite accent, the elict diction—I did not know enough then to know that these were the gifts, these were the graces, of one from whose tongue our rough English came as music such as I should never hear from any other. In his speech there was nothing of our aliphod American slovenliness, but a truly Italian conscience and an artistic sense of beauty in the instrument. [From "My First Visit to New England," by W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine for June.

Oldest Family in the World.

Of the 400 barons in the British house of lords about a dozen date back to 1400, the earliest being 1264. The oldest family in the British Isles is the Mar family in Scotland, 1093. The

Campbells of Argyll began in 1190. Talleyrand dates from 1199 and Bismarck from 1270. The Grosvenor family, the Duke of Westminster, 1003; the Austrian house of Hapsburg goes back to 952 and the house of Bourbon to 864. The descendants of Mohammed, born 670, are all registered care-

fully and authoritatively in a book kept in Mecca by a chief of the family. Little or no doubt exists of the absolute authenticity of the long line of Mohammed's descendants. In China there are many old families; also among the Jews. But in point of pedigrees the mikado of Japan has a unique record. His place has been filled by members of his family for more than 2,500 years. The present mikado is the one hundred and twenty-second in the line. The first one was contemporary with Nebuchadnezzar, 686 years before Christ.

"THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS."

[From the Jewellers' Circular.]

Ernest Longfellow, a son of the great poet, has a token of remembrance of his father, which money cannot buy. It is nothing more nor less than "The Old Clock on the Stairs," made famous by his father. The clock was formerly owned by Thomas G. Appleton, and at his death the heirs, thinking the clock was of particular value to Ernest Longfellow, on account of his father's connection with the ancient timepiece, donated it to the son of the poet, so that it now adorns a nook in the stairs of his house at Magnolia, Mass.

NATIONAL PUBLICITY FOR THOREAU IN 1849

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

DAMNING



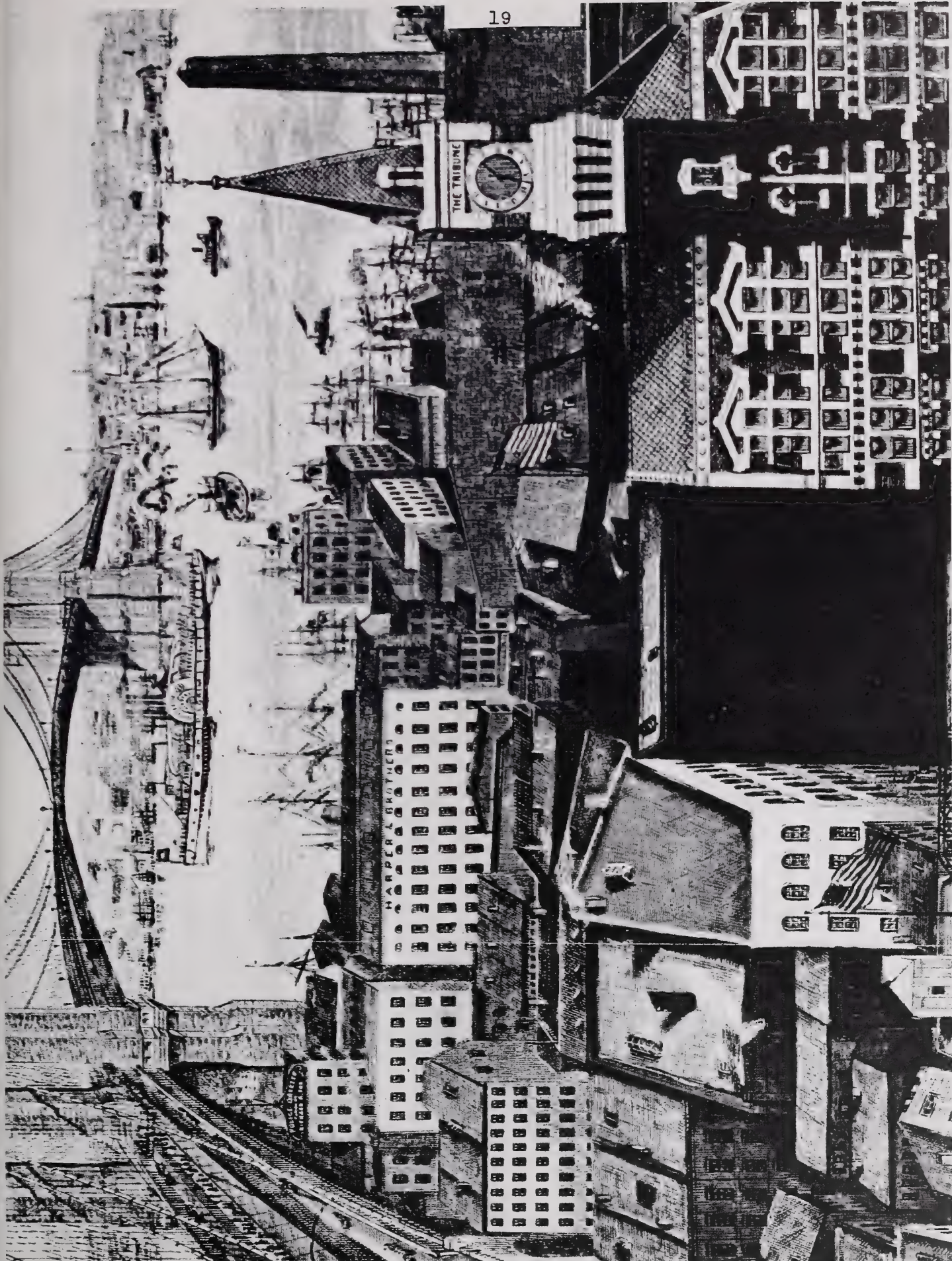
HORACE GREELEY

This hitherto neglected chapter in a loyal friendship concerns Horace Greeley's attempt to encourage Thoreau's role as a lecturer and its unexpected and unfortunate results, largely because he unwittingly exaggerated the facts and because he had political or journalistic enemies in competitive newspapers. Thoreau was a pawn that fell on a chessboard not of his own choosing, gaining the condemnation of the powerful national press five years before he could set straight in a book the true record of his experiment on Emerson's acres. Indeed, the opening and closing of Walden may be an attempt to answer the unpleasantness and the implications which the battle of the newspapers had stirred up. In the opening of his famous book he clearly states: "I lived there [at the pond] two years and two months. At present I am a sojourner in civilized life again." At the end: "I left the woods for as good a reason as I went there. Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one." These sentences were probably composed to correct Greeley's "facts" and reply to the implications that he was antifeminist,

antisocial and whimsical. Anticipating that Greeley's publicity might be misconstrued by freakish people like Edmond S. Hotham,¹ who would seek in their experiments only to better the financial record set forth in "Economy"—so much emphasized by Greeley—Thoreau added: "I had not lived there a week before my feet wore a path from my door to the pondside; and though it is five or six years since I trod it,² it is still quite distinct. It is true, I fear, that others may have fallen into it, and so helped to keep it open." The beginning and ending of Walden, therefore, seem to have relevance to the unpleasantness to be revealed hereafter—to the national repudiation of Thoreau, who was, at the time, only a young lecturer and not yet an author. The embarrassing publicity may partly account for the paucity and limited geography of his subsequent lecture engagements as well as the financial failure of A Week, published a short time thereafter. It may also explain why he decided not to publish his first draft or lecture form of Walden, which he had announced as ready to appear in the back pages of A Week in the late spring of 1849. If so, the journalistic hubbub may have been providential, and, in the end, Greeley, perhaps, accomplished more for Henry than he had anticipated. Partly because of the five-year delay, Walden evolved into a world classic. The slanted publicity in the newspapers of Philadelphia and Washington—and in others that, doubtless, reprinted from them—undoubtedly left scars on the sensitive Thoreau and may have provided James Russell Lowell with the moral support he needed to damn Thoreau the man in the North American Review of October, 1865. The following episode, then, ought to be mentioned in all future biographies.

The steps leading up to it are largely familiar. On May 25, 1848, Greeley published the following article in the New York Daily Tribune,³ quoting from Thoreau's private and friendly letter to him of May 19.⁴

* Reprinted from the American Transcendental Quarterly, No. 2 (II Quarter 1969), pp. 18-27.



A Lesson for Young Poets.

We are continually receiving letters from young gentlemen who deem themselves born to enlighten the world in some way—to 'strike the sounding lyre,' or from the Editorial tripod dispense wisdom and guidance to an instructed and admiring world. These generally want to know why they cannot be employed in our establishment, or find a publisher for their poems, or a chance in some shape to astonish mankind and earn a livelihood by letters.—To this large and increasing class, we wish to propound one question: 'Suppose all who desire to live by literature or Trade could find places, who would hoe the needful corn or dig the indispensable potatoes?'—But we purposed in beginning to ask their attention to the following extract from a private letter we have just received from a very different sort of literary youth—a thorough classical scholar, true poet (though he rarely or never wrote verses,) and never sought to make a livelihood by his writings, though there are not six men in America who can surpass them. We feel indeed honored by his friendship, and in the course of a private letter we have just received from him he casually says:

"For the last five years, I have supported myself solely by the labor of my hands. I have not received one cent from any other source; and this has cost me so little time—say, a month in the Spring and another in the Autumn—doing the coarsest work of all kinds, that I have probably enjoyed more leisure for literary pursuits than any contemporary. For more than two years past, I have lived alone in the woods, in a good plastered and shingled house entirely of my own building, earning only what I wanted, and sticking to my proper work. The fact is, Man need not live by the sweat of his brow—unless he sweats easier than I do—he needs so little. For two years and two months, all my expenses have amounted to but 27 cents a week, and I have fared gloriously in all respects. If a man must have money—and he needs but the smallest amount—the true and independent way to earn it is by day-labor with his hands at a dollar a day. I have tried many ways and can speak from experience.

"Scholars are apt to think themselves privileged to complain as if their lot were a peculiarly hard one. How much have we heard

about the attainment of knowledge under difficulties—of poets starving in garrets—of literary men depending on the patronage of the wealthy, and finally dying mad! It is time

that men sang another song.— There is no reason why the scholar, who professes to be a little wiser than the mass of men, should not do his work in the ditch occasionally, and, by means of his superior wisdom, make much less suffice for him. A wise man will not be unfortunate. How otherwise would you know that he was not a fool?"

—We trust our friend will pardon the liberty we have taken in printing the foregoing, since we are sure of effecting signal good thereby. We have no idea of making a hero of him. Our object is simply to shame the herd of pusillanimous creatures who whine out their laziness in bad verses, and execrate the stupidity of publishers and readers who will not buy these maudlin effusions at the paternal estimate of their value, and thus spare them the dire necessity of doing something useful for a living. It is only their paltriness that elevates our independent friend above the level of ordinary manhood, and whenever they shall rise to the level of true self-respect, his course will be no longer remarkable.

'What!' says one of them, 'do you mean that every one must hoe corn or swing the sledge'—that no life is useful or honorable but one of rude manual toil?'—No, Sir; we say no such thing.— If any one is sought out, required, demanded, for some vocation specially intellectual, let him embrace it and live by it. But the general rule is that Labor—that labor which produces food and clothes and shelter—is every man's duty and destiny, for which he should be fitted, in which he should be willing to do his part manfully. But let him study, and meditate, and cultivate his nobler faculties as he shall find opportunity; and when ever a career of intellectual exertion shall open before him, let him embrace it if he be inclined and qualified. But to coin his thoughts into some marketable semblance, disdain useful labor of the hands because he has a facility of writing, and go crying his mental wares in the market, seeking to exchange them for bread and clothes—this is most degrading and despicable. Shall not the world outgrow such shabbiness?

That the foregoing recommendation was widely read is partly evidenced by the fact that six months later, in the Salem Observer of November 25, it was recalled in these words: "The reader may remember having recently seen an article from the N. Y. Tribune, describing the recluse life led by a scholar who supported himself by manual labor, and on a regime which cost only twenty seven cents a week, making it necessary to labor but six weeks to provide sufficient of the necessaries of life to serve the balance of the year. Mr Thoreau is the hero of that story—although he claims no heroism, considering himself simply as an economist." Since Salem papers were also widely read and reprinted from, I here quote the news items covering Thoreau's two lectures on his Walden experiment on November 22, 1848, and February 28, 1849.⁶ The notices are respectively from the Salem Observer of November 25, 1848, and March 3, 1849:

SALEM LYCEUM.

Mr Thoreau, of Concord, gave his auditors a lecture on Wednesday evening, sufficiently Emersonian to have come from the great philosopher himself. We were reminded of Emerson continually. In thought, style & delivery, the similarity was equally obvious. There was the same keen philosophy running through him, the same jutting forth of "brilliant edges of meaning" as Gilfilian has it. Even in tone of voice, Emerson was brought strikingly to the ear; and in personal appearance also, we fancied some little resemblance. The close likeness between the two would almost justify a charge of plagiarism, were it not that Mr Thoreau's lecture furnished ample proof of being a native product, by affording all the charm of an original. Rather than an imitation of Emerson, it was the unfolding of a like mind with his; as if the two men had grown in the same soil and under the same culture.

The reader may remember having recently seen an article from the N. Y. Tribune, describing the recluse life led by a scholar, who supported himself by manual labor, and on a regime which cost only twenty seven cents a week, making it necessary to labor but six weeks to provide sufficient of the necessaries of life to serve the balance of the year. Mr Thoreau is the hero of that story—although he claims no heroism, considering himself simply as an economist.

The subject of this lecture was Economy, illustrated by the experiment mentioned.—This was done in an admirable manner, in a strain of exquisite humor, with a strong under current of delicate satire against the follies of the times. Then there were interspersed observations, speculations, and suggestions upon dress, fashions, food, dwellings, furniture, &c. &c., sufficiently queer to keep the audience in almost constant mirth, and sufficiently wise and new to afford many good practical hints and precepts.

The performance has created "quite a sensation" amongst the Lyceum goers.

Mr. THOREAU, of Concord, delivered a second lecture on Wednesday evening upon his life in the woods. The first lecture was upon the economy of that life; this was upon its object and some of its enjoyments. Judging from the remarks which we have heard concerning it, Mr. Thoreau was even ~~more successful~~ this time in suiting all, than on the former occasion. The diversity of opinion is quite amusing. Some persons are unwilling to speak of his lecture as any better than "tom-foolery and nonsense," while others think they perceived, beneath the outward sense of his remarks, something wise and valuable. It is undoubtedly true that Mr. Thoreau's style is rather too allegorical for a popular

audience. He "peoples the solitudes" of the woods too profusely, and gives voices to their "dim nistles" not recognized by the larger part of common ears.

Some parts of this lecture—which on the whole we thought less successful than the former one—were generally admitted to be excellent. He gave a well-considered defence of classical literature, in connection with some common sense remarks upon books; and also some ingenious speculations suggested by the inroads of railroad enterprise upon the quiet and seclusion of Walden Pond; and told how he found nature a counsellor and companion, furnishing

"Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

We take the purpose of Mr. T.'s lecture to have been, the elucidation of the poetical view of life—showing how life may be made poetical, the apprehensive imagination clothing all things with divine forms, and gathering from them a divine language.

"He went to the gods of the wood
To bring their word to men."

And here we may remark that the public are becoming more critical. The standard of Lyceum lectures has been raised very considerably within a few years, and lecturers who would have given full satisfaction not long since, are "voiced bores" at present. This is certainly a good indication, and shows that Lyceums have accomplished an important work. We doubt if twenty

In regard to Mr. Thoreau, we are glad to hear that he is about issuing a book, which will contain these lectures, and will enable us perhaps to judge better of their merit.

years ago such lecturers as Professors Agassiz, Guyon, and Rogers, would have been appreciated by popular audiences.—But now they instruct and delight great multitudes.

Partly on the basis of his growing national reputation as an "economist" or as a "poor student who made good" later in March Thoreau repeated one or both lectures in Portland, Maine, and one, on April 20, 1849, in Worcester,⁷ where he received a caustic review on April 25 in the Worcester Palladium.⁸ I suspect that this unsympathetic report of late April was influenced by the editorial in the Philadelphia North American and U. S. Gazette of the preceding April 11, to which I shall refer in a moment.

After his important feature article on Thoreau of May 25, 1848, Greeley lost no opportunity to keep the name of his Concord friend before the world, that same year selling five papers on Ktaadn and the Maine Woods to John Sartain,⁹ who published them in Sartain's Union Magazine of Literature and Art, in Philadelphia, as follows:


"The Wilds of the Penobscot"	[VIII, no. 1 (July, 1848), pp. 29-33]
"Life in the Wilderness"	[VIII, no. 2 (Aug., 1848), pp. 73-79]
"Boating on the Lakes"	[VIII, no. 3 (Sept., 1848), pp. 132-137]
"The Ascent of Ktaadn"	[VIII, no. 4 (Oct., 1848), pp. 177-182]
"The Return Journey"	[VIII, no. 5 (Nov., 1848), pp. 216-220]

Then Greeley reprinted large sections on "The Backwoods of Maine" from the Union Magazine on the front page of the New York Daily Tribune of Friday, Nov. 17 (VIII, no. 190) and Saturday, Nov. 18 (VIII, no. 191), praising Thoreau for his descriptive powers. Perhaps, if Greeley had rested at this point, the editor of the Philadelphia North American and U. S. Gazette might not have been inclined to hit at Greeley by reducing Thoreau to insignificance and the ridiculous. Learning from New England papers—perhaps the Salem Observer among them—that Thoreau was lecturing on his experiment in the woods, on April 2, 1849,¹⁰ Greeley published the following, making the mistake of assuming that Thoreau had "lived in this way four years...."

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

NEW-YORK, MONDAY, APRIL 2.

Clay Festival, 1849.—A meeting of the Com-

 HENRY D. THOREAU of Concord, Mass. has recently been lecturing on 'Life in the Woods,' in Portland and elsewhere. There is not a young man in the land—and very few old ones—who would not profit by an attentive hearing of that lecture. Mr. Thoreau is a young student, who has imbibed (or rather refused to stifle) the idea that a man's soul is better worth living for than his body. Accordingly, he has built him a house ten by fifteen feet in a piece of unfrequented woods by the side of a pleasant little lakelet, where he devotes his days to study and reflection, cultivating a small plat of ground, living frugally on vegetables, and working for the neighboring farmers whenever he is in need of money or additional exercise. It thus costs him some six to eight week's rugged labor per year to earn his food and clothes, and perhaps an hour or two per day extra to prepare his food and fuel, keep his house in order, &c.—He has lived in this way four years, and his total expenses for last year were \$41 25, and his surplus earnings at the close were \$13 21, which he



considers a better result than almost any of the farmers of Concord could show, though they have worked all the time. By this course Mr. Thoreau lives free from pecuniary obligation or dependence on others, except that he borrows some books, which is an equal pleasure to lender and borrower. The man on whose land he is a squatter is no wise injured nor inconvenienced thereby. If all our young men would but hear this lecture, we think some among them would feel less strongly impelled either to come to New-York or go to California.

A reader of the Tribune, assuming the name "Timothy Thorough," was the first to object, his (or, rather, his wife's) protest being printed on the following Saturday, April 7, 1849, with Horace Greeley's reply—a strong defense of H. D. T.,¹¹

How to Live—Mr. Thoreau's Example.
To the Editor of the Tribune :

I notice in your paper of this morning a strong commendation of one Mr. Thoreau for going out into the woods and living in a hut all by himself at the rate of about \$15 per annum, in order to illustrate the value of the soul. Having always found in The Tribune a friend of sociability and neighborly helping-each-other-along, I felt a little surprise at seeing such a performance held up as an example for the young men of this country, and supposed I must have mistaken the sense of your article. Accordingly I called in my wife, Mrs. Thorough, and we studied it over together, and came to the conclusion that you really believed the Concord hermit had done a fine thing. Now I am puzzled, and write in a friendly way to ask for a little light on this peculiar philosophy. Mrs. T. is more clear in her mind than I am. She will have it that the young man is either a whimsey or else a good-for-nothing, selfish, crab-like sort of chap, who tries to shirk the duties whose hearty and honest discharge is the only thing that in her view entitles a man to be regarded as a good example. She declares that nobody has a right to live for himself alone, away from the interests, the affections, and the sufferings of his kind. Such a way of going on, she says, is not living, but a cold and snailish kind of existence, which, as she maintains, is both infernal and internally stupid.

Yours, truly, **TIMOTHY THOROUGH.**
Le Roy Place, April 2, 1849.

Reply.

Mr. Thorough is indeed in a fog—in fact, we suspect there is a mistake in his name, and that he must have been changed at nurse for another boy whose true name was Shallow. Nobody has proposed or suggested that it becomes everybody to go off into the woods, each build himself a hut and live hermit-like, on the vegetable products of his very moderate labor. But there is a large class of young men who aspire to Mental Culture through Study, Reading, Reflection, &c. These are too apt to sacrifice their proper Independence in the pursuit of their object—to run in debt, throw themselves on the tender mercies of some patron, relative, Education Society, or something of the sort, or to descend into the lower deep of roping out a thin volume of very thin poems, to be inflicted on a much-enduring public, or to importune some one for a sub-Editorship or the like. Now it does seem to us that Mr. Thoreau has set all his brother aspirants to self-culture, a very wholesome example, and shown them how, by chastening their physical appetites, they may preserve their proper independence without starving their souls. When they shall have conned that lesson, we trust, with Mr. Thorough otherwise Shallow's permission, he will give them another. [Ed. Trib.]

Then Philadelphia newspaperdom took note of Greeley's animation with regard to his Concord protégé and decided, on April 11, 1849, to sting both the protector and the protected in an unusually long editorial which I reproduce herewith,¹² the knock-out blow against Thoreau being a quotation from the Bible.¹³

American and Gazette.

PHILADELPHIA:

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1849.

NEW-YORK COURIER & ENQUIRER.

Persons wishing to subscribe for the Courier and Enquirer, or leaving their names at the office of the North American and United States Gazette, will be served by their carrier with the Courier next day.

Advertisements left at this office for insertion in the Courier one day, will appear in our paper of the next day.

The Courier and Enquirer is delivered to subscribers in this city at their residences, daily, at 1 o'clock, A.

PITTSBURGH GAZETTE.

Merchants, Manufacturers, and others, who may be desirous of extending a knowledge of their different establishments in the West, will find the Pittsburgh Gazette a very excellent medium for so doing. It is the oldest paper west of the Alleghenies, and has a very large circulation in Western Pennsylvania, Virginia and Ohio. Published daily, weekly, and tri-weekly. Advertisements may be sent direct, or through the agencies in this city.

FOR A VARIETY OF INTERESTING MATTER, SEE FIRST PAGE.

SOLITUDE SEEKING.

We see notices made in different newspapers concerning a young man who is lecturing on "Life in the Woods," and the material of his discourse may be judged of by the following account which we take from the Tribune:—

"Mr. Thoreau is a young student, who has imbibed (or rather refused to stifle) the idea that a man's soul is better worth living for than his body. Accordingly, he has built him a house ten by fifteen feet in a piece of unfrequented woods, by the side of a pleasant little lakelet, where he devotes his days to study and reflection, cultivating a small plat of ground, living frugally on vegetables, and working for the neighboring farmers whenever he is in need of money or additional exercise. It thus costs him some six or eight weeks rugged labor per year to earn his food and clothes, and perhaps an hour or two per day to prepare his food and fuel, keep his house in order, &c. He has lived in this way four years, and his total expenses for last year were \$41 25, and his surplus earnings at the close were \$13 21, which he considers a better re-

sult than almost any of the farmers of Concord could show, although they have worked all the time. By this course Mr. Thoreau lives free from pecuniary obligation or dependence on others, except he borrows some books, which is an equal pleasure to lender and borrower. The man on whose land he is a squatter is no wise injured or inconvenienced thereby. If all our young men would but bear this lecture, we think some among them would feel less strongly impelled either to come to New York or go to California."

At the first blush this strange life seems beautiful in itself and worthy of imitation; but like the scenery of the stage it is better when regarded at a distance than when closely approached. It is evident that self-dependence, in its most radical sense, is intended to be preached by this student-philosopher and dweller of a cabin in the woods,—and, beside that, (in his opinion necessary parts of the system,) the absence of communion with our fellow creatures, except such as absolute necessity may exact, and the most anchoritish frugality in life, which are to be recorded as the noblest of virtues. Is it really so? Can it be that this solitary asceticism is really the grace and beauty of being? The subject is worth enquiry.

It has been written by one who had the poet's understanding of human nature, that

"Man the hermit pined, till woman smiled"—

and that sentiment may well be taken as a guide for all such peculiar subjects as this of which we now speak. It is a law of nature to be social, to seek communion, to gather friends; and the history of man is fraught with examples which prove that they who are the readiest to seek solitude and separate themselves from the world, have had bitter experience as the moving impulse, and checked and dried-up sympathies to make them weak enough to forego companionship. The would-be hermit of Concord may or may not be a worldly-disappointed man: better for him that he were, than that he should deliberately sit down in the woods, a Timon without cause, to reject and despise the common charities and duties, the pleasures and the pains of life, among his fellow-men.

We would not be thought worldly beyond just bounds; but, in our estimation, every man should make his life useful to the extent of his ability.—There is upon us all the obligation of labor; it is the command of the Creator: but let it be supposed

that each individual following the example of this idle young student, were simply to comply with the duty as he has done,—hide away in the bush, laboring no more than barely to maintain his own single, selfish existence,—where, then, would be obedience to the divine command, and all the immense and beneficent consequences of obedience—the increase and happiness of the human race—union, communion, civilization to the masses; with—to the individual—all those sweet amenities, the silent but powerful influences which exalt as well as restrain; which give to morality her sway and to religion her true observance? Where would be the gentle ties of kindred, the love which glows around the family hearth, and the confidence which derives support from the faith and truth of others? Where would be the learning which has attested the power, at the same time that it has elevated the mind?—the healing arts,—the knowledge which has resolved the uses and the order of elements, the planets and the stars? What would follow, but mental and moral degradation? What is such solitary life, after all, but a voluntary abandonment of civilization and return to barbarism?

Reason this subject as they may, those who encourage such economic and philosophic perversion of life, encourage idleness and the most egotistic meanness; and the exemplification is given by the young student himself. Does he live for others or for himself? For himself solely; and if his own statement be true, while starving his body and depriving himself of the opportunities of doing any good service to his fellow men, he has been continually dependent, himself, upon the kindness of others for his subsistence. He “squats” upon another man’s land, where he is permitted to live rent-free; but something more is necessary to supply even his narrow wants than his garden and his own solitary effort can supply. He flies his philosophic cell, at intervals, to seek the aid of those who live by aiding one another—to ask the place of the prodigal or the beggar among the swine and their husks, or at the foot of the rich man’s—or the poor man’s—table,—to purchase with his labor, or obtain from their liberality, the necessities of life which the desert refuses,—then, suddenly, to turn his back upon the world which had befriended him in his hour of need, and resume the life of fancied

independence and philosophy, which is only of uselessness, folly and mendicancy. What can there be in a mind, so trained, in the slightest degree tinctured with one generous sentiment? Such a life affords no example that can be imitated or ought to be imitated,—that can be or ought to be tolerated, or spoken of in any terms short of censure. Such a life is, indeed, above all other lives,

A tale.

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing:

It is a tale told by an idiot—it is a life lived by an idiot.

It is a weakness of mind to be afraid of annoyances; and they who look upon evils and afflictions and meet them with the boldest aspect and the stoutest heart, will have a far greater and more keenly appreciated allotment of pleasure than those who flee from pain and trouble by self-isolation.

The remark at the close of the paragraph quoted, conveys a just and proper warning. But while it is a perilous adventure often too rashly resolved on by young men who rush from the country into crowded cities, or spread their sails for California, in the quest of sudden wealth, it would be an infinitely worse and more dangerous speculation to abscond from society and attempt the existence of a wild Indian in the forest, in the dream of happiness and conceit of merit. He who lives thus for himself alone, should expect to forego the needed aid of friends to meliorate the bed of sickness by patient care and assiduous kindness, and, on that of death should hope for no hand of affection to close the flaring eye, and no voice of love to sob the last farewell to the fleeting spirit. There can be no fate more terrible than that of him who finds that, having, miser-like, hoarded up, during life, his sympathies and refused all exchange of regard with others, he is himself at length deserted at that moment when he would give worlds for the support of one friendly, or the devotion of one loving spirit. There must come a day in the existence of every solitary man when the scales will fall from his eyes, and in bitterness of regret, he will be forced to say, as was said, in the beginning of the world, by Him who rules it,—“it is not good that man should be alone.”

Eight days afterward, the same editorial appeared, slightly cut, in the Daily National Intelligencer of Washington, D.C.:¹⁴

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Further research may turn up other reprintings of this pious, sententious and homiletical editorial, which appeared to be a victory for women, religion, gregariousness, and "horse sense." Thoreau's friends were, doubtless, embarrassed by such publicity, which could not conveniently be answered, Blake, in particular, making special efforts to create audiences in Worcester. When George Ripley reviewed A Week in the Tribune of June 13, 1849, he was probably trying to clear Thoreau of the charge of being a perpetual recluse when he wrote: "Of his fitful hermit life and its results we have already given some account...."¹⁵ Did he mean "intermittent" or "temporary"? Greeley rightly remained silent.



1 See my "Thoreau's Disciple at Walden: Edmond S. Hotham," E S Q, no. 26, pp. 34-45. 2 Italics mine.

3 Vol. VIII, no. 4 (wholenumber 2220), p. 2, column 3. See the facsimile in my Companion to Thoreau's Correspondence, Hartford, [1964], pp. 174-175.

4 See The Correspondence of Henry David Thoreau, N.Y., 1958, pp. 223-225.

5 See, for example, the significance of the Essex Register, a few years earlier, in transmitting news of the White Mountain catastrophe in my Genesis of Hawthorne's "The Ambitious Guest," Hartford, 1955, passim.

6 See Walter Harding, "A Check List of Thoreau's Lectures," BNYPL, LII (1948), pp. 78-87, esp. 81. 7 Harding, loc. cit., p. 81.

8 See Walter Harding, Thoreau: Man of Concord, N.Y., [1960], pp. 6-7.

9 See F. B. Sanborn, Henry D. Thoreau, Boston, 1882, pp. 232-233; also my Companion to Thoreau's Correspondence, p. 174.

10 New York Daily Tribune, Monday, April 2, 1849 (VIII, no. 305), page 2, col. 2. 11 Ibid., April 7, 1849, page 5, col. 3.

12 See the North American and U. S. Gazette, Wed. morning, April 11, 1849, p. 2, col. 1 (vol. LXVII, no. 16,593). 13 Genesis 2:18.

14 Daily National Intelligencer, XXXVII, no. 11,281 (Washington, D.C., Thurs., April 19, 1849), page 2, col. 3.

15 See Walter Harding, Thoreau: A Century of Criticism, Dallas, [1954], pp. 3-7, esp. 4.

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TRIBUNE.

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

WHOLE NO. 8276.

THE BACKWOODS OF MAINE.

Under the title of "Ktaadn and the Maine Woods," Mr. HENRY D. THOMAS, of Concord, Mass. has been publishing a series of sketches in the *Union Magazine*, which are quite superior to any descriptions of wild-woods life that we have seen for several years. There is all the freshness and odor of the pine forests about them and the language flows with as clear and sparkling a stream as the mountain rapids down which the author was whirled in his canoe. The region he traversed is almost entirely unvisited, except by trappers and lumbermen, and his narrative will be new to many of our readers. We have therefore made a number of extracts, characteristic of the life, scenery and soul of the wilderness. He commences as follows:

On the 31st of August, 1846, I left Concord in Massachusetts for Bangor and the backwoods of Maine, by way of the railroad and steamboat, intending to accompany a relative of mine engaged in the lumber trade in Bangor, as far as a dam on the west branch of the Penobscot, in which property he was interested. From this place, which is about one hundred miles by the river above Bangor, thirty miles from the Houlton military road, and five miles beyond the last log hut, I proposed to make excursions to Mount Ktaadn, the second highest mountain in New England, about thirty miles distant, and some of the lakes of the Penobscot, either alone or with such company as I might pick up there. It is unusual to find a camp so far in the woods at that season, when lumbering operations have ceased, and I was glad to avail myself of the circumstance of a gang of men being employed there at that time in repairing the injuries caused by the great freshet in the Spring. The mountain may be approached more easily and directly on horseback and on foot from the north-east side, by the Aroostook road, and the Wassataquoik river; but in that case you see much less of the wilderness, none of the glorious river and lake scenery, and have no experience of the batteau and the boatman's life. I was fortunate also in the season of the year, for in the Summer myriads of black flies, or, as the Indians call them, "no-see-ems," make traveling in the woods almost impossible; but now their reign was nearly over.

Leaving Bangor, the author follows the course of the Penobscot to Lincoln, where he hired Indian guides, (who, however, failed to fulfil their contract.) He gives us here a glimpse of the habits of

THE FRONTIER SETTLERS

About noon we reached the Mattawamkeag, fifty-six miles from Bangor by the way we had come, and put up at a frequented house, still on the Houlton road, where the Houlton stage stops. Here was a substantial covered bridge over the Mattawamkeag, built, I think they said, some seventeen

years before. After dinner—where, by the way, and even at breakfast, as well as supper—at the public houses on this road, the front rank is composed of various kinds of "sweet cakes," in a continuous line from one end of the table to the other. I think I may safely say that there was a row of ten or a dozen plates of this kind set before us two here. To account for which, they say, that when the lumberers come out of the woods, they have a craving for cakes and pies, and such sweet things, which there are almost unknown, and thus is the supply to satisfy that demand. The supply is always equal to the demand, and these hungry men think a good deal of getting their money's worth. No doubt, the balance of victuals is restored by the time they reach Bangor; Mattawamkeag takes off the raw edge. Well, over this front rank, I say, you coming from the "sweet cake" side, with a cheap philosophic indifference though it may be, have to assent what there is behind, which I do not by any means mean to insinuate is insufficient in quantity or quality to supply that other demand of men not from the woods, but from the towns, for venison and strong country fare.

I think that there was not more than one house on the road to Molunkus, or for seven miles. At that place we got over the fence into a new field, planted with potatoes, where the logs were still burning between the hills; and, pulling up the vines, found good-sized potatoes, nearly ripe, growing like weeds, and turnips mixed with them. The mode of clearing and planting, is, to fell the trees, and burn once what will burn, then cut them up into suitable lengths, roll into heaps, and burn again; then, with a hoe, plant potatoes where you can come at the ground between the stumps and charred logs, for a first crop, the ashes sufficing for manure, and no hoeing being necessary the first year. In the fall, cut, roll, and burn again, and so on, till the land is cleared; and soon it is ready for grain, and to be laid down. Let those talk of poverty and hard times who will, in the towns and cities; cannot the immigrant, who can pay his fare to New-York or Boston, pay five dollars more to get here,—I paid three, all told, for my passage from Boston to Bangor, 250 miles,—and be as rich as he pleases, where land virtually costs nothing, and houses only the labor of building, and he may begin life as Adam did? If he will still remember the distinction of poor and rich, let him bespeak him a narrower house forthwith.

After reaching Mattawamkeag Point, he plunges into the wilderness, and we have the following description of the primitive habitations:

A LOGGERS' CAMP

The next house was Fisk's, ten miles from the Point, at the mouth of the East Branch, opposite to the island Nickatow, or the Forks, the last of the Indian islands. I am particular to give the settlers and the distances, since every log hut in these woods is a public house, and such information is of no little consequence to those who may have occasion to travel this way. Our course here crossed the Penobscot, and followed the southern bank. One of the party, who entered the house in search of some one to set us over, reported a

very neat dwelling, with plenty of books, and a new wife, just imported from Boston, wholly new to the woods. We found the Sebous, or East Branch, a quite rapid stream at its mouth, and much deeper than it appeared. Having with some difficulty discovered the trail again, we kept up the south side of the West Branch, or main river, passing by some rapids called Muck-Ebecme, the roar of which we heard through the woods, and, shortly after, in the thickest of the woods, some empty loggers' camps, still new, which were occupied the previous Winter. Though we saw a few more afterward, I will make one account serve for all. These were such houses as the lumberers of Maine spend the Winter in, in the wilderness. There were the camps and the hovel for the cattle, hardly distinguishable, except that the latter had no chimney. These camps were about twenty feet long by fifteen wide, built of logs—hemlock, cedar, spruce, or yellow birch—one kind alone, or altogether, with the bark on. Two or three large ones first, one directly above another, and notched together at the ends, to the height of three or four feet, then of smaller logs resting upon transverse ones at the ends, each of the last successively shorter than the other to turn the roof. The chimney was an oblong square hole in the middle, three or four feet in diameter, with a fence of logs as high as the ridge. The interiors were filled with moss, and the roof was shingled with long and handsome splints of cedar, or spruce, or pine, rived with a sledge and cleaver. The fireplace, the most important piece of all, was in shape and size like the chimney, and directly under it, defined by a log fence or fence on the ground, and a heap of ashes a foot or two deep within, with solid benches of split logs running round it. Here the fire usually melts the snow, and drives the rain before it can descend to quench it. The filled beds of arbutus vines extended under the covers on either hand. There was the place for the water-pail, pork-barrel, and wash-basin, and generally a dingy patch of seats left on a log. Usually a good

deal of whittling was expended on the latch, which was made of wood, in the form of an iron one. These houses are made comfortable by the huge fires that can be afforded night and day—usually the scenery about them is drear and severe enough—and the logger's camp is as completely in the woods as a fungus at the foot of a pine in a swamp, no outlook but to the sky overhead, no more clearing than is made by cutting down the trees of which it is built, and those which are necessary for fuel. If only it be well sheltered and convenient to his work, and near a spring, he wastes no thought on the prospect. They are very proper forest houses, the stems of the trees collected together and piled up around a man to keep out wind and rain: made of living green logs, hanging with moss, and with curls and fringes of the yellow birch bark, and dripping with resin, treach and moist, and redolent of swampy odors, with that sort of vigor and perennialness even about them that wood-stocks suggest. The logger's fare consists of tea, molasses, flour, pork—sometimes beef—and beans. A great proportion of the beans raised in Massachusetts find their market here. On expeditions it is only hard bread and row pork, slice upon slice, with tea or water, as the case may be.

Here is a glance at the free, sturdy life of a settler, buried among the mountains.

A SETTLER'S HOUSE

Eighteen miles from the Point brought us in sight of McGowan's, or "Uncle George's," as he was familiarly called by my companions, to whom he was well known, where we intended to break our long fast. His house was in the midst of an extensive clearing of intervals, at the mouth of the Little Schodiac River, on the opposite or north bank of the Penobscot. So we collected on a point of the shore, that we might be seen and fired our

was a signal, which brought out his bows forth with, and thereafter their master, who in due time took us across in his bateau. This clearing was bounded on all sides but the river, abruptly by the naked stems of the forest, as if you were to cut only a few feet square in the midst of a thousand acres of mooring, and set down a thimble therein. He had a whole beaver and horizon to himself, and the sun seemed to be journeying over his clearing only, the live low day. Here we concluded to spend the night, and wait for the Indians, as there was no stopping place so convenient above. This house, which was a fair specimen of those on the river, was built of huge logs, which peeped out everywhere, and were chinked with clay and moss. It contained four or five rooms. There were no sawed boards, or shingles, or clapboards, about it and scarcely any but the old had been used in its construction. The partitions were made of long clapboard like splints, of spruce or cedar, turned to a delicate salmon-color by the smoke. The roof and sides were covered with the same, instead of shingles and clapboards, and a touch thicker and larger size was used for the floor. These were all so straight and smooth, that they answered the purpose admirably; and a careless observer would not have suspected that they were not sawed and planed. The chimney and hearth were of vast size, and made of stone. The broom was a few twigs of birch tied to a stick, and a pile was suspended over the hearth, close to the ceiling, to dry stockings and clothes on. I noticed that the floor was full of small, dingy holes, as if made with a gimlet, but which were, in fact, made by the spikes, nearly an inch long, which the lumberers wear in their boots to prevent their slipping on wet logs.

FOREST FIRE

Supper was set before our eyes in the ample kitchen, by a fire which would have roasted an ox; many whole logs, four feet long, were consumed to boil our tea kettle; birch, or beech, or maple, the same Samarra and Winter, and the diene were soon smoking on the table, late the arm-chair, against the wall, from which one of the party was expelled. The arms of the chair formed the frame on which the table rested, and, when the round top was turned up against the wall, it formed the back of the chair, and was no more in the way than the wall itself. This, we noticed, was the prevailing fashion in these log houses, in order to economize in room. There were piping hot wheaten-cakes, the flour having been brought up the river in batteaux—no Indian bread, for Maine, it will be remembered, is a wheat country—and ham, eggs and potatoes, and milk and cheese, the produce of the farm; and, also, sked and salmon, tea sweetened with molasses, and sweet cakes in contradistinction to the hot cakes not sweetened, the one white, the other yellow, to wind up with. Such, we found, was the prevailing fare, ordinary and extraordinary, along this river. Mountain cranberries, stewed and sweetened, were the common dessert. Everything here was in profusion, and the best of its kind. Better was in such plenty, that it was commonly used, before it was salted, to grease boots with.

These Fowler's house is four miles from McConall's, on the shore of the pond. Instead of water, we got here a draught of beer, which was allowed would be better; clean and thin, but strong and stringent as the cedar sap. It was as if we reached at the very tents of Nature's pine-clad bosom in parts—the cap of all Millinocket botany commingled—the topmost, most fantastic and spiciest sprays of the primitive wood, and whatever invigorating and stringent gum or essence it afforded, steeped and dissolved in it—a lumberer's drink, which would stimulate and naturalize a man at once—which would make him see green, and, if he slept, dream that he heard the wind sigh among the pines. Here was a life, praying to be played on through which we breathed a few tinful strains—brought hither to tame wild beasts. As we stood upon the pile of chips by the door, fish-bawls were sailing overhead; and here, over Shed Pond, might easily be witnessed the tyranny of the bald eagle over that bird. Tom pointed away over the lake to a bald eagle's nest, which was plainly visible more than a mile off, on a pine, high above the surrounding forest, and was frequented from year to year by the same pair, and held sacred by them. There were these two houses only there, his low hut, and the eagles' airy cart-load of fagots.

After leaving the last dwelling, the party, fully equipped for forest-life, and accompanied by McConall and several batmen, commenced their journey over wild lakes and up arrowy rapids, toward Ktaadn. The following descriptions are admirable:

A NIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS.

While Uncle George steered for a small island near the head of the lake, now just visible like a speck on the water, we rowed by turns swiftly over its surface, singing such boat-songs as we could remember. The shores seemed at an indefinite distance in the moonlight. Occasionally we paused in our singing and rested our ears, while we listened to hear if the voice of the woods, for this is a common serenade, and my companions affirmed that it was the most dismal and unearthly of sounds, but we heard none this time. If we did not fear, however, we did listen, not without a reasonable expectation, that at least I have to tell—only some stately uncivilized, birthroasted, hoisted loud and dimly in the drear and boughy wilderness, plainly not nervous about his solitary life, nor afraid to hear the echoes of his voice there. We remembered also that possibly moose were silently watching as from the distant cove, or some early bear, or timid red deer or caribou had been startled by our singing. It was with new emphasis that we sang there the Canadian boat-song:

"Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past,"

which described precisely our own adventure, and was inspired by the description of exactly this kind of life—for the rapids were ever near, and the daylight long past, the woods on shore looked dim, and many an Ottawa's tide here emptied into the lake.

"Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the tide will send;
On when the wind blows the tide will run,
Oh, surely we'll not run our labouring crew."

"Draw'st thou this sounding oar,
Shall we on fast or thy oar's own?"

At last we glided past the "green lake" which had been our landmark, all joining in the chorus; as if by the watery lanks of rivers and lakes we were about to float over unmeasured zones of earth, bound on unimagined adventures.

"Blest of this green lake, how our prayer,
Great to our days and forever true."

About nine o'clock we reached the river, and ran our boat into a natural haven between some rocks, and drew her out on the sand. This camping ground McConall had been familiar with in his lumbering days, and he now struck it unerringly in the moonlight, and we heard the sound of the rills which would supply us with water emptying into the lake. The first business was to make a fire, an operation which was a little delayed by the wetness of the fuel and the ground, owing to the heavy showers of the afternoon. The fire is the main comfort of a camp, whether in Summer or Winter, and is about as simple of one season as of another. It is as well for cleanliness, as for warmth and dryness. It forms one side of the camp; one bright side to my eye. Some

were dispersed to fetch in dead trees and branches, while Uncle George killed the berries and hoots which chanced convenient, and soon we had a fire some ten feet long by three or four high, which rapidly dried the sand before it. This was care taken to burn all night. We next proceeded to pitch our tent; which operation was performed by sticking our two spike poles into the ground in a slanting direction, about ten feet apart, for rafters, and then drawing our cotton cloth over them, and tying it down at the ends, leaving it open in front, shed fashion. But this evening the wind carried the sparrows on to the tent and burned it. So we hastily drew up the bottom just within the edge of the woods before the fire, and propping up the side three or four feet high, spread the tent on the ground to lie on, and with the corner of a blanket, or what more or less we could get to put over us, lay down with our heads and bodies under the tent, and our feet and legs on the sand toward the fire. At first we lay awake, talking of our course, and finding ourselves in so convenient a posture for studying the Heavens, with the moon and stars shining in our faces, our conversation naturally turned upon Astronomy, and we recounted by turns the most interesting discoveries in that science. But at length we composed ourselves unusually to sleep. It was interesting, when such ended at midnight, to watch the grotesque and friendly like forms and motions of some one of the party who, not being able to sleep, had got up

silently to arouse the fire, and add fresh fuel, for a change, now stealthily logging a dead tree from out the dark, and heaving it on, now stirring up the embers with his fork, or tip-toeing about to observe the stars, watched, perchance, by half the prostrate party in breathless silence; so much the more intense, because they were awake, while each supposed his neighbor sound asleep. Thus aroused, I too brought fresh fuel to the fire, and then rambled along the sandy shore in the moon light, hoping to meet a mouse come down to drink, or else a wolf. The little rill tumbled the looker and peeped all the wilderness for me, and the glass smoothness of the sleeping lake, leaving the shores of a new world, with the dark, fantastic rocks rising here and there from its surface, made a scene not easily described. It has left such an impression of stern yet gentle wildness on my memory as will not soon be effaced. Not far from midnight, we were once after another awakened by rain falling on our extremities, and as each was made aware of the fact by cold or wet, he drew a long sigh and then drew up his legs, until gradually we had all settled round from lying at right angles with the boat, till our bodies formed an acute angle with it, and were wholly protected. When next we awoke the moon and stars were shining again, and there were signs of dawn in the East. I have been thus particular in order to convey some idea of a night in the woods.

CLIMBING A RAPID.

To avoid the difficulties of the portage, our men determined to "wrap up" the Penobscot Falls, so while the rest walked over the portage with the baggage, I remained in the bottom, to assist in wrapping up. We were soon in the midst of the rapids which were more swift and tumultuous than any we had poled up, and had turned to the side of the stream for the purpose of wrapping up, when the batmen, who felt some pride in their skill, and were ambitious to do something more than usual, for my benefit, as I surmised, took one more view of the rapids or rather the falls, and in answer to our question, whether we could not get up there, the other answered that he guessed he'd try it; so we pushed again into the midst of the stream, and began to struggle with the current. I sat in the middle of the boat to trim it, moving slightly to the right or left as it grazed a rock. With an uncertain and wavering motion we wound and twisted our way up, until the bow was actually raised ten feet above the stern at the steepest pitch, and then, when everything depended upon his exertions, the bowman's pole snapped in two, but before he had time to take the spare one, which I had reached, he had saved himself with the fragment upon a rock, and so we got up by a hair's breadth, and Uncle George exclaimed, that that was never done before; and he had not tried it, if he had not known whom he had got in the bow—or he is in the bow, if he had not known him in the stern. At this place there was a regular portage cut through the woods, and our batmen had never known a bottom to ascend the falls. As near as I can remember, there was a perpendicular fall here, at the worst place of the whole Penobscot River, two or three feet at least. I could not sufficiently admire the skill and coolness with which they performed this feat, never speaking to each other. The bowman, not looking behind, but knowing exactly what the other is about, works as if he worked alone, one sounding in van for I bottom in fifteen feet of water, while the boat falls back several rods, held straight only with the greatest skill and exertion; or, while the sternman obstinately holds his ground, like a turtle, the bowman springs from side to side with wonderful suppleness and dexterity, standing the rapids and the rocks with a thousand eyes; and now, having got a line of fish, with a lively shore which makes his pole bend and quiver, and the whole boat tremble, he gives a few feet upon the river. To add to the danger, the poles are liable at any time to be caught between the rocks, and wrenched out of their hands, leaving them at the mercy of the rapids—the rocks, as it were, lying in wait, like so many dragons, to catch them in their teeth, and jerk them down year hands, before you have time to effectual shove against their palates. The pole is set close to the boat, and the prow is made to overtake, and just turn the corners of the rocks, in the very teeth of the rapids. Nothing but the length and lightness, and the slight draught of the bottom, enables them to make any headway. The bowman must quickly change his course; there is no time to deliberate. Frequently the boat is shovelled between rocks where both sides touch, and the

waters on either hand are a perfect Maelstrom.

Half a mile above this, two of us tried our hands at pulling up a slight rapid; and we were just surmounting the last difficulty, when an eddying rock contounded our calculations, and while the boat was sweeping round irrecoverably amid the whirlpool, we were obliged to resign the poles to more skillful hands.

After threading the lake country, they reached the foot of Kieada, draw up their boat on the shore, take up their packs and begin the ascent. They climb eight or nine miles the first day, and then camp beside a torrent.

WALKING ON THE TOP OF A FOREST.

While my companions were seeking a suitable spot for encamping, I improved the little daylight that was left in climbing the mountain alone. We were in a deep and narrow ravine, sloping up to the clouds, at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, and hemmed in by walls of rock, which were at first covered with low trees, then with impenetrable thickets of scraggy birches and spruce-trees, and with moss, but at last bare of all vegetation but lichens, and almost continually draped in clouds. Following up the course of the torrent which occupied this—and I mean to lay some emphasis on this word *up*—pulling myself up by the side of perpendicular falls of twenty or thirty feet, by the roots of firs and birches, and then, perhaps, walking a level foot or two in the thin stream, for it took up the whole road, ascending by huge steps, as it were, a giant's stairway down which a river flowed, I had soon cleared the trees, and passed on the successive shelves, to look back over the country. The torrent was from fifteen to thirty feet wide, without a tributary, and seemingly not diminishing in breadth as I advanced; but still it came rushing and roaring down, with a copious tide, over and amid masses of bare rock from the very clouds, as though a water-spout had just burst over the mountain. Leaving this at last, I began to work my way, scarcely less arduous than the task I was actually through, up the nearest, though not the highest peak. At this scrambling up all kinds over the tops of ancient black spruce-trees, pine-spruce, old as the firs, from two to ten or twelve feet in height, their tops flat and spreading, and their foliage blue and ripe with cold, as if for centuries they had ceased growing upward against the bleak sky, the solid cold. I walked some good rods erect upon the tops of these trees, which were overgrown with moss and mountain-cranberries. It seemed that in the course of time they had filled up the intervals between the huge rocks, and the cold wind had uniformly leveled all over. Here the principle of vegetation was hard put to it. These were apparently a belt of this kind running quite round the mountain, though, perhaps, nowhere so remarkable as here. Once, slumping through, I looked down ten feet, into a dark and cavernous region, and saw the stem of a spruce, on whose top I stood, as on a mass of coarse basket-work, fully nine inches in diameter at the ground. These hollows were bears' nests, and the bears were even then at home. This was the sort of garden I made my way over, for an eighth of a mile, at the risk, it is true, of treading on some of the plants, not seeing my path through it—certainly the least treacherous and poorest country I ever traveled.

"—Oh! I understand, as he does,
Feeling the small confusion, but on his
That lying."

But nothing could exceed the toughness of the twigs,—not one snapped under my weight, for they had slowly grown. Having slumped, across the flat, rolled, branched, and walked, by turns, over this scraggy country, I arrived upon a side-hill, or rather side-mountain, where rocks, gray, silent rocks, were the flocks and herds that pastured, chewing a rocky cud at sunset. They looked at me with hard gray eyes without a blink or a low. This brought me to the skirt of a cloud, and bounded my walk that night. But I had already seen that Maine country when I turned about, waving, bowing, rippling, down below.

Further north in a day's walk.

[Here the first instalment ends.]

We give below several additional extracts from Mr. THORNTON's narrative of his journeyings in the Maine wilderness.

THE LIMIT OF NATURE.

In the morning, after whetting our appetite on some raw pork a wafer of hard bread, and a dipper of condensed cloud or water-spout, we altogether began to make our way up the falls, which I have described, this time bounding the right hand, or highest peak, which was not the one I had approached before. But soon my companions were lost to my sight behind the mountain ridge. I my rear, which at a second ever retreating before me, and I climbed alone over huge rocks, easily gained a ridge of mountains, and edging toward the clouds—for though the day was clear and warm, the summit was concealed by mist for minutes, seemed a vast assemblage of sea-rocks, and sometimes it had rained rocks, and they lay as they lay on the mountain sides, to where fairly at rest, but leaning on each other, all round stones, with cavities between, but scarcely any smoothness about them. They were the raw materials of a planet dropped from an unsexed quarry, which the vast chemistry of Nature would anon work up, or work down, into the smiling and verdant plains and valleys of earth. This was an undoubted extremity of the globe, as in light we see some in the process of formation.

At length I entered within the skirts of the cloud, which seemed forever drifting over the summit, and yet would never be gone, but was generated out of that pure air as fast as it flowed away, and when a quarter of a mile farther I reached the summit of the ridge, which those who have seen in clearer weather say is about five miles long, and contains a thousand acres of table-land, I was deep within the hoarse ranks of clouds, and all objects were obscured by them. Now the wind would blow me out a yard or two, and I would return, when I felt a gray dawn-like light was all it could accomplish, the wind came ever rising and falling with the wind's intensity. Sometimes it seemed as if the summit would be covered in a few moments and smothered in darkness, but what was gained on one side was lost on another. It was like sitting in a chimney and waiting for the smoke to blow away. It was, in fact, a circular factory—these were the cloud-works, and the wind turned them off done from the cool bare rocks. Occasionally, when the windy columns broke in to me, I caught sight of a dark, damp crag to the right or left, the mist driving ceaselessly between it and me. It reminded me of the creations of the old epic and dramatic poets of Atlas, Vulcan, the Cyclops, and Prometheus. Such was Caucasus and the rock where Prometheus was bound. Achilles had no doubt visited such a country as this. It was vast, Titanic, and such as Man never inhabits. Some part of the beholder, even some vital part, seems to escape through the hoarse grating of the ribs as he ascends. It is more lonely than you can imagine. There is less of substantial thought and fair understanding in him, than in the plains where men inhabit. His reason is dispersed and shadowy, more thin and subtle like the air. Vast Titanic, inhuman Nature has got him at disadvantage, caught him alone, and pillers him of some of his divine faculty. She does not smile on him as in the plains. She seems to say sternly, why came ye here before your time? This ground is not prepared for you. Is it not enough that I smile in the valleys? I have never made this soil for thy feet, this air for thy breathing, these rocks for thy neighbors. I cannot pity nor fondle thee here, but forever, relentlessly drive thee hence to where I am kind. Why seek me where I have not called thee, and then complain because you find me but a stepmother? Shouldst thou freeze or starve, or slumber thy life away, here is no shrine, nor altar, nor any access to my ear.

"Chaos and silent Night, I come so shy
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm but
As my way

Lies through your spacious empire up to light

The tops of mountains are among the unhallowed parts of the globe, whither it is a slight insult to the gods to climb and pry into their secrets, and try their effect on our humanity. Only daring and insolent men, perchance, go there. Simple races, as savages, do not climb mountains—their tops are sacred and mysterious tracts never visited by them. Pomona is always angry with those who

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climb to the summit of Ktaadn.

I found my companions where I had left them on the side of the peak, gathering the mountain cranberries, which filled every crevice between the rocks, together with blueberries which had a spicier flavor the higher up they grew, but were not the less agreeable to our palates. When the country is settled and roads are made, these cranberries will perhaps become an article of commerce. From this elevation, just on the skirts of the clouds, we could overlook the country west and south for a hundred miles. There it was, the State of Maine, which he had seen on the map, but not much like that immeasurable forest for the sun to shine on, that Eastern stuff we hear of in Massachusetts. No clearing, no house. It did not look as if a solitary traveller had cut so much as a walking stick there. Countless lakes—Moose head in the southwest, forty miles long by ten wide, like a gleaming silver platter at the end of the table. Chesuncook, eighteen long by three wide, without an island. Millinocket, on the south with its hundred islands, and a hundred others without a name, and mountains also, whose names for the most part, are known only to the Indians. The forest looked like a firm grass sward, and the effect of these lakes in its midst has been well compared by one who has since visited this same spot, to that of a "murder broken into a thousand fragments, and wildly scattered over the grass, reflecting the full blaze of the sun." It was a large farm for somebody, when cleared.

Perhaps I most fully realized that this was primeval, untamed and forever untamable Nature, or whatever else men call it, while coming down this part of the mountain. We were passing over "Burnt Lands," burnt by lightning, perchance, though they showed no recent marks of fire, hardly so much as a charred stump, but looked rather like a natural pasture for the moose and deer, exceedingly wild and desolate, with occasional strips of timber crossing them, and low poplars springing up, and patches of blueberries here and there. I found myself traversing them familiarly, like some pasture run to waste, or partially reclaimed by man; but when I reflected what man what brother or sister or kinsman of our race made it or claimed it, I expected the proprietor to rise up and dispute my passage. It is difficult to conceive of a region uninhabited by man. We habitually presume his presence and influence everywhere. And yet we have not seen pure Nature, unless we have seen her thus vast, and drear, and inhuman, though in the midst of cities. Nature was here something savage and awful, though beautiful. I looked with awe at the ground I trod on, to see what the Powers had made there, the form and fashion and material of their work. This was that Earth of which we have heard, made out of Chaos and Old Night. Here was no man's garden, but the unadorned globe. It was not lawn, nor pasture, nor mead, nor woodland, nor lea, nor arable, nor waste-land. It was the fresh and natural surface of the planet Earth, as it was made forever and ever—to be the dwelling of Man, we say—so Nature made it, and Man may use it if he can. Man was not to be associated with it. It was Matter, vast, terrific—not his Mother Earth that we have heard of, not for him to tread on, or be burned in—no, it was being too familiar even to let his bones lie there—the home this of Necessity and Fate. There was there felt the presence of a force not bound to be kind to Man. It was a place for heathenism and superstitious rites—to be inhabited by men nearer of kin to the rocks and to wild animals than we. We walked over it with a certain awe, stopping from time to time to pick the blueberries which grew there, and had a smart and spicy taste. Perchance where our wild pine stand, and leaves be on their forest floor in Concord, there were once reapers, and husbandmen ploughed grain, but here not even the surface had been scarred by man, but it was a specimen of what God saw fit to make this world. What is it to be admitted to a museum, to see a myriad of particular things, compared with being shown some star's surface, some hard matter in its home? I stand in awe of my body, this matter to which I am bound has become so strange to me. I fear not spirits, ghosts, of which I am one—*that* my body might—but I fear bodies, I tremble to meet them. What is this Titan that has possession of me? Talk of mysteries—Think of our life in Nature—daily to be shown matter, to come in contact with it—rocks, trees, wind on our cheeks—the solid earth the actual world the common sense! Contact! Contact! Who are we? where are we?

We take leave of Mr THOREAU's narrative by quoting its splendid conclusion—as fine a piece of sublimated poetry as we have ever read:

THE NEW WORLD.

What is most striking in the Maine wilderness is the continuance of the forest, with fewer open intervals or glades than you had imagined. Except the few burnt lands, the narrow intervals

on the rivers, the bare tops of the high mountain peaks and the lakes and streams, the forest is uninterrupted. It is even more green and wild than you had anticipated, a damp and intricate wilderness in the Spring everywhere wet and airy. The aspect of the country indeed is universal, western and eastern, excepting the distant views of the forest to the north, and the lake prospects which are mud and civilization in a degree. The lakes are something which you are unprepared for, they lie up so high exposed to the light, and the forest is diminished to a fine fringe on their edges, with here and there a blue mountain, like a smothered fire, and around some of the first water—a center, so superior to all the changes that are taking place on their shores, even now, and which will last as long as the world. These are not the artificial forests of an English or Swiss a royal preserve merely. Here prevail no forest laws but those of Nature. The aboriginals have never been displaced, nor Nature disturbed.

It is a country full of vegetation trees of many sizes, birches and water maples, the ground dotted with maple, smothered berries and strewn with damp and mossy rocks. A country diversified with innumerable lakes and rapid streams, pregnant with trout and various species of *salmo* with salmon, shad and pickerel, and their haunts the forests surrounding the blue waters with the soft of the summer, the blue sky and the wood pecker, the scream of the fish hawk and the eagle, the laugh of the loon and the whistle of ducks along the solitary streams, and at night with the howling of owls and howling of wolves, and in Summer, swarming with myriads of black flies and mosquitoes, more formidable than wolves to the white man. Such is the home of the moose, the bear, the caribou, the wolf, the beaver and the Indian. Who shall describe the inexhaustible wilderness and immortal life of the grim forest where Nature, though it be mid winter, is ever in her Spring, where the moss-grown and decaying trees are not old, but seem to enjoy a perpetual youth, and beautiful innocent Nature like a school-brother, is too happy to make a noise, except by a few tinkling, chirping birds and trucking insects.

I am reminded by my journey how exceedingly new this country still is. You have only to trace back a few days into the interior and back parts even of many of the old States to come to that very America which the Northmen and Cabot, and Gonulvis and Smith and Raleigh visited. It Columbus was the first to discover the islands, Amerigo Vesputius, and Cabot and the Puritans, and we their descendants, have discovered only the shores of America. Whilst the Republic has already acquired a history world wide, America is still unsettled and unexplored. Like the English in New Holland, we live only on the shores of a continent even yet and hardly know where the rivers come from which float our navy. The very timber and boards, and shingles, of which our houses are made, grew but yesterday in a wilderness where the Indian still hunts and the moose runs wild. New-York has her wilderness within her own borders, and though the sailors of Europe are familiar with the soundings of her Hudson, and Fulton long since invented the steamboat on its waters, an Indian is still necessary to guide her scientific men to its head quarters in the Adirondack country.

Have we even so much as discovered and settled the shore? Let a man travel on foot along the coast, from the Passamaquoddy to the Sabine, or to the Rio Bravo, or to wherever the end is now, if he is swift enough to overtake it, faithfully following the windings of every inlet and of every cape, and stepping to the music of the surf—with a desolate fishing town once a week, and a city a port once a month to cheer him, and putting up at the light-houses, when there are any, and tell me if it looks like a discovered and settled country, and not rather, for the most part like a desolate island, and No-man's Land.

We have advanced by leaps to the Pacific and left many a lesser Oregon and California unexplored behind us. Though the railroad and the telegraph have been established on the shores of Maine, the Indian still looks out from her interior

mountains over all these to the sea. There stands the City of Bangor, fifty miles up the Penobscot, at the head of navigation for vessels of the largest class, the principal lumber depot on this continent, with a population of twelve thousand, like a star on the edge of night, still bowing at the forests of which it is built, already overflowing with the luxuries and refinement of Europe, and sending its vessels to Spain, to England, and to the West Indies for its groceries—and yet only a few ax-men have gone "up river" into the howling wilderness which feeds it. The bear and deer are still found within its limits, and the moose, as he swims the Penobscot, is entangled amid its shipping and taken by foreign sailors in its harbor. Twelve miles in the rear, twelve miles of railroad, are Orono and the Indian Island, the home of the Penobscot tribe, and thence commence the bateaux and the canoes, and the military road, and, sixty miles above, the country is virtually unmapped and unexplored, and there still waves the virgin forest of the New World.

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Mr. Emerson on England.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON lectured before the Boston Menant's Library Association a December 11 in England, giving the results of his observations during his recent visit. He appears to have derived strongly favorable impressions of the English character. He spoke of the steady balance of the quantity of their nature as their great characteristic, and the secret of their success. Everything in England betokens life. The land and climate are favorable to the production and preservation of good men. Mr. E. tacitly remarked that it was against his theory to travel—he did not like it, and in most cases he believed it disadvantageous to the literary man. Running up hills and over valleys he believed the office of a wheel and of a man. But he had profited by his trip to England.

He referred to the elements of that power which the English now hold, and have held for centuries. After looking at her manufactures, scattered all over the land, her commerce, her agriculture, her art, and witnessing the stupendous results which have been wrought out, one is amazed that if he would see the best development of common sense, (the standard sense) he must go to England to witness it. The land in every part so like a garden shows the triumph of labor. The fields look as if bleached with the perils of the plow. Every arable spot has been cultivated and everything turned to the best possible use.

England, indeed, is a huge mill, a grand hotel, where everything is provided for man and beast. On the railroads we ride twice as fast, and with half the cheating that we do upon our roads. An Englishman is a machine—everybody moving on a railway—no Englishman ever touches the ground. England has the best working climate in the world. It is never hot or cold. Their winter days are like our November days in the early part of the month. The only drawback which Mr. Emerson mentioned was the dark gray color of the sky which renders day and night too nearly alike and makes it painful at times to read and write. To this must be

added the dark, dense smoke of many of the manufacturing towns, this smoke pervading and completely enveloping at times every surrounding object.

England has all the materials for a working country—iron, coal. An everything wood.

The Englishman enjoys great health and vigor of body. They are larger than Americans. One hundred Englishmen taken at random would probably weigh one quarter more than the same number of Americans taken in the same manner, and yet the Englishman is said not to weigh more. The Englishman is plump, round and full and presents a stout, respectable, and grand fatherly figure. The women even have thick set forms and seldom a tall, spare Englishman is seen. The figures of the days of chivalry carried in stone, some of them ten years old, which adorn the churches all over England, present the same types which characterize the present race. Enjoying vigorous health, they eat well, and their animal powers are perfectly developed. They are great eaters, and claim that a good supply of food is absolutely essential to health. They have more constitutional energy and vigor than we have. Pure is the national characteristic—the cabman, the porter, the workman, the bishop, and even the women, have it, the press runs over with it.

An Englishman speaks with his whole body, his education is stomachy—an American's is labial. He may growl at the petty annoyances of a hotel, but he has abundance of self-command. But the "eyes of his eyes" are united to his back-bone, and only move with his trunk. Whoever else may fall, the Englishman will not. He has existed for a thousand years, and will continue to exist, as his character possesses as much energy as ever.

London and England now are in full growth. Birmingham, opposite Liverpool, grows as fast as North Boston or Brooklyn, opposite New York. London is advancing at an alarming rate, even to the swallowing up of Middlesex. The British Museum is not yet arranged. London University is growing so rapidly as one of our western colleges. Everything in England betokens life.

Be sure the Englishman does not build castles and abbeys, but what the Nineteenth Century demands, he builds, docks, wharves, warehouses, &c. without num-

ber. In all that the Englishman does, even to the noise of clearing his throat, he gives evidence of strength. It is not the land for faint hearts.

(The thing is very noticeable among the people, and that is their total neglect of each other. Each man shaves, dresses, eats, walks, and runs just as he pleases, and his neighbor pay no attention to him, so long as he is not interfered with, and this is not because English men are trained to neglect, but because each man is trained to mind his own business. Personal restrictions are allowed here, and no one observes them. Each islander is an island himself, reposing in quiet and tranquil waters.

It is very certain that the Englishman has so much confidence in the power of his Nation that he cares very little about any other. Swedenborg, who visited England frequently during the last century, and an Italian author, who wrote in 1500, were both quoted in this connection. The Englishman is handsome, and has always been so. If a handsome foreigner comes among them the people declare it is a pity that he is not an Englishman. This arrogance is his birthright. His praise is to tell you it is "so English" in character and the highest praise is to say to an acquaintance, "I should not know you from an Englishman." Now this is admirable in some respects.

The English surpass all others in general culture—none are so harmoniously developed. They are quick to perceive any weakness in an individual. And it is reasonable that they should have all those fastidious views which wealth and power are wont to generate. But it is not to be disguised that there is much in English culture which will not bear analysis. It is material, built solely upon wealth, cockneyism, and is most fully exemplified in boxing, racing, gaming, &c. what are called true English sports. They are not, orderly and respectable, and have the closest care of their wives, politics, race, &c. But these are trifles. The manly forms are attributed to the exercises, such as boxing, boxing and riding, in which they indulge from early youth. The attachment to horses among them is almost universal—they are always on horseback—the hotels are crowded with pictures of races. Betting not without its uses, causes them to be very exact in their data, and settles everything as a fact.







ORCHARD HOUSE - Home of the Alcotts from 1858 to 1877; the house described in "Little Women"



EMERSON HOUSE - Built in 1828. Owned by Ralph Waldo Emerson from 1835 to 1882



Emerson as a Conversationalist.
At the residence of Austin Adams, Esq., last night, Ralph Waldo Emerson appeared in the role of conversationalist. The gentleman intending to spend the Sabbath here, it was thought a favorable opportunity to secure his services for an evening's conversation, and the parlors of the host were thrown open to a number of invited guests, about thirty in all. It was nearly 7½ o'clock when Mr. Emerson relinquished his chat with the company and took his seat in an easy chair to fulfil the purpose of the evening. He suggested that perhaps the subject of "inspiration" might be acceptable for their consideration, and opened by reading an essay on the subject, which he hoped would not be too long. Pertinent fact and incident impressed on a delicate background of language, were the leading characteristics of the paper. The different kinds of

separately taken up and an opinion given, accompanied with some fact or incident in illustration. Then there was an interchange of thought on the subject by a few of the gentlemen present; Mr. Emerson invited the ladies to join, but as they were unusually taciturn, he resumed his readings, entertaining the company with rare selections from the richest leads of ancient and modern literature, a precious hoard, which he has gathered during long years of diligent literary search. In conversation the beauty of Mr. Emerson's literary attainment shines forth in all its lustre; on the lectern stand he appears at disadvantage, but in a conversation, in the midst of a few chosen friends, he is perfectly at home; the little oddities of his manner assume a becoming grace, and the vividness of his mental apprehension is appreciated. Mr. Emerson is a wonderfully well preserved man for one of 60 years; he is now bordering on three score and

ten, and looks as youthful as the majority of men do at forty; his hair has not really turned gray, though his original brown hue is slightly dimmed with age, and there are one or two bald spots on his head. We may say that his productions do not rightfully belong to the literature of this day; the men among whom he commenced his career, have nearly all put off the traces of toil in death and he remains among the lingering few. He has been an intimate friend and associate of the most eminent literary savants on both sides of the Atlantic, and there was a peculiar satisfaction in having a man so steeped in literary lore, and so ripe in experience, to cater to our enjoyment on such an occasion. Every good thing must have an end, and this conversation closed at a late hour, all feeling that the evening had been profitably spent, and having partaken of the most fragrant coffee at the hospitality of the hostess, the guests departed.

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The Concord Transcript.

VOL. I.---NO. 14. CONCORD, SATURDAY, SEPT.

19, 1885—[WITH SUPPLEMENT.]

PRICE FOUR CENTS.

OLD CONCORD.

**Celebration of the 250th
Anniversary.**

**The Promenade Concert and Govern-
or's Reception.**

THE PARADE.

The Exercises at the Town Hall.

GREETING

BY THE

Hon. JOHN S. KEYES.

Report on the Historical Tablets,

BY

CHARLES H. WALCOTT, ESQ.

THE ORATION

BY THE

Hon. GEORGE F. HOAR.

THE DINNER.

**INTRODUCTORY REMARKS OF THE PRESI-
DENT OF THE DAY,**

THE Hon. JOHN S. KEYES.

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

BY

GOVERNOR ROBINSON,

J. R. LOWELL,

WM. M. EVARTS,

E. R. HOAR.

GEO. W. CURTIS,

And Others.

In September, 1635, Peter Bulkeley, an English non-conformist minister from "Wuddle," or Odel, in Bedfordshire, and Simon Willard, a merchant or Indian trader from Kent, in company with a little band of men and women who had left England to escape persecution on account of their religious views, formed a settlement on the banks of the beautiful stream which loiters through what is now known as Concord, then called by the Indian name of Musketaquid. Later in the same month, by an act of the General Court holden at Newe Towne, it was ordered that there should be a "plantacon" at Musketaquid and that the name of the place should be changed to Concord. On Friday and Saturday last, the descendants of these men and women celebrated the 250th anniversary of this incorporation as a town with appropriate military and civic exercises.

THE GOVERNOR'S RECEPTION.

On Friday evening there was a grand promenade concert and reception to the invited guests at the Town Hall, at which there was a very large attendance.

The decorations were very tasty. At the rear of the platform was a large facsimile of the act of incorporation of the town, reading as follows:—

"Att the Genall Court holden at Newe Towne, Septe. 1635, it is ordered, that there shalbe a plantacon att Musketaquid, & that there shalbe 6 myles of land square to belong to it, & that the inhabitants thereof shall have three yeares imunities from all publie charges, except trainings: Further, that when any that plant there shall have occacon of carryeing of goods thither, they shall repaire to two of the nexte magistrates where the teames are, whoe shall have power for a yeare to presse draughts, at reasonable rates, to be payde by the owners of the goods, to transport their goods thither att seasonable tymes; & the name of the place is changed, & hereafter to be called Concord."

This facsimile was surrounded by a mass of flowing white and gold drapery. The sides of the hall were covered with

shields representing the different States of the Union, while from the centre of the hall to the sides depended numerous streamers of red, white and blue, which also extended to the gallery, itself handsomely draped.

The Salem Cadet Orchestra, Jean Missud leader, furnished the music for the occasion. The guests were received by

the following committee: George M. Brooks, the Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Charles H. Walcott, Edwin S. Barrett, James B. Wood and Edward C. Damon.

At quarter before nine o'clock the orchestra struck up "Hail to the Chief," and the distinguished guests entered the hall as follows: Governor Robinson, escorted by Henry J. Hosmer; William M. Evarts, escorted by Richard F. Barrett; George F. Hoar, leaning upon the arm of Samuel Hoar; George William Curtis, escorted by Edwin S. Barrett; E. Rockwood Hoar, accompanied by Charles E. Brown, and Mrs. Governor Robinson, upon the arm of William Brown. For about three quarters of an hour the governor and his lady received in front of the platform, during which time a long line of ladies and gentlemen passed continuously before them. The reception was followed by dancing, the first dance being a plain quadrille. The principal set was composed of the governor and Mrs. Robinson, George M. Brooks and Miss Norvelle Whaley, John S. Keyes and Miss Ellen T. Emerson, Henry Hosmer and Miss Jeanie S. Barrett. Dancing continued until about eleven o'clock, Senators Hoar and Evarts leaving the hall early. Mr. Curtis remained later, and was the centre of an animated and charmed group during his stay. Among those present the governor and Mrs. Robinson were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Brown, Mrs. Robinson being a cousin of Mrs. Brown; Senators Hoar and Evarts were at E. Rockwood Hoar's residence, and George William Curtis was at the home of the Rev. James S. Bush.

SATURDAY'S EXERCISES.

Saturday, the ever-to-be remembered day, was ushered in with the ringing of bells and the firing of a salute of 15 guns by the Concord battery, followed, later in the morning, with the reports of smaller cannon, dynamite cartridges and firearms of all descriptions. At half-past nine o'clock a procession was formed in Monument square, and moved over the principal streets of the town in the following order:—First came the Chief Marshal, Richard F. Barrett and staff, mounted. The aids were Messrs A. B. C. Dakin, Charles E. Brown, William Barrett, Geo. E. Walcott and Frank W. Gilmore. They wore dark coats and white pants, sashes, black hats and belts, and carried batons of gilt and white with red ribbons. The chief wore a distinguishing badge and richer trappings, including a gold belt. Next came the Salem Cadet Band, Jean Missud leader, 24 pieces, marching at the head of the Concord Artillery, company

I, Sixth Regiment M. V. M., Captain John L. Gilmore in command, with 50 men in line; Old Concord Post 180 G. A. R., under command of Edward J. Bartlett, and parading 60 members, was the next organization which caught the eye of the observer, and this was followed by the Concord Battery, Captain Arthur G. Fuller commanding, two pieces, with 20 men. The Chelmsford Band, 24 pieces, furnished the music for the fire department, which paraded as a battalion in this order, the entire department being commanded by Densmore B. Hosmer, chief engineer: Westvale Fire Company, No. 2, Walter Wright foreman, 30 men; Independence Engine Company No. 3, Mark Loftus foreman, 25 men; Hose Company No. 1, Frank R. Garfield foreman, 16 men.

The route of the procession was over Lexington, Heywood, Walden, Hubbard, Devens, Sudbury and Thoreau streets to the head of Main street, where the procession was reviewed by Governor Robinson, and the invited guests were received. The carriages, containing Governor Robinson, the Hon. George F. Hoar, the Hon. William M. Evarts, the Hon. George William Curtis, and six members of the governor's staff, the Hon. John S. Keyes, the Hon. George M. Brooks, the Rev. B.

R. Bulkeley, the Rev. Grindall Reynolds, the Rev. H. M. Grout, D.D., members of the various committees and others took up their position in the line directly in the rear of the Concord Artillery, Company I, Sixth Regiment, Captain John L. Gilmore, which organization acted as the especial escort of the governor. The procession then moved to the town hall, where the opening literary exercises of the day took place.

The sidewalks and windows along the route of the procession were lined with eager observers, who viewed with interest the passage of the procession. A very large proportion of the entire number of houses along the route of the procession were decorated for the occasion. Among them were those of the Hon. E. Rockwood Hoar, Mr. A. J. Harlow, Mr. Geo. W. Crampton, Mr. Henry J. Hosmer, Mr. Charles E. Brown, Mr. William Brown, Mr. Samuel Hoar, Mrs. John M. Cheney, the Misses Munroe, Mrs. Damon, Mr. Thomas Todd, Mr. W. H. Dodd, Dr. Geo. E. Titcomb, Mr. Richard F. Barrett, Mr. Edwin S. Barrett, Mr. Charles Thompson, Major James B. Wood, the Hon. George M. Brooks, Mr. John O. Haskell, Mr. N. S. Daniels, Mr. George Penniman, Mr. Frank Holden, the Rev. James S. Bush, Mr. F. M. Holland, Mrs. Cyrus Pierce, Mrs. Goodenow, Mr. O. H. Underhill,

Mr. Edward S. Hoar, Mr. Woodward Hudson, Mr. Prescott Keyes, and many other private residences, the Old Wright Tavern and nearly all the places of business.

The Exercises at the Town Hall.

The hall was filled to its utmost capacity with those who desired to listen to the distinguished orator. Upon the platform were seated the invited guests, most of those who were to participate in the literary exercises of the day and the members of the various committees. Chief Marshall Richard F. Barrett stepped to the front of the platform, shortly after eleven o'clock and invited the Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, as Chaplain of the Day, to offer the prayer.

At the conclusion of the prayer, the President of the Day, the Hon. John S. Keyes, delivered the following words of greeting, his rising being the signal for hearty applause:—

Fellow Citizens:—For to-day, at least, you are all, by birth or adoption, citizens of Concord, the oldest inland town in the country, the earliest settlement above tide water, the first battle-ground of the Revolution, the birth-place of American liberty; for, if in Boston was the conception, and in Lexington the agonizing throes of deadly pain, here the blessed child was born. [applause] To this memorable and venerable town, your old, or present home, you have come up to renew your affection, and to this sweet Concord its committee bids you a cordial earnest welcome. Welcome to its pleasant houses, its shady streets, its quiet rivers. Welcome to its scenes, where Emerson thought, and Hawthorne wrote, and Thoreau walked and Alcott talked. Welcome to its fine library, its beautiful statue, its pure and flowing water, and, if you will stay long enough, *procul est*, to its peaceful cemetery. Read and ponder over its historic tablets set up on this anniversary to remind the coming generation of the struggles of their forefathers.

These two hundred and fifty years cover nearly all of the history of America and take us back in thought to the unbroken forest and the Indian occupation of these meadows and hills. From Tahattewan, the Sagamore of Musketaguid, to Ralph Waldo Emerson, the seer and sage, of Concord, is a long step in the world's progress. And yet two centuries which three lives might have spanned have seen these great changes. Dr. Bartlett, the old physician we all remember, had talked with the Centurian, Dr. Holyoke, who had talked with Peregrine White, the first white child born in Plymouth. For its first century Concord

was a struggle for existence, for its second century a business and political centre,—for the last half century literature and philosophy its leading traits. Fifty years ago to-day was heard here the first of those matchless addresses that have made Emerson's words and thoughts known wherever our mother tongue is read or spoken. It has proved the key-note of the Concord of the generation. At that time, this town had no claim to any man of more than local distinction, could present no name known beyond the county limits.

Within these fifty years how many have found here "a birthplace, a home or a grave whose names are household words." The roll of the illustrious dead can be left to you to recall, and of the living some are in your presence. [applause.]

On this anniversary, naturally a comparison is made between the Concord of to-day and of former days. Contrast its appearance then, you elders who have come back, and say in what respect there has been a failure of duty by her citizens in the past. Impress it now on your mind, you youths, that so soon will have it in your keeping, and see to it, that Concord gains in your hands new and added renown. Let us all give for the past thanks, for the present a welcome, and for the future a cheer. [great applause]

"Invitation" by Kimball, was then finely rendered by the following double quartette from the church choir: Mrs. William H. Brown and Miss Hattie E. Clark, sopranos; Mrs. George A. King and Miss Eugenie Houghton, altos; Mr. William Barrett and Mr. Augustus Davis, tenors; Mr. Thomas Todd and Mr. Charles E. Brown, basses; Mrs. Charles E. Brown, accompanist.

The report on the historical tablets was then submitted by Mr. Charles H. Walcott, chairman of the committee on tablets, in introducing whom the presiding officer said:—This town, having no pressing need of any great undertaking to be completed on this anniversary, voted to permanently mark the important events of its earlier history. The more recent are modestly left to our successors to decide what proves worthy of commemoration. The writer of the volume, "Concord in the Colonial Period," has increased our debt to him, by his labors in preparing and establishing these historic tablets. And of the places which he, as chairman of the Sub-Committee, and his associates have

"With graven stone
And the enduring bronze,"

fittingly inscribed, we are now to hear. Charles Hosmer Walcott.

On this interesting anniversary, the Town of Concord aims to perpetuate upon its soil the names of the two men who were leaders in the enterprise of founding and building up the first inland town in Massachusetts, and to mark with lasting memorials of stone and bronze some of the places that are most closely associated with our early history. Among the men whom the people of Concord delight to honor, Peter Bulkeley and Simon Willard are this day peculiarly entitled to our grateful homage. The Committee in their desire to avoid, so far as possible, comparisons of one benefactor with another, have not ventured, strictly speaking, to erect monuments even to these deserving men, but, with the exception of the Indian chiefs, no names but theirs are inscribed upon the tablets that have been erected.

Few towns or cities on this continent have within their limits so much that is worthy of notice. Rich as we are in places hallowed by associations with eminent men and gifted women—places redolent of heroic action—to designate what shall be accounted, for all time, most worthy of grateful recollection, and to frame apt inscriptions that shall set forth in language simple, clear and accurate, the important facts, is to assume no light responsibility. This work the Committee have endeavored faithfully to perform, and without betraying, it is hoped, any undue anxiety, they earnestly desire that the results may meet with the approval of the townspeople and their distinguished guests.

The tablets displayed to-day for your inspection are seven in number. The inscriptions are before you, and it is not necessary to repeat them. The historical thread that runs through them and joins them together is easily traced. Taken together, and in connection with the monuments that we already possessed, they form an epitome of the town's history for a century and a half—from the beginning of the plantation to the war of the revolution.

The old Indian, Jehoiakin, in his testimony given and recorded in the year 1684, informs us "that about 50 years since he lived within the bounds of that place which is now called Concord at the foot of an hill named Nashawtick," and that he was present at the house of Mr. Peter Bulkeley, when the bargain was made between the Indians and the English planters. The simple words inscribed on the rugged face of the rock where the rivers meet, will serve to remind us and succeeding generations of a people who have vanished from the face of the earth, leaving scarcely a trace of themselves, except

a few arrow-heads, and stone pestles, and, here and there, a mound or heap of clamshells.

The land that was more especially the dwelling place of these unfortunate people passed into the ownership of Simon Willard, and it has been deemed an appropriate acknowledgment of the town's debt to him, that his name should be inscribed in letters of stone upon the farm that he owned and occupied while he dwelt in Concord, and before he went elsewhere to respond to more urgent demands for his services.

Perhaps the most interesting of our memorials is the bronze plate set in red granite, on Lowell street, to mark the site of Mr. Bulkeley's house, where the memorable interview took place between the white men and the Indians; and where in the words of the witness already quoted, the "Indians declared themselves satisfied and told the Englishmen they were welcome." The monument stands on land described in 1661 by Grace Bulkeley, widow of the minister, as her "house lot and mill lot" containing thirty-one acres. Recent excavations on the spot have disclosed fragments of old bricks and portions of what appeared to be portions of a stone foundation. Within a few rods of the monument, within the memory of persons now living, there was an excavation or depression in the ground that was commonly known as the Bulkeley cellar-hole; and in the history of Concord, published in 1835, Mr. Lemuel Shattuck indicates the spot as the site of Mr. Bulkeley's house. After a full consideration of all accessible evidence, the Committee were led to the belief that the statement of the Town's historian is correct. Scene worthy of an artist's canvas is that meeting of the two races at the minister's house. The Indians few in number, wasted by disease and poverty, and beginning to realize the bitter truth that the new day then dawning in America could have no brightness for them; the Englishmen strong and keen, vigilant and hopeful, but just and considerate in all their actions, the advanced guard of a splendid civilization. The wonder is, that this interesting event has so long escaped a formal recognition. A slab of dark-blue slate imbedded in the wall of the old burying ground—"the hill neare the brooke" mentioned in the old record—points to the ridge that gave friendly shelter to the homeless settlers and determined the course of their first road. Once the site of the Puritan meeting house, it received into its dumb bosom and still retains the secrets of the unrecorded tragedies of forty years. In later times it bore upon its summit that

prophecy of American independence, the liberty pole of the revolution.

On the common or training field a stone has been placed to mark the site of the first town house, built in 1721, partly of materials furnished by the second meeting house. Here, during the provincial times, courts were held; and the inhabitants came together in town meeting, until, by reason of the heated discussions that immediately preceded the Revolution, the building proved unequal to the service required of it, and subsequent gatherings in the venerable meeting-house that stands on the green to-day gave evidence at once of the people's intensity of purpose, and their feeling that in the approaching struggle human efforts would grow weary and slacken, unless inspired from above. Our monument recognizes the historical value of the New England town-meeting. It is appropriately erected in a town where that form of popular government survives in all its original purity and excellence.

The logical interval is not great between the old town house on the common and the hill beyond the river, where a granite block is set to commemorate the forming of the minute men and militia, in preparation for the first aggressive, forward movement against the King's troops. That movement was the natural and necessary result of their votes and resolutions in town meeting; and it was not inappropriate that the smoke rising from the town-house roof, and plainly visible to the men on the hill, should give signal for the attack.

After the collision at the old North Bridge, the contestants drew off, to renew their strength and adjust themselves to the new state of affairs,—the British, to call in their detachments and withdraw as quickly as possible,—the Americans, to rouse the country and harass the invading

forces on their return. John Buttrick had taken upon himself to declare war against the British empire, and his countrymen were not slow to make it known that they intended to support his action. This determination was manifested with effect by the attack on the retreating foe. At Meriam's Corner, where our seventh tablet is a boulder firmly set in the wall.

I now invite your attention to an ancient document recently found by me in the State Archives,—a paper that, so far as I am informed, has never been printed, or alluded to by writers who have treated of the events of the 19th. of April. Its great value, as it seems to me, consists in the fact that it supplies what has always been lacking in the accounts of the day,—a graphic sketch by an eye-witness of

what was going on in the centre of Concord during its brief occupation by the enemy.

I read from a copy of a petition dated February 4, 1776, bearing the name of Martha Moulton, the old house-keeper of Dr. Timothy Minot, and addressed

To the Honorable General Court of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England in their present session at Watertown: The petition of Martha Moulton, of Concord in sd Province, Widow Woman, Humbly Sheweth

That on the 19th Day of April 1775 In the forenoon the Town of Concord, wherein I dwell, was beset by an army of Regulars who in a Hostile manner entered the Town and Draw'd up in Form before the Door of the house where I live, and there they continu'd on the Green feeding their horses within five feet of the Door—and about 50 or 60 of them was in and out the house, calling for water and what they wanted for about three hours. At the same time all our near Neighbors in the greatest Consternation were Drawn off to places far from the thickest part of the Town, where I live and had taken with them their Families and what of their best Effects they could carry,—some to a neighboring wood, and others to remote houses for security. Your Petitioner being Left to the mercy of six or seven hundred armed men and no person near but an old man of 85 years and myself, 71 years old, and both very Infirm—It may easily be imagined what a sad condition yr Petit'r must be in. Under these circumstances yr Petit'r Committed herself more Especially to the Divine protection and was very remarkably helpt with so much Fortitude of mind, as to wait on them as they call'd with water and what we had—Chairs for Maj. Pitcairn & 4 or 5 more officers who sat at the Door Viewing their men. At Length yr Petit'r had by degrees cultivated so much favor as to talk a little with them—when all on a sudden They had set fire to the Great Gun Carriages Just by the house, and while they were in flames yr Petit'r saw smoke arise out of the Town house higher than the ridge of the house. Then yr Petit'r did put her life, as it were in her hand, and ventured to beg of the officers to send some of their men to put out the fire, but they took no notice—only sneered. Your Petit'r seeing the Town house on fire & must in a few minutes be past recovery Did yet venture to Expostulat with the officers Just by her as she stood with a pail of Water in her hand Begging of them to send it, when they only said—O mother we wont do you

any harm. Don't be concern'd mother—and such like talk. The house still burning and knowing that all the Row of 45 houses as well as the Schoolhouse was in certain danger yr Petit'r (not knowing but she might provoke them by her incessant pleading) yet ventur'd to put as much strength to her arguments as an Importunat widow could think of—and so yr Petit'r can safely say that under Divine Providence she was an Instrument of saving the Court house and how many more is not certain, from being consum'd—with a great deal of valuable furniture—and at the great Risque of her Life, at Least by one pail of water after another they sent & Did Extinguish the fire. And now may it please the Hon'd Court as several people of note in the Town have advis'd yr Petit'r Thus Inform the public of what she had done—and as no notice has been taken of her for the same, she Begs Leave to Lay this her Case before your honors and to Let this hon'd Court also know that yr Petit'r is not only so Old as to be not able to earn wherewith to support herself—is very Poor and shall think her highly honor'd in the Favorable notice of this Honor'd Court. As what yr Petit'r has done was of a public as well as a private good and and as your honors are in a Public Capacity yr Petit'r begs that it may not be taken ill In this way to ask in the most humble manner something—as a fatherly Bounty—such as your great wisdom & Compassion shall seem meet and your Petitioner as in Duty bound For the peace and prosperity of this our American Israel shall ever pray.

MARTHA MOULTON

Concord
Feb 4 1776

CONCORD, SEPT. 19, 1885.

[Continued from first page.]

The committee to whom the petition was referred reported the following resolve, but the report was for some reason not accepted:

Resolved—that there be paid out of the publick Treasury to James Barrat Esqr the sum of three pounds for the use of Martha Moulton the Petitioner for her good services in so boldly & successively (sic) preventing the enemy from Burning the Town House in Concord as set forth in her Petition.

Psalm 107, from the Bay Psalm Book, 1640, was then sung by the quartette, to the tune of "St. Martin's."

The Orator of the Day, the Hon. George F. Hoar, was then introduced by Judge Keyes, in the following words: On hardly more than an acre of land on the main

street of Concord, stood three houses from which have gone forth, in the last fifty years, five representatives in the Congress of the United States. Of these, one has been a member of the Cabinet, and one a Senator at Washington. That one, the youngest of them, connected by blood and lineage with the Declaration of Independence and the march through Georgia to the sea, I have the honor of presenting to you now as the Orator of the Day. In his native town, on this platform built of the oak of the Old North Bridge where his grandfather and the ancestors of many of you once "Fired the shot heard round the world," his eloquence cannot fail to inspire and deilght you—The Senator of Massachusetts, George Frisbee Hoar.

The oration (which is printed in full in our Supplement) was listened to with the deepest attention, and was heartily applauded.

At its close, "America" was sung by the entire audience, and the audience then dispersed.

The line was then re-formed and the procession moved over Main, Thoreau, and Texas streets to the Agricultural Hall, where the parade was dismissed.

THE DINNER.

Agricultural Hall, where the dinner was served, was handsomely decorated by Messrs. Daniel C. French, the sculptor, E. J. Bartlett, John F. Hosmer, and John H. Chapman. About 600 dinner tickets were sold, and it is said that as high as \$5 each was offered for tickets during the forenoon, although the original price was only \$1. Music was furnished by the Salem Cadet Band, stationed on the balcony of the hall. At the dinner the president of the day, the Hon. John S. Keyes, presided. At his right were seated Governor Robinson, George F. Hoar, the Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley, George William Curtis, Dr. Edward W. Emerson, Hapgood Wright of Lowell, the Rev. H. M. Grout, D.D. On his left were James Russell Lowell, Ebenezer R. Hoar, William M. Evarts, George M. Brooks, the Rev. George H. Hosmer, Samuel Hoar and Henry J. Hosmer. A seat was reserved for President Phillips of the Fitchburg Railroad, but he was not present. The Rev. B. R. Bulkeley invoked the divine blessing, after which about an hour was spent in discussing the viands.

THE POST-PRANDIAL EXERCISES.

The company was rapped to order by the President of the Day, the Hon. John S. Keyes, who said:—

Concordians, neighbors, friends: It is

my pleasant duty to invite your attention to this rare feast of rich eloquence you see spread before you, not to detain you by any words of mine, except to say (privately in your ear) that if in the excitement of such an occasion, there should slip out inadvertently words not quite consistent with the well known modesty and humility characteristic of Concord, you will pardon it and receive it as it is meant in a Pickwickian sense, and not as sober earnest.

Of course this morning at that public gathering we were on parade, and that was something entirely different from this' family dinner. The Orator of the day told us such a flattering tale that if we were not plain, common-sense folk, we might be set up with our importance, and imagine that Concord was the "hub," that 'New England harbored not her peer,' and

"The spacious North
Exists to draw her virtues forth."

and believe

"Thy summer voice Musketaquid
Repeats the music of the rain.
They lose their grief who hear his song,
And where he winds is the day of days."

But this is poetry. The prose fact is that we are,

"Content with these poor fields,
Low, open meads, slender and sluggish
streams,

And found a home in haunts which others
scorned.

Beneath low hills, in the broad interval
Through which at will our Indian rivulet
Winds mindful still of sannup and of
squaw,

Whose pipe and arrow oft the plough un-
buries,

Here in pine houses built of new-fallen
trees,

Supplanters of the tribe, the farmers
dwell.

Traveller, to thee, perchance, a tedious
road,

Or, it may be, a picture."

and we are

"Not vain, sour, or frivolous,
Not mad, athirst, or garrulous.
Grave, chaste, contented though retired."

To-day Concord proposes to be worthy of her name. All is to be peace and good will. Forgetting her old rivalry with Lexington, she greets the Governor of the State, although he was born there and not here. Yet, as his mother was a Concord lady, and he is not responsible for the place of his birth, we claim our share of him. As the descendant of Dolor Davis, one of our first settlers, and the ancestor of three Governors of Massachusetts, John Davis, John Davis Long, and our guest, the present chief magistrate of

the commonwealth, whom I now present to you as most worthy of his line of ancestors and predecessors, His Excellency George Davis Robinson.

Upon rising to speak, the Governor was given an enthusiastic greeting, at the close of which he said: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Descendants of Old Concord: There was no strife or rivalry between the people of Concord and Lexington when danger was in the front. [Applause.] And never was the question raised as to priority of honor until the people were born who shouldered no musket in 1775. [Renewed applause.] There is glory enough for all and each. When we come into the presence of advanced years, we bow our heads in great respect, taking up the lesson that comes out of a long and marked life. So we stand here to-day, in the presence of 250 years drawn up to the present hour in the results that are impressed upon our appreciation now. How happy a thing it is, and how much of a relief to one who is charged with saying a few words, that he can come here now and recognize real age. The Governor has oftentimes to meet with towns that are only 100 years old. [Laughter and applause.] It is pleasant, too, when we reflect that our fathers must have foreseen into the future much farther than we had ever given them credit for. What but the great wisdom that planted the township here in 1635, what but that rare wisdom that penetrated what seemed to be beyond human ken, could have been so considerate as to have caused Governor Haynes and the general court in 1635 to incorporate this town right in the month of September, when, over nature's fields, the tints are painted on the autumnal leaf and the rich crops are ready to drop into the hands of the husbandman? How beautiful it was that they have foreseen (surely we will all believe it to-day) this beautiful-beyond-description weather that entrances us and delights us all! And they knew that 250 years hence we should sit down under this glorious sun and clear sky, and think of their bright and glorious deeds. [Applause.] And it is, too, pleasant that they foresaw it in this year, 1635, it may be (at any rate we will hope so) this time, when, for some reason that shall be here and now unexplainable, the commonwealth should have a chief magistrate who should stand upon this platform to speak for her, in whose veins should flow a joint current of blood from Lexington and Concord, uniting in one grand force the power of patriotic devotion to America. [Applause.]

It is always a pleasure to respond, Mr.

President, to the courtesies of such an occasion as this; to accept the greeting which is extended to our good old State that we love so well. Wherever the people congregate to consider

THE ANCIENT SETTLEMENT

of our various municipalities, wherever from far and near they gather to talk over the associations of home, to look down into each others eyes and souls and see all the past, the riches that are in human nature, wherever they come together and deal with those things that lie up nearest and dearest to all, there, surely, is the vital spirit of our commonwealth ever present, finding the best expression of her freedom and her life. It is like our good old New England festival, celebrated annually in every home circle, bringing the child and the parent, kith and kin together, as they live over what is so much a treasure. No one, except he were of Concord origin, could measure the satisfaction and the feeling that have filled me yesterday and to-day. The old streets, the old cemetery, the inscriptions upon the tombstones, the faces here and now, the lineaments that stand out before me, telling of ancestors that I knew a few years ago, all these come up to intensify my delight and to strengthen my impressions. Indeed, my recollection takes me back (I dare to say it) upwards of 40 years, when, as a boy, I knew the ways, and the hills, and the valleys, and the streams of this town. I was associated with many that have remained here and others that are gone, and I knew all the choice, and sweet, and sacred spots. The old river was not unfamiliar. I wandered up and down its banks many a time, and, judging by results, I can assure you that the same fish swim there to-day that were there on those occasions [laughter], for I never had any success at all in tempting them to yield to my offerings. [Renewed laughter.]

The earlier settlers, we must believe, could not have fully anticipated what has resulted. They worked with the highest ideal in view, but we can hardly fancy that the men who founded this town in 1635 saw that with unerring certainty would fall here the signal distinction that came in 1775. Patriotism was not confined to this town. It spread everywhere. There were other hills, and other rivers, and other bridges, and other ways; and none but divine knowledge could have known that it would come here by this stream, in this town of Concord. It is not the old North bridge that makes this town of Concord justly famous. Down through the Locrian mountains ran the defile of Thermopylae. It would have re-

mained unknown in history, without even a mention of recognition had not 300 brave souls gone down there for Lacedaemon's cause. Bridges everywhere, streams numerous, the North bridge not significant, but the manhood that stood on the bridge and stemmed the tide of British aggression and turned back the onset in victory was peculiar to that time. [Applause.] The old bridge has disappeared to us; the traveller sees it no more. He loves to know that its planks have passed into the foundation work of the platform in the town hall. He knows that the shot was heard round the world. But more; the impulse went everywhere, and wherever the oppressed recognized it, there came confidence and courage and encouragement. Our independence was surely not the work of a year or of a decade. The work, the process, commenced with the first settlement. More than a century passed while this movement was proceeding to its unerring result. The church, the schoolhouse, the town meeting were educating the people to know, not only that it was their right to be free, but were inspiring them with the heroism that would dare, in the future, to declare that independence. So surely, under God's providence, was the power implanted in the people that should strike down oppression. Said the great inventor, Stephenson, to the dean of Westminster, "What impels that locomotive engine?" "Why, sir, steam of course." "No," said Stephenson, "It is the sunbeam that God sent into the flowers." The great drama was prepared and rehearsed in Concord from 1635 to 1775, and then the first act was opened here in the presence and with the knowledge of the civilized world, and the curtain was not rung down at the close until Yorktown came and America was free forevermore. [Applause.]

Standing here to-day, we may look with trembling and anxiety in our imaginings of what the future shall be. We can safely trust the past. We know that in the early days Congress sat here, choosing John Hancock to the presidency. We do not fail to remember that Harvard College for a time found its home in this town. And though it may be that in the later years Harvard has gone to her permanent establishment in the city where it was first located, yet, wherever literature, and science, and statesmanship and poetry, and romance, and philosophy are considered, there shall be told

THE NAME OF CONCORD.

And though Congress comes no longer here, Concord's sons are in the great Congress of the nation, expressing her intelligence and her power. [Applause.]

If it be so in the future, we need have no anxiety or apprehension for what shall come.

"We can bear to the future,

No greater than to us the past hath brought;

Faithful to the lowliest duty

True to the loftiest thought."

And as we look back only a few years — as we look back to the work that was done from 1861 to 1865, when we see that Concord blood and Concord courage and Concord patriotism failed not then in the nation's emergency, we know that, whatever may betide, so long as the school-house, the church, and religion and integrity shall stand, there shall yet be a Grand Army of the Republic that will take care that the nation shall live. [Great applause.]

Now, the strength of this community, in my judgment, has resided in the strength of the people individually. There is the secret of power. And this town is strong, because it maintains with jealous care its original methods and ways. Honesty in public affairs, decency in public and private life, good, open hearted manhood and womanhood are not out of fashion in Concord. [Applause.] And so long as you keep those powers in the majority, so long the influence that shall go out from here will be immeasurable. Concord will retain the greater strength the longer she remains a town. It may be fashionable to court the ways and methods of a city, but, bear with me, the true, underlying principle that holds our government firmly is self-control, and there is no better democracy under God's sun than that found in the New England town meeting, where each man meets his fellow, exchanges his thoughts, and puts his voice and his vote on the side of his judgment. [Applause.] Knowing that you are all far advanced in years to-day, and that you tire more easily than you would have done 250 years ago [laughter], I must forbear to vex your ears and weary your patience longer. There are gentlemen on either side of me that have not only entranced America, but the whole world. [Applause.] We welcome them here — you, Mr. President, only for Concord — I, for Massachusetts [applause], and I speak out of the impulse of the generosity, not only of two towns that I always carry with me [laughter], but the whole commonwealth that for the time being is intrusted to my care. [Applause.] Though we will not be at the next quarter-millennium [laughter], we may, perhaps, keep our influence strong, so that the town

shall be here, and so that the state may then come up here with as just pride as she comes now to give the happiest greeting and to express satisfaction at the accomplishments of the past. [Applause.]

The President: There is one presence here, without which no Concord celebration could be complete. He has carried this town on his shoulders for more than a generation. He has honored it and every station to which he has been called,—at the bar, on the bench, in Congress, in the Cabinet and in the diplomatic commission. At home his influence has been such that it has been irreverently said, that when he snuffed all Concord sneezed. (Laughter) Be that as it may, when he speaks all Concord delights to listen. Perhaps he will tell us of our second Centennial, fifty years ago, something he remembers,—our Judge, Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar. On rising to speak, Judge Hoar was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause, after the subsidence of which he said:

Mr. President, such an introduction is unkind of you, but I will not allow any feeling of unkindness to enter my mind upon this occasion. I think it is undoubtedly true that most of the Concord people present would have a little doubt of the identity of the town, on any public occasion, if they did not have a little dreary talk from me. (Laughter) To-day I have neither of the qualities which make a public speaker. The first quality of a public speaker is legs (laughter), and mine are sadly deficient. The other is that he shall have something to say, and in that I am totally deficient, except that the President has expressed a wish that I should say something to you about our second Centennial, and with that wish I will endeavor to comply. I was present at the last celebration, the 200th anniversary of the settlement of the town. I had recently graduated from college and was remaining in Concord a week, to attend that celebration, before I should enter upon my life's work by commencing it as a school-master in western Pennsylvania. I remember very distinctly all that occurred then, and the Concord that was then here. I belong, I think, in some degree, to the Concord of the minister and the meeting-house, the Concord all of whose citizens were of the same race and generally of the same way of thinking, except as their judgments might differ at times on public questions; and there has been a very great change since that time. I am inclined to think however, with the Orator of the Day, that the digestion of Concord is equal to the meal which has been laid before it.

There have been two great influences

at work upon our town during the last fifty years. One is the railroad. This influence has been not only that which the enterprise itself has exerted upon the town, but it has also been felt in the persons of the poor men who came here to aid in the construction of the railroad, who were obliged to work at starvation wages, and who were received with such an unbounded hospitality and compassion by our people, that great numbers of them were induced to settle here. It is probable that our population now includes 1000 or 1500 of that race, who by reason of the education received in our common schools and through the associations existing between them and the old inhabitants, are fast becoming valuable members of our community.

That rail-road had two effects. It made Concord nearer to Boston. Well, that to some extent, might be considered an advantage, because it afforded people a rather more rapid means of reaching here than they had before enjoyed. But it had the tendency to attract to our town persons who merely came here as to a pleasant place in which to live,—whose concerns were elsewhere, and whose amusements, associations, and friends, were very largely in the city. I do not think that was an advantage to Concord, and it is one of the things we need to consider.

The Concord that I knew in my boyhood was an extremely self-respecting community. We thought that it would do just as much good to the people of the city, or of anywhere else, to know what we thought, as for us to know what they thought. And, as I remember the collection of our substantial citizens, at the post office, in the morning, and their comment and conversation on public affairs, I find that trait very conspicuously present, as it had been all through the town's history. I remember a good and excellent Democratic selectman of this town who went on to Washington, for the first time, and who had great respect for the country and its government and the members of Congress. He also had some respect for himself, and was accustomed to be treated with respect and kindness by others. When he returned from Washington, he said he was shocked with the actions of the members of Congress. "Why," said he, "they came into the hotel where I put up, they went up to the bar, they drank and they swore right before me." (laughter) Now, that is as thorough a specimen of a Concord quality which I value and which I should like to preserve and perpetuate as any that I know of.

I hope that we are not going to become a suburb of the city. We should remember that our part in the state is as important as any other. In the presence of others, our opinions should be expressed with modesty, and caution, and reflection, but still we are entitled to be heard.

The other great influence which has been exerted upon this town during the last fifty years, is, in my judgment, the presence of Mr. Emerson as a resident in it. (applause) Yet, while we know, that his presence has been the education of the town, while we know that he has been the inspirer of the town on all occasions no less than his grandfather, who saw the fight from the North Bridge, while we know that in every struggle for freedom, for education, or for any other good cause he has always been found in the front of the battle as our leader,—still, that has not been without its disadvantages; for I think the presence of Mr. Emerson has not been wholly serviceable, as no good gift of God ever is. He brought, and has tended somewhat to bring to our town what has been called his "menagerie;" and to a quiet Concord person of the plain old-fashioned type, the presence, frequently grotesque, is not always absolutely admirable. Undoubtedly Mr. Emerson, who was one of our most hospitable citizens and one of the most attractive of men, has brought here many worthy and excellent persons who shared his spirit and his purpose. But also we have had all manner of imitators; and occasionally a Concord person, when he is away from home, remarks made by people, who do not consider that we are responsible for neither the Reformatory up here at one end of the town, nor for all the attendants at the School of Philosophy at the other. (laughter and applause.)

I am going to mention two things which I think are creditable to the town and the benefit of which I like to extend to our neighbors whenever possible; and I think of them, because we are entitled to do so, with complacency.

One thing is the example which Concord has set to other towns,—and to the cities,—as regards the non-partisan administration of town affairs. I think we are partly indebted to the anti-slavery movement for this. There was, in this town, while the old Whig and Democratic parties existed, the Free-Soil movement of forty-eight years ago, which was composed of a part of each of these other parties; and the three parties were frequently equally balanced in the town. The result was, that we set about having no political division in regard to our town affairs; and from 1848 up to the

present time,—while before that date, we used to have just as hard a contest in the election of a selectman as we would were we electing a president of the United States and about as bitter a one sometimes,—we have not had any division and have elected our town officers quietly, taking the best of our citizens that we could get to serve and always taking care to have the minority represented as far as they had any political duties. I think that this is something which the cities and any other towns that have not done the same thing should do. I hope a great many Massachusetts towns have done so.

Then there is one other debt which the country owes to Concord, which is entitled to recognition, and which is of a practical character. There are two bunches of Concord grapes. (Exhibiting the bunches) (applause) That is what it can do when it tries (exhibiting a very handsome bunch) and very abundantly it does it when it goes into other parts of the country. (Applause) That grape was originated by the experiments of a citizen of Concord, Mr. Bull, and it has extended from North Carolina to the Pacific, all over the northern section of the country, and a friend of mine found it on the table of a hotel in northern Italy where the phylloxera had spoiled the native grape. The Concord grape, is perhaps, the greatest horticultural benefit that has been conferred on the country, during these fifty years. Having shown you the grape as it ought to be seen and as it appears when it tries what it can do I will say that there are a couple of bunches (exhibiting a smaller specimen than the last) which grew on the original vine, which still stands in bearing condition, though in bad shape, owing to the fact that so many cuttings have been made from it for propagation.

I think that our people have kept quietly about their business, have endeavored to make the world better, and are to be commended for that: and it shocks our modesty to be commended for anything else than good intentions and a faithful performance of what we can find to do. (Great applause)

The President: *Poeta nascitur non fit.* But if ever there was a fit, it was when our genuine Yankee poet went ambassador to England. More than a century ago, there was an unpleasantness here with some Englishmen, some traditions and memorials of which still exist in our village. We have got over all that now, especially since we got so much the better of them through our minister to London, who could teach them their own

literature, who could eulogize their own poets and more eloquently use their own language, and who accomplished what we all hope and what I think we shall find to be the case; namely that the Puritan will come out ahead to-day and always, as she has this week. (Laughter and applause) We congratulate that gentleman, our guest, on his successful mission, and we fondly hope that in his great renown he will spare us a little leaf of his laurels, in memory of his youthful residence and of Concord Bridge and John Bull's run. Indeed, we almost dare to think his victory over England was in part owing to his early reading and fine rendering of the old fight and that he knew

"What earthquake rifts would shoot and run
World-wide from that April fray."

James Russell Lowell.

Mr. Lowell was the recipient of hearty applause as he rose to address the company.

He said: Mr. President, your Excellency, Ladies and Gentlemen:—Although Governor Robinson supposed so much of foresight in the men of 1635 as to have credited them with foreseeing us sitting here at these tables, yet, had they done so, they would never have foreseen me making a speech here on this occasion; for I came over here under a misapprehension. I was misled by my dear old friend on my left (turning to Judge Hear) into the supposition that nothing would be expected of me. He now tells me that what he meant was, that I should not be expected to deliver a poem (laughter and applause),—as if I kept poetry always on tap. (Renewed laughter) If I had known what was expected of me, if I had known that there would be so much eloquence in addition to the admirable oration we have heard this morning, I should have come with a pocket-ful of impromptues; but, as it is, you will get rid of me sooner than you might otherwise have reasonably expected.

I am reminded in rising here of an adventure which occurred to me in the town of Concord; and being neither a Lexington nor a Concord man, I am in some doubt under what title I appear here to-day. I am not an adopted son of Concord. I cannot call myself that. But I can say, perhaps, that under the old fashion which still existed when I was young, I was "bound out" to Concord for a period of time; and I must say that she treated me very kindly. In other words, I was, during a period of my senior year in college, forty-seven years ago, *rusted* in Concord. (Laughter and applause.) I look back upon it as one of the most fortunate events of my life. I am quite

serious in saying so. I then, for the first time, made the acquaintance of Mr. Emerson, of whom Judge Hoar has so fitly spoken; and I still recall with a kind of pathos, as Dante did that of his old teacher Brunetto Latini, "La cara e buona imagine paterna," "The dear and good paternal image," which he showed me here; and I can also finish the quotation and say "Che in la mente m'è fitta, ea or niaccora." "And showed me how man makes himself eternal." (Applause) I remember he was so kind to me—I, rather a flighty and exceedingly youthful boy. He took me with him, I remember, on some of his walks. I remember particularly a walk to the Cliffs which I shall never forget. And perhaps this feeling of gratitude which I have to Concord gives me some sort of claim to appear here to-day.

But I can easily find another one. Although the orator dwelt to-day in perfectly fitting terms on the deliberate courage of the men who marched down to the Bridge, and although I was particularly struck with what he said of one of them,—that is, that he said that he went into battle as he went to church.—I could not help thinking of the motto of our State, which, omitting the minority half of the quotation, shows that our ancestors made war only (considering war in itself a bad thing) to attain a specific object, and, that object attained, were willing to sit down under their own grape and fig tree; and finer grapes, I may say, have never been grown. You remember the motto, "Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem." It is familiar to you all. But it has always struck me that they omitted the "Manus hæc inimica tyrannis," which constitutes the threat. Although the men who went down to that bridge that morning, as Mr. Hoar told us this morning, as he thinks, went there with a more far-

glory of the patriot is the country he has saved. Children's children are the crown of old men. The hundred years beginning in 1783, and just ended, must tell us whether it were not better that Bulkeley had stayed in the pleasant vales of Bedfordshire, and Simon Willard and James Hooper in rich and fertile Kent.

We are as far from the Concord to which Emerson spoke in 1835 as that was from the Concord of the Revolution. The man or woman is now departed from among the living, or is past the Psalmist's allotted term of human life, who, a youth of twenty-one, listened in the venerable church to the sweet, rich tones of our beloved sage, as he spoke to the congregation, adorned by those crowns of glory, the hoary heads of the survivors

of the Revolution. We can look, as with the eyes of posterity, upon more than half a century of the peaceful and quiet life of this community. The labor of the founders, the struggle with England, the crowning sacrifice and conflict of the Revolution, were but to win the right to be and to remain what Concord was in 1835, and has been since. It was as absolute a democracy, in the best sense of that word, as ever existed on the face of this earth. Mr. Emerson thought that "the town records should be printed and presented to the governments of Europe; to the English nation as a thank-offering, and as a certificate of the progress of the Saxon race; to the continental nations as a lesson of humanity and love." "Tell them," he said, "the Union has twenty-four states, and Massachusetts is one. Tell them Massachusetts has three hundred towns, and Concord is one; that, in Concord are five hundred ratable polls, and every one has an equal vote." But it was something far more than a political democracy. The most extreme and oppressive social distinctions often prevail under constitutions securing the most absolute political equality. The relation of the neighbor, at its very best, existed here in that sense which Dr. Johnston gives as its signification in divinity;—"One partaking of the same nature, and therefore entitled to good offices." There was little wealth and little poverty. There were no palaces and no hovels. I do not think it occurred to the richest man in town that he was thereby entitled to any superiority, or to the poorest that he must for that reason doff hat to any man. When the people formed their procession for their centennial, if the little black girl were left alone, the beautiful favorite of the school-room took her place by her side. The townspeople who were well-to-do took an interest as friends in the inmates of the poor-house, who, under the old settlement laws, must have had by themselves or through their ancestors some close relation to the town. This sense of social and personal equality was by no means inconsistent with a just regard for authority or personal character. Intellect and excellence were held at their proper rate, and received their due respect. The town was as early as any to insist on a high standard of public school education for both sexes. It is often said that the town meeting educated the people to self-government; that town meetings are to liberty what primary schools are to science; they bring it within the people's reach, they teach men how to use and how to enjoy it, and this is true. But the value of the New England town, the

value of this town in a most eminent degree, consists in something more than that. This value is in its *personality*. It is a being calculated to excite the warmest human affection. In those nations of Europe where the national feeling is the strongest the wisest philosophers have observed and deplored the absence of a local public spirit. But here the town has always been the object of love and pride. The people of Concord cared for its honor and dignity as for that of their own household. In the days which some of us can remember, the advent of a stranger put the town on its hospitality. If Kossuth or Lafayette were coming here, or our famous anniversary were to bring throngs of strangers, every individual felt a personal responsibility. In the great public charities for Greece, or for Ireland, or Hungary, or Kansas, Concord must not be suffered to be behind any other town, in proportion to her ability. The morals and manners of the people were pure and clean. I do not remember that there has ever been a murder or a social scandal, and scarcely one of the greater crimes. There was little of austerity in the life of the people. The farmers led happy and honest lives. The ever old ever new romance of life went on. Lovers wooed and maidens were won. Children were born, and old age passed to the tomb. Our clergymen taught a rational and cheerful faith. Our fathers and mothers took into their own nature the peace of this beautiful landscape of river and meadow, and put of their own nature into the landscape.

Above, all, while, like their fellow-men the round world over, they belonged to this world into which they were born, were no ascetics, took as they came the duties and the enjoyments and the trials of life, they held to a very sincere religious faith in a supreme law of Duty, and in a personal immortality. They believed in a future life, when just men were to enjoy with those they had loved here. The children laid their parents to sleep as those who were to awaken again. The wife parted from her husband, expecting to see his face after a time. The mother who lost her child believed that its tiny fingers should curl once more about her own. It was this hope's perpetual breath from which alone came to them, as to all healthy society, every gift of noblest origin.

It is often said that these democracies, with their political and social dead level may do very well for mankind in a condition of coarse and comfortable mediocrity. Men may eat and drink and die in them, with a certain gross physical content-

ment. But for letters and art, for the greater and nobler quality of chivalry and genius, for the respect due to authority, especially for the beauty and ornament of noble and gracious manners, we must look elsewhere. You need a throne, the fountain of honor, hereditary wealth, feeder of the arts which ennoble and beautify life, great old houses and family names, and old household gardens, for the rare plant of courtesy and high breeding to mature and blossom. Let us see. I think we need not altogether blush for our old Concord, when these things are spoken of. We shall perhaps find that the men who have come out from our farm-houses have been as ready for the great self-sacrifices of life, that Country, Honor, Duty, have had a meaning for them also, as for any Plantagenet or Howard. But how is it in respect of courtesy and good manners, not now using the words in their largest and best sense of manifestation of true kindness, but as denoting that beauty and grace of conduct and behavior that mark the gentleman and gentlewoman. I suppose perfect specimens of these manners are rare everywhere. Every generation speaks of them as gentlemen of the old school, each thereby confessing that it has not many of them to show for its own. How will the proportion of them here compare with that in other forms of society? I have been in my time a pretty diligent and hungry reader of the memories of Englishmen of rank and fame, illustrious in church or state, in law or letters. I confess I do not find many traces of such characters there. If English fiction, from Fielding and Smollett, down to Dickens and Thackeray and Trollope draw a true portraiture, I should be sorry to have sent our young farmers to learn the graces of life from the gentlemen they describe.

There are many persons in this audience who remember the simple and grave courtesy of Nathan Brooks. Your elders have not forgotten another Concordman—him of whom Emerson said that "if one had met him in a cabin or forest, he must still seem a public man, answering as sovereign state to sovereign state; and might easily suggest Milton's picture of John Bradshaw, that "he was a consul from whom the fasces did not depart with the year, but in private seemed ever sitting in judgment on kings;" and "that he returned from courts or congresses, to sit down, with unaltered humility in the church or in the town-house, on the plain wooden bench, where honor came and sat down beside him." To meet Emerson himself was as if you had encountered

one fresh from the council of the Greek Olympus. These men were not accidents. They were representatives, the best representatives perhaps, but still representatives, of a people from which they and their ancestors sprang, from which they derived their education, and in which they found example, guidance, and companionship. If it had been necessary for our little democracy to establish its own relations with any throne or court, it would not have lacked ambassadors; and it would have had no occasion to be ashamed of them.

For how many centuries has the world been moved to admiration and tears by the story of Sir Philip Sidney, the bright, consummate flower of English chivalry, who gave the cup of water, offered to his own dying lips, to his dying comrade. It is the one story which brings the age of chivalry home to the apprehension of mankind. Yet, certainly, we should all of us have thought the action perfectly natural to George Prescott.

Concord was among the very earliest towns to provide a liberal education in classics and mathematics, both in public and private schools. Both sexes pursued these studies together, and certainly for all the time for which I can speak, the girls were at the head of the classes. When the United States Centennial Committee, in 1876, desired that the biography of a woman from each of the old thirteen states should be written, to exhibit the highest attainment of American womanhood for the first century of our national life, Sarah Ripley, a Concord woman by marriage and adoption, was selected as the representative of Massachusetts. She was one of the best scholars in the country in classics, in mathematics, in modern literature, English and continental, and in Natural History. She conducted her pupils through the entire college curriculum. Mr. Everett said of her that she was qualified to fill any professor's chair at Harvard. Rarely was a brighter or profounder intellect; never a sweeter or more gracious presence.

"Tell me, tell me, have ye known
Household charm more sweetly rare,
Grace of woman ampler blown,
Modesty more debonair,
Younger heart, with wit full grown."

"Native to famous wits,
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,"

Concord is known by her contribution to literature, wherever the English language is spoken. The battle-ground itself has added glory in the eyes of the pilgrim, that it is hard by the home of Hawthorne.

Our cemetery is not more hallowed by the sacred dust it preserves, than by Mr. Channing's ode for its dedication, fit to be ranked with Sir John Davies' Poem of the Soul.

"Rather to those ascents of being turn
Where a ne'er-setting sun illumines the
year

Eternal, and the incessant watch-fires
burn

Of unspent holiness and goodness clear."

Thoreau found in our woods the material for his reports of the habits of all animate and inanimate nature, which are to those which science had given us before, as the human character of a poet to the same man as described by an anatomist. Emerson, who held the loftiest place in literature of all men of his time, to whom Concord owes so much, would have been first to acknowledge his own debt to her. The biographer who would describe the "educational and social influences which helped to mould his character," or the qualities of race he inherited has first to understand the character of Concord, and study the lives of generations of Concord men.

Eminence in the fine arts, for obvious reason, is not to be expected of a people situated as we were for our first two hundred years. But it is pleasant to hear that a young man descended from that race of Puritan clergymen who have so honored the town in every generation, is taking high rank as a painter in Paris. When we see, standing by the North Bridge, one of the very few great American statues that are alive, we are glad to remember that we had not to go abroad for the sculptor, and to think that Concord has given proof that the genius of American Democracy is not incapable of adding this ornament and beauty also to the state.

In speaking of the town as a separate municipal and social life, we do not forget that it is but a part of a larger life, in which it lives and moves and has its being. The commonwealth and the country surround us like the air. What would be left of Concord, if, inhabited by the same men, and with all physical conditions unchanged, she had been other than a Massachusetts town, is harder to answer than Sir Thomas Browne's famous question,—"What song the Sirens sang." But she has given, as well as received. Certainly she has not failed in her contribution to the glory of Massachusetts, in every generation. When it was the glory of Massachusetts to redeem the continent from the savage, and to found an empire, the men of Concord led the way into the forest.

When it was the glory of Massachusetts to lead in winning American liberty from the power of England, it was a Concord voice that gave the word. When it was the glory of Massachusetts to give to mankind the example of a model self-governing commonwealth in peace, Concord was a model town. When it was the glory of Massachusetts to adorn herself with her garland of men of genius, poets, philosophers, orators, Concord furnished the brightest flowers in that wreath.

But the test was still to come which should determine whether eighty years of peace, whether church and common school, and town meeting, could train the youth of Concord, in the comfort and luxury of modern homes, to a heroism like that which grew up of old in the forest and in the Indian war. On the 19th of April, 1861, on the old historic day, the first Concord soldiers left home for the defence of Washington. The town had already taken an influential part in inaugurating the great political revolution which achieved the freedom of the slave. When the party was formed in 1848 to prevent the extension of slavery into the territories, the call issued from Concord, a Concord man presided at its first state convention, and, by a singular coincidence, natives of Concord presided at its first great meetings in Lowell and in Worcester, and took a leading part in that in Boston.

The soldiers of Concord went to the war fully understanding its issues. They knew what they were fighting for. The spirit of Captain Charles Miles of the Revolution, who was wounded in the pursuit of the British, who told Dr. Ripley "that he went to the services of that day with the same seriousness and acknowledgment of God that he carried to church" was still the spirit of the later generation. What one of them said of their brave Colonel Prescott was true as a general description of all:—"A more moral man, or one more likely to enter the kingdom of Heaven, cannot be found in the Army of the Potomac. He did not fight for glory, honor, or money, but because he thought it his duty."

I have not the time to enter upon the detail of that honorable and pathetic history. It is not necessary. As a son of Concord, there is nothing I could desire to have added to the complete and noble eloquence which expressed her gratitude to her soldiers in the recent war, when the soldier's monument was dedicated. The citizens who then uttered the voice of the town were careful to disclaim any peculiarity or monopoly of merit. The town furnished more than her quota of men, her full proportion of all other con-

tributions, and her spirit never flinched or quailed till the war was over. There is no record of dishonor. If the people everywhere did as well, her comfort and contentment, her pride and glory, her joy and reward, must be found in the fact, that she was one of the earliest examples of that democracy which at last raised a whole people to that "democratic dead level," ay! rather, to that living level, that lofty table-land of patriotism and virtue.

The secret of the history of Concord has been the connection of her generations with each other. Each has held by the hand of that which went before it, needing no better examples, seeking no better teachers. The spirit of the Fathers has descended to the children. The youth of 1861 felt the electric thrill from the men of 1635 and the men of the Revolution.

Our own generation will soon join those whose deeds we affectionately celebrate, and this assembly sleep by the side of the congregations who listened to the Bulkeleys, to Bliss, to Emerson, or to Ripley. The hospitable soil which has received the dust of our Fathers, is ready to open for us also. We shall account it one of the chief blessings and privileges of existence, better than wealth, better than noble or royal blood, to have had such men for our ancestors, our kindred, our neighbors and townsmen—to have been part of this pure and beautiful life, sprung from the marriage, in these forest glades, of the spirit of religion and the spirit of liberty.

It is in no temper of vain-glory that we would remember our Fathers. It is rather as feeling, and as handing down to our children, a great burden, demanding, when occasions come, great and strenuous exertions of sacrifice and duty. Farthest possible from vanity and false pride is that temper which the Greek ascribed to his people "who thought themselves worthy of great things, being in truth worthy." If our children are to sustain the great burdens of freedom and self-government in their turn, without dishonor, they will be helped and strengthened as they remember that they are of the blood of the invincible men of old.

It may be that the separate municipal and social life which has given this town her character and history is about to come to an end; that this little river is about to lose itself in the sea; that the neighboring city will overflow her borders, or that railroad and telegraph and telephone will mingle her elements inextricably with the great mass of American life. I do not believe it. I think the town will preserve

for a long and indefinite future, her ancient and distinct quality. But however this shall be, the lives of our Fathers will not be lost. The town will have made her impression upon America herself. Among the memorable figures in history shall be that of dear, wise, brave, tender, gentle old Concord; she who broke the path into the forest, she who delivered her brave blow between the eyes of England, she by whose fireside the rich and the poor sat together as equals, she whose children made her famous by eloquence, by sculpture, and by song.

ORATION

BY

Hon. GEORGE F. HOAR.

The story of Concord, the most noble, touching, and famous story that any community which now governs itself after the ancient fashion of a New England town has the right to tell, has been narrated by orators and historians with whom no successor will, for a moment, enter into competition. Some of you remember when the aged clergyman of the town, who, with his gray hairs and his mild authority, seemed the very genius of Puritan and Revolutionary Concord, at the end of a half-century's service, recounted to his congregation the wonderful dealing of God with his people who "here first planted the standard of the cross and of liberty." Three years before, Edward Everett, then in his prime and splendor, traced the causes and the results of the events of the 19th of April, 1775. By his magic art, he caused his audience to hear once more, after fifty years silence, the sound of the old New England drums, beating on all the roads, and to see again, as in visible presence, the march to the bridge, and the flashing of the unintermitted fire that lined every patch of trees, every rock, every stream of water, every building, every stonewall, from Merriam's corner to Charlestown. Her own most illustrious son, the foremost teacher in his generation of both hemispheres, on the day of her second centennial, summed up for Concord the rich lessons of her history. In 1850, Mr. Rantoul delivered the masterly discourse which was his last great public service before his untimely death. Bancroft has compressed the result of investigations begun more than sixty years ago into that

twenty-eighth chapter, which, if American liberty survive, shall outlast Thucydides. In 1875 the successor of Dr. Ripley, in a sermon inspired by the loftiest faith of the Fathers, showed that the Revolution was "the reverence for God's sovereignty and His righteous will enacted into law, and brought into martial array." After all this, what would have been impossible to almost any other living orator, in the presence of President Grant and his cabinet, the executives of many states, and a vast concourse of citizens, Mr. Curtis told again, with new and increased interest, the familiar tale which he had learned in Concord in his boyhood.

There is little left for us, to-day, but commonplaces;—and to thank the Power who hath so ordered our lot and our lineage that our commonplaces are such things as these.

It is difficult to tell the plain story of any New England town without seeming to be boastful. We will strive, in all we have to say on this occasion, to keep within the bounds of that moderation, which has always been so prominent a trait in the character of Concord. But still, we must describe her as she appears to her children. We have a right to tell our mother on her birthday that we love her, and that her venerable face is fairer in our eyes than all the roses of girlhood.

The chief marvel which impresses us when we look at the Concord of two hundred and fifty years ago is the permanence of what our ancestors founded. Children of an adventurous race, born to build states, and to furnish the material of which states are built, with the ancestral Norseman's hunger for sea and horizon and forest, dwellers on this sandy plain, in this bleak and savage climate, with no wall to keep them in, tempted in later generations by luxurious city and fertile west, how much of the original Concord, with its institutions, its character, its faith, its blood and breed, is here. Like the rest of the old thirty New England towns, from whom one-third of the people of the United States are descended, it has given of itself to a thousand communities, all over the country. But, perhaps more than any other, it has assimilated and digested into its own likeness what has come to it from without.

We are celebrating the origin of a life which has been contemporary with a large part of what is remembered or is worth remembering in history. Fifteen years after the landing at Plymouth, five years after John Winthrop came to Salem and founded Boston, civilization turned westward from the sea coast and planted its first footstep here. The men who

came to Concord with Peter Bulkeley and Simon Willard had seen in England per- sons who, in their time, had looked into the faces of men who were alive when Sebastian Cabot sailed into Bristol harbor with the news that he had planted the English flag on an unknown continent, "larger than Christendom." They had

seen men who remembered when the first Bible was printed, and the first Protestant sermon preached.

Before their day, how little had happened that comes down to us among the living realities of history. We have a knowledge, which we call historical, of one great empire, and that somewhat less in extent than our own. The roots of the English constitution and common law had been growing for some centuries in the soil of the little territory called England. The great reigns of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth had dispelled the darkness of the middle ages. All else of human history which has survived, which we teach our children, to which an educated man cares to look for instruction or example, is that of a single Asiatic people less in number than Massachusetts, a Grecian commonwealth smaller than Boston, two brilliant reigns in Spain, Holland behind her dikes, Switzerland on her chainless mountains, the brief glories of poetry and art of a few Italian cities, the brief struggles for liberty of a few towns by the northern sea. Pretty much every thing else of the earlier story of our planet has perished from among living realities, and belongs to the domain of the antiquary or the archaeologist, to be conjectured from ruins, or from fossil bones, or broken pottery.

Concord was settled before any American town that does not touch tide-water. Her life has been longer than that of thirty-three of our thirty-eight states, and is about coeval with the other five. She is nearly twice and one half as old as the nation, and the constitution of Massachusetts. All modern literature since the death of Shakespeare, in whose lifetime our early settlers were born, all modern science, all modern invention is since their day. The world had not heard of the law of gravitation, and had just heard, but not yet believed, that the earth moves and the blood circulates.

As I pointed out, in speaking of the history of a portion of our original town last year,—since our Fathers came here, the great Empire of Russia, and all the South American states have taken their place among civilized nations.

The mighty Germany,
She of the Danube and the Northern Sea,
has been built up from sixty petty states.

Six dynasties have held dominion in Spain. Four have sat in succession on the throne of England, while she has united with herself Ireland and Scotland, lost America, conquered Canada and subjected two hundred and fifty million Asiatics. France has been twice a republic, twice a monarchy again, and now is a republic for the third time. Italy has shaken the armed heel of Austria from off her neck, has banished the Bourbons, and overthrown the temporal power of the Pope. Belgium and Holland have been joined and severed. The star of Poland has disappeared from the sky. Japan has risen in the East, has thrown off her barbarism of ages, and come to sit docile at the feet of America, to learn civilization, laws, manners. Yet how much, in the great essentials of self-government, of character, of religious faith, of the love of liberty, is preserved of the Concord of 1635 in the Concord of to-day. The town our Fathers planted is here, as little changed, in its two and a half centuries, as any other civilized community that has a history. The town and the parish abide as our Fathers framed them. The simple and cheap mechanism, of which no man knows the contriver, has, without substantial change, here performed perfectly all the chief functions of government "in simple democratic majesty." The first church covenant, drawn up by Peter Bulkeley, would require little change, if any, to be accepted to-day, by a large majority of the people, as a rule of faith and practice.

I have now before me an original memorial, addressed to the General Court in 1664, twenty-nine years after the settlement. It bears the names of ninety-three of the inhabitants. It is the sure prophecy of the nineteenth of April, and of the Declaration of Independence. As soon as Charles Second was firmly seated on the throne, and the mitre and the crown had become omnipotent again, Lord Clarendon turned his attention to the subjugation of the little Commonwealth where all the strength left to Puritanism seemed to dwell. "It may be presumed," he declared, "that they will harden in their constitution, and grow on nearer to a Commonwealth, toward which they are already well-nigh ripened." He urged upon the King that "sooner any future accident or state of affairs can in any probability render the reduction of that doubtful people more feasible than at this point of time they may be found to be." At his suggestion, four ships of war, the first that ever dropped anchor in Massachusetts waters, and four hundred troops were despatched to Boston, conveying

the royal commissioners, who were empowered to assume and exercise the full jurisdiction, civil, criminal, and military. The General Court, on their side, prepared themselves for the defence of their charter, put in order the train-bands, and placed an able officer in command of the castle. I cannot here give the history of that memorable struggle, which the skill of the Puritan statesman prolonged for twenty years. My purpose is to show the temper of Concord, and the stable character of her population.

"To the honoured general Court of the Massachusetts Collonie, hold at Boston October-19: 1664: the humble representation of the Inhabitants of the Towne of Concord both freemen and others.

"Forasmuch as we understand, that there have been complains made unto his Majestie, concerning divisions amongst us, and dissatisfaction about the present Government of this Colonie; we whose names are underwritten doe hereby testify our unanimous satisfaction in, and adhering to, the present Government, soe longe, and orderly established, and our earnest desire of the Continuance thereof, and of all the libertys, and privileges appertaining therunto, which are Contained in the Charter granted by King James, and King Charles the first of Blessed Memorie; under the encouragement, and security of which Charter, we or our fathers ventured over the Ocean, into this wilderness, through great hazzards, charges, and difficulties; And seeing our rightfull Sovereigne hath privileged you with power by force of armes to defend this place and people (we having encouragement from the honoured Council, cannot but acknowledge it a mercie of god, that you see minde the good and preservation of this place, and people, according to oath) we doe declare that we are ready to assist both with persons and estates, that soe by the Goodness and mercy of god we may still enjoy present privileges and remaine yours in all Humble observance."

Dr. Ripley says, truly, that "it was scarcely, if any, less adventurous, or perilous, in 1633, to come from Cambridge to Concord, than from Holland to Plymouth in 1620, or from England to Salem, seven or eight years afterwards." Yet the men who less than twenty years before had made that perilous journey by the Indian path, their little town still but an outpost, eleven years before Phillip's war, with their sons, were girding up their loins again to defend with life, and everything that belonged to life, their precious plant of "the cross and of liberty." Of the ninety-three men who signed that paper two hundred and twenty-one years ago, there are fourteen whose descendants, bearing their names, live on the same land to-day. There are twenty-three others whose descendants of the same name dwell within what were then the limits of Concord. There are four others

of whom the same is probably true. At least nine more are represented through female descendants—a few others have become extinct in Concord, quite lately. At least fifty of the ninety-three signers of that paper are represented, I presume, in this assembly. Here are the names, honored now as then, which have made up so much of the character and history of Concord, and of the towns which have been set off from her, for two hundred and fifty years. It is headed by Thomas Brooks. Here is the sturdy Kentishman, Dolor Davis, ancestor of three Massachusetts governors,—Davis, Long, and Robinson—a vine whose vintage, like the best wine, continues to improve with years. Here are Brooks, Browne, Fletcher, Flint, Hosmer, Stow, Hayward, Heywood, Wheeler, Hunt, Miles, Hoare, Tailor, Baker, Heald, Hartwell, Davis, Barrett, Rice, Wood, Merriam, Dudley, Jones, Ball, Dakin, Barker, Buttrick, Billings, Blood. I believe there are few English towns who could tell such a story.

A very few of the great mass of mankind impress you with a sense of their individuality. When you think of them it is not a vague human image, it is Napoleon, Washington, Webster, Fenelon, that rises in the imagination. Of the multitude of cities and towns whose names are preserved in history, there are a very few that seem to be anything but an aggregate or society of men, distinguished by name or locality only from all the others belonging to the same region or country, or century. As you go from state to state, or from district to district, one name, one country, one town is pretty much like another. But when Athens or Edinburgh or Boston is named you have a conception of a separate life, a life like no other, with a quality of its own, like a face of Van Dyke or a statue of Phidias, or a striking human character. The number of communities of this class is not large. But I think that by the general consent of all intelligent students of her history, Concord would be held to belong to it. The town was settled by men direct from England, chosen by Bulkeley to be his companions. The quality which he and they gave it, it retained. The name is commonly supposed to have come from the harmony of the compact with the Indians by which the title was acquired. But the record shows that this name was chosen before our ancestors came into the forest. It is doubtless due to the taste and gentle spirit of Bulkeley. You do not find in its history a trace of the fierce, cruel, haughty, intolerant temper, so often attributed to Puritanism community. No Quaker was whipped, no witch hung, no

heretic banished. The persecution which had driven them from England, had left no bitterness which we can trace. Bulkeley's Gospel Covenant, a book made up, he declares, of sermons delivered to his people, and received by them "with unanimous approbation and assent as the truth of God," exhibits in style and thought the best scholarship of the generation which translated the Bible in King James version. Some of its passages in their tenderness and loftiness remind us of the most affectionate parts of the epistles of Paul. It breathes throughout the very spirit of Grace, Mercy and Peace. "Oh England, my deare native country" he exclaims, "whose wombe bore me, whose breasts nourished me, and in whose armes I should desire to die, Give eare to one of thy children which dearly loveth thee—Stirre up thyselfe with thankfulness and joy of heart to embrace the things of thy peace. Esteem the gospel as thy pearle, thy treasure, thy crowne, thy felicity."

The aboriginal title to the land was honorably acquired and paid for. Major Willard and Thomas Flint, as well as their minister, were close friends of Eliot and Gookin, and exerted themselves to secure just and humane treatment for the Indian. Tahattawan, the sachem of Musketaquid was one of the earliest converts, and remained steadfast until his death.

It was about a century from the death of the last of our early settlers who came from England to the breaking out of the Revolution. It is a century of New England life which has had too little regard either from local or general history. It had few great reputations. Mr. Webster's list of the great names of New England in 1720 at the end of its first century, is almost ludicrous for its poverty. But it was a wonderful century for the training of a great people. The whole hundred years was a romance, full of stirring adventure. It was a life under arms. Capt. Wheeler's expedition to Brookfield in 1675 surpasses in interest any invention of Cooper. The three things from which comes the heroic temper, from which comes a race fitted for the most strenuous contests of war and statesmanship, capable of the great moral self-restraints as needful to length of life and health in a nation as temperance to that of the body, were the constant discipline of this people. These three things were,—war, straining to the utmost every resource of courage, endurance and skill;—the century-long discussion of the natural right of the people, their rights under the charter and British constitution which lay at the foundation of the state:—and the constant consideration of the relation of

man to his Creator and to the controlling law of duty. On the one hand were the French and Indians, a constant menace to the state whose frontier was never a day's march from Concord. On the other was the mighty power of England, where Stuart, Cromwell, Orange, Hanover, alike looked with jealousy on the little self-governing Commonwealth. There was scarcely a Concord family that had not some member killed, wounded, or a prisoner, or had not its own story of perilous adventure and escape. The town furnished many brave and able officers of high rank. What West Point education was ever like this military school! Every boy was a sharp-shooter. The father told the children at the fireside the tale of Philip's war, of the burning of Lancaster and Groton, of the fight at Sudbury, of the escape of Mary Shepard, of the rescue of Mrs. Rowlandson, of Wheeler's desperate struggle, of Willard's coming to the deliverance of Brookfield at sundown, of the great French wars, of William and Mary and Queen Anne, of Lovell's Fight, of Fort Edward, of William Henry, of Crown Point, of Martinique, of the Havana, of Louisburg, which our Fathers captured with its own cannon, of Quebec, where, at last, the lilies went down before the lion, never again, but for a brief period in Louisiana, to float as an emblem of dominion over any part of North America. In all this, the town did its full share. To every one of these things belongs a Concord story. These were the experiences, not of wild and adventurous spirits, but of sober citizens, of church-members, and deacons. The old Indian fighter discoursed with his neighbor of the true boundary which separates liberty and authority in the state, of the principles of constitutional freedom, and the defence of his natural rights against King and Parliament, and Royal Governor. From the pulpit a succession of able and pious clergymen, such as for two hundred and fifty years have been the pride and crown of Concord, discoursed to an obedient congregation of their relations to their Creator, of duty, and of the things that lay hold on eternal life.

The first century and a half was but one long drill for the Revolution. So it was, that the Power which planted the coal, and whose subtle chemistry got ready the iron for the use of the new race, gets his children ready that they shall not fail in that supremest hour when America is to be born.

19TH APRIL, 1775.

There were three separate acts in that immortal drama—each unlike the other;

each unlike any other. First was the death of Parker and Murray, and Munroe and Harrington and their comrades, the first born of American liberty, who fell on the green at Lexington, in the gray dawn of that April morning. Then comes the march to the bridge at Concord, John Buttrick's word of command from which dates the separation from England and the liberty of a hemisphere; the shot heard round the world; the countenance of Isaac Davis, pleasant and unchanged in death: the irresolute march and counter-march of the British on the green; the retreat begun here, never ended till Yorktown. These things are living and real to us, as if we had seen them yesterday, and shall be living and real to our children and our children's children until time shall be no more.

Perhaps we do not rate as highly as it deserves the skill and courage shown in the third act of the drama, the long pursuit from Concord to Charlestown. One of the famous Generals of our late war, a distinguished man of a distinguished family, told me a few months ago, that he had recently made a thorough military study of the events of the 19th of April, and that he has been very greatly impressed with the military ability shown by the Americans in the pursuit of the British on that occasion. It is a most dangerous and difficult thing successfully to pursue and attack a disciplined force, well-armed, and protected by flanking guards. The events of that day are a test and a demonstration of the highest military quality in the people of a whole community, more than is found in many great battles.

I think there can be no reasonable doubt that the events of the 19th of April had been, as far as possible, expected and arranged beforehand. The notion that the breaking out of hostilities was an unpremeditated, unexpected, unprepared spontaneous outbreak of the people, that a prairie fire caught and spread over the land, has prevailed largely in the popular mind, and has found countenance from some high authorities. Nothing is farther from the truth. The American Revolution was a war as clearly foreseen and as thoroughly prepared for to the extent of their power, by the party which prevailed as any war in history. Military stores, such as their means permitted, were gathered, military forces organized and officered, and articles of war enacted and the machinery, legislative and executive, of civil government created and put in order. When on the 1st of September, 1774, Gen. Gage seized the powder belonging to the provinces on Mystic River, and two field-pieces at Cambridge, the

militia of Worcester and Hampden counties began their march to Boston. Putnam heard of it in Connecticut and summoned the militia there to take up arms. At least twenty thousand men were on the way. They were stopped by couriers from the Committee of Safety, who determined that the time for force had not yet come. Putnam wrote to them;—"But for counter intelligence, we should have had forty thousand men well equipped and ready to march this morning. Send a written express to the foreman of this committee, when you have occasion for our martial assistance; we shall attend your summons, and shall glory in having a share in the honor of ridding our country of the yoke of tyranny, which our forefathers have not borne, neither will we: and we much desire you to keep a strict guard over the remainder of your powder, for there must be the great means under God, for the salvation of our country."

"How soon we may need your most effectual aid," answered the committee, "we cannot determine; but agreeably to your wise proposal, we shall give you authentic intelligence on such contingency. The hour of vengeance comes lowering on: repress your ardor, but let us adjure you not to smother it."

When the September court met in Worcester in 1774, the main street was occupied by five thousand men arranged under leaders in companies six deep.

Unquestionably, the instant march to Concord of the minute-men and militia in companies, and the care not to begin the war by firing before they were fired upon was the result of a previous order from the authority which could send back to their homes, without an instant's hesitation twenty thousand men, armed, and eager for the conflict. Col. Barrett's order not to fire unless fired upon, was in strict accordance with the declaration of Eleazer Brooks, a member of the Provincial Congress, early in the morning,—"It will not do for us to begin the war."

Orators may be ready to adopt a theory as to the course of our history which attribute a magic influence to the weapon they wield, or gives an undue proportion to the elements and passions in human nature to which they appeal. Patrick Henry utters a passionate outcry, or Wendell Phillips a burning incentive, or some stirring event sends an electric shock through the land, and lo! the people overthrow a dynasty, or strike off the fetters from a race of slaves, and liberty is born. This may be, for aught I know, human nature among Mussulman tribes, or Parisian mobs. But it is not American nature. It is not Massachusetts na-

ture. It is not Concord nature. The sturdy oak of American freedom has no such mushroom growth. The men who in their generation achieved American Independence, like their children who in their generation preserved the Union and freed the slave, governed their action and measured their duty with the deliberation and calmness that became men who were to establish constitutions and men who were to preserve them. The habit of setting forth the law of religious and moral obligation in a written creed, and of looking for the limits and restraints of civil authority to a charter or written constitution and bill of rights beget caution, exactness in reasoning, and dislike of exaggeration. Every step they took was premeditated, measured, firmly planted and without a retreat. Their leaders were grave and temperate thinkers, aged and sober clergymen, statesmen prepared for making constitutions, and the great permanent systems of law that lie at the foundation of all society. They valued the old fashioned virtue of consistency, and they practiced the old fashioned virtue of constancy. They detested and rebuked exaggeration. "The liberty they pursued," as Burke well said, "was a liberty from order, from virtue, from morals, from religion: and was neither hypocritically nor fantastically followed."

It has been often said that at the moment of John Buttrick's word of command, American national life began;—and that is true. The order was given to the British subjects. The order was obeyed by American citizens. But it was also the germinant moment of a principle destined not merely to control a single state or nation, but, sooner or later, to pervade all civilized nations, in both hemispheres. It is the principle, not that men are to be governed, but that they are to govern themselves, under the restraints imposed by justice and reason. The great and crowning glory and distinction of humanity, the imposing, by itself upon itself of a rule furnished by reason, tested and approved by conscience, controlling the inclination and the will, was thereafter to be the method of mankind in the conduct of states.

When we consider the grandeur and the vast consequences of the events of that day, the local controversies to which they have given rise become inexpressibly trivial. There is glory and honor enough to go round. From within a radius of six or eight miles from this spot came all the men who encountered the invaders anywhere, until they were well on their

retreat. To Joseph Robinson of Westford is due the honor, rare in military history, of declining rank, but accepting in its fullest extent both danger and responsibility. The ball from the first hostile shot passed under his arm as he walked by the side of Buttrick. With that exception, the men from before whom the British retreated were from the towns embraced in the original Concord. The number of the slain is no necessary test of the importance of a battle. The Englishmen lost at Agincourt but four gentlemen:

None else of name: and of all other men
But five and twenty.

Plassey, which gained India to England, cost the victors seven European and sixteen native soldiers killed, thirteen European and thirty-six natives wounded. The Americans lost but twenty-seven at New Orleans. There were more Englishmen slain on the retreat from Concord than fell of Wolfe's army who captured Quebec; more than were slain of the Greek side at Marathon. More men fell on both sides that day than at the first battle of Bull Run.

But all this is but a season of planting. The Puritan secured for his descendants the right of self-government. Whether these things were worth doing, or, at least, whether their children are not the last people who should relate their story, must be determined by a survey of later and more peaceful times. Mankind cannot always be submitted to tests like war and the founding of states. The glory of the founder is the finished building. The

reaching purpose in their minds and with more preparation than some of us would be willing to allow, yet certainly the results that flowed from that day were more momentous than anybody could have expected. What was said by one of the chiefs on that day (I believe it is disputed which), that "no man has a right to stop us from marching across our own bridge," I think is as good a declaration of independence as I ever heard; but whether the men who marched on to that bridge knew where it was leading them, I think is questionable. It was over that bridge that the town meeting, that *democracy*, in short, in its purest and most beautiful form, marched on to the field of cosmopolitan politics. It was a most eventful day.

But one other title I have, perhaps, for saying a few words to you to-day; and that is, the connection which Concord has with literature no less than it has with political history. I do not believe it ever happened to any other town so small as this to have living in it as contemporaries

three such men as Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau. It is a most remarkable fact. And if the first shot fired here at Concord was the first one of the struggle for political independence so the first of those three men, more than any other, more than all others put together, wrought our intellectual independence. (Applause) With him we may truly be said to have first ceased to be provincial. This was a wonderful achievement for one man. Then the second, Hawthorne. You would think me extravagant, I fear, if I said how highly I rate the genius of Hawthorne in the history of literature. But, at any rate, Hawthorne taught us one great and needful lesson; and that is, that our own past was an ample storehouse for the highest works of imagination or fancy. That, also, was a very great gain. And I think that we are indebted to Mr. Thoreau, the third of the three, for another lesson, almost as important; and that is, that Nature is as friendly, as inspiring here as in Wordsworth's country, or anywhere else. We owe, therefore, a very great debt, as it seems to me, to these three men. And if we have stars enough, which I think perhaps is doubtful, for so great a constellation as that of Orion, I cannot help fancying to myself these three as those eminent stars in his belt. (Applause) I was going to tell you when I was led off on another tack, that, in rising to-day, I could not help being reminded of one of my adventures with my excellent tutor when I was here in Concord. I was obliged to read with him "Locke on the Human Understanding." My tutor was a great admirer of Locke, and thought that he was the greatest Englishman that ever lived, and nothing pleased him more, consequently, than now and then to cross swords with Locke in argument. I was not slow, you may imagine, to encourage him in this laudable enterprise. Whenever a question arose between my tutor and Locke, I always took Locke's side. I remember, on one occasion, although I cannot now quite recall the exact passage in Locke,—it was something about continuity of ideas,—my excellent tutor told me that in that case Locke was quite mistaken in his views. My tutor said, "For instance, Locke says that the mind is never without an idea; now I am conscious frequently that my mind is entirely without any idea at all." (Laughter and applause.) And I must confess that that anecdote came vividly to my mind when I got up upon what Judge Hoar has justly characterized as the most important part of an orator's person (Laughter.)

I am glad to be here for one other rea-

son, which you will allow me to suggest before I sit down; and that is, that it is good to come back here and re-temper one's self in this pure spring of an American democracy. I found it,—I won't say a very good tonic, for I didn't need its tonic,—but I have found it exceedingly refreshing and exceedingly encouraging. I must say, for all the world, for us, that an American allows himself to cherish it. I am glad to be here to-day, also, for another reason; and that is, that I most heartily approve of every occasion which tends to keep united that thread of historic continuity, which is as important among nations as it is among families. I think what Senator Hoar said this morning, about Concord having a character and physiognomy of its own, is eminently true; and it is of the highest importance that the traditions of such a character and physiognomy should be maintained. For, if *noblesse oblige*, certain it is that a town which has done great things or a family which has done great things will be more likely to do great things or to produce men that will do them in the future. Therefore, I am very glad to be here to-day on such an occasion as this, which renews and keeps alive the memory of Concord's historic past. For, if the scientific men are right (and I think that more and more people are inclined to agree with them as the years go on), the past of a man, or of a family, or of a nation is of vastly more importance than was formerly supposed,—it is of much more importance, perhaps, than is the present, and certainly is the indicator, if not the controlling force, which will shape its future. I am much obliged to you, Mr. President, for the kind words which you were good enough to apply to me, and thank you all for having listened to me longer than I expected I should speak when I rose. (Applause.)

The President: It was stated before a committee of the last legislature that in Concord all the best people stayed away from church. This is a modern invention and would have surprised our Fathers even more than telegraphs or telephones. They kept up the union of town and parish, church and state for almost two centuries, until, about fifty years ago, a second parish was formed here, and now we have five or six churches, pretty well for a non-church-going town. Perhaps our oldest settled minister will tell us how it is in the church. The Reverend Doctor Henry Martin Grout.

Dr. Grout, who was very pleasantly received, said:

Mr. President and friends:

I am most happy, if my voice is to be heard at all on this occasion, that I am permitted to speak some words respecting the town and the Church. It was this, in one of its branches, that brought me to the town. Moreover, I believe in it. It has a warm place in my heart. My words concerning it could not be otherwise than sincere. But, as these other more distinguished gentlemen furnish ample wit and brilliancy for the hour, you would naturally expect that I should fill in the solemn discourse.

Permit me, then, Mr. Chairman, at the start to claim for the Church a considerable share of credit for this celebration itself. For, you have no doubt often meditated upon the fact that but for it there would have been no Concord to keep this grateful anniversary. Was it not the vision of a church, and such a church as they came to plant which brought our fathers to these shores at all? New England history has made this very plain: so plain that I need only allude to it. And so, but for the church, we should not be here. This goodly town and the rejoicings of this occasion would never have been. I trust you will all take account of this.

Then, will it not be fair to vote that, to the church, the town is indebted for no inconsiderable share of its just fame. Concord has almost always had something to draw the world's attention this way. And the church has never been quite outside of its attractions. For two hundred years she was their centre.

The literary work of the town began with its first minister. I have no doubt, Mr. Chairman, that you have often read, and owe not a few of your distinguished virtues including your excellent church-going habits, to Rev. Peter Bulkeley's "Judicious and Savory Treatise on the Gospel Covenant;" one of the very first books written in America, and still a cherished treasure on the shelves of our Public Library. Mr. Bulkeley had also, we are told, "a competently Good Stroke at Latin Poetry;" and, only the other day, I fell upon two and a half octavo pages of English verse ascribed to his pen. It was thus that the literary fame of the town began. And nearly, if not quite all of his successors did something to sustain it. They were all men of learning and strength for their time. You know with what envious eyes Boston looked upon Mr. Estabrook, thinking him "too bright a star to be muffled up in the woods amongst the Indians." And Mr. Whitefield's extravagant praise of Mr. Bliss was as much as a modest parson ought to be asked to bear: "If I had studied my whole life-time I could not have produced such a sermon."

Of Mr. William Emerson, grandfather of the sage and the seer, and Dr. Ripley, I need not speak. They were connecting links between the old times and the new. Their names are household words. You know what they were and what they did. Nor need I more than hint at what the famous men among us, of these last fifty years, may have felt to be their indebtedness to the church. We all know through what a line of noble ministers, the blood which fed the brain of Mr. Emerson had coursed. Mr. Hawthorne was certainly not unfamiliar with the thought of the church. And it was after his genius was well developed and properly shaped that Mr. Thoreau left the old First Church for that of the "Sunday Walkers."

As for our schools, the ministers always had a hand in their management. And the lecturers of the Lyceum, we are told, always addressed themselves in the early days to Dr. Ripley, as they have since to most of his successors. It has even been said that the Transcendental movement received one of its impulses from the high Calvinism of the church which went before it.

Then, look around at the good things, means both of enjoyment and of improvement, which are now ours. It is a matter of just pride with us that, besides our cultivated fields, we have convenient houses, good roads, some stone bridges, with school houses and a town hall and public library, and studio of art, and school of philosophy,—not to claim the State Reformatory as our own. Good things, one and all! And none of us ought to forget, on this high day, that the church has had much to do with making them ours. It was Epictetus who said, "You will confer the greatest benefit on your community, not by raising the roofs, but by exalting the *souls* of your fellow-citizens." The fathers came to do just that. They thought neither of money nor of possessions. They did not come to build a state. They did not dream of the good things that now surround us. And yet, had they gone about to secure these as their chief aim, they could not have made them so sure. It was with the moral quality of the people that they concerned themselves. In their plan, the spelling-book went before mainly to prepare the way for the Bible and the catechism. They sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. If there is any surer way to wealth for all the people, and of wealth that comes to stay, it has not yet been found out.

How much the church has had to do with the moral worth of the people everybody knows; and most persons readily

confess. Let me leave this and pass to another point; one by no means to be overlooked on this occasion; It was with great self denial and sacrifice that all this church planting and building was done by the fathers. Not to recall this would be unjust to their memories. But it would be more unjust still to suppose that they bore their hardships either with complaint, or the sour and elongated faces some have ascribed to them. They did no such thing. On the other hand, we have good reason to believe that, after the first dark days were over, they were quite as joyous as we; quite as light-hearted in joke and story and laughter; possibly with consciences less burdened than some of ours. Nor were their Sundays the gloomy days sometimes imagined. They were serious days, no doubt; with Bible study, and sober kneeling about the domestic altar; with quietness in the house, and stillness without. Nor was their church-going any trifling business. We should account the distance some of them had to come no slight obstacle to constancy of attendance. For, what is now Lincoln and Bedford and Acton, were once all one with us. And we do not forget that in winter the people found their way to the rude meeting-house doors through snow which no side-walk plow had furrowed, or thoughtful selectmen carefully sanded; mostly too on foot or bareback,—for even saddles were luxuries then. Indeed, once in the Sanctuary, and becomingly seated according to dignity or state—the deacons close up under the pulpit that they might be “fed on the perpendicular droppings of the wood,”—even then the hardships were not all over. On colder days, the minister preached in great coat and mittens: the women meanwhile deriving some small comfort from embers, brought from the fireplace of a neighboring house or tavern, safely enclosed in foot-stoves, still to be found in ancient garrets;

“While the male sex, held from napping,
Spent their weary time in rapping,
Rapping their stiff boots together.”

And it may be doubted whether even all these would always have kept them from freezing, but for supple-mental heat which came of vigorous exercise in hard wrestlings with great doctrines, as of fate and free-will, of covenants of grace and covenants of works; questions of religion hardly less tough than those philosophic categories which our friends so easily handle and elucidate through summer heat at our Concord School.

After all, we have no reason to suppose that these heroic spirits ever thought themselves hardly used. Who knows that,

were they now able to look in upon our manner of life, they would not still choose their own; at least preferring their own robustness to languor which now reclines on velvet couches, and even the after thoughts of an ancient Sunday to the memories of a modern midnight masquerade.

But I keep you from better things. We all agree. I am sure that the town and church are closely related, can never in the life we live be wholly separated. And, if we now have to say churches, instead of church, our needs are all the better served for that. Our four or five, or—in what was once our township—our dozen or fifteen, are none too many for the good people who are likely still to love to come. Moreover, this multiplication of modes and creeds is only the logical outcome of that great principle the fathers put foremost; namely, the right and duty of every man to read the word and listen to the Spirit of God for himself, and then worship as his own conscience bids. It is now enough to hope, and expect that, as in the past and present, we may always dwell together, and do our part in the world's great work, in neighborly friendship, in happy Concord.

THE PRESIDENT: Speaking of the second centennial of this town, “there were giants on the earth in those days,” and one of them, whose slight figure and bright, keen look was often seen in our streets, was pointed out to us boys, as having been the little giant of Yale College. He has changed but slightly with time, for both years and honors have sat lightly on him; and if he has grown plethoric of positions, his annual visits to this scene of his youthful fame have kept him young. With all his honors at the bar, in the cabinet, on the forum, from his loftiest place, the senator of the giant state of the Union, he brings to our local celebration his proud triumphs so well won with years of toil in every patriotic purpose. We trust that both in the senate and here, he will kindly bear in mind Shakespeare's

“Oh it is excellent to have a giant's strength.
But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.”

and, not to cap the quotation with anything about “man, dres't in a little brief authority, playing fantastic tricks before high heaven,” that he will kindly and mercifully tell us some of the many things which he knows about Concord and which we ought to be told, in sentences not so long but what we can remember what he says, William Maxwell Evarts.

Mr. Evarts was received with the most enthusiastic applause and spoke in a peculiarly witty vein that kept the audience

in a roar of laughter the most of the time. He said: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I should have felt it not only a right, but in some sense a duty, to attend upon this celebration, where your distinguished orator was to have so much of interest to me from our friendship and our kinship. But it was a great gratification to me, Mr. President, to receive from you an invitation as the guest of the town on account of my early associations with your people and my constant pleasure in the visits that I once in a while make to them. Concord, to me, is more familiar in what makes up the delights of boyhood than to most of you that have

been born or that have lived here, and I go further back in my memory than a great part of even you mature men and women that I see about me. When boys are born in the country and when they have ever before them the delights, the pleasures, the enjoyments from nature and from play, they become somewhat confused in their appreciation, and their warmth and affection, for they remember a great many labors, a good many gloomy skies, a great many bleak storms, and some of the misfortunes, if not even of the calamities, of life. But to me, as a Boston boy, Concord was all the world in contrast to a city. And as I never was here except in August, and perhaps the twelfth day of September [laughter,] I thought the sun always shone in Concord, though I knew that it did not always on the seaboard of Boston. The place, then, to me, year after year, before I began to share the acquaintance of distinguished men here and to learn wisdom which I have never forgotten—if I have not been able to practice it—was the delight of my life. And so, in the future, though I have seen pleasant lands abroad and at home, though I cultivate my own acres that are broad and, as I think, beautiful, yet to me Concord will always be the picture of a boy's paradise.

*“Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes con-
gulus ridet.”*

Concord was settled less than 150 years after the discovery of America by Columbus. What the world was waiting for after that great discovery, during the first century and a half nobody knew. But when Concord was settled, it was known that that would have been impossible if America had not been discovered [laughter and applause,] and, Concord produced, justified Columbus. [Renewed laughter and applause.]

An orator after dinner is awkwardly situated in Concord. Where he would please, he fails; for, whatever he may say that might seem to partake even of

flattery is quietly swallowed, as though his hearers had often thought of it themselves. [Laughter and applause.] I have done nothing of that kind. I have simply stated the historical fact that America was discovered before Concord. [Laughter and applause.] The Indians were a brief and sententious people, and in a single word in their language you will find a great length, and breadth, and depth and meaning. Musketaquid is a pretty long word to begin with; and I am enabled now to find in what I see before me a justification of my own interpretation, justified by my researches, that Musketaquid is the Indian name for a town of brave men, and fair women, and heroes, and statesmen, and orators, and a people that never tires of talking about itself or hearing itself talked about for 250 years. [Roars of laughter and applause.] The governor, who, on several occasions in which I have had the pleasure of meeting him at dinner, has had the sagacity, if not the politeness, to leave the building whenever he knew I was going to rise [laughter,] said some sensible things, and, among others, that the town and the permanence of the town and persistency in it was really the fortune, and should be the pride and the power of a community like this. I had the fortune to be born in a neighboring town. I mean the town of Boston. [Laughter.] These were two great towns, Boston and Concord. [Renewed laughter.] It was a long race. It had lasted for 200 years, and Concord was a little ahead. [Laughter and applause.] Boston saw that. If in a still breeze, Concord couldn't beat, what could it do when the air was full of blasts? It surrendered, gave up the township and tried to make a fortune in a different direction, as a city. [Applause.] I left Boston myself [renewed applause and laughter] because it had not continued a town. [Applause.] I was determined that if I were to live in a city, which was a misfortune and a disaster, I would live in one that was big enough—New York—to make some compensation for it. [Laughter and applause.]

My excellent friend and teacher, Judge Hoar, [laughter and applause,] has ventured upon some misgivings as to what has taken place already in Concord, and what might still further carry it away from its proper moorings and swerve it from its true destiny. I see nothing in these facts or circumstances which he has enumerated. My opinion is that every one of you men and women are wiser and better than the people that preceded us, and that these that come after you will be wiser and better than

you. [Applause.] This innovation of Boston,—What is that? Concord is isolated still; isolated by its ideas, by its genius, by its courage, by its virtue, by its self-esteem [laughter] which we are told is at the bottom of all manhood, and has been especially so here for 250 years. [Laughter and applause.] What has Concord needed of this access to the rest of the world? It was not Concord people that built the railroad to Boston; it was Boston people that built the railroad to Concord. [Applause.] And so the telegraph and the telephone are not to bring to Concord what the rest of the world is doing, but to carry to the rest of the world what Concord is thinking of. [Roars of laughter and applause.] I see no occasion for levity, Mr. President. [Renewed laughter and applause.] I speak as near to the truth as it is possible for a New Yorker that once lived in or frequented Concord to do. [Great laughter and applause.] Now, I have divided my time with my predecessors, and I am going to give to those who follow me all the time that they want. [Laughter.] Mr. President, you cautioned me, you implored me, when you were surrendering a certain measure of strength into my hands, that I would not use it as a giant. That is the only power that I had; and as for this notion of yours about the possible or the probable length of my sentences, I have had occasion before an enlightened assembly before, to meet a sneer of that kind by saying that the only people in this country that were opposed to long sentences were the criminal classes. [Shrieks of laughter and applause.] I should have expected a suggestion and a sneer of that kind had I spoken within the ample rooms of the neighboring state prison. [Applause.]

Well, gentlemen and ladies, after all, there is one great, cardinal trait in every community that has had persistency and history and success. The one word that describes Concord is, that it was public spirited; public spirited from the beginning, public spirited whenever that great power was necessary and useful. It ever gave, without asking whether it would receive in return. It knew that the men and women of Concord were but a part of the men and women of the community, the neighborhood, the State and the nation. And everywhere and in every widening sphere of its service, and its duty, public spirit was large enough to be diffused and strong enough not to be weakened by the diffusion. There was no less in the great struggle that called together this great nation in armies, of whose members I see here, as in similar gather-

ings, so many that we honor and applaud. In that great struggle, Concord did not extend its patriotism, nor contribute its men or its treasures for Concord,—for it needed neither—nor for Massachusetts, nor for New England, nor for wealth and prosperity that might have been enjoyed with dishonor, nor for vengeance in the future. But, as it was the centre of energy, of benevolence when, 250 years ago, it had nothing west of it and nothing east of it but the small towns, it was their country, bounded by the two oceans and the line of English power and Mexican civilization. There is the history of Concord. There is the history of its enterprise. There is the history that transplanted communities that have grown up all over this great land. The step that you took from Boston to go West brought you only to Concord. But the principle that "it is the first step that costs," has not ceased to be trod by the men of Concord and their wives out to the Pacific Ocean. That is the boundary, because it is the end of our country.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, scarcely anticipating the pleasure of joining in another celebration 250 years hence [laughter] I wish to leave this lesson—what has been done has been done as well to this time in Concord as was done at the beginning; and it is a long history and a great fame and a great duty for the future that will secure to that future that it shall comport with the past. [Tremendous applause.]

The President: Another of those Members of Congress spoken of this morning has yet to be heard from. He has given up politics for the care of the helpless widows, orphans and insolvents, and throws away on them his wit and talents that used to delight listening courts and legislatures. Perhaps he will recall some of his reminiscences of Concord courts for our benefit. There used to be good stories of them, and we shall be glad to hear from George Merrick Brooks.

Judge Brooks, who was received with hearty applause said:—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen;—Concord in the latter part of the last century and in the beginning of this, was a leading town in the county, on account of its population, its wealth and its central position, but principally because it was one of the shire towns of the county. People seem to have forgotten that fact, and I have not heard it alluded to by anyone to-day. Formerly shire towns amounted to something: look at an old map of Massachusetts of a hundred years ago. There you will find, Boston, Salem,

Worcester, Springfield, Cambridge, Concord and other towns designated by a large star, and they derived their importance from the fact that they were shire towns of their respective counties; children were taught to give the names of the shire towns as a part of their geographical studies. Now ask a school boy what Cambridge and Lowell are noted for, he would answer, Cambridge for its Harvard College, Dane Law School and Mount Auburn,—Lowell for its Cotton and Woolen Mills, its Carpet-factory and Machine shops, its telephone stock and perhaps Cherry Pectoral; (laughter) the fact that they were the shire towns of Middlesex county would never be thought of by them. I may be presuming on their ignorance but I doubt if half of the children know the names of the shire towns of their counties, or the other half know what a shire town is. Formerly shire towns were of great importance. My friend, the Orator of the Day, told us this morning about those sober, steady, God-fearing, church going and fighting men of former days. We have heard that they had few holidays and no amusements; but the old September term of Court in Concord was an oasis for them. We learn from men of the last generation, that at this term of Court people assembled from all parts of the county to talk over the affairs of the day, to trade swap horses and test their speed by racing up and down the streets; booths were plentiful on the common, in front of the church and on the sides of the streets, where eatables and drinkables were provided for the hungry and thirsty, the drinkables of such a kind and character as would gladden the heart and make the fortune of a state constable of the present day if he had a chance to make a raid upon them; (laughter) in

fact, the whole week was given up to such hilarity and joviality as our ancestors were capable.

But to come down to times within my own recollection, when the Courts were held in the old White Court House and still later in the present one,—true horse racing had been abolished, the general air of festivity around the town had disappeared, and the delectable beverages that made the booths attractive prohibition had banished to the northwest corner of the casement of the now solitary and deserted Middlesex Hotel. Yet even then there was a good deal of the old time pomp and dignity that was a remnant of the past. Now you will see a justice of the Supreme Court jump off a horse car, and go solitary and alone to the Court

house, then when the bell tolled for the opening of the Court, you would see the Judge come out of the front door of the Middlesex, and the High Sheriff with blue coat, brass buttons, buff vest, cockade in his hat, dress sword at his side and a long pole in his hands would accompany the Judge to the Court House, followed by the lawyers, jurymen and litigants. Then the Concord people had a sort of proprietary interest in the Courts, solid farmers and substantial citizens would attend the session from day to day not from an idle curiosity, but to hear the able lawyers of the Middlesex bar measure swords in debate; in short it was an old-fashioned Summer School. (laughter) The Court gave a tone and character and was one of the institutions that gave the town its importance in the county.

There was another institution in Concord closely connected with the courts that I must call your attention to. Most of you (except the younger portion of my hearers) remember the old white-washed jail, with Jimmie everlastingly drumming on the steps, and Johnson keeping watch and ward at the gate. Its plan and management were such as would delight the philanthropist or prisoner's friend of the present day. The jail was not like those of the present day, where the person unjustly accused of a crime is confined in cell seven by five to await his trial, and has nothing but his own reflections for company. The old jail had large, roomy apartments, with windows on two sides, a bed in each of the four corners, a table in the middle where the quartette could spend their time in the seductive games of Whist, Hilo Jack, or Old Sledge. The management of the jail was patriarchal and free and easy. The jailer (whom many of you know) had a good insight of human nature and knew whom to trust, and he allowed his prisoners certain privileges that would shock a prison disciplinarian of the present day. As an instance of this, I was once retained to defend a man confined in this jail for some offence. I called to see him to make preparations for his defence, and was told that he had gone huckleberrying with the children. [Laughter.]

A story is told, for the accuracy of which I cannot vouch. Near the end of one of the June criminal terms the Judge found that there were three persons remaining to be tried, and requested the Sheriff to bring them in. He sent a deputy who soon returned with the message, that it looked like a shower and the jailer had them all in the meadow cocking up hay. [Laughter.]

The Judge then turned to the officer and said, "Mr. Crier, adjourn the court till Sam has finished his haying." [Renewed laughter.]

But we did not have perfect peace in our courts. Lowell had grown out of all manner of proportion, the population of the lower part of the county had greatly increased and they were constantly hectoring us to have the courts removed. True it was we showed to ever legislature that we did more business than was done in the other towns, that the lawyers worked all day in the court-house, and spent their evenings in the old Middlesex preparing their cases for the next day. These arguments were convincing, but at the June terms 1849, a man indicted for some offence and out on bail, came to the illogical conclusions that if there was no court-house he could not be tried, so he touched a match and the old court-house was soon in ashes.

This was considered by our opponents to be an interposition of Providence in their favor, and they commenced an assault along the whole line. They flooded the General Court with petitions for the removal of the courts from Concord, and used all the arts known to lobbyists to ensure such removal. But Concord was equal to the emergency. They chose the honored father of the orator of the day to represent them in the General Court, who, although advanced in years, yet was in full possession of his faculties and managed the matter with great ability in the House. And then that spring we had the three-quarter centennial of the Concord fight,—I suppose the technical term would be semi-sesqui. And, Mr. President, I may say in passing, that for its size Concord is pretty good on centennials. Since my boyhood (counting fractions) we had four centennials, and if I live as long as temperance and a good conscience will allow me, I expect to witness at least two more. [Laughter.] We invited the legislature to this semi-sesqui, we gave them a good dinner, oration, poem, speeches, brass band, and all the accompaniments of a first-class celebration. They went back much pleased and voted to print the proceedings of the celebration, and gave the petitioners for removing the courts leave to withdraw. We built the present new court house, but in 1867 it was thought best for us not to contest longer, and for the consideration of one dollar all the county property in Concord was turned over to the town, and good use of it was made, I have no doubt.

And now my friend, the President of

the Day, a presiding justice of the District Court, keeps the scales on the court house in due equipoise—the stones of the old jail peacefully slumber in the cellars of some of our new houses, and in place of the jail we have a large pile of bricks in the west part of the town costing over \$1,000,000—called a Reformatory, containing two or three hundred reformers, without the privilege of going out haying or huckleberrying. [Laughter.]

And instead of hearing able lawyers discuss the business actualities of life, those who desire cool intellectual food in a sweltering July day, will find a modest temple in a quiet, sequestered nook in the east part of the town, where they can hear elaborate essays upon the life, times, character, writings, and philosophy of Plato, Kant, Fichte, Hegel and Goethe, and especially Goethe, and where they can listen to fine-spun metaphysical disquisitions upon the whiciness of the why and the whyness of the what. [Laughter and applause.]

The President then read the following letter:—

LOWELL, Aug. 25, 1885.

To the Selectmen of the town of Concord, Mass.:—

Gentlemen,—Born in the town of Concord and living there 17 years, from 1811 to 1828, and thanking Almighty God for long life and his great goodness to me, I wish in this form to give unto others of my fellowmen of Concord, for their benefit and improvement in the future, the sum of \$1000, if the town of Concord will accept the same upon the following conditions, to wit: The money to be put on interest for fifty years, till the third centennial year of the incorporation of the town of Concord, and the interest added to the principal, either annually or semi-annually until that time, when all but the original sum of \$1000 shall be expended for the benefit and improvement of the town or the citizens of Concord, as the voters of the town may determine by a two thirds vote of its legal voters in town meeting assembled, and if they should not be able to command a two thirds vote upon the manner of disposing of the same when it becomes due, it may be brought forward and acted upon at future town meetings until disposed of by a two thirds vote of the legal voters of the town. The original \$1000 shall again be put at interest as before described, and at the end of every 50 years thereafter all but the original principal shall be disposed of in the same manner as before mentioned.

Respectfully yours,

HAPGOOD WRIGHT.

N. B. I should like to have it called "the Hapgood Wright Semi-Centennial Fund."

The President then called upon his son, Mr. Prescott Keyes, to read the following letters:—

BROOKLINE, MASS., 21 August, 1885.

Gentlemen:—I am honored by your communication of the 1st instant, inviting me to attend the celebration of the

two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Concord, as a guest of the town, on the 12th of September next. It would afford me peculiar pleasure to be with you on that occasion. It was my good fortune to be one of the invited guests on the two hundredth anniversary celebration on the 12th of September, 1836. I was then one of the representatives of Boston in the legislature of Massachusetts, but I came to Concord as an aide de camp of Lieutenant Governor Armstrong, who had become the acting governor of the State by the election of Governor Davis to the senate of the United States. It was a most agreeable and notable occasion, and one which I recall at the end of 50 years, and as, perhaps, the only survivor of the guests of that celebration, with no little interest.

The admirable oration, by one who afterwards obtained such signal celebrity as the late lamented Ralph Waldo Emerson, would alone have made the occasion memorable to every one who was present. The prayer of the aged and venerated Dr. Ezra Ripley—whose hospitality I had enjoyed at his own home some years before, in company with my endeared classmate and chum, Charles Chauncey Emerson—was not less impressive.

I would gladly renew my association with the scenes and memories of that day, but I am constrained to resist the temptation, and I must reluctantly decline your invitation.

Concord has a world-wide fame. Her earliest annals abound in charming incidents, of at least one of which, in 1638, my own ancestor was a prominent figure. Her maturer history includes, with that of Lexington, the first blood of the Revolution. Her later years have been illustrated by the Roman integrity of Samuel Hoar and the eminent abilities and services of his sons, as well as by the brilliant genius of Hawthorne and Emerson.

No town in our Commonwealth, or on our whole continent, has stronger claims to a distinguished and grateful remembrance.

Believe me, gentlemen, with sincere thanks for your invitation and best wishes for the occasion, Respectfully and truly your obedient servant,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 8, 1885.

My dear Emerson:—I could not receive a more tempting invitation than you gave me in your letter that reached me yesterday. You move every fibre of my heart by touching on the display of the grandest and most effective creative power of public spirit by rural patriots in private life and on the dearest affections of personal friendship. I longed so much to comply with your invitation that it has taken a few hours of reflection to make me feel that I cannot avail myself of it.

I shall within a few days finish the first quarter of my fifth score of years, and, in the uncertainty of my ability to bear the fatigue, feel unwilling to give you the trouble of taking care of me.

But though I cannot come to you on Saturday, pray assure yourself that I am, and ever shall be

Your faithful friend, GEO. BANCROFT.

PLYMOUTH, Aug. 4, 1885.

Gentlemen:—I have received with

pleasure your cordial invitation to attend as a guest of the town the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Concord on the 12th of September. I have delayed my reply in the hope that I might find it possible to be in Concord on that day, and it is with the greatest regret that I come to the decision that my duties will compel me to remain here at the time of the festival. I need not trouble with the particulars, but I wish to assure you that nothing but im-

perative reasons would make me forego the pleasure of attending the anniversary or the honor of being one of its public guests. I have always prided myself on the privilege of being a native of Concord, and cling tenaciously to everything that gives me a new hold upon my birthright. I am, therefore, very grateful to you for doing me the honor of including me among the sons of Concord on this occasion, and much disappointed that I cannot be present as your guest. I remain gentlemen, most truly yours,

WILLIAM W. GOODWIN.

The following telegram from Governor Long president of the Hingham celebration, was read by Judge Keyes:—

Hingham congratulates Concord on the celebration of their common birthday. Hope you will have a good time, sister.

This was received with applause and it was voted to send a suitable reply.

The President: In June, 1834, a private school was opened in this town by William Whiting who died Member of Congress from Boston. There were 22 scholars attending. Fifty years afterwards, 16 of those 22 were living and ten of them present at a wedding in Concord in June 1884. That school attended in a body the Centennial of the Town the next year, 1835, and listened to the orator of that day. Whether their continuance in Concord and their longevity was owing to the inspiration of that occasion or the doctors of the town, may be questioned. The son of that orator, and himself a doctor, will gratify us by speaking of his predecessor and of the name he bears, Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson.

Dr. Emerson was given a hearty greeting. He said:—

MR. PRESIDENT. Perhaps the perennial vigor of those who were the young people here 50 years ago, which you, Sir, for our good fortune, happily demonstrate, was due to the fact that Concord's old-fashioned doctors seldom prescribe change of air.

At your bidding, Sir, I have for the moment put off the uniform of a very independent company, which parades with two old brass guns—you set me the example years ago—guns which we hope are not thorns in the side of our honored guests the Commander-in-Chief and Adjutant-General, and come here to answer for the old doctors of Concord. Having myself

half turned my back on the healing art, I wish to show that these doctors set in this respect a most pernicious example.

The first, Dr. Philip Read, dabbled in free-thought, criticized the parading of the ancestors of our Chaplain, for which Concord promptly made it desirable for him to change his residence.

But what followed? Dr. James Minott did not stick to his pills and herb-drinks yet escaped the doom of his forerunner. This gentleman was as versatile a genius as Anonymous in a book of extracts. Hear his epitaph!

Here is interred the remains of James Minott, Esq., A. M., an Excelling Grammarian, enriched with the Gift of Prayer and Reading, a Commanding Officer, a Physician of Great Value, a Great Lover of Peace, as well as of Justice, and which was his Greatest Glory, a Gent'mn of distinguished Virtue and Goodness. Happy in a Virtuous Posterity and living Religiously, died comfortably, Sept. 20, 1725. Aet. 83.

Could man do more? Was not this the high-water-neck of our race?

In the very next generation the physician is styled Major Jonathan Prescott, vying in accomplishments with his predecessor.

His son, Dr. John, a good physician, presently appears a commander of an expedition against Cuba, then as diplomatic agent for the colonies in London, where he died.

A generation passes, and then we find Dr. Samuel Prescott riding home from courting Miss Mulliken of Lexington at the strange hour of one in the morning on the 19th of April, joining Paul Revere on the road and by his good horsemanship escaping over a wall when Revere was taken and bringing the stirring news to Concord; but we hear no more of him as a practitioner.

Time fails me to tell of John Cuming, Harvard graduate, Indian fighter, Indian captive, then Lieut. Col. in service against them, wide-riding country doctor, Royal Justice of the Peace, Patriot, member of the committees of Correspondence and Safety then sitting in the Provincial Congress and County Courts, and last, benefactor to the town and to his Alma Mater: of the varying but hard fortunes of Dr. Ezekiel Brown; of Abiel Heywood practicing medicine for years, then Town Clerk, Chief Selectman, and Assessor for 30 years, latterly abandoning at once celibacy and small clothes, and taking office of high trust in the State; of Edward Jarvis general practitioner and specialist, writer on general history and statistics and loyal benefactor of this town!

But in late years the town was blessed as to doctors who did not scorn to abide in their toilsome calling, and died in har-

ness faithful and brave, loved and honored like him whose venerable face all of us remember.

From the honored names of the healers of this town, in the days that are gone by, thus lightly touched on, but whom we all revere I turn to answer as you have bid me, Sir, for my name and race, thankful that the double tie which binds it to the Past of this town gives me the right.

He who fifty years ago spoke near where to-day you have listened to a representative of an honorable family always dear to him, loved Concord.

The room where he wrote we call his study, but his study was the pine wood or the oak-girt ledge of rock looking on blue Walden and bluer river, beautiful to him in even the harshest aspect and full of voices as the sacred groves of the East.

Not less the aspects of the men and women of the village. He watched the former pass his window and remembered him as one who placed the Primal Forces and wielded them to raise his corn.

He sat in the Town Meeting, speaking seldom, hearing every word, and came home praising the sense and courage shown. Secure that in the end, after this rough sifting the brave counsel would prevail.

I bring to his townspeople to-day this word which I only yesterday found in his note book.

"How do the wise differ from the unwise, was the question put to Bias. He replied 'In a good hope.' It is the true heroism and the true wisdom, Hope." That shall be his word for the next century. This other note I found, written just after a stormy scene which happened in these streets just before the war.

"Somebody said in my hearing lately that a house in Concord was worth half as much again as a house in any other town since the people had shown a good will to defend each other."

THE PRESIDENT:—It was the irony of fate that in Concord should begin the Revolutionary Fight. Concord Fight is a contradiction in terms; and it is, perhaps, the irony of history that Concord should furnish the ground where Acton men fought the battle of Lexington. Is there not some of the irony of both fate and history that the modest, transcendental youth, who came here from Brook Farm, "to till these lonely fields" should in these days have the largest audience as Orator and Editor in this broad land? That he

"By wondrous tongue and guided pen
Brings the flown muses back to men."
Will he kindly speak on this occasion to this small gathering of his former townsmen, George William Curtis.

Mr. Curtis, who received a perfect ovation, said:—

MR. PRESIDENT—That I once lived in Concord, is among my happiest recollections, and that I should be asked to come back again to-day is one of the most gratifying of honors. Life gives us few purer pleasures than to know that we are kindly remembered where we remember kindly, and, upon return to the familiar scenes to find old friendships and old feelings as unchanged as the hills and streams. In the tenderest of his poems, Byron, recalling the best hours of his life, describes the scene that he remembers as a "most living landscape." The life of a landscape is not in its verdure and form, in its waving woods and flowing waters. The landscape lives in its human associations, in its historic traditions. Its deepest charm is felt when we can say, with Wordsworth: "Here, in old time the hand of man hath been,"—the hand of genius, the hand of wisdom, of art, of letters, of science; so that the dead, whose works do follow them, may, after all, make the most living landscape.

I suppose, Mr. Chairman, and friends, that there is no son, native or adopted, of Concord who has not for it that peculiar, personal feeling of reverence of which our orator spoke this morning. There is no town which has a story better worth telling. That story was never more completely, more adequately, or more nobly told than you have heard it to-day. Now, Mr. Chairman, mindful of the hour, and of the tried patience of my hearers, I cannot but recall the story of an old clergyman (and this story, I think, is not told of a Concord clergyman, as most good stories are), who paused, after preaching a couple of hours, in the midst of his sermon, and said: "Ah, brethren, saving souls is such a delightful work that I could go on preaching all night, but I must consider the infirmity of human nature. I must forbear, I will restrain myself and preach only four hours longer." (laughter.) As every one of the distinguished gentlemen who have preceded me has taken his seat, I have wished that he would forbear and restrain himself to preach only four hours longer. And that forbearance, my friends, would have had for you this advantage,—that you would have been spared listening to another speech; while, for me, I should have said delightedly for us all,

"Here is old Concord,
Now let expressive silence muse her praise."

I came to Concord, as the Chairman has justly said, with my brother, from Brook Farm. I am not quite sure whether we belonged to that "Menagerie" of Mr. Emerson, of which the orator told us this morning, or whether we were not a pair of those "visionary youths" whom Hawthorne said overran this village about 40 years ago. Yet he was one of us. He preceded us from Brook Farm: and Concord, surely, was not the only wonder-land to which he introduced the young visionaries of his time. There was, as my older friends may remember, in the popular mind, some kind of association between Concord and Brook Farm. It was very natural that it should be so. Mr. Emerson lived in Concord. Brook Farm was supposed, in some indescribable way, to have sprung from his

teachings. To go from Concord to Brook Farm, therefore, was merely to pass from theory to practice. To come from Brook Farm to Concord was to rise from plain living to high thinking. (Applause.) If to this you add the immortal revolutionary tradition that made the long, winding road under the brow of the hill from Emerson's house at one end to Hawthorne's at the other, a *via sacra*, if you remember that at one end of that village lived Emerson, and at the other lived Hawthorne, and that conveniently between the two, but characteristically in a different direction from either, lived Henry Thoreau, and then fill the village with that population which seemed to have sprung from Cromwell's Ironsides themselves, if you plant it all in that tranquil, gentle, pastoral landscape, so familiar to you, and which the best genius of America has made familiar to all the world,—if you do this, you have the Concord that I knew, the Concord of forty years ago, the Concord that was then and still is the friend and ally of every good cause involving the rights of man or the rights of woman, that Concord which then was and now is the fullest and fairest representative of the old New England which marched from beyond the Merrimac to beyond the Mississippi, planting New England men and New England principles wherever its foot fell.

I am surprised, Mr. Chairman, that none of the eloquent and accomplished gentlemen who have preceded me, have not superceded me in repeating to you those words of Dr. Johnson, which seem to me more applicable to Concord than to any other place that I know of in the world. "That man," he says, "is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." Patriotism

and piety,—these make the legend, these tell the story of this town. Marathon and Iona blend in this town. Not the Greek hero, not Leonidas, not Melitades was of purer heroic mould than Isaac Davis, and John Buttrick, and James Barrett, and their comrades,—the heroes who have made these meadows ground as dear and sacred to the liberty loving heart of mankind as the plain of Marathon or the pass of Thermopylae. (Applause.)

These were the heroes of the field. But in that tranquil sphere of thought which moves the world, the serene wisdom of the scholar at the other end of the village, fired the shot heard round the moral world of his generation, and make the tranquil fields as precious a bourne of pilgrimage as the fane of Iona. (Applause.) I cannot allow myself, Mr. Chairman, to give way to the feelings and consequently to the words which are in my heart and which are trembling upon my tongue. This only let me say—that it seems to me that we are to remember that the men who stood at the Bridge, who, at the Bridge forced the beginning of the departure of foreign authority upon this soil, were the armed pioneers of American independence politically; that while that scholar at the other end of the town boldly challenged the most venerable ecclesiastical traditions and in his day declared for us all that independence of soul-liberty upon which Roger Williams

planted Rhode Island,—these were the men who have bound the lesson of Concord close together in spiritual and political independence. If there is any one principle which, in every political and every religious emergency, is the sure stay of every American citizen, undoubtedly you will agree with me that it is what, in the old colonial phrase, was called "independency;" and if there be one fraternity which in this country should never be permitted to die out, it is that, surely, of the sons of liberty.

No truer word was spoken to us this morning by our orator than this,—that the great events which culminated at the Bridge showed the constancy of our fathers in their patriotism. Constant were they above all. Faithful were they to the last. And when he truly said, in that phrase which will become memorable, that Major Buttrick gave the order to subjects of King George and that the men who fired were citizens of America, I felt at once how striking an illustration it was of their constancy to principle,—that almost, as it seemed, in a single moment, they passed from being subjects of a king into the fulness of a prospective republic. (Great applause.)

Mr. Chairman and friends, there is one story which I am very sure, though it be of clergyman, is a story of Concord. And I do not know, Mr. Chairman, why all of the good stories are fathered upon the clergy if it be not that, as the devil is said to have all the good times, it be only fair that the clergy should have all the good stories; and this particular story is that of a clergyman who went into the pulpit, took up the hymn book to open the exercises and found that the leaves were torn out, so that the book was very thoroughly dilapidated. He said, "Brethren, let us begin these exercises by singing to the praise and glory of God the 412th hymn." He proceeded a few stanzas. "No, no, I can let us sing to the praise and glory of God the 212th hymn." He proceeded a little further, but the consuming tooth of time had been before him. He stopped again. "Brethren,"—he tried it once more, but the result was the same. He closed the book in a kind of despair. "The congregation will sing to the same praise and glory any hymn that is not torn out of the book." [Great laughter and applause.]

So, Mr. Chairman, I am about to leave this congregation to sing the praise and glory of Concord any conceivable form of praise that has not already been spoken. (Laughter and applause.) As for myself, I speak to you as friends. As for myself, as I recall Annursnack, and Lee's Hill, and the Cliffs and Ponkawtasset Walden, and Fairhaven, and the North Bridge, as I fill these familiar streets and fields with that troop of the shining ones, men and women,

"I feel the gales that o'er me blow
A momentary bliss bestow."

And I say, in the words most familiar, I am sure, to old Peter Bulkeley and to Dr. Ripley, so long the pastor, blending verses in which the sentiment so naturally blends, "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, if my tongue forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." (Great applause.)

The President: In 1792, 17 years after the fight, the old North Bridge was

moved down the river 100 rods. One bent of that bridge was used for the timber foundation of the abutment at the new spot. A stepping-stone on the old causeway, over which Captain Isaac Davis fell when he was pierced by a British musket ball, was used in building this new abutment. Seven years ago, in rebuilding this abutment, that stone was found with the stains upon it that tradition says were Captain Davis's blood. It was carefully saved, and will at some suitable opportunity, be presented to the town of Acton, to be placed beside their monument to the hero of that fight. From the oak post of the old North bridge, preserved for a century under water, several canes have been made, which I desire now, in behalf of this town, to place where they will do the most good, in the keeping of those of our guests to-day who have in prose and song, made this bridge ever memorable. If they serve as staffs to the declining years, of which we trust that our guests will enjoy many, may they also remind them of the events that these canes witnessed and of this town and celebration. [Applause.]

Judge Keyes then handed a cane to Senators Hoar and Evarts, to Mr. Curtis, to Judge Hoar and to the Hon. Hapgood Wright. The canes are of oak, gold tipped and are inscribed "Old North Bridge Oak, Concord, Mass., September 2 '85."

THE PRESIDENT: Tradition says that there were Hosmers in Kent, England, before the conquest, and from there the companion of Bulkeley and Willard came to Concord in 1635. The name has been prominent here ever since, and has been carried by his descendants over nearly all the Union. It was borne by the adjutant at the Bridge, and by one of the Acton men slain there. It has many wearers here to-day, and as the chairman of the committee declines to respond for it except in acts, I will call upon his cousin the George Herbert Hosmer.

Mr. Hosmer, on rising, was received with applause. He said: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—In rising to respond to the sentiment, while feeling a great honor is conferred upon me, I wish there stood in my place one, who I may

say was saturated with the spirit of his ancestors, and whose heart beat more quickly at the very name of Concord. But his voice is still and he lies peacefully reposing with the dust of his kindred in yonder cemetery. How may I best briefly respond to this honored name? From that first farmer pioneer who came with others 250 years ago to found this town—down through the eight generations succeeding him—is a line of ancestry illustrating the latter part of the felicitous phrase of Tacitus, quoted by Mr. Sanborn, in his life of Thoreau, as applicable to Concord.

"A place of Grecian culture and provincial frugality, mingled and well blended."

"Provincial frugality" — The Hosmers were the representatives of the strong Saxon character which combined "plain living and high thinking" and courageous performance — and so made good in America what Wordsworth declared was lost to England.

A sturdy purpose must have impelled the first James to come over with his family at the age of twenty-eight to make a home on these broad meadows, which for two hundred and fifty years have been held in the family name.

And as we look carefully at the record we perceive the conspicuous traits of the stock are "steadiness and permanence, indicative of character and worth." Till a very recent period a descendant of the eighth generation has driven his ploughshare into the ancestral acres.

Our family have been good representatives of sturdy Saxon yeomanry — who have not shrunk from the burdens — or avoided the dangers — or shirked the responsibilities of private, or public life, not generally conspicuous in leadership — yet sometimes holding honorable positions in church and State and school, — they have for the most part followed humble callings, and have done good service in the rank and file.

They have never been wanting in courage, and every foe that has threatened New England has been confronted by soldiers of our name.

In the early conflicts with the Indians, in the Revolutionary struggle — in the War of 1812, in Shay's Rebellion, and in the late Civil War, generation has succeeded generation in prompt, vigorous, patriotic response, — the horrors of im-

prisonment have been endured, and lives have been cheerfully sacrificed; while there have been marked individuals like Edmund Hosmer, the friend of Emerson, Thoreau, and Curtis, and celebrated in prose and verse by other Concord authors; and Rufus, of genial running temperament, the able advocate and wise councillor, settled at Stow, — the classmate of Washington Allston, Chief Justice Shaw and Dr. Charles Lowell, — and Cyrus, of the seventh generation, the wise teacher and guardian of youth; and Harriet, of artistic fame.

Joseph, of the fifth generation, is probably the most distinguished of the Massachusetts Hosmers.

Mr. Samuel Hoar said of him: "He was the most free from prejudice and the best reader of men of any one I ever knew."

A leader of men also, as was proved a few months before the Fight at the Bridge, when, plainly dressed in butter-nut brown, he rose to reply to an eloquent Tory, Daniel Bliss, and upon inquiry being made who he was, the answer came — "That is Hosmer, the mechanic, the most dangerous man in Concord, for he has all the young men at his back, and where he leads they will surely follow."

The part he took at the Bridge in forming the minute men into line and "goad-ing them on" to the fight, is part of memorable history.

At that supreme moment, the two cousins Joseph and Abner were not found wanting — for Abner's drum-beat measured the steps of the heroes, while Joseph's voice rallied the wavering column.

The drummer's blood mingled with that of his brave Captain Davis of Acton, (our joint kinsman, Honored Governor) and the bronze statute "by the rude bridge that arched the flood, gives a life-like presentment of the heroic struggle. As Legislator, Sheriff and Justice, Major Hosmer did well his part in "those days which tried men's souls; and he stands a fitting representative of that sturdy yeomanry upon whom rested the fate of this nation.

The women as well as the men of the stock, of whom, were there time, good deeds might be told, possessed high qualities of strength, courage and steadiness, and one of our number bears witness that he never heard of a Hosmer being convicted of a crime.

Well, said the clerk of the Herald's office, London, when applied to for a coat of arms of the Hosmer's — "There is no coat of arms for you, and if you were an Englishman you would not want one, for there were Hosmers in Kent long before the Conquest, and at the battle of Hastings, the men of Kent were the vanguard of King Harold."

"If," says Mr. Sanborn, "Major Hosmer's ancestors failed to drive back the invaders there, their descendants made good the failure in Concord seven centuries later."

This closed the exercises, and shortly before six o'clock the company dispersed. The Celebration was brought to an end at sunset with the ringing of bells and the firing of a national salute by the Battery.

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1882.

THE LATE RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

America, whilst still mourning for the loss of Longfellow, whose songs had obtained a greater acceptance than those of any other great poet, is called upon to lament the death of a philosopher and moralist who in the front rank of the age — if not, indeed, of the ages — represented the influence of the New World in the domain of ethical speculation.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who died at nine o'clock on Thursday night in the village of Concord, was born in Boston on May 25, 1803, and came of a good New England Puritan ancestry. Before he was eight years old he lost his father, and was with his one elder and three younger brothers brought up by his mother, a woman at once sensible and scrupulously pious. She was aided in her task by

her sister-in-law, Miss Emerson, who exerted a great influence upon the mind of her young nephew, and imparted to him her own habits of wide but miscellaneous reading. He became a student of the Public Grammar School and of the Latin School; but Nature has her own methods of rearing genius, and we have his own authority for the statement that "the regular course of studies, the years of academical and professional education, have not yielded me better facts than some idle books under the bench at the Latin School. What we do not call education is more precious than that which we do call so." Amongst his schoolboy remembrances was an invitation of the dominie to his boys to spend a day in throwing up earthen defences against the English foes in the war of 1812. He went to Harvard College at the age of 14, where his chief interest was in Greek classical studies. For mathematics he had no taste, nor did he care for the formal metaphysics then in vogue. But, if

he did not get much from the professors, his range of study outside the University curriculum was exceedingly wide. He learned to love Shakspeare and to appreciate Montaigne. He gained several college prizes, one of them for an essay on the "character of Socrates." This was in his junior year, whilst as a senior he delivered an essay on the "presumptuousness of ethical philosophy." John Quincy, who won the first prize, found this dissertation "long and dry." However this may have been, there was a certain prophetic instinct in the choice of the subjects. In 1826, having been greatly influenced by the preaching of Everett and Channing, he was "approved" as a preacher, and spent the following winter in Florida and South Carolina; and in 1829 became the colleague of Henry Ware, jun., as the minister of the Second Church in Boston. Dr. Channing was struck "with the youth of the preacher, the beauty of his elocution, and the direct and sincere manner in which he addressed his hearers." In this year he married Miss Tucker, to whom the well-known verses "To Ellen at the South" were addressed during their courtship. She died of consumption in February, 1832. Emerson now separated from his congregation owing to his increasing difficulties as to the proper interpretation of the Communion Service, and notwithstanding anxious efforts to retain him as their minister. His health, not over strong to begin with, had broken down, and to recruit it he sailed for Europe in the spring of 1833. He visited Italy and France, and had some weeks in England. In this

journey he met Landor, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Carlyle, for whom he had a friendship and regard which, warmly returned, was broken only by death. On his return home he began to lecture, and very occasionally to preach. In 1835 he married again. His second wife was Miss Lydia Jackson, and the couple began to "keep house" in the home which he has ever since occupied. His attention was more and more directed to the twin lights of Greek and German philosophy. The publication of his powerful essay on "Nature" in 1836 assured him a place amongst the directing minds of the century, although its sale was singularly slow. It took a dozen years to exhaust the first edition of 500 copies. He introduced to the American public "Sartor Resartus," which was first reprinted in book form by our Transatlantic cousins; and he did the same kindly office for the "Miscellaneous Essays." Meanwhile Emerson's fame as a lecturer and thinker was on the increase. There were plenty to denounce him as a madman, but there were also earnest disciples who found in his words the true philosophy of life. Amongst those who felt his spell were Margaret Fuller and the knot of intellectual men and women who were afterwards known by the name or nickname of Transcendentalists. Out of the Club of these friends sprang the *Dial*, which was edited by Margaret Fuller, and after an obscure existence of four years peacefully passed away. It is now so rare as to excite the cupidity of the bibliomaniac. Its first number contained three contributions from the pen of Emerson. Emerson was sympathetic to all projects of reform that were honestly intended, and the very air was then full of projects. Parker, Thoreau, Graham, Alcott, and Margaret Fuller were alike sure of his sympathies, though he did not always endorse their too hasty hopes. He was an Abolitionist when the anti-slavery movement was a thing of scorn. He signed the invitation for the first convention in favour of women's suffrage. He sympathised with the aims of the temperance reformers. He saw the nobility of the objects of

the communistic attempt at Brook Farm, but his sense of humour enabled him to see aspects unsuspected by honest fanaticism, and his criticism was not the less keen because it was kindly. His "Essays" appeared in 1841, and were introduced to the English public by Carlyle in a strain of almost fervid appreciation. The death of his son Waldo, a bright boy of great promise, in 1842, was a heavy blow, and he was mourned by the father as one who was "born for the future, to the future lost." A second series of "Essays" came out in 1844, and were followed by the first issue of his "Poems" in 1846.

In 1847 Emerson visited England. The immediate occasion of his visit was an invitation from the Mechanics' Institutions and similar literary organisations of Lancashire and Yorkshire to deliver a course of lectures. This gave him the opportunity of seeing the "old country" and forming his own impression of the mother land of his own energetic race. "I was invited," he says, "on liberal terms to read a series of lectures in them all. The request was urged with every kind suggestion and every assurance of aid and comfort by friendliest parties in Manchester, who in the sequel amply redeemed their word. The remuneration was equivalent to the fees at that time paid in this country for like services. At all events it

was sufficient to cover any travelling expenses, and the proposal offered an excellent opportunity of seeing the interior of England and Scotland, by means of a home and a committee of intelligent friends awaiting me in every town." These lectures had important results. They were wonderfully stimulative to the young and fresh intellects to whom they were perhaps mainly addressed, and in a secondary manner they were the occasion of "English Traits" being added to our literature. No more appreciative estimate has ever been made of the nation. Emerson recognised the good qualities of the English people with a sincerity that removed his highest praise from the faintest suspicion of exaggeration. In Manchester he was the guest of Mr. Alexander Ireland: whose portrait he has drawn with a friendly hand. "At the landing in Liverpool I found my Manchester correspondent awaiting me, a gentleman whose kind reception was followed by a train of friendly and effective attentions which never rested whilst I remained in the country. A man of sense and of letters, the editor of a powerful local journal, he added to solid virtues an infinite sweetness and *bonhomie*. There seemed a pool of honey about his heart which lubricated all his speech and action with fine jets of mead. An equal good fortune attended many later accidents of my journey, until the sincerity of English kindness ceased to 'surprise.' It would be superfluous to say that Mr. Emerson's lectures in this city were well attended. Whether he discoursed at the Athenæum or at the Mechanics' Institution, he had alike an enthusiastic and an appreciative audience. Amongst his listeners were some who, like Miss Jewsbury, the Rev. John Kenrick, the Rev. John James Tayler, and Dr. Hodgson, have since passed away; but there are still in our midst those to whom the memory of these evenings will ever be a source of unmixed pleasure. In addition to six lectures on "Representative Men" at the Athenæum, he lectured on "Eloquence," "Domestic Life," "Reading," and "the Superlative in Manners and Literature" at the Mechanics' Institution. He took part in the annual soiree of the Manchester Athenæum, 18th November, 1847. This was a really

remarkable gathering under the presidency of Sir Archibald Alison, around whom were gathered Richard Cobden, John Bright, John Bowring, Harrison Ainsworth, George Cruikshank, James Crossley, Charles Swain, and a host of local notabilities. It is needless to say that none of the speakers was listened to with greater attention than the American guest, who followed Cobden's charming statement of his continental impressions. Emerson thought his own speech on that occasion was the most fitting expression of his feelings toward England. We have, however, taken the liberty to reproduce his *ipsissima verba* from our own pages. These the curious may compare with the emended version given by the philosopher of Concord when he made this brief but weighty oration the concluding words of his "English Traits."

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I feel myself a little in the position of some countrymen of mine who I remember, when a deputation of the Sauks and Foxes came to the capital of Massachusetts, and were received there at the Senate House by Governor Everett. Impressed a little with the greatness of the population about them, and certainly with the new splendour and wealth of such cities as they had passed through and

opened, the red men said, after hearing the congratulations of the Governor, "We have no land to put words on, sir, and yet our words are true." I have no land to put my words on, and yet I hope they are true. It gives me great pleasure to see this anniversary of the Athenæum; it gives me great pleasure to sit near the distinguished gentlemen who have addressed you; and yet it has seemed to me whilst they spoke that for many years I have been near to them. Sir, the arguments of the league and its leaders are known and repeated in every quarter of the globe, and certainly by all the friends of Free Trade in America. And, sir, when I came to sea, in the ship which brought me here, on the table in the cabin lay your History of Europe. The property, I suppose, of the ship or the captain, as a sort of programme or play bill to instruct the sea-faring New Englander who was coming to Europe in the events and institutions that awaited him here. I have seen other gentlemen here this evening whose gaiety and genius is certainly almost as familiarly known to my own friends and countrymen as it is here. Why, sir, the drawings, caricatures, and the wit of *Punch* go duly every fortnight, to every book shop and every book club, and to every boy and girl in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. So I find it with all the names with which your institution and your present meeting presents me. But, sir, these compliments, though true, would come better from those who better understood and felt these matters than I can hope to do; and I pass from that to what I know will interest those gentlemen very much more than their own praises—namely, that which really draws me to the shores of England, that which is good on holidays and working days, that which is good in one century and in another century, that which draws the solitary American to wish to see England, sir, is the moral peculiarity of the Saxon race. It is that commanding sense of right and wrong, it is that honesty of performance, it is that which is the imperial trait which has given to this race the sceptre of the globe. I see it equally as the foundation of the aristocratic character of the people which, though it may perhaps sometimes lose sight of its origin and wander into strange vagaries, if it lose that moral quality, will be paralysed, and cease to be; and I see it no less in the honesty of performance in trade and manufactures, and in the mechanics' shops, in that solidity and thoroughness of work which is the national badge. This conscience is one element, and the other, sir, is that habit of friendship, if I may so call it, that fidelity of fellowship, which I see here running through all classes, that elects all worthy individuals to a fraternity of kind offices, filling them with a warm, staunch fellowship and support from year to year, from youth to age; and which stands in very strong contrast with the short-lived connection, with the excess of courtesy and the very superficial attachments which exist in other races—an

affection, an attachment, a permanence of regard which is alike lovely and honourable to those who render and those who receive it. Mr. Chairman, in looking at these traits in the English character, it has given me great pleasure to observe that in this time of commercial disaster, in this time of gloom, of bankruptcy, of affliction, and of boggery in the neighbouring districts, the Athenæum has chosen to hold, with its usual spirit, this its anniversary. It seemed to me, because of these peculiarities which belong to the English character, a certain duty well becoming the managers of the institution; they seemed to me to say, "For all that has come and gone, yet we shall not abate the spirit or the splendour of our annual feast; no, not by an oak leaf; no, not by a chaplet." And I wish, sir, to say that I was brought up from my childhood in the belief that this British island, from which my forefathers came, was not a lotus garden, was not a paradise of serene skies and roses, a masque and merriment all the year round; no! but a cold, foggy, mournful country, bearing no fruit in the open air, but robust men and virtuous women, and these, too, of a certain wonderful fibre and endurance—a certain people whose very good qualities were not very swift to show themselves—whose virtues, as I was told, never came out until they quarrelled. I was told, to use a country phrase of ours, that they did not strike twelve the first time; good lovers they were, and good haters they were; that you could not know much of them till you had seen them long, and could not know anything good of them till you had seen them in action; in their prosperity, it was said, they were apt to be a little moody, a little nervous and dumpish, but that in adversity they were grand. And I ask you, sir, if the wise ancient did not hold in less esteem that bark which was parting from its native port with all colours flying, than that ship which was a proved sailor, which was coming back with battered sides and torn canvas and stripped of all her banners, yet having ridden out the storm? And so, sir, I felt towards this aged England. When I see her now that the possessions, the trophies, the honours, and also the infirmities of a thousand years are gathered around her, connected irretrievably as she is to so many ancient customs not suddenly to be changed, oppressed as she is by the transitions of trade, by the new and all-incalculable modes, and fabrics, and arts, and machines, and competing populations, yet, with all this pressing upon her, that she is not dispirited, not weak, but strong, very well remembering that she has seen many dark days before, knowing with a kind of instinct that she can see, with her old eyes, a little better in a cloudy day, and in the battle, in the storm, and in calamity feeling a stout vigour and a pulse like a cannon,—when I see this, sir,—when I see that in her old age she is not decrepit, but is still daring to believe in her power of endurance, of expansion, then I say, "Hail, mother of nations, mother of heroes, all hail! still equal to the time, with a strength still equal to the hour, with a spirit wise to entertain and swift to execute a policy that the heart and mind of mankind at this moment requires, and thereby hospitable to the foreigner, and a true home to her own generous and thoughtful children!" So be it, sir; long, long be it so from age to age. If it is not so, sir, if her

courage is to go down with the momentary calamities of her commerce and her trade, I will go back to the capes of Massachusetts and to my little Indian stream, and say to my countrymen, "The old race is all gone, and if the hope and elasticity of mankind exist, they must be found on the ranges of the Alleghanies or nowhere."

At this time he was a tall, pale, and thoughtful-looking man, so entirely destitute of any apparent self-assertion that he might easily have passed unremarked in the crowd. But the moment his voice was raised to speak there was a magic in it that would have compelled attention if that had not been rather the spontaneous result of his powerful charm. It was not the ordinary grace of oratory, for he had no declamatory action, and, so far from essaying to sway the "fierce democracy" by extemporaneous passion or wisdom, he read from his manuscript with as much coolness as though the audience were a thousand miles away. The compelling force was in the

matter itself.

The Emerson of 1848 was not inaptly characterised by James Russell Lowell in the "Fable for Critics."

But to come to Emerson (whom by the way,
I believe we left waiting). He is, we may say
A creek head on right Yankee shoulders, whose range
Has Olympus for one pole, for t'other the Exchange;
He seems, to my thinking (although, I'm afraid,
The comparison must long ere this have been made),
A Phœbus-Montaigne, whose the Egyptian's gold mist
And the Gascon's shrewd wit check-by-jowl co-exist;
All admire, and yet scarcely his converts he's got
To I don't (nor they either) exactly know what;
For though he builds glorious temples, 'tis odd
He leaves never a doorway to get in a god.
'Tis refreshing to old-fashioned people like me
To meet such a primitive Pagan as he,
In whose mind all creation is duly respected
As parts of himself—just a little projected;
And who's willing to worship the stars and the sun,
A convert to—nothing but Emerson.

During his English visit he saw all the best that English society could offer him, and had the acquaintance of Tennyson, Lyall, Leigh Hunt, Clough, and a host of other notabilities. In 1850 his lectures on "Representative Men" appeared in book form. When Kossuth visited Concord in 1852, it was Emerson who publicly welcomed him. In this year he had the sad task of preparing a memorial to the ill-fated Margaret Fuller, whose untimely death cut short a life of the rarest culture and the amplest promise. In 1858 appeared his "English Traits," of which we have already spoken in detailing the circumstances that gave it birth. These books were not popular in the worst sense of the word, but they grew upon the public. The slow sale of his essay on "Nature" must always rank as one of the curiosities of literature, but those which succeeded it did not become a rage. He had to wait his time, and in 1860, when the "Conduct of Life" appeared, 2,500 copies were sold in two days.

He showed the courage of his opinions in the matter of slavery, and Miss Martineau has told how bravely he and his brothers stood by her when in 1835 she was "outraging" the sensibility of the superfine people in Boston whose only idea as to the evil of slaveholding was that it was wrong to denounce it. In 1844 he definitely threw in his lot with the despised Abolitionists, and later did not hesitate to express his sympathy with John Brown, who was to the many of the American people the very type of a revolutionary madman. To Emerson he was one "who will make the gallows glorious like the cross." Naturally he followed the war of the secession with the painful earnestness of a true patriot, and his voice was raised from time to time to strengthen the hands of those who were seeking to save the life of the nation. On the death of Theodore Parker he was invited to succeed him, and though he did not do so in any formal sense, he spoke frequently from his platform. He also showed his strong sympathy with the Free Religious Association formed in 1867, the year in which his "May Day" appeared. "Society and Solitude," which came out in 1870, included some things which he had delivered from the platform many years earlier. In 1872 he visited England for the third time, where he again met Carlyle and many other friends and admirers, old and new. He visited France and Egypt, and returning to Concord found that his house, which had been destroyed by fire just before his departure had been built after the old plan by his kind-hearted and admiring fellow-citizens. In 1874 the enthusiastic "independent" students of Glasgow University nominated him as a candidate for the office of Lord Rector, the others

being Disraeli and Forster. Emerson received 500 votes, and Disraeli was elected by 700.

During all these years Emerson continued what he had felt to be his vocation from the time when his scruples excluded him from the Unitarian pulpits of Boston. His lectures were intellectual levers which raised many of the young men of his own and this country from the lower levels of conventionalism or carelessness. Only last year he paid a tribute of affection and esteem to the memory of his friend Carlyle in a paper read before the Massachusetts Historical Society. His home life was of the

simplest and, in the best sense of the word, homeliest character. He was hospitable, and had a capacity for noble friendships. He was the tried friend of Carlyle, of Alcott, of Theodore Parker, of Margaret Fuller, of Channing, and of Thoreau. The man whose sympathies could attract and retain individualities so varied and so vigorous must have had in him the true core of humanity. Distinctions he neither sought nor rejected, yet it is a satisfaction to know that his own *alma mater* of Harvard College gave him the degree of LL.D. in 1866, and the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences elected him as a member. In 1870-1 appeared the third and fourth volumes of his "Essays," and in 1871 he edited a volume of poetical selections. This was entitled "Parnassus," and included some brief but highly characteristic estimates of Byron, Chaucer, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and others.

His greatness was rather as a moralist than as a systematic thinker. Whatever the future historian of philosophy may have to say respecting him, this generation will recognise him as one whose influence has been wholly for good. He has taught the value of truth, of tolerance, of conduct. He has ever been ready to speak for the right, when its fair-weather friends passed it by. He has never stopped to ask whether popular favour could be gained by pandering to baser passions. He never hesitated to plead for the poor and the oppressed, and for their sake he has left from time to time the serene heights of his philosophic retirement to mingle in the conflict and the strife of popular "movements." The age owes him much for the beauty and nobility of his teaching and much for the beauty and nobility of his life. Prolonged beyond the usual span, this long career has come to a peaceful and honoured close. The beautiful village which he had made his home has lost in him one who knew that "every man should decorate his own Sparta." America has lost her greatest thinker, and the world at large one who with a singular completeness suited the action to the word, and the word to the action of a lofty intellect and a pure and noble life.

EVENING TRANSCRIPT

MONDAY, JULY 24, 1882.

THE EMERSON DAY AT CONCORD.

[Correspondence of the Transcript.]

CONCORD, July 22.

The great event of the week has been the Emerson commemoration, which took place in the town hall today. But we have also had a second lecture by Professor Harris, this time on Aristotle's philosophy, a lecture by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe on "Idols and Iconoclasts," and on Friday morning a clear and interesting exposition of the Scottish philosophy by Dr. McCosh, president of Princeton College. The last was of a different nature from those we have been hearing; but the impression which has somehow become current that the venerable divine antagonized the ideas of the school is an entirely erroneous one and must have resulted from a superficial view. Neither Dr. McCosh nor the regular professors of the school expressed any antagonism to one another's views, and, as is usual, whatever may be the differences in the methods of the teachers here, they "agree to disagree," knowing that in the main issue they are united. The chief point insisted on is the recognition of the spiritual element in the constitution of things, and the recognition of self-evident truth of the spirit through consciousness was the chief point in Dr. McCosh's exposition of Scottish philosophy—a very close parallel. The Scotch philosophers have taken what may be called a middle course. They deal with neither matter nor mind exclusively. They begin with facts and end with facts, but not the facts of the material world alone. They take the truths that are self-evident, whether material truths or mental truths, and then, by observing and experimenting, build their system. Trees, houses and men, for instance, are self-evident truths, but none the less are good and evil, fear, hope, remorse, benevolence, love and hate. Through the faculty of self-consciousness they perceive the world of mind; through the physical senses they perceive the world of matter. They do not speculate from truths erected by human ingenuity, but from self-evident truths which at the same time are no more surely the truths of matter than those of mind and soul. Their test is the "principle of common sense which is common to all men."

A parallel was drawn between the Scottish and the German schools of thought, and it was shown that the Kantian "pure reason" and the Scotch "reason in the first degree" are much alike, both being but different names for intuition. The object of the Scotch was to reconcile observation with self-evident truth, the latter existing in the mind prior to the exercise of the former. By observation, we discover truths which already exist,—as Newton discovered (not invented) the law of gravitation. The principle is in the mind, and experience and inductive reasoning applied to it make the system.

The speaker advocated the study of the physiology of the brain, which will help to find the construction and relations of the human frame, although he had not discovered that any one had yet been able to explain or classify mind as well as brain. Judgment, reason, imagination, hope, ideas of the true

and beautiful, the good and the infinite, could not be found out by physiology; these could be studied only in the light of consciousness.

A review of the German philosophies followed, and the lecturer said that he always advised his pupils to go to Germany to study, but to retain their independence. The cry of all German students now is, "Back to Kant," those philosophies which have come after his being unsatisfactory. He would say, "Yes, back to Kant; but don't stay there. Back also to Reed (the great Scotch thinker), back to Descartes, back to Bacon, back to St. Augustine, to Marcus Aurelius, to Cicero, to Aristotle, to Plato! Choose the good in each and reject the evil in all." This is the method of the Scotch philosophy—a method which the speaker commended highly, while not accepting all of its conclusions. Of Sir William Hamilton, who probably is the best known of all, it was said that he tried to reconcile the German with the Scotch through comparing Reed and Kant; and that his agnosticism came from the German infusion rather than from the native Scotch. America ought to have a philosophy of her own; and this should be, not a conglomeration of the German and the Scotch thought, but one independent and characteristic, one with many heads instead of one, each head teaching its own beliefs, and all united in one similar purpose. The hope that the Concord school may possibly be the humble beginning of such a national philosophy entered the mind of more than one listener to these cheering words.

Today has been the great day of the year at Concord, for today the friends and lovers of Ralph Waldo Emerson met together to celebrate the memory of Concord's greatest man. The town hall was decorated in a peculiarly artistic way. Instead of the customary vase or basket of flowers at each end of the platform, with their miniatures on the desk in the shape of two small vases or baskets of flowers, and in the centre, below and in front a cross or a star or a large bouquet—a symmetry of which one gets very tired as the hours pass by—these offerings were arranged in such a way that they showed variety and

unity at once, and gave a sense of rest and delight. A bust of Emerson stood on a table at the right of the platform near the front, and the table was entirely concealed by spruce boughs, although its shape was preserved perfectly. It had the effect of one of those marble slabs which one sees sometimes in graveyards, and seemed to me peculiarly fitting. A large bouquet of pink roses stood within and beneath it.

Spruce boughs were laid around the edge of the platform, and encircled the speaker's desk, on which, at the right and in a little niche left for it by the twining boughs, nestled a bunch of nasturtiums. Below, on the same side, stood a tall vase containing golden coreopsis and common grass. On the left of the platform, in the rear, was another table, on which stood flowers in profusion. A round column about three feet high, and of just the right width for beauty, made entirely of sweet peas, rose from the spruce on the edge of the platform at the left, and near this was a large

bouquet of blue and white flowers. Spruce and ferns entirely covered the old piano which stood by the windows on the left, one corner adorned with a tall and artistic bouquet. Spruce also hung from the gas fixtures and surrounded the two portraits of Emerson, one a painting hanging high against the wall, and the other a crayon drawing suspended in front of the desk. The whole effect spoke of an artistic and a loving hand.

The crayon portrait is a perfect likeness of Mr. Emerson as he used to look last summer when, on some fair day, he would quietly enter the Hillside Chapel, slip into the armchair set apart for him, and sit silently observant of what went on around him. The artist, a young Concord man, Stacy Tolman, has caught the expression which we so well remember as the one with which he used to suddenly look up and scrutinize, as it were, the face of the person speaking. The look would only last a moment, then he would sink back again and the customary sweet smile of content would return to his features. It seemed then as if he said to us, "It is a beautiful day, and I have walked down here under the elms in the morning shade to visit you all. All this that you are saying is good. I like to see you here. Go on in this pleasant place seeking the truth. But I think I will go back again along the shady road, back to myself. His look was not, as some have said, one of imbecility or of sorrow that he could not understand. It was an expression of content, of rest, an expression that seemed to tell us that he had found what we were seeking, and that while we went on he was satisfied with his own past and his own future, satisfied in what he found *within himself*."

To the exercises of the day, Mr. Sanborn's opening remarks were a fitting prelude. In prose and verse combined, he placed the first token of love on the shrine at which all must worship.

"Thy sure meridian taken by the sun,
Thy compass pointing true as waters run."

Dr. Bartol, whom, when he shall have passed away, Boston will not be able to forgive herself for not more fully appreciating, gave as his token an essay which carried his hearers up "on the heights." We miss Emerson, said he, as a camping party misses him who has gone forth for exploration. His position was between that of the two contending armies now in battle array. He was the offspring of the wedding of matter and mind. He was impressed, influenced, sent, an artist, hewing from the living rock from which he himself was hewed. He identified freedom with law. He stands for spiritual truth. Is the sun but a slowly-dying body, finally to become a slag? and is the soul a part of this? The lowest line in Emerson says No. It was unity that he was after. With him philosophy and religion were more than science. He sees all beauty in Nature, but also sees the danger that she may be a sorceress. It was his last utterance that any removal of deity is taking the sun out of the sky. Emerson beholds both sides. He is an acrobat. He covers his footing. He resembles a watch, which, now gaining and now losing, still keeps good time. He is like a soloist at a concert. He is an island rather than a star.

His style is crisp, a rope woven without a seam, a selection of beads all belonging together and to be strung. Yet his best lines are like rockets; they are escapes from his mind. But yet every one has been tested by him, like challenges for a jury. It is melody, not harmony, that he gives; songs, not symphonies; odes, not dramas.

The top of Emerson is character. His genius is but an accident. We cannot go forth and convert the world with his words alone, but those churches or sects that undervalue them will "throw a pearl away worth all their tribe." The unit is the largest and only number to him. He is a text for the nature of knowledge or the realizing by any faculty of the real object. He believed that if we let Nature stare us out of countenance we shall lose our faculty of prayer; that we *know* persons, rather than things, because we are persons. His words are "God," "duty," "immortality," "personality," "identity beyond." He is "not our lamented, but our rejoiced-in" friend, and to his school of character who would not belong? He saw "the mind aspiring in the lily to the sky." He saw the upper air from which he had come and from which only the physical detained him.

With flashes of beautiful thought irradiating the quiet flow of his words, Dr. Bartol, in his portrayal of Emerson, lifted the minds of his hearers into the atmosphere of his divine philosophy. Spirit, divinity, soul, God, permeate and make alive all things. Not the physical alone we know, but also the mind, the soul. He brought us into communion with living things, with that which shall abide forever. His essay was justly called a "symphony." It was unique, as is the man himself.

Mr. Alcott's monody came next. It is to be hoped that some time this good old man's poetry will become known, as it certainly ought to be. I quote one stanza, though aside from the voice and manner of the author it loses its chief charm. This leads me to say that those persons who expect to get "all the philosophy they need" from the newspaper reports are reckoning without their host. Besides the fact that no report can possibly approach the reality, there is the added fact that the hearing of an essay or poem delivered by its author is as far ahead of the reading of it "in cold blood" in the columns of a newspaper, as well—as one of Professor Harris's lectures is ahead of a thesis at Harvard!

The following is the last stanza of Mr. Alcott's "Ion:"

"Now pillowed near loved Hylas' lowly bed,
Beneath our aged oaks and sighing pines
Pale Ion rests awhile his laurelled head
(How sweet his slumber as he there reclines!)
Why weep for Ion, then? he is not dead,
Naught of him personal that mound confines.
The hues ethereal of the morning red
This clod embraces never, nor enshrines.
Away the mourning multitude hath sped,
And round us closer falls the gathering night,
As from the drowsy dell the sun declines.
Ion hath vanished from our clouded sight,
But on the morrow, with the budding May,
Afield goes Ion, at first flush of day,
Across the pastures on his dewy way."

The one line—

"Ion hath vanished from our clouded sight," expresses at once the view held of Emerson's death by the mourners here; and also the view of death and the beyond held by the

philosophy here taught. He has not vanished never to be seen again; he is not put out the light of the candle, but he "hath vanished from our clouded sight." We cannot see him because our spiritual vision is veiled by his senses. It is our "clouded sight" that keeps us from seeing him and from seeing that spiritual life to which he has returned. The stanza is a living picture of Emerson's grave and of him whose body rests therein. There on the hillside, surrounded by the bright trees pointing heavenward, with a vista among them towards the western sky, whence hastens the dying sunlight to rest there a moment lovingly, "tall Ion rests awhile." But—"Naught of him personal that mound confines," for already, while we yet mourn for him, the real Ion, the spirit has gone—

"Across the pastures on his dewy way."

It would be impossible in one communication to give even the gist of all that was said at Concord today. Professor Harris, drawing his inspiration from Emerson's essay on "Experience," proved that there is a unity of purpose in all the great thinker has written. His essays are not arrays of isolated and brilliant ideas, "as easily read backward as forward," as some avow, but they form a concerted whole, each and every one being the exponent of some phase in his life experience. [Professor Harris's essay is given in full on page two.]

Mr. Albee gave a charming paper, of which his reminiscences of Emerson and Thoreau were the most interesting features. The speaker became acquainted with Emerson through "Representative Men," when he and Professor Harris were companions at Phillips Academy, Andover, a place from which his companion had the good fortune to escape sooner than himself. So impressed was he by the book that he ventured to write to the author, who in turn invited him to come and see him. With much trepidation the young man went. He was kindly received, and, in answer to his eager question as to whether he should go to college, and if so, to what college, he heard an amusing and animated discussion between Emerson and Thoreau (who was also calling there), on that important question. Emerson believed in a college education. Thoreau did not; and ridiculed the idea, though college-bred himself. When Emerson said that all the branches were taught there, Thoreau replied "Yes, all of the branches, but none of the roots." Later in the day, when poetry became the theme, Mr. Emerson expressed the hope that some time our country would produce a great poet, and he asked his young friend if there were not some one among his companions at school who gave promise of becoming a poet. At this Thoreau remarked that he had found one poet in the woods, but that he "had feathers, and had not been to Harvard college;" adding that he had a voice, however, and an aerial inclination which seemed to be all that was necessary. Mr. Emerson said, "Why don't you cage him?" to which Thoreau replied, "Ah, that is the way the world always spoils its poets!" Mr. Emerson told Mr. Albee that "to a brave soul it is really indifferent whether he goes to college or not." Yet he was on the whole in favor of a college education, since that seemed

the best that the world now offers. Living with some great man would be better, but as all cannot do this, going to college is the best he can do as a substitute.

The reminiscences of Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Cheney were equally interesting. Mrs. Howe's first recollection of Emerson being of her introduction to him, previous to which she thought, "Oh, have I got to know that wicked man?"

Mrs. Cheney spoke feelingly of the obligation which all who had known Mr. Emerson owe to the younger generation. They who knew him have a precious legacy to transmit to those who have not had that great good for tune.

A short paper on "Emerson as Poet," the contribution of Mr. Joel Benton of New York, was read by Rev. George W. Cooke, and brief remarks were made by Professor Alexander Wilder, who said that if life is in us, then Emerson is gone; but that if we are in life, he is still here among us.

Today will never be forgotten by those who were at the Concord school and who entered into its spirit; for both are equally necessary. The reading of newspaper reports alone would be hardly more inadequate to a realization of these services than would have been the actual presence here, without the possession of the spirit which breathed through all. As we are fond of quoting here, "the spirit of truth leadeth to truth," and without the spirit no one could have caught the true meaning of the Emerson commemoration.

HARRIETTE R. SHATLUCK.

THE SUNDAY

HERALD ---

JULY 23, 1882

EMERSON HONORED.

The School of Philosophy Magnifies Its Founder.

His Claims as Poet and Philosopher.

Essays, Speeches and Poems at Concord.

The central event around which the summer school of philosophy at Concord revolves this year has come and gone, and the "Emerson day," to which all interested eyes in and out of Concord have been turned, has proved all that could have been hoped for by the admirers of this great man. The morning

dawned a little cloudy, but the sun could not refuse to glorify this day of days, and soon the lovely village of Concord was seen at its best, bathed in radiant sunshine. There is a charm about the village that can be only felt, not analyzed, and never did it appeal to the imagination more vividly than today. Those who saw its summer promise in early spring, when Mr. Emerson was laid in Sleepy Hollow, can imagine the perfection of the midsummer days when the streets, lined with artistic homes, become shade-embowered, and the buds, seen everywhere on that mournful day, have sprung into rich blossom, loading the air with fragrance, and seeming to carry to the hearts that sorrowed then the fulfilled promise that just so should the budding appreciation of the Great Teacher's words find a hereafter of perfect bloom and fruitage in the larger knowledge and fuller enjoyment of them. It has seemed most fitting for the school of philosophy in its first annual session, since its teacher's death, to pause on the threshold of new investigations, and set apart one day in glad tribute to his memory. The meeting place for daily sessions was exchanged for the town hall, and the public gathering was in the heart of the village, where friends and neighbors could feel it was their privilege to join in the general tribute. At 9 o'clock an assembly was gathered together, in many respects unusual. No idle curiosity was apparent, and every face

TOLD ITS OWN STORY

of personal interest and heart sympathy. Among them were noticed President McCosh of Princeton, Robert S. Rantoul of Salem, Miss Harriet B. Rogers of Northampton, Prof. Channing Whitaker, T. W. Bicknell of Boston, Mrs. Harriet Robinson, Mrs. Elizabeth P. Peabody, Mrs. Minott Pratt of "Little Women" memory, Mrs. M. P. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Lathrop, Rev. W. J. Potter, Miss Louise Alcott, Prof. G. H. Howison, Mr. Parker Pillsbury, Dr. E. W. Emerson and many others equally well known. The decorations upon the platform and walls had been beautifully arranged by the Concord young people, the stars and stripes, the spruce branches and ferns, with the unique disposal of garden flowers, contrasting with the conventional hot house creations. All of nature that could be brought about Mr. Emerson's memory assisted just so much in deepening the recollections of him who loved and talked with the woods as boon companions. On one corner edge was a pyramid of sweet pea blossoms, set in drooping ferns, and in the background old-fashioned country honeysuckles loaded the air with a fragrance that chemists can never attain. Bouquets of other horrie flowers were placed here and there on the platform bordered with aromatic spruce, and holding the bust of Mr. Emerson. Two full-sized portraits of the Concord philosopher, the work of a young Concord artist, Mr. Stacey Talman, and of Mr. Ives of Troy, represented him at different ages in life, and made a common centre for the eyes of the audience that sought it with every fresh incident of memory. The belief that the spirits of the departed revisit the earth stole over one like a necessity, when one could almost hear the spirit rustle of the absent friend, who has already found more revelations in the hereafter than were ever dreamed of in the philosophy of this world. The following is very nearly a complete report of what was said and done. The exercises were of varied interest, and thoroughly interested the large company in attendance during both the morning and the afternoon.

The opening exercises of the day began with a prayer by Rev. Dr. R. A. Holland of Chicago, after which Mr. F. B. Sanborn, who presided, gave the following address:

MR. SANBORN'S ADDRESS.

Friends and neighbors, it is three months today since we began to dwell with earnest fear on the thoughts that our Concord poet and philosopher, whose name and fame had become, as it were, a part of our own, and for the greater part was passing from this haunt of life to another. Even then we imagined, contrary to

what we had known of the high singularity of his career among us, that his departure would be like that of other men, a period of illness more or less extended, in which we might become familiar with the thought of death, and habituate ourselves to what the town and the nation must be without his gracious presence. But he, with the speed of genius, made haste to be gone, and, when the moment came, we felt in his death that surprise which the achievements of his life had so often given us. Emerson existed, indeed, to surprise, as the poet does, and to console and strengthen, as does the philosopher. He was the poet and philosopher in one, and as such we wish to celebrate his memory today. It is peculiarly fitting that the school of philosophy should thus commemorate him who was and must always remain its most illustrious teacher. He did not hold, or else, holding, he did not value greatly some of the opinions announced in our yearly conferences; his method was his own, and we shall hear it so well described this morning by Dr. Bartol and this afternoon by Dr. Harris that I need not delay you even to hint what that method was. But, in the chief purpose of our schools to cultivate in the men and women of our time a serious contemplation of the most serious and lofty questions which confront us in the morning or the evening of our day—and to approach these problems, not doubtfully and with timid or malevolent apprehensions, but with a loving and brave confidence—in this purpose he was not only united with us, but he had been for half a century our leader.

In vain for us to say what thou hast been

To our occasion—
This flocking nation,
This stock of people from an English kin,
And he who led the van,
The frozen Puritan,
We thank thee for thy patience with his faith,
When thou must teach him what God's spirit saith.

So moderate in thy lessons, and so wise,
To foes so courteous,
To friends so dutious,

And hospitable to the neighbor's eyes;
Thy course was better kept,
From where the enemies slept.

Thy sure meridian taken by the sun,
Thy compass pointing true as waters run.

The smart and pithos of our suffering race,
Dore thee no harm;
Thy muscular arm

The daily ills of living did efface;
The source of thy spring,
From whence thy thought took wing,

Unsounded were by lines of sordid day,
Enclosed with inland wall thy virtue's way;
The circles of thy thought shone vast as stars;

No glass shall round them,
No plummet sound them,
They hem the observer like bright steel wrought bars;

Yet—limpid as the sun,
Or as bright waters run
From the cold fountain of an Alpine spring,
Or diamonds richly set in the King's ring.

Out of deep mysteries thy goblet till,
The wines do murmur
That nature warned her

When she was pressing out from must the hills,
The pans that near us lie,
The fellows of the sky.

Whate'er within the horizon's bound their is—
From Hades' caldron to the blue God's bliss.

It is not given to us, and to few men can it be given to measure the height and depth of Emerson's genius, either as poet or as philosopher. But there is an aspect of his philosophical character which we cannot too often dwell upon—his flowing, unfeeling courtesy to all men, his hospitality to everything that bore the upright face of thought, his deep sympathy and fellowship, beneath an exterior sometimes cold, with all that is human and aspiring. His friend Jones Very once said, in an essay on poetry too early forgotten: "The fact is, our manner, or the manners and actions of any intellectual nation, can never become the representatives of greatness. They have fallen from the high sphere which they occupied in a less advanced stage of the human mind, never to regain it." But this remark, like almost everything in daily American experience, found its constant contradiction in Emerson, whose manners represented nothing else than greatness, and that not in a dazzling, overpowering way, but with the sweetness of sunlight. Let me not detain you longer with these words of mine, but present to you those who will carry forward your thoughts toward the poetry and the philosophy of our townsmen.

Mr. Sanborn then introduced Rev. C. A. Bartol, D. D., of this city.

DR. BARTOL'S ADDRESS.

Dr. Bartol's paper was on "The Nature of Knowledge, Emerson's Way." In it he said: An old apology makes a bishop say to a sceptic, "How can we guard our unbelief?" I had thought to speak of the nature of knowledge, but Emerson's death and your appointment of this memorial day make impossible any theme that his spirit does not postpone into an illustration. I feel the magnetism from the name of one never accounted unbelieving, save by such as he had soared out of sight of into the heaven of faith. If I can brace back for a moment that light of our day which Emerson was, it will be a sober joy; for, to have lived in the same time with him, to have been his friend and shared his love, not demonstrative because loth to ask any return, is a memorable privilege. He is not dead nor in the past tense. Is it for being old and forgetful that we sometimes ask after the health of those we

know are gone? No particular favor from an acquaintance with Emerson would it become any of us to dwell on. The fire of Emerson's genius was love for all. But we are not over his coffin. I think the genius of Emerson, the fresh mint of his imagery as of gold, the power that made his words like coins used for the first time, every syllable of light bright and unworn, was an offspring of the wedding of matter and mind. He had a foregleam of the unity of these two in all organized things. But we did not find the secret in the shape, nor were the outward and inward to him of equal worth; the unapparent, invisible, eternal power and godhead were prior in his view as much as in the Apostle Paul's, and as though he were writing the Epistle to the Romans. He was inspired, influenced, sent. In the execution of his orders he was not an artisan, but an artist, always seeing the One which makes the unity and the universe.

He was offended at the hint that spirit might be the result of matter made very "thin." He gazed at or after the unapparent as a sailor or fugitive slave for the north star. He liked Bonaparte's word, "History is a table agreeal upon," and wrote, "Time distributes into shining ether the solid angularity of facts." He saw, like a spiritual homeopath, the highest potency in the largest dilution and tremendous forces in the least space. This is nature's law; the large is made of the little. It is not the quantity, but

AN ACTION UNDER THE SKIN

that affects us. The agnostic, that most refined specimen of materialism, gives birth to the "know nothing" in the intellectual world, considers impertinent all curiosity beyond phenomena and their laws. But suppose the circle of appearances and reconciliation complete, yet every question important still remains. Whence, how, what, wherefore, whether? Is igneous vapor the source? Tell me the source of that. Are we blown from the nebula? Who blew that huge bubble, and how did you step from or to it? It is wicked to brand as useless a curiosity of which nature in and out of us is the promoter. On this everlasting ground rest philosophy and religion, which are more than science. This supersensible, supersolar, supernatural, not in the sense of miracle or violated laws, how steadily Emerson taught: "Let who will wrangle, I will wonder." If this is to be an idealist and not a materialist, such he was. He may have made strong statements which, unqualified, look the other way, as when he says: "A man is part of the landscape." But he modifies his own extravagance. Our objections to him are mostly scored on his own pages; his critics are like dogs that bark at a man on his own premises. Formed for the admiring of beauty in nature, he yet perceived the peril that nature herself with her ideas and forms may seduce; she is a sorceress with which the soul commits adultery in withdrawing its worship from God. Emerson beheld both sides, and from the heart of God he derived the sacred drops of life.

Emerson had no code or system of creed; no comprehensive, practical view of principles, but only keen, single perceptions, fatally certain within whatever field he surveyed and brought his perfect instrument or brain theodolite to bear. He was an insulated sun as was Milton, Dante, Wordsworth—an island rather than a star; and as Homer, Shakespeare and Goethe were not, and the mighty Browning is not. His style is crisp and insular; he himself is a robe without



-III-

Now echo answers lone from cliff and brake,
Where we, in springtime, sauntered; loved to go,
Or to the mossy bank beyond the lake
On its green bluffs o'er ourselves did throw;
There, from the sparkling waves, our tides to elake,
Dipped in the spring that cut bed up below
Our hands for cups, and did with glee partake.
Next, to the hermit's cell our way we make,
Where spightly talk doth hold 'till morning late.
Departed now; ah, Hyias, too, is gone!
Hyias, dear Ion's friend and mine—I all alone,
Alone am left by unrelenting fate to die,
Vanished my loved ones all, the good, the great.
Why am I spared, why left disconsolate?

IV.

Now winds our Indian stream through meadows
By bending willows, tangled fen and brake,
Smooth field and farmstead doth its flow forsake.
'Twas in far woodpaths Ion, too, was seen,
But oftener found at Walden's emerald lake,
The murmuring places loved in his sheen.
Thence in his staff the rippling rhyme did make,
Its answering shores echoing the verse between,
Full-voiced, the meaning of the wizard song.
For wood and wave and shore, with kindred will,
Strophe, anti-strophe, in turn prolong.
Now wave and shore and wood are mute and still,
Ion, melodious bard, hath dropt his quill,
His harp is silent and his voice is still.

V.

Blameless was Ion, beautiful to see,
With a native gentleness, with traits gifts endowed,
He might of his descent the nobly proud;
Yet meekly temper'd was, spake modestly,
Nor sought the plaudits of the noisy crowd.
When duty called him in the thick to be,
It life flowed calmly, clear, not hoarse nor loud.
He wearied not of immortality,
Nor like Hibouba, drank a life-span shroud;
But life-long drank at fountains of pure truth,
The seer, unsated of eternal youth.
'Tis not for Ion's sake these tears I shed,
'Tis for the age he nursed, his genius led;
Ion immortal is, he is not dead.

VI.

Did e'en the Ionian bard Menekles,
Blind minstrel wandering out of Asia's night,
The filial of Troy's loves and rivalries
In strains forever true to rectitude,
His raptur'd listeners the more delight?
Or dropt Ionian Pinto, beneath his olive trees
More star-bright wisdom, in the world's full sight,
Well garnered in familiar colloquies,
Than did our harvesters in fields of light?
Nor spoke more charmingly young Charmides
Than our glad rhapsodist in his far flight
Across the continents, he and his old;
His tale to studious thousands thus he told
In summer's solstice, and midwinter's cold.

VII.

Shall from the shades another Orpheus rise?
Sweeping with venturous hand the vocal string?
Kindle glad raptures, visions of surprise,
And wake to ecstasy each slumberous thing?
Flash life and thought anew in wondering eyes,
As when our seer, transcendent sweet and wise,
World-wide his native melodies did sing.
Flushed with fair hopes and ancient memories?
Ah, not his matchless lyre must silent lie,
None hath the vanished minstrel's wondrous skill
To touch that instrument with art and will.
With him winged Poesy doth droop and die,
While our dull age left voiceless, with sad eye
Follows his flight to groves of song on high.

VIII.

Come then, Mnemosyne, and on me wait,
As if for Ion's harp thou gav'st thine own.
Revive the memories of man's ancient state
Ere to this low orb he fell and dropt down;
Clothed in the ceremonies of his chosen fate,
Oblivious here of heavenly glories flown;
Lapsed from the high, the fair, the blest estate,
Unknowing these, and by himself unknown,
Lo! Ion, unfallen from his lordly prime,
Paused in his passing flight, and giving ear
To heedless sojourners in weary time,
Sang his full song of hope and lofty cheer,
Aroused them from dull sleep, from grizzly,
And toward the stars their faces did appear.

IX.

Why didst thou haste away ere yet the green
Emmalied meadow, the sequestered dell,
The blossoming orchard, leafy grove, were seen
In the sweet season thou hadst'st sung so well?
Why cast this shadow o'er the vernal scene?
No more its rustic charms of thee may tell,
And so content us with their simple mien.
Was it that memory's unrelinquish'd spell
(Ere man had stumbled here amid the tombs)
Reviv'd for thee that spring's perennial bloom—
Those cloud-capp'd alcoves where we once did dwell?
Translated was't thou in some rapturous dream?
Our once familiar faces strange must seem
Whilst from thine own celestial smiles did stream?

X.

I tread the marble, leading to his door,
(Allowed the freedom of a chosen friend)
He greets me not, as was his wont before,
The Fates within frown on me as of yore.
Could ye not once our offices suspend?
Had Atropos her severing shears forbore,
Or Clotho scoop'd the destined thread to mend?
Yet why dear Ion's destiny deploie?

What more had envious Time himself to give?
His fame had reached the ocean's farthest shore,
Why prisoned here should Ion longer live?
The questioning sphinx, declared him void of flame,
For wiser answer none could ever frame;
Beyond all time survives his mighty name.

XI.

Now pillowed near loved Hyias' lowly bed,
Beneath our aged oaks and sighing vines
Pale Ion rests awhile his laurelled head
(How sweet his slumber as he there reclines!)
Why weep for Ion, then, he is not dead;
Nought of him personal that mound confines.
The hues ethereal of the morning red,
This clod embraces never, nor cushions,
Away the mourning multitude hath sped,
And round us closer falls the gathering night,
As from the drowsy dell the sun declines,
Ion hath vanished from our clouded sight;
But, on the morrow, with the building May,
Afield goes Ion, at first flush of day,
Across the pastures on his dewy way.

EMERSON AS A POET.

Rev. George W. Cooke then read a short essay on "Emerson as a Poet," by Mr. Joel Benton of Amenia, N. Y. He said in substance: Our delight in Emerson springs from his altitude of vision. No writer I know of is so high. Proverb-like fullness, magnetic force, perpetual surprise, characterize his writing. The Æolian harp and the pine tree fitly express his genius. Emerson's poetry is alive with moral purport and motive. He never revels in art for art's sake. His poetry is the masterpiece of the moral sentiment, the breath of the "oversoul." Prof. Reed said: "It is the office of the great poet to enlarge the moral sensibility." Again he says: "Each original poet dwells in an atmosphere of his own." Emerson reports the correspondence between the soul and material things. He reminds one of Swedenborg, or, again, of Wordsworth. The sea and the mountains spoke to him. He constantly surprises us by crowding unexpected meaning into his words.

The full text of Mr. Benton's excellent paper was reserved for publication apart from the day's exercises.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE

Was then introduced. She began by expressing her sense of gratitude to Emerson's memory. "I first remember him," she said, "as the author of 'Nature.' When I first saw the little book, which had no external attractions, I thought nothing of it; I said to myself, here is some American publication. Have we not great thinkers in England and do we need them in America? I next heard of Emerson apart from his book. I heard him spoken of as a heretic, a man nobody could understand. I thought him to be a bad man. Later I was introduced to him by a Boston friend, but shrank from the acquaintance. The charm of his voice and of countenance struck me as not the best. Next I saw him in a waiting-place where all of us were shivering with the cold. In the company was a child two years old, whom he put on his shoulders and presented to me, saying in his original way, 'This is a young traveller.' The steamer we were to take was belated and we had our ride by day. Mr. Emerson sought me out. I was charmed by his manner, but still I thought that he was only a more charming personification of what I had known than I had before seen. He asked me if I knew Margaret Fuller. I told him I thought her an ugly person. He then dwelt upon her mind and conversation. I was still more charmed by what he said and the sweetness of his manner of saying it. When I next heard him he was delivering a lecture, and the voice and words brought their own explanation. I then understood how a man's previous reputation may fail to explain him to the public. He was universally laughed at then in high society, and it is not pleasant to remember that ridicule now. I was pleased to hear him called Christ-like by Dr. Bartol. He had a look of power that did not show itself in the garb of power. Who can give us that look of inward meaning again? Even in his serenity, what a charm! He had genuine honesty of speech. He told me once I was dull. I liked his honesty and frankness. Had he been St. Peter, so just was he that he would have administered exact justice at the gate of heaven, and if he had not liked the company he had admitted there, he would have escaped to a heaven of his own. Mr. Emerson has

seam, all of one piece; his leaf is a carcanet. His thoughts are a selection of beads to be strung, all belonging together, by their perfect shape and hue. But the best lines are like a succession of rockets, with their fierce salient shining trains and handsome curves opening wide-glances of the sky. His poems and essays are songs, not symphonies, odes and not dramas. But there was a tune in his mind so constant and sweet that he cared not for chords and pipes. Emerson delighted in a good voice, and no man had a better: this sage was a bard, too, supreme on this side the sea, and destined to survive all the rest. His strains are gifts, chimings of nature, sounds of the mind "blowing where'th' listeth," tidings from some far-off celestial shore.

ARTICULATED, BUT NOT CREATED

with any cunning ventriloquism. He rides and converses with the Lord; he pitches his key as he listens to repeat some seraphic strain; and so to receive and communicate is the highest reach of the human soul. It is possible that the scientific statements of our time will pass away before new lights or be made trivial by a deeper discernment; but so long as our language lasts those real entrances of God which we call poetic will display that "house of many mansions," into which they are practised and to whose spacious felicities they lead.

There is but one edge of battle in modern thought; all other controversies are trifles to this—whether we come of the uncertain, unalive and unaware, as a Living One. Is self-made substance and essence all? Is what we call soul an expression, accident, incident only of that? I resent, repudiate the quacks. But if it be so let me go accidentally as I came, I care not how soon. I am not grateful that I exist, and there is no blasphemy in so saying, as, by supposition, there is none for me to blaspheme. Nobody's feelings are hurt; nobody is there. But we are not at the end. In a score of years the whole new popular form of knowledge may change. God may show his face again, but he will not do it through a development theory. My friends, he has not withdrawn from us the light of his countenance. But that religion may be a power there must be some common confession, church. Emerson feared the excesses of radicalism and went to meeting regularly in his last days. I count it a spiritual assent in him, not an intellectual assent in him. To Emerson's school of character who would not belong? Did any one know him, and not take a lesson in nobility? What rebuke did envy need but from his look? No courtesy to others but he owed to himself! Could manners finer than his bloom on the genealogical tree of earls and kings. His tongue turned every other; his presence ranked all comers, "Where mankind sits is the head of the table." It was not to boast, but to bow. Emerson was one of those who drew power of drawing from the upper atmosphere, occupied by the unseen, from whom such as he are but by flesh detached. Only this fellowship, surmised, hoped for and enjoyed, make it worth while to live at all. "If there be gods it is good to live; if there be none it is pleasant to die."

A. BRONSON ALCOTT

Was then introduced, and read a monody on Emerson, entitled "Ion":

I.

Why, O ye willows, and ye pastures bare,
Why will ye thus your blooms so late delay?
Wrap in chill weeds the sere and sullen day,
And cheerless greet me wandering in despair?
Tell me, ah, tell me, ye of old could tell,
Whither my vanished Ion now doth fare.
Say, have ye seen him lately pass this way,
Ye, who his wonted haunts did know full well,
Heard ye his voice forth from the thicket swell
Where midst the drooping ferns he loved to stray?
Caught ye no glimpses of my trunk there?
Tell me, ah, tell me, whither he hath flown.
Beloved Ion, down and left ye, sad and lone,
Whilst I, through woods and fields, his loss bemoan.

II.

Early, through field and wood, each spring we sped.
Young Ion, leading o'er the reedy pass
How fleet his footsteps, and how sure his tread,
His converse deep and weighty; where, alas!
Like force of thought, with subtle beauty wed
The bee and bird and flower, the pile of grass,
The lore of stars, the azure sky o'erhead,
The eyes' warm glance, the fates of love and dread,
All mirrored were in his prismatic glass.
For endless befits, myriad-minuted race
I laid in his thoughts their registry and place,
Bright with intelligence, or drenched with sleep,
Hill in dark cave, aloft on mountain steep,
In seas immersed, enfolded in starry keep.

given us sunshine. Once very weary, after a long western journey, and going to a cheerless hotel at an early morning hour, the only refuge from weariness I could find was a stray volume of his that happened to be at hand, and then I was truly warmed and fed by him. He had power to take people into realms of thought and life. It is a pleasant thing that most of us have seen and known him, but to others the legacy of his thought will be permanent. The lessons he taught will be kept and understood and appreciated more and more.

The guests of the day and the Concord people again assembled at 3 o'clock yesterday, in even larger numbers than in the morning, to renew the commemorative services. They were begun by Prof. W. T. Harris, who read a valuable paper on "The Unity in Emerson's Prose Writings," of which the following abstract is very nearly a complete copy:

PROF. W. T. HARRIS ADDRESS.

It has often been stated that there is no unity in Emerson's prose essays, and that they consist of a vast number of brilliant statements loosely connected and bound into paragraphs, with only such unity as is given by the lids of the volume. We hear it said that the experiment has been tried of reading an entire essay, sentence by sentence, backward from the end, without injury to the sense. This lack of order and connection has even been praised as giving variety of form and freshness of style. While it is true that there is no parading of syllogistic reasoning in Emerson's essays and no ratiocination, there is quite sufficient unity of a higher kind if one will but once comprehend the thoughts with any degree of clearness. In a work of literary art, such as a drama or a novel, we expect organic unity as well as logical unity. There must be a beginning in which we form our acquaintances with the persons, their surroundings and the peculiarities of character and situation, then a middle in which character and situation develop into collisions as a natural result, then a solution of the collision by one mode or another, restoring the equilibrium in the social whole. In the prose essay we cannot expect organic unity, but we may expect rhetorical unity and logical unity. There need be no formal syllogisms; the closest unity of the logical kind is the dialectic unity that begins with the simplest and most obvious phase of the subject, and discovers by investigation the next phase that naturally follows. It is an unfolding of the subject according to its natural growth in experience. Starting with this view, we shall discover that and that defect, this end and that necessary correction, and in the end we shall reach a better insight, which, of course, will be the second step in our treatise, and must be followed out in the same way as before. Such development of a theme exhibits and expounds the

GENESIS OF CONVICTION,

and is the farthest removed from mere dogmatism. We pass through all shades of opinion, adopting and rejecting them in succession on our way to the rational conclusion. There is no logical method equal to this one that expounds the genesis of the subject. When we have reached the conclusion we have exhausted the subject, and seen the necessity of our result. Such is the method that Plato describes and indorses in the seventh book of his "Republic." To be sure, the untrained intellect will often get confused amid the labyrinth of conflicting opinions, just as the callow young men did when Socrates applied his method to their theories. The reader is apt to expect a consistency of opinion from the beginning to the end. Difference of views bewilders him. Emerson has furnished us many very wonderful examples of dialectic treatment of his subject. But he has been very careful to avoid the show of ratiocination and the parade of proof-making. The object of his writing was to present truth, and to produce insight, and not to make proselytes. The student of literature who wishes to learn the dialectic art, and, at the same time, to become acquainted with the genesis of Emerson's view of the world, should study the essay on "Experience" in the second series of essays. In this wonderful piece of writing we have a compend of his insights into life and nature arranged in dialectic order. Master his treatment of the topics and you will discover what constitute real steps

of progress in experience, and at the same time you will learn how the first grows into the second and that into the next, and so on to the highest view of the world that he has attained or to the final view reached by men of deepest insight, called seers. He names these steps or stadia in experience, illusion, temperament, succession, surface, surprise, reality and subjectiveness. The first phase of experience, according to him, brings us to the consciousness of illusion. This is a great step. The naive man without culture of any sort has not reflected enough to reach this point. He rests in the conviction that all about him is really

JUST WHAT HE SEES IT.

He does not perceive the relativity of things. But at the first start in culture, long since begun even among the lowest savages, there appears the conviction that there is more in things than appears at first sight. Things are fragments of larger things; facts are fragments of larger facts. Change of the totality of conditions changes the thing or fact that is before us. Things escape us, and thus "dream" delivers us to dream, and there is no end to illusion. Life is a train of moods like a string of beads, and, as we pass through them, they prove to be many-colored lenses which paint the world their own hue, and each shows only what lies in its focus." What experience comes next after this one of illusion? Evidently the perception of conditioning circumstance, the perception of fate or external influence, which may be called temperament.

Structure or temperament "prevails over everything of time, place and condition, and is inconsumable in the flames of religion." When experience has exhausted the view of temperament it finds that it has learned the necessity of succession in objects. For there is a process underlying things, and we see that what made us explain illusion by temperament was the discovery that things changed through external influences. Now we see a little better, and understand that there is succession—one phase giving way to another, and thus exhibiting a series of influences instead of one final result. Temperament, therefore, is no finality, for it produces no ultimate state or condition, but succeeds only in making a transitory impression. We pass out of this stadium of experience and enter on the theory of the world that sees change and succession according to some law or other. We look now for that law. When we see the law we shall understand the order of sequence, and can map out the orbit of life and of things. We shall see the

TRUE ORDER OF GENESIS.

This view of the necessary order of sequence is no longer a view of mere change, but a view of the whole, and hence a view of the fixed and stable. The orbit remains though the planet wanders perpetually. Emerson calls the view of the law of change "surface," as if the seeing of a line as a whole were the seeing of a surface. Various stadia of opinion there might be on this plane of experience. A very narrow orbit or a very wide one might be computed for the cycle of succession. The progress of experience will correct the narrow view. We think today that we have taken in all the metamorphoses of the object of investigation, but tomorrow we discover new ones and have to enlarge our description. "Surface" expands and we make new theories of the law. We are, however, dealing with the law of cause and effect, and cannot formulate the whole under any such law, for the whole cannot be cause of something else or the effect of some other being. Emerson calls the next form of experience "surprise," because it begins with the insight made in some high moment of life, when for the first time one gets a glimpse of the form of the whole. What must be the form of the whole, you ask? The whole does not admit of such predicates as we apply to the part or fragment. The dependent has one law, and the independent has another. The dependent presupposes something, it is a relative existence and its being is in another. The independent is self-contained, self-active, self-determined, *causa sui*. The first insight is a "surprise," and so is the second insight; all of the high moments of experience admit us to "surprises," for we see the fountain of pure energy and self-determination, in place of the limitations of things, and the derivative quality of objects which receive only their allotted measures of being. The soul opens into the sea of creative energy,

INEXHAUSTIBLE AND EVER IMPARTING.

By these moments of "surprise," therefore, we ascend to a new place of experience, no longer haunted by those dismal spectres of illusion, temperament, change, and surface or mechanic, fixed laws. Things are not fragments of a vast machine, nor are men links in a cosmic process that first develops and then crushes them. Things do not exist in succession, as it before seemed to us, but the true, real existence that we have found is always the same. We enter through the moments of "surprise" into the realm of insight, into reality, hence reality is Emerson's sixth category of experience. "By persisting to read or to think, this region gives further sign of itself, as it were, in flashes of light, in sudden discoveries of its profound beauty and repose, as if the clouds that covered it parted at intervals and showed the approaching traveller the inland mountains, with the tranquil eternal meadows spread at their base, whereon flocks graze and shepherds pipe and dance." One more step experience takes—it identifies the deep-seated reality as of one nature with itself. The absolute is mind. Emerson names this step of insight subjectiveness, because in it we arrive at the conviction that the absolute is subject and not merely unconscious law or power. At this highest point of experience we reach the station of the seer, the culmination of human experience. The seer as philosopher sees the highest principle to be reason; the poet sees the world to be the expression of reason; the prophet and law-giver sees reason as the authoritative, regulative principle of life; the hero sees reason as a

CONCRETE GUIDING FORCE

in society. In a certain sense all of Emerson's writings are expansions and confirmations of some one of these phases of experience. The essay on the "Over-Soul" treats of succession, surface, and reality, under other names; that on spiritual laws on reality and subjectiveness; that on fate treats of temperament and succession; those on worship, history, gifts, heroism, love and such titles, treat of subjectiveness. His treatises on concrete themes use these insights perpetually as solvent principles—but always with fresh statement and new resources of poetic expression. There is nowhere in all literature such sustained flight toward the sun—"a flight," as Plotinus calls it, "of the alone to the alone"—as that in the over-soul wherein Emerson, throughout a long essay, unfolds the insights, briefly and adequately explained under the topic of "surprise" in the essay on experience. It would seem as if each paragraph stated the ideas of the whole and then again that each sentence in each paragraph reflected entire the same idea. Where there is no genesis there can be no dialectic unity. The absolute is not a becoming but a self-identical activity. In those essays in which Emerson has celebrated this doctrine of the highest reality and its subjectivity or rational nature, its revelation to us, he writes in a style elevated above dialectic unity and uses a higher form of unity—that of absolute identity. Each is in all and all is in each. To give one specimen of this I offer a very short analysis of the contents of the essay on "The Over-Soul." He says in substance that man has some moments in his life when he

SEES DEEPLY INTO REALITY:

what he sees then has authority over the other parts of his life. He sees principles of justice, love, freedom and power—attributes of God. This seeing is the common element in all minds, and transcendent of the limitations of particular individuals. Just as events flow down from a hidden source, so these ideas and insights descend into the mind. He calls this the "over-soul," "a unity within which every man's being is contained and made one with every other. Although we live in division and succession, and see the world pieced by piece, yet the soul is the whole, and this is the highest law." These glimpses of the eternal verity come on occasions of conversation, reverie, remorse, dreams and times of passion. We learn that the soul is not an organ, but that which animates all organs, not a faculty, but a light, and the master of the intellect and will. Individual man is only the organ of the soul. These depths of the spiritual nature are accessible to all men at some time. The sovereignty of the over-soul is shown by its independence of all limitation. Time, space and circumstance do not change its attributes. Its pres-

once does not make a progress measurable by time, but it produces metamorphoses causing us to ascend from one plane of experience to the next—a great a change as from egg to worm, or from worm to fly. Society and institutions reveal this common nature or the higher person or impersonal one—for, in order to prevent the confusion of attributing to the over-soul the passions and imperfections of human personality, Emerson sometimes speaks of him as impersonal (using Cousin's expression). This revelation of the divine is a disclosure of what is universal, and

NOT THE TELLING OF FORTUNES.

There is no concealment when in the presence of its light; the reality appears through all its disguises. The growth of the intellect as well as of the character obeys the same law. The emotion of the sublime accompanies the influx of its light. Its presence distinguishes genius from talent. Faith worthy of the name is faith in these transcendent affirmations of the soul. Thus revering the soul, man "will calmly front the morrow in the negligency of that truth which carries God with it, and so hath already the whole future in the bottom of the heart." In his book on "Nature," his first published work, Emerson developed substantially the same views, with a system of classification much like that in the essay on experience, and showing a genesis in the same dialectic form. Nature for use or "commodity," as he calls it, is the first aspect recognized. After food, clothing and shelter comes next nature's service to man in satisfying the spiritual want of the beautiful. Then through this comes the symbolic expression of human nature through its correspondence with material nature, and thus arises language. For rightly nature is a discipline, educating understanding and the reason, and also the will and conscience. Then the transition to idealism is easy. Nature is for the education of man, and this lesson is taught us in five distinct ways. Sixthly, we arrive at the knowledge of the one spirit that originates both nature and man, and reveals its nature in the ethical and intellectual constitution of the mind and its correspondences in nature. Thus from nature we come to the over-soul, or what was called

REALITY AND SUBJECTIVITY

in the essay on experience. The eighth and final chapter of nature draws practical conclusions, making application of the doctrine to life: "The problem of restoring to the world original and eternal beauty is solved by the redemption of the soul. The ruin or blank that we see when we look at nature is in our own eye. The axis of vision is not coincident with the axis of things, and so they appear not transparent but opaque. Build then your own world. As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind; the world will unfold its great proportions." Emerson looks on the world of nature and man as the revelation that the over-soul makes to him and accordingly looks reverently toward it and through it to the great soul of souls, and always sees, under whatever guise, some good. He finds help in everything. He helps every one, too, most by teaching the significance of the world as he has found it. This thought of the revelation of the soul in man and nature is the idea that forms the unity of all that he has written, whether it be in essays like the "Over-Soul," or in historical and critical studies like "English Traits and Representative Men," or in poems of nature like "Monadnock." One will find everywhere, though under slightly differing names, the elements of experience in this sublime poem prefixed to the essay on experience:

"The lords of life, the lords of life,
I saw them pass
In their own guise,
Like and unlike,
Portly and grim,
Use and surprise,
Surface and dream,
Succession swift and spectral wrong,
Temperament without a tongue,
And the inventor of the game,
Omnipresent without name;
Some to see, some to be guessed,
They marched from east to west

Little man, least of all,
Among the legs of his guardians tall.
Walked about with puzzled look.
Him by the hand dear nature took,
Dearest nature, strong and kind.
Whispered: "Daring, never afraid!
Tomorrow they will wear another face,
The founder thou; these are thy race!"

At the conclusion of Prof. Harris' paper, which received the careful attention of the large audience, Mr. Sanborn introduced Mr. John Albee of Newcastle, N. H., who read a sketch of an interesting interview with "Emerson and Thoreau" in 1852.

EMERSON AND THOREAU.

Mr. John Albee of Newcastle, N. H., then read a paper, held back from the press for special publication, in which he gave an extended account of an interview with Emerson in 1852, which was arranged in response to a letter from Mr. Albee, then a student at Phillips Academy, Andover, who had read the "Representative Men," and had been set to thinking by it. It was to him a rare occasion. He found Thoreau already Emerson's guest, and had the two men all to himself for an afternoon and evening. The conversation was both fresh and lively. His note book was put to use when he reached his house, and had been laid away till Emerson's death. It contained almost a complete account of Emerson's sayings on education, books, the things worth doing in life, his hopes of the rising generation of young men and the open talk of an intellectual leader with a student who had begun to understand his thought. Thoreau's opinions were blended with Emerson's in the note book, and the contrast gave spice and force to the sayings of the two. Mr. Albee closed his paper with an analysis of Emerson's social and intellectual traits, and with a statement of the influence he had upon bright young men who read his books 50 years ago and were set to thinking by him in new directions. He was followed by Mrs. Martha P. Lowe of Somerville, who read the following original poem with fine effect:

THE CONSOLATION.

R. W. E.

The world is very lonely now,
That our dear sage is gone away,
We cannot in our grief see how
It is worth while for us to stay;
Yet this, our poet-preacher would not say.

But every true and loyal soul,
Is sitting still for happier zone,
And we have left us here the whole
Wide empty earth, to call our own;
With God, he says, we cannot be alone.

His spirit, delicate and fine,
Was blended with the heart of things
In rhythmic harmony divine,
Which from the fount of nature springs,
And so again to those who hear he sings.

For he was with the heavenly powers,
While he abode with us below,
And, though we fondly called him ours,
We knew not whether he would go,
Or half the mysteries he learned to know.

He seemed a shining part of all,
The starry realms of space above,
And yet in homage he did fall
Before this lower sphere of love;
He soared afar, but came back like the dove.

So he will find this dwelling place,
Even now that they have claimed him there,
And wear the morning on his face,
A presence from the upper air,
As soft as sunbeams and as light as prayer.

MRS. EDNA D. CHENEY

was then introduced, and spoke as follows: It seems to me that those of us who heard what Mrs. Howe said must agree that the age owes a sacred debt to the coming generation to preserve for it, as far as possible, the influence and the memory of the wonderful life that has been lived among us. As we look back over the 40 years to the time when I can remember Mr. Emerson as the strongest, most spiritual, and most intellectual influence of my life, and know what he was to me, and that he was near to every hungry, earnest and true heart which came near him, I feel a sense of pity and responsibility to all young people who are growing up, who cannot know him as he was, who cannot hear that voice which penetrated so to the very portals of the soul, who cannot look

into those eyes, which always seemed to look into infinity and eternity. Though that life has been lived here among us, in the midst of us all, yet there has never been breathed upon it a spot of blame. There is no tarnish on it. I regret so much that you cannot have heard today the eloquent words of Mr. James, who used to come here while Mr. Emerson was living. I wish you could have heard what he would have spoken, for, although he did not agree with Mr. Emerson in many points of doctrine, yet he recognized him as a representative New England man. He let him know that he recognized him as such a man inspired with earnestness and purity tempered with wisdom, sanity, strength and manhood. One of his most remarkable qualities, that quality of temperance, of moderation combined with such enthusiasm and such power, was

ONE SECRET OF HIS POWER

which he seems to me to have preserved always—the same. He was always the same to us. Those who sat at his feet really sat there all their lives. As the prophet when he came down from the mountains, having been fed by the birds of God, lived in the strength of that meat 40 days, so could those who have really eaten of that feast which he furnished us live in its strength for all their lives. That temperance, that common sense which never allowed him to be extravagant, never allowed him to pass beyond the bounds of moderation, reason and sanity, was one cause why one can never fail to find wisdom in his words and health and strength from his acts. It was here, it was in this life that, like Michael Angelo, he found immortality. So with our acquaintance with his religious thought and life, if we could cherish those words and read them in their depth, we should find that we could not be beyond the faith and trust which his life so richly presents to us all. It is astonishing, in all these many years, to see how Emerson always had the same audience around him. The last time I heard him speak in public was in the Old South Church in Boston, when entertainments were given there for the sake of increasing the fund for its preservation. Old, gray-headed men and women were there who used to listen to him in middle age, whom I had not seen in public for years. But they must come out to hear Emerson. Some of them felt that they must hear him every time they had an opportunity. When we were young girls, nothing in our list of entertainments was to be compared with Emerson, no poetry, no singing, no theatre. To hear him was

PURE AND PERFECT DELIGHT.

His pleasure in young men has been spoken of. His delight in persons was one of his great joys. He noticed young men and women who listened to his lectures, and came to know them before he ever spoke to them. After Mr. Alcott started the town and country club, I remember the eagerness with which he would turn and look at each speaker. Nothing was found uninteresting by him. He found something good in every one who spoke. It was that which made him so near to all and to each one. And so to every one who has lived with him, and to those who have known him so intimately, it is that which made him so infinitely dear and so infinitely precious. When Mr. Alcott's poem was read I thought of Goethe's tribute to Schiller. But of Emerson we say "is," not "was," as Goethe does. It seems as if he were always in the present and future. He is with us now, and it is for us who had the blessing of his presence and influence to preserve them for those who come after us. His bearing in the anti-slavery cause has been spoken of here today. In that cause he published years ago a lecture on slavery in the darkest hours of the struggle. He spoke then from the highest point of view—that of the right of every man to freedom. Yet he said also: "I must not disdain to say to the slaveholder that his cotton and his sugar will be safe, even when the slave is free." It seems to me that truth has not been sufficiently recognized—that he did not despise the common things of life. He did not refrain from using all those arguments which would be worthy of his cause. He came down from his high plane of poetry and philosophy to use statistics, to use any lawful argument by which he might win in the great cause of anti-slavery. And, although many thought that his life was one of mere thought and mere poetry and philosophy, yet there never has been a single good cause or a single battle through which we have struggled in three years in

which his voice has not

SOUNDED LIKE A TRUMPET

and he has not been in the van, the bravest and purest of leaders, working in his own way, but working earnestly. One of his most remarkable addresses was at the time when Sumner was stricken down by the southern Brooks. At that time Mr. Emerson came to a meeting held in Boston, and he spoke of the outrage in such words as shamed the whole aspect of the case. The man who struck him down, he said, was only, as it were, an accident of mere brute force. The man Sumner, the patriot, will rise above it all, and he showed how even that brutal assault was an accident, and that nothing could touch the immense influence of Sumner's name or destroy his power. Mr. Emerson had even forgotten those brave words when Sumner came to die. But in South Carolina a colored man had remembered them as they were reported in the newspapers of the time, and he told how they had been an inspiration and a strength to him ever afterward.

One thing that has made him have such a constant and persistent influence is that he did not rest in dogmas. It has been questioned whether he believed in immortality. He did not talk about it. He lived in it. We do not talk about our homes, the shelter of the mother's arms and the father's love which has surrounded us all our lives. We live in them and grow strong in that love and protection. So he believed in immortality in his heart. Every line and every thought of his writings presuppose it, if they do not state it.

Mr. Sanborn has handed me a short letter he wishes me to read at this point, and it indorses what I have said. Miss Sarah E. Chase of Worcester writes:

The last time I saw Emerson was in Rome, and our last conversation was on immortality. And, though I have listened to the arguments of many eminent men in the old world and the new on this subject, be lieve reading all I could find in ancient and modern literature, I found him more convincing than all others. How his countenance glowed, as he triumphantly concluded: I am so sure that the hereafter will be so much better than the possibility of imagining that the manner

does not occupy my thought, so won't I feel as the good-byes and was torn at the ordering of the hour.

Mr. Sanborn then introduced

DR. ALEXANDER WILDER,

professor of psychological science in the United States Medical College in New York city, who said: I am introduced, as in contrast with the other speakers, that I did not know Emerson. I am not prepared to say much of him in elegy or in eulogy. I did not enjoy his personal acquaintance, never took him by the hand, never saw a word traced by his pen, never received any word of commendation, encouragement or benediction from him. When I knew him it was in the fore-world, where we alike participate in the knowledge (there common) of the infinite. Never wholly did he leave that region; but little of him was ever fixed to that body, even to that countenance so familiar to you, so beloved by all now present. The great transcendent spirit reached out, extended, was even back beyond Genesis among the fire-breathing, eternal stars—it had not lapsed or prolated away from its God. We dismiss him not thither; he merely ceases to tenant a house of earth; but, meanwhile, he is present and abiding—a spirit mingled and adjoined with us all, in each of our bodies. If he who invokes Brahma in sacred chant has the Brahma at that instant responding in him; thus those here who commemorate Emerson are speaking with Emerson's voice and inspiration. So we all are Emersons. In my boyhood I had learned to cherish a faith which no credo could utter—a faith in the unity beyond diversity, and in the divine sonship which overleaped the measures of religious bond service. So, in an eager moment, I was once listening to a conversation between two persons, older, who had read more and enjoyed the culture which New England affords opportunity. They spoke of Carlisle. I had read a little of his story of Robespierre and his part in the French Revolution. One of the speakers, a lady, suggested that Mr. Emerson was imitating him. I have read more since that. While heroes and hero worship seem somewhat imitated in the representative men, I am still at a loss how to track the rugged Norse utterances of the Scotlunan in the careful

Grecian sentences and

THEIR GLORIOUS CADENCES,

of the New England philosopher. I admire both, as we admire the rugged pioneer who hews down the forests and subdues the soil, and also the refined horticulturist who comes after and converts that soil into a garden abounding with every beauty; of fruit in its season and gorgeous flowers. If I am to praise Emerson, I can do it no better than by comparisons which he has princely supplied. In his inimitable description of Plato, he has represented the great philosopher as having collected, as having included in himself, all the old world's wisdom—the lore of Eleatic and Italian, the cunning knowledges of the priestly hierophants of Egypt, the Cyclopean Rephaïtes of Idumea and Palestine, the thaumaturgic skill of ancient Babel and Shebel Minor—aye, and the diviner inspirations of the farthest East. That Plato embodied all these and rendered them again in a language and form of speech, that all Europe could understand it and receive it as a wisdom and science of its own. All, since that day, who think, are more or less the followers of the great sage of the academy. This is a description that well fits Emerson himself. Of those who read Plato, few understand him. The diluted translation of Prof. Jarrett is well enough for the schoolist. The true Platonist reads between the lines. This did Emerson. Then, like the great master, he laid aside the rubbish which had been accumulated, and gave us our Platonic lessons in our own language and with our own surroundings of the 19th century. Thus he made it practicable to know the diviner wisdom; aye, and to establish here in Concord, where hearts are together, a school of philosophy as a reminder of

THE OLD CLOISTER,

where Socrates is represented as talking to the young men of Athens. I hope my comparison is not too obscure for easy comprehension, for I wish to extend it a little further. One of Plato's interlocutors compares his discussions to a diagraph—to one of the sacred chants employed by the worshippers at the Mysteries. Does not Emerson deserve like testimonial, in that he has embodied the old wisdom, or philosophy, if we must so call it, in a diction which will cause his works to be procured for private and public libraries, as belonging to the imperishable classics of the English tongue? We need not stumble over Thomas Taylor when we have the eloquent periods of Emerson, so easily procurable and so fascinating. This work has made his name immortal. I care not whether he was "original." I have noticed that the most original writers were the best reporters of other persons' inspired utterances—not imitations, but reincarnations. This Plato of America was the most original of our authors, and among the very wisest; and, because he uttered his lessons so well, aye, uttered them by living them, we are here today at Concord, with our hearts all merry together, to commemorate him, I trust to embody in ourselves what he so eloquently said, and to do honor to his name.

Special to the Transcript:

Concord, July 30—"Emerson and the Civil War" was the topic of this morning's very interesting and stirring paper before the Emerson Memorial School by Moorfield Storey. The lecturer declared that the Civil War was the culmination of a long struggle against a gigantic wrong—slavery. It was not a sudden explosion like the Spanish War. It was, therefore, impossible to present adequately Emerson's attitude toward that war without considering his attitude toward the anti-slavery agitation that preceded it. For many years now slavery had found no defender, but it was a very different world into which Mr. Emerson was born. Even then, however, there were men who looked beneath the surface and realized the true nature of slavery. Between the great mass of the people who, as Emerson had declared, "permitted themselves to be ranged with the enemies of the human race," and the militant agitators who devoted their lives to attacking slavery—Garrison, Phillips, Sumner and others—there was a middle ground. Mr. Emerson adopted this course, and in 1852 stated in his journal, as his reason, that he had "quite other slaves to free than these Negroes—to wit, imprisoned spirits, imprisoned thoughts, far back in the brain of man, far retired in the heaven of invention, and which, important to the republic of man, have no watchman or lover or defender but I." There were anti-slavery orators enough, but there was only one Emerson, and we know that he chose wisely. He was like Sumner, in that he did not take an early interest in the slavery question. His mind was occupied with questions of philosophy and religion, but he does not seem then to have been stirred deeply by anything in the condition of the Negro. He kept close to his own work, and used slavery and the struggle against it, as he used other evils, to illustrate and point his argument. The methods of the anti-slavery leaders seem at times to have irritated him, and his sense of humor was not blind to their foibles.

Yet, when the Abolitionists were most despised, in the winter of 1838, Emerson said, in his lecture on "Heroism": "Human virtue demands her champions and martyrs, and the trial of persecution always proceeds. It is but the other day that the brave Lovejoy gave his breast to the bullets of the mob for the rights of free speech and opinion, and died when it was better not to live." In 1844, in his address on "The Young American," he stated his true position thus: "We cannot give our life to the cause of the debtor, the slave, the pauper, as another is doing, but to one thing we are bound—not to blaspheme the sentiment and work of that man, nor to throw stumbling blocks in the way of the Abolitionist, the philanthropist, as the organs of influence and opinion are swift to do."

Yet no man foretold the inevitable punishment of our national sin more clearly than he. It would seem impossible that he should not have applied to slavery the doctrine which he taught in "Compensation."

As the combat grew fiercer, Emerson was gradually drawn into more and more active sympathy with the opponents of slavery. In 1831 he invited Samuel May, the well-known Abolitionist, to preach from his pulpit. In 1837 he made his first speech on the subject of slavery, which was, however, rather a plea for free and charitable discussion than an expression of strong anti-slavery feeling.

DAY, JULY 30, 1903

EMERSON AND THE WAR

Moorfield Storey Before Concord School

Boston Lawyer Delivers an Interesting Address

How Poet's Anti-Slavery Feeling Grew

Tomorrow the Sessions of the School Will End

After this deliverance the position of Mr. Emerson was clear to all the world; but he was content to be silent, until the compromise measure of 1851, including the fugitive slave law, intended and expected to end forever the agitation against slavery, brought the Civil War nearer by exhibiting the brutality of the slave hunter in the very heart of the free States. This measure and Webster's support of it aroused him to fierce indignation, which he was not slow to express.

The lecturer quoted from Emerson's Concord address in 1851 to show this. He declared that the policy which Emerson proposed was that of the Republican party, which was founded when the fugitive slave law was passed. From that time on, Emerson, while he was not an organizer of the movement or a leader in anti-slavery councils, he was ready to speak when occasion required. It was because slavery was no longer mendicant, but aggressive and dangerous, that Emerson became aroused. It was the acts of the slave power which roused Emerson to realize that his post was on the firing line of the anti-slavery army. From Emerson's recognition of the Anti-Slavery Society, the Cassandras of today, whom men call pessimists, may like some comfort, and their countrymen may wisely remember that Cassandra prophesied truly and that the Trojans might have saved their city had they heeded her warnings. Emerson subscribed \$100 in aid of the Free State Letters in Kansas. He entertained John Brown at his house and after his attempted invasion of Virginia had failed spoke of his as "that new Saint awaiting his martyrdom, and who if he shall suffer, will make the gallows glorious like the cross." After Harper's Ferry no man in the North was more thoroughly aroused against slavery than Mr. Emerson, he was satisfied it must be extirpated, and he saw in the war, which had now become inevitable, at once the result of slavery and the means of destroying it. Disunion had no terror for him, as compared with any compromise which should make a false peace and postpone the day of freedom. As the war was the knife to extirpate our national cancer, he was anxious to see it do its work quickly and thoroughly. He was anxious to have Lincoln attack slavery immediately; and when, in 1862, the preliminary emancipation proclamation was issued, he was prompt to praise. The lecturer quoted from Emerson's Boston address at that time, and from his "Boston Hymn," closing:

"Be just at home: then write your scroll
Of honor o'er the sea."

"How full of inspiration," exclaimed Mr. Storey, "are these words to every lover of freedom and justice! How ineffably sad it is to read them now and to reflect, as we listen to the cries of the mob in Wilmington and Evansville, and read of the horrors committed in Luzon that ours is a less moral age, and that punishment waits upon our sons as it did on the sins of our fathers!" (Great applause.)

Emerson was not a soldier, but he could keep up the courage of the people. Said Lowell: "To Emerson more than all other causes together did the young martyrs of our Civil War owe the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives." Emerson was not a campaign orator, nor a political leader, but a prophet seeing with clear vision the sin of the nation and foretelling the wrath to come. The deep indignation

that burned beneath his calm exterior, the very fact that such a man was deeply stirred gave wonderful power to his words.

Emerson's view of the war in retrospect was shown in his address at the dedication of the soldiers' monument in Concord, the closing words of which were: "A gloom gathers on this assembly, composed, as it is, of kindred men and women, for, in many houses, the dearest and

noblest is gone from their hearthstone. Yet it is tinged with light from heaven. A duty so severe has been discharged, and with such immense results of good, lifting private sacrifice to the sublime, that, though the cannon volleys have a sound of funeral echoes, they can yet hear through them the benedictions of their country and mankind." (Great applause.)

Mr. Sanborn, Señorita Carolina H. Huidobro and others spoke briefly. The attendance was one of the largest of the session.

EMERSON AND ANTI-SLAVERY

William Lloyd Garrison Tells How He Changed from Dislike of Abolitionists to Praise of John Brown

In the evening session of the Emerson Memorial School in Huntington Hall yesterday, William Lloyd Garrison spoke on "Emerson and the Anti-Slavery Movement."

"It is undeniable," said he, "that Mr. Emerson first viewed the abolitionists through the medium of his fastidious instincts and prejudices. Eccentric individuals who gravitate to every new reform were inseparable from anti-slavery meetings and gave excuse for the aloofness to the hostile and the cowardly.

"The anti-slavery leaders often winced when Emerson's utterances gave aid and comfort to the enemy. Every such phrase was seized upon and quoted fully by the newspapers, where not a line of his real wisdom would find a place. But these sentiments of Emerson's twilight disappeared, as owls and bats before the sunlight. It may be quoted to show the vital change that overtook him when, in storm and stress, he stood side by side with the 'amiable enthusiasts.' Emerson reached the point of agreeing to pay slaveholders for emancipated slaves, but when Fort Sumter had clarified his vision, as it did that of many others, he could say in his Boston hymn:

Pay ransom to the owner
And fill the bag to the brim?
Who is the owner? The slave is the owner
And ever was. Pay him.

"What the fanatics saw at the outset, the North was then slowly coming to discern, but Emerson had not awaited this tide of opinion. When the John Brown days arrived, how gloriously Emerson rose to the height of a great argument. 'That new saint,' he said, speaking of John Brown, 'than whom none purer was ever led by love of men into conflict and death; the new saint awaiting his martyrdom, who, if he shall suffer, will make the gallows glorious like the cross.'"

THE EMERSON CENTENNIAL

Celebration by Unitarian Club,
New York

Address by Poet's Son, Dr. Edward W. Emerson

He Says His Father Was Not a "Sage"

Tributes by Rev. Robert Collyer and Rev. M. J. Savage

New York, May 15—The Unitarian Club of New York, at its annual meeting last night, celebrated the centennial of Ralph Waldo Emerson's birth. Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Slicer presided. The first speaker was Dr. Edward W. Emerson of Boston, the poet's son.

"Mr. Emerson was a believer in aristocracy," Dr. Emerson said; "he believed in the aristocracy of character. His creed was that a gentleman was a man who made his word good with his life. He was such a man himself. That was why he was more than a mere teacher. Those who came to him for instruction learned as much through the medium of their eyes as they did from his words. He wrote once in his journal: 'Instead of a book of ink, I will give them a book of flesh and blood,' and his life showed that he meant it. His whole life was a supplement to what he wrote.

"I hope I shall be able to avoid the word 'sage' in speaking about my father. He always thought that word sounded so much like 'wiseacre,' and it is not at all a happy word to apply to Mr. Emerson. He was the opposite of that. The simpler a man, the better he loved him, and he loved children best of all. He was a poet above everything.

"Mr. Emerson was not a Unitarian in a narrow sense of that word. He was a Trinitarian. He believed in the trinity of goodness, purity and truth. But he did not take his creed from books or other manuscripts. He always said: 'Why rake up old manuscripts to find a man's soul? You cannot get any conversation out of a corpse.' He believed the world to be as open to inspiration today as at any time. He went to the living universe for an expression of God. He keyed his ears to the sounds of nature. He went into the woods alone and listened, and presently the inspiration came. As he said once: 'The trouble with men is that they will not listen. Men should listen not only when in company but when alone.'"

Rev. Robert Collyer, the next speaker, told many entertaining stories about the poet. "Wendell Phillips was on a lecturing tour in the West," he said: "the manager of the tour asked him if they had any good lecturers in the East, as he should want some to fill in. Phillips told him they had a man named Emerson. 'Is he good?' the manager asked. 'We think so in the East,' Phillips replied. 'Is he eloquent?' 'Well, I don't know how he will suit you on the frontier we consider him eloquent in New England.' 'Well,' replied the manager, 'I believe in encouraging a man like that,' and Emerson was engaged."

Rev. Dr. M. J. Savage's tribute was, in part, as follows: "The greatest thing about Emerson was his personality. I count him among the greatest souls in the world. He awed, mystified, filled with wonder, uplifted, inspired with courage, and gave life through his presence. And when I open one of Emerson's essays I feel that I come in touch with the great life-giving forces of the universe."

EMERSON.

A GERMAN ESTIMATE OF HIS NATURE AND WORK.

A Translation of Herman Grimm's Tribute
—The Charm of His Presence—The Wealth
and Harmony of His Words—His Resem-
blance to Shakespeare, Schiller and Others
—His Place in History a Special One.

The Americans have the advantage of us in the use of their daily press. When upon Longfellow's death I read the New York and Boston papers, it struck me how intimate the relation was between those who have something to say and those who are willing to listen. The Tribune, like New York itself, was for some days absorbed with Longfellow. A series of articles poured forth about the man whose loss affected every home and of whom so many had something to relate. A multitude of witnesses freely testified, and the assembled public constituted, as it were, a jury to listen to all that could be said concerning Longfellow. Justice was done to every kind of opinion, and from the varied contributions each chose the one most in harmony with his own. The like experience is now repeated with Emerson. Emerson had attended Longfellow's funeral. On the twenty seventh of April the telegraph brought over the tidings of his death; fourteen days later the newspapers followed, and again on every page his name alone held the first place.

Between Longfellow and Emerson, however, a great distinction prevailed in all that was said. To Longfellow was awarded the high position he deserved and the laurels were not stinted. The criticisms ring out perfectly clear and sure. Longfellow was a poet, and his place in the literary world had often been discussed. There could be no question as to what was his due. With Emerson the tone in which men spoke ranged at once higher and lower. It sounded as if something remained unexpressed. The effect of Emerson's writings and his personality struck deeper than Longfellow's, but was not so perceptible in its breadth. Emerson bore no official title to stamp him in the eyes of men. He began as a preacher, resigned the pulpit, and withdrew as a writer into a kind of solitude in which he remained. Now he is called by one an essayist, by another a philosopher, by a third a poet, and by many all these, unitedly;—while others, still dissatisfied, say "Emerson was a prophet." In this, however, all agree, that Emerson was one of the greatest men America has produced. But this being accepted, it seems unnecessary to try to emphasize it, and it may be committed to future generations to prove in detail the ground for this conviction. One of the discourses on Emerson begins with these words: "Only Shakespeare can be named with Emerson." To whom would it ever occur to say so much of Longfellow? It would be natural to suppose that after such an opening the speaker would proceed to verify the statement, instead of which the discourse flows on in so measured tone that it would seem as if no proof were required, for every one had known it and needed only to be reminded of it. In all that I have read of Emerson it is taken for granted that each American knows him and knows what the country had in him and has lost in him.

Of the events of Emerson's life there is little to be said. His life was not romantic—no extraordinary light rendered him conspicuous. Even a chronological setting of his works is unnecessary, for they are almost without exception of

the same kind, and no one of them had instantaneous success. "Nature," although the book (if we can so call the extended essay) produced a great sensation, required twelve years for the sale of five hundred copies. It is considered by many Emerson's greatest essay. It certainly shows his peculiar way of grasping his subject in full perfection, and is best calculated to introduce us to his views. Emerson starts with a leading idea which agitated America before it stirred us. But with us also today the question arises how is it going to be possible for coming generations to deal with the enormous mass of intellectual production—heirloom of centuries, and which increases each day in more gigantic proportions without injury to their legitimate work? Our best powers barely suffice to enable us to glance over what has been already accomplished. It would be hailed as a blessing if someone could convince us that the heritage of our ancestors is to be set aside, that untrammelled we may press on to the goal before us.

When intellectual resources of their own began to accumulate in America, this question caused more solicitude than with us from the fact that their backs had not been trained to bend under the burden. Emerson's essay on "Nature" sprang from the feelings of a man who had entered deeply enough into European literature to be able to measure what might be lost in the acquisition of these riches. Emerson wished his people should preserve the advantage they had of exercising unfettered criticism on past events, and not allow themselves to be dwarfed under the weight of history and traditions sent over to them from the Old World. "Our age," "Nature" begins, "is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in nature, whose floods of life stream around and through us, and invite us by the powers they supply to action proportioned to nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? The sun shines today also. There is more wool and flax in the fields. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works and laws and worship." And now Emerson develops what he calls his "theory of nature," or life, or creation, not in the sense of exact science, but bringing all the visible into a simple category, and placing the man of our age in the midst of it as the controlling power. How truly Emerson anticipated what is now the predominant idea in America, or how far his teachings have passed into the flesh and blood of the American, is shown by the nature of scientific activity there at present. We start with the single aim of pursuing science for its own sake, certainly the higher standpoint; in America it is studied chiefly with a view to what will be most serviceable to the learner, in many cases the better way of attaining practical results. First, shall the living have justice done them.

I received today the last annual register of Cornell University, which was founded by the private citizen whose name it bears. On the title-page of the register, Cornell's portrait is given, with the inscription around it, "I wish to found an institution in which every one can be instructed in every way." Under the general title, "Departments and Special Courses of Study," I find in the book a section which offers a choice of prescribed plans of study adapted to prepare the scholars for their different positions in life. With the exception of theology and jurisprudence, everything requiring scientific training, from agriculture up to science and letters, is included. With profound understanding of the national character, a number of careers are marked out before the eyes of the student and the steps given by which he may advance. I take this example because it happens to offer itself; but whoever has had opportunity to become acquainted with American professors and students will have remarked their simple method of beginning directly with the essentials and the unconstrained freshness and courage with which they explore new paths, always finding the way to their aim. The American endeavors to comprehend everything, and without loss of time to adapt all to his own use. Emerson's theory is that of the "sovereignty of the individual." To discover what a young man is good for and to equip him for the path he is to strike out in life, regardless of any other consideration, is the great duty to which he calls attention. Emerson's essays are written with reference to this

aim. He will make men self-reliant. He reveals to the eyes of the idealist the magnificent results of practical activity, and unfolds before the realist the grandeur of the ideal world of thought. No man is to allow himself, through prejudice, to make a mistake in choosing the task to which he will devote his life. Emerson's essays are, as it were, printed sermons,—all having this same text. The transition from preacher to independent lecturer was not in itself considered an unnatural one in America; they are behind us in the production of thought, but the interchange of ideas is much more eager and rapid. Emerson had had a great predecessor, whom I name here because it will help us to understand what limited him in his ministry. Channing, the apostle of Unitarianism, had been at first only a preacher. But Channing knew how to control and awe a vast congregation, while Emerson loved best to speak or lecture to a few chosen disciples. His words did not sound above the discords of a crowd, but exacted reverent silence. There was nothing in his words any more than in his appearance that could kindle any definite thought. He only indicated the direction in which one must move.

To the charm of his presence many now testify. Carlyle said a supernatural vision dawned on him when he first saw Waldo Emerson. Some one relates that, when as a boy in the midst of his companions, he once casually bowed to Emerson, who was about to pass them in the street, he returned the simple greeting in a way he could never forget. "Say to Emerson that I love and honor him," were Sumner's words on his death-bed. The earliest notice of Emerson I find in the letters of Frederika Bremer, who visited him in Concord somewhere about 1830. She grants that he remained to her a problem. At first she regarded his cool, incisive way of criticizing everything as arrogant, but says at the

same time that his nature made an utterly different impression on her from that of other arrogant natures she had met with. "There dwells in this man a loftier spirit," she concludes. This was before the times, we recall to-day, when Emerson's writings caused the young people sleepless nights. As Emerson himself said of Carlyle, his sentences indeed enchain us; they do not seem to be written, but etched on links of steel, as if Emerson had had a presentiment they were destined to last for centuries. It is not usual to speak of the immortality of men while they live, but Whittier years ago expressed his belief in these words: "No verses written in the English language by any of the living poets bear so clearly imprinted upon them the stamp of immortality as Emerson's." The tribute to Emerson by the renowned physicist is echoed by hundreds this side of the water as well as in America, whose youthful souls were stimulated to their highest and best efforts by the peculiar inspiration of his words. Nobler homage cannot be offered from man to his fellow-man. Therefore was it nowise astounding to read in the papers the simple statement as if it were a fixed historical fact that it was Emerson who had shaped the intellectual life of this century in America.

I became acquainted with Emerson's writings long years since, when I was young, and scarcely knew enough of English to force my way to an understanding of them. Never have I studied a language with such zeal as at that time. It often seemed to me impossible toathom the meaning of his sentences. I do not know what impression these writings would make upon me now, thirty years later, if they were put in my hands for the first time. Time hardens us, and we are less hospitable to new ideas. But I had the feeling then that, far as my knowledge went, no one had said such things, or said them in such a way, as Emerson. A sunny view of life radiated from him,—a simile I have often since heard repeated. He seemed to me to give utterance to the noblest contemplations on the past and the present. I attempted to study Emerson critically, but did not succeed. There dwelt within him a hidden power, which seemed his alone. A picture of Giotto in Assisi exhibits St. Francis restoring to life a woman who had died unconfessed, but only long enough for him to receive her confession. The woman lifts herself from the bier while he bends down to her. And in like manner Emerson animates whatever he touches, giving to nature a voice that she may communicate her secrets, and we believe that he knows much more of them than he tells. Emerson has an incomprehensible way of inspiring the reader with the feeling of the matter without giving it a name or describing it, and without the art by which this is accomplished being anywhere perceptible. Allow me another comparison: As the night-wind passing through the

woods and over the meadows comes to us laden with the sweet breath of trees and grasses and flowers which we have not seen, Emerson surrounds us with the atmosphere of things as if they were in reality near us. What was then my inmost conviction regarding Emerson's writings I have lived to hear expressed by many, and as it from the outset no one had held a different opinion. Göthe says "it is impossible to show the day to the day." He means that the secret of the present is never laid bare to the present, viz., the continuity and relation of the ever varying experiences, through whose mazes the human race, like a vast herd, is perpetually urged forward by a watchful Providence. We recognize this unseen force, and obey, timidly asking whither and whence? Everywhere is heard the cry; we recognize it; but no one believes in help from any of the voices. Emerson never asserted that he knew more than others, but his writings inspire the feeling that it must be so, and excite a hope that we may possibly draw from them answers to questions with which we had not consciously dealt. His words seem to me at different times to be capable of different interpretations. Many times have his thoughts presented themselves to my mind like single verses of an infinite poem whose design had still to be fully revealed, even to himself.

I had not glanced at Emerson's writings for many a year; when the telegram came with the tidings of his death, I took down the two-volumed edition of his works, given me by George Bancroft, opened them, and read. The wealth and harmony of his language overpowered and entranced me anew. But even now I cannot say wherein the secret of his influence lies. It is of a wholly individual nature. What he has written is like life itself,—the unbroken thread ever lengthened through the addition of the small events which make up each day's experience. His sentences often flow on monotonously and unaccounted. They are series of thoughts. He begins as if continuing a discourse whose opening we had not heard, and ends as if only pausing to take breath before going on. Some one tells of calling on him the day before he was to lecture. He found him surrounded by papers, from which he was selecting and putting together whatever was appropriate to his subject. It does not detract from the value of his writings that their creation was a matter of chance. If we were to print them altogether—the introductions excepted—we should see them forming a chain in which no links were missing. It would be like a panorama of ideas, for each minute with him seems to have borne its peculiar fruit. We feel that Emerson never wished to say more than just what at the moment presented itself to his soul. He never set up a system; never defended himself. He speaks as if he had never been assailed; as if all men were his friends and held the same opinions as himself. He is never asty and always impartial. He labors after no effects in style. He speaks with perfect composure as if translating from a language understood only by himself. He always addresses the same public—the unknown multitude of those who buy and read his works and wish to listen to him—and ever in the same tone of manly affability.

Nothing, however, is more comprehensible than that a man so conducting himself should be declared a pure idealist—a dilettante who only floats above our earthly tabernacles because he is nowhere really at home. Reproaches of this nature Emerson has not escaped, for toward no one is the world, with justice, so sharp and merciless as to the man who requires of us implicit faith in his highest thoughts. But the superfluity of knowledge of every kind which Emerson utilizes is no longer regarded as the machinery with which a vain speaker seeks to surprise or attract the public. It is now perceived that when Emerson presents an antithesis the antithesis exists in reality. Nature herself surprises us with dazzling lights and illumination.

Emerson's career is now ended. The attempt to classify him will repeatedly be made. At present the American people feel only his loss. Emerson was one of the representatives of the national conscience. The various means of intercourse today bring the inhabitants of a great country into more sympathetic relations than formerly existed between those environed by the walls of a single city. There was more reserve in the old days, when men persecuted each other more for differences of opinion. Emerson was to many the highest moral tribunal, and his existence a comfort in the land. By his death America is not only impoverished by the loss of her greatest man, but at the same time regards Emerson as almost the last of a series of men who seem to have died out with him. He and Longfellow were the participants in a great intellectual movement which finds its historic close with them. But Emerson himself prepared the

way for the transition to what now takes the place of the animus of those earlier days. He no longer addressed himself by preference to those who read or have read, but to those who only have ears to hear. Bret Harte describes in one of his stories the little house of an emigrant in the far West, where the sole intellectual store consisted of an edition of Shakespeare and Emerson's portrait on the wall. We have already found Emerson placed beside Shakespeare, and he indeed resembles him in so far that he can be understood without preparation. In the same sense also it is said that, though he has written comparatively little verse, he was, properly speaking, a poet rather than a philosopher. If we admit the comparison with Shakespeare we may refer to his spontaneity and wealth of thought as well as his aptitude in the use of similes drawn directly, it would seem, from his own experience, and the absence of prejudice of any and every kind. He is to be compared with Göthe in his endeavor to possess himself of everything in the realm of science and his inclination—spite of his association with scholars—to hold himself aloof from them, although never tempted to put himself in opposition to them. In the æsthetic-political import of his writings he reminds us of Schiller, as well as by the democratic sentiment which shines forth from the works of both. Emerson, like Schiller, believed in the superiority of the guileless, ideal man over the man of statecraft and intrigue. Schiller inspires us today with the prospect of a great future, and with the certainty of the final appearance of a simple, heroic people, each of whom, like Wallenstein's Max, will look down with contempt on our present artifice and cunning. The coming of this people Emerson also predicted to his compatriots. In another respect Emerson resembled Schiller. He stood ready to lift his voice whenever, wherever it was needed, and unhesitatingly came to the front in emergencies of all kinds, whilst Göthe only interfered in matters congenial to his nature, and postponed the rest.

Like St. Augustine, Emerson treats of the most subtle themes without lowering his voice, and in such a free, unconstrained way as to be attractive even to a child. With marvellous penetration he reduces the most involved questions to simple forms. This is especially conspicuous in "English Traits," which was written after having twice visited England. The phenomena of English life are traced back to the character and constitution of the race, together with the natural qualities of the soil. I have never heard of a country and a people more clearly described, and the value of the book is recognized on both sides of the ocean. The low estimate of foreigners among the English is proverbial, but they seem to have made an exception in favor of Emerson. Emerson's love of truth rings out clearly in every opinion he gives. "He was invested with the light of truth," begins a notice of him in Harper's Weekly, and English papers contain similar expressions. Emerson says the English is the first nation in the world, but ranks the German intellectually higher. The Englishman he says looks at everything singly, and does not know how to comprehend humanity as a whole, according to higher laws. He says "the German thinks for Europe." But what distinguishes the English, Americans and Germans—the three people before whom, in common, stand the great problems of the world—is often the subject of his demonstration. And here we must again mention Carlyle, whom Emerson has been supposed to imitate. Hero-worship was not an original idea either with Carlyle or Emerson. It is in the blood of English and Americans as one of their

noblest capabilities. It is possible that, through Carlyle, Emerson was inspired to write his book on "Representative Men"; but it is a wholly different conception from Carlyle's "Heroes." Carlyle labored and, to our view, often intentionally peculiar style, can never for a moment be compared with Emerson's. And, indeed, the comparisons I have instituted between Emerson and others apply only to outward and accidental characteristics. He stands alone, and will have a special place in history. In the introduction to "Representative Men," Emerson says in praise of great men, that each is useful to his people, in that his name enriches by a word the vocabulary of his native tongue. In the meaning of this "word," as he uses it, is contained an idea which could not be expressed by any other phraseology. Emerson dwelt in Concord in a small, one-story house, built, it would seem, chiefly of wood. One night it took fire and burnt down. Emerson, seventy years of age, suddenly driven out into the cold night air, fell ill for the first time in his life. His friends suggested to him that he should go abroad to reinstate his health, the intention being during his absence to rebuild his house.

Emerson went over California to India, returning home by Egypt and Europe. He reached Italy in the spring of 1873, and I saw him in Florence. A tall, slender figure, with the radiant smile which is peculiar to children and men of the highest order. His daughter Ellen was his companion, and devoted to him. The noblest culture raises men above national peculiarities and makes them perfectly unaffected. Emerson had an unpretentious dignity of demeanor, and I felt as if I had always known him. At that time he was still fresh and could work. Soon after an infirmity came upon him. He wholly lost his memory. One of my former hearers wrote me an account of his last visit to him. Emerson sat there, says the letter, like an old eagle in his eyrie. He greeted me in the most kind and friendly manner, but could no longer remember men or things. "It is natural to believe in great men," begins the introduction to Emerson's "Representative Men." "Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. They who have lived with them found life glad and nutritious. Life is sweet and tolerable only in our belief in such society; and actually or ideally, we manage to live with superiors. We call our children and our lands by their names. Their names are wrought into the verbs of language, their works and effigies are in our houses, and every circumstance of the day recalls an anecdote of them. The search after the great is the dream of youth, and the most serious occupation of manhood. We travel into foreign parts to find his works, if possible, to get a glimpse of him." The words today sound like his epitaph. HERMAN GROMM.

Boston Evening Transcript, July 24, 1882.

HAD EMERSON A PHILOSOPHY?

PROFESSOR W. T. HARRIS'S MEMORIAL ESSAY ON THE UNITY IN HIS TEACHINGS.

In the memorial exercises on Saturday at Concord (fully reported by our correspondent in another column), Professor W. T. Harris spoke as follows:

It has often been stated that there is no unity in Emerson's prose essays, and that they consist of a vast number of brilliant statements loosely connected and bound into paragraphs, with only such unity as is given by the lids of the volume. We hear it said that the experiment has been tried of reading an entire essay, sentence by sentence, backward from the end, without injury to the sense. This lack of order and connection has even been praised as giving variety of form and freshness of style. While it is true that there is no parading of syllogistic reasoning in Emerson's essays and no ratiocination, there is quite sufficient unity of a higher kind if one will but once comprehend the thoughts with any degree of clearness. In a work of literary art, such as a drama or a novel, we expect organic unity as well as logical unity. There must be a beginning in which we form our acquaintances with the persons, their surroundings and the peculiarities of character and situation, then a middle in which character and situation develop into collisions as a natural result, then a solution of the collision by one mode or another, restoring the equilibrium in the social whole. In the prose essay we cannot expect organic unity, but we may expect rhetorical unity and logical unity. There need be no formal syllogisms; the closest unity of the logical kind is the dialectic unity that begins with the simplest and most obvious phase of the subject, and discovers by investigation the next phase that

naturally follows. It is an unfolding of the subject according to its natural growth in experience. Starting with this view, we shall discover this and that defect, this and that necessary correction, and in the end we shall reach a better insight, which, of course, will be the second step in our treatise, and must be followed out in the same way as before. Such development of a theme exhibits and expounds the genesis of conviction, and is the farthest removed from mere dogmatism. We pass through all shades of opinion, adopting and rejecting them in succession on our way to the true final conclusion. There is no logical method equal to this one that expounds the genesis of the subject. When we have reached the conclusion, we have exhausted the subject and seen the necessity of our result. Such is the method that Plato describes and indorses in the seventh book of his "Republic." To be sure, the untrained intellect will often get confused amid the labyrinth of conflicting opinions, just as the callow young men did when Socrates applied his method to their theories. The reader is apt to expect a consistency of opinion from the beginning to the end. Difference of views bewilders him. Emerson has furnished us many very wonderful examples of dialectic treatment of his subject. But he has been very careful to avoid the show of ratiocination and the parade of proof-making. The object of his writing was to present truth, and to produce insight, and not to make proselytes. The student of literature who wishes to learn the dialectic art, and, at the same time, to become acquainted with the genesis of Emerson's view of the world, should study the essay on "Experience" in the second series of essays. In this wonderful piece of writing we have a compend of his insights into life and nature arranged in dialectic order. Master his treatment of the topics and you will discover what constitute real steps of progress in experience, and at the same time you will learn how the first grows into the second and that into the next, and so on to the highest view of the world that he has attained, or to the final view reached by men of deepest insight, called seers. He names these steps or stadia in experience, illusion, temperament, succession, surface, surprise, reality and subjectiveness. The first phase of experience, according to him, brings us to the consciousness of illusion. This is a great step. The naive man without culture of any sort has not reflected enough to reach this point. He rests in the conviction that all about him is really just what he sees it. He does not perceive the relativity of things. But at the first start in culture, long since begun even among the lowest savages, there appears the conviction that there is more in things than appears at first sight. Things are fragments of larger things; facts are fragments of larger facts. Change of the totality of conditions changes the thing or fact that is before us. Things escape us, and thus "dream delivers us to dream, and there is no end to illusion. Life is a train of moods like a string of beads, and, as we pass through them, they prove to be many-colored lenses which paint the world their own hue, and each shows only what lies in its focus." What experience comes next after this one of illusion? Evidently the perception of conditioning circumstance, the perception of fate or external influence which may be called temperament.

Structure or temperament "prevails over everything of time, place and condition, and is inconsumable in the flames of religion." When experience has exhausted the view of temperament it finds that it has learned the necessity of succession in objects. For there is a process underlying things, and we see that what made us explain illusion by temperament was the discovery that things changed through external influences. Now we see a little better, and understand that there is succession—one phase giving way to another, and thus exhibiting a series of influences instead of one final result. Tempera-

ment, therefore, is no finality, for it produces no ultimate state or condition, but succeeds only in making a transitory impression. We pass out of this stadium of experience and enter on the theory of the world that sees change and succession according to some law or other. We look now for that law. When we see the law we shall understand the order of sequence, and can map out the orbit of life and of things. We shall see the true order of Genesis.

This view of the necessary order of sequence is no longer a view of mere change, but a view of the whole, and hence a view of the fixed and stable. The orbit remains, though the planet wanders perpetually. Emerson calls the view of the law of change "surface," as if the seeing of a line as a whole were the seeing of a surface. Various stadia of opinion there might be on this plane of experience. A very narrow orbit or a very wide one might be computed for the cycle of succession. The progress of experience will correct the narrow view. We think today that we have taken in all the metamorphoses of the object of investigation, but tomorrow we discover new ones and have to enlarge our description. "Surface" expands and we make new theories of the law. We are, however, dealing with the law of cause and effect, and cannot formulate the whole under any such law, for the whole cannot be cause of something else or the effect of some other being. Emerson calls the next form of experience "surprise," because it begins with the insight made in some high moment of life, when for the first time one gets a glimpse of the form of the whole. What must be the form of the whole? you ask. The whole does not admit of such predicates as we apply to the part or fragment. The dependent has one law, and the independent has another. The dependent presupposes something; it is a relative existence, and its being is in another. The independent is self-contained, self-active, self-determined, *causa sui*. The first insight is a "surprise," and so is the second insight; all of the high moments of experience admit us to "surprises," for we see the fountain of pure energy and self-determination in place of the limitations of things, and the derivative quality of objects which receive only their allotted measures of being. The soul opens into the sea of creative energy, inexhaustible and ever imparting.

By these moments of "surprise," therefore, we ascend to a new place of experience, no longer haunted by those dismal spectres of delusion, temperament, change, and surface, or mechanic, fixed laws. Things are not fragments of a vast machine, nor are men links in a cosmic process that first develops and then crushes them. Things do not exist in succession, as it before seemed to us, but the true, real existence that we have found is always the same. We enter through the moments of surprise into the realm of insight, into reality, hence reality is Emerson's sixth category of experience. "By persisting to read or to think, this region gives further sign of itself, as it were, in flashes of light, in sudden discoveries of its profound beauty and repose, as if the clouds that covered it parted at intervals and showed the approaching traveller the inland mountains with the tranquil eternal meadows spread at their base, whereon flocks graze and shepherds pipe and dance." One more step experience takes—it identifies the deep reality as of one nature with itself. The absolute is mind. Emerson names this step of insight subjectiveness, because in it we arrive at the conviction that the absolute is subject, and not merely unconscious law or

power. At this highest point of experience we reach the station of the seer, the culmination of human experience. The seer as philosopher sees the highest principle to be reason; the poet sees the world to be the expression of reason; the prophet and law-giver sees reason as the authoritative, regula-

tive principle of life; the hero sees reason as a concrete guiding force in society. In a certain sense all of Emerson's writings are expansions and confirmations of some one of these phases of experience. The essay on the "Over-Soul" treats of succession, surface and reality under other names; that on spiritual laws on reality and subjectiveness; that on fate treats of temperament and succession; those on worship, history, gifts, heroism, love and such titles, treat of subjectiveness. His treatises on concrete themes use these insights perpetually as solvent principles—but always with fresh statement and new resources of poetic expression. There is nowhere in all literature such sustained flight toward the sun—"a flight," as Plotinus calls it, "of the alone to the alone"—as that in the over-soul wherein Emerson, throughout a long essay, unfolds the insights, briefly and adequately explained under the topic of "surprise" in the essay on experience. It would seem as if each paragraph stated the ideas of the whole, and then again that each sentence in each paragraph reflected entire the same idea. Where there is no genesis there can be no dialectic unity. The absolute is not a becoming but a self-identical activity. In those essays in which Emerson has celebrated this doctrine of the highest reality and its subjectivity or rational nature, its revelation to us, he writes in a style elevated above dialectic unity, and uses a higher form of unity—that of absolute identity. Each is in all and all is in each. To give one specimen of this I offer a very short analysis of the contents of the essay on "The Over-Soul." He says in substance that man has some moments in his life when he sees deeply into reality; what he sees then has authority over the other parts of his life. He sees principles of justice, love, freedom and power—attributes of God. This seeing is the common element in all minds, and transcendent of the limitations of particular individuals. Just as events flow down from a hidden source, so these ideas and insights descend into the mind. He calls this the "over-soul," "a unity within which every man's being is contained and made one with every other. Although we live in division and succession, and see the world piece by piece, yet the soul is the whole, and this is the highest law." These glimpses of the eternal verity come on occasions of conversation, reverie, remorse, dreams and times of passion. We learn that the soul is not an organ, but that which animates all organs; not a faculty, but a light, and the master of the intellect and will. Individual man is only the organ of the soul. These depths of the spiritual nature are accessible to all men at some time. The sovereignty of the over-soul is shown by its independence of all limitation. Time, space and circumstance do not change its attributes. Its presence does not make a progress measurable by time, but it produces metamorphoses causing us to ascend from one plane of experience to the next—as great a change as from egg to worm, or from worm to fly. Society and institutions reveal this common nature or the higher person or impersonal one—for, in order to prevent the confusion of attributing to the over-soul the passions and imperfections of human personality, Emerson sometimes speaks of him as impersonal (using Cousin's expression). This revelation of the divine is a disclosure of what is universal, and not the telling of fortunes. There is no concealment when in the presence of its light; the reality appears through all its disguises. The growth of the intellect, as well as of the character, obeys the same law. The emotion of the sublime accompanies the influx of its light. Its presence distinguishes genius from talent. Faith worthy of the name is faith in these transcendent affirmations of the soul. Thus revering the soul, man "will calmly front the morrow in the negligency of that truth which carries God with it, and so hath already the whole future in the bottom of the heart." In his

EMERSON SCHOOL

Essay on Emerson and Oriental Thought

By Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell

This Morning's Very Instruction Essay

Followed by Lively Discussion in Concord Town Hall

Special to the Transcript:

Concord, July 27—This is the third and the closing week of the Emerson Memorial School. The lecturer this morning was Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of Ithaca, N. Y., professor of Semitic languages at Cornell University, and his topic was "Emerson and Oriental Thought." It would be impossible to find anyone better fitted to treat of this topic—always somewhat obscure to the lay mind—than Professor Schmidt. His paper was listened to throughout most intently. It was enlivened with keen flashes of epigrammatic wit, which caused ripples of laughter to sweep over the company. Here is one of his epigrams that illustrate the foregoing statement. Having declared that Emerson was not a historian and had no passion for facts, the essayist said: "He knew not the delirious delights of chronology." Professor Schmidt has a resonant voice and a most fascinating extempore delivery. This was most especially noticeable when he quoted, with fine effect, from "The Problem" and other poems of Emerson.

SYNOPSIS OF PAPER

Lecturer's Salient Points Noted and Summarized Below

"It is not easy to define Oriental thought. One is apt to fence out as much as his fences in. What constitutes the Orient? No meridian can be safely followed and no line of latitude. If we set out upon the blue Pacific to greet the rising sun, no wind or star will tell us when we shall leave the Orient behind. Japan must be within the circle. But the neighboring Aleutian Islands are in our western home. New Zealand is more occidental than New York. We dare not cross the bleak Himalayas for fear that our previous deflections born on the banks of the Ganges shall freeze to death in the snows of Thibet. The common ancestors of Semite and Egyptian may have risen to higher destiny among the luxuries of an African environment. What a splendor of Oriental life once spread over the gardens of Andalusia! Yet in the Spanish caliphates there were nine Moors to every Arab. In another aspect, it was not Indus that fashioned into Orientals the Aryan invaders of India. Nor is the Atlantic broad and deep enough to wash away the strain of Orientalism from the descendants of those who once roamed with their herds between the Bal-

tic and the Caspian. Blood is thicker than water. Father Rhine himself could not prevent the genius of Germany from leaping to embrace the thought of India a century ago. Thus throbs the heart of man when a forgotten melody of childhood's days comes back again. Oriental thought cannot be forced within geographical boundaries or confined within the terms of a definition. But it is possible to select some lands, some men of genius, some songs, some sentiments that may roughly represent this vast, mysterious world of the Levant. Emerson's own works furnish a guide. One must be aware, however, of lusty inferences. Every great man is himself a world imperfectly explored. Many a secret we would be fain to worm out of his books, he has carried with him into the eternal silence. We may never know what Japan gave to Emerson, whether the strains of Cudraka and Kalidaska ever gladdened his heart, how justly he could judge the Tear of Mount Hira, whether he could look with eyes like Goethe's upon the Book of Job, how deeply he was affected by the parable of Jesus. The lore of Egypt and of Babylon was quite unknown to him, and so was early Arabic and modern Turkish poetry.

"Tres gates that open the palace of Oriental thought were closed to him—language, history and travel. Translations at best sow only the wrong side of the tapestry. Emerson depended on such. He was not a historian. He knew not the delirious delights of chronology. His soul was never thrilled by feeling the naked vertebrae of this backbone of history. He had no passion for facts. No sooner did he discern a fact than he transuted it into a symbol. He never visited Asia and seems almost to have made a virtue of staying in the home-land. What cared he for Arabia, when Monadnock gave him visions such as no man ever saw from Sinai? However, there are two ways of reading a translation—the thorny path of the scholar beset with harrowing suspicions of inaccuracy and a parching thirst for the original, and the airy path of the bee in search of honey, the poet's highway to the heart of things. The gathering and classifying of details may not have been to his taste, but Emerson knew how to weigh massive personalities and great events. When the air is clear, one can sit in Concord and survey with naked eye the beauties of Maj Total and the Alhambra."

The speaker discussed in detail the translations of Chinese, Indian, Persian, Arabic and Hebrew authors known to Emerson and likely to have been used by him. Special importance was given to the versions of Bhagavad gita, the poets or Bidpai, the laws of Mann, the Persian poets Saadi, Hafiz and Yai, the Quran and the Hebrew Bible.

He also examined at length the German and French works through which Emerson is likely to have gained insight into Oriental thought. Goethe's importance as an exponent to Emerson of the deepest thought of the East was especially emphasized.

"Living in an age," Professor Schmidt continued, "when every movement of thought on the continent of Europe is quickly felt in England and America, we are scarcely able to realize how Germany could have been so deeply affected by the thought of India and experienced such a revolution in the view of Hebrew antiquity without apparently leaving any but the faintest impression in English literature. Strauss made little stir in 1835, Bruno Bauer appears to have been observed by

book on "Nature," his first published work. Emerson developed substantially the same views, with a system of classification much like that in the essay on experience, and showing a genesis in the same dialectic form. Nature, for use or "commodity," as he calls it, is the first aspect recognized. After food, clothing and shelter, comes next Nature's service to man in satisfying the spiritual want of the beautiful. Then through this comes the symbolic expression of human nature through its correspondence with material nature, and thus arises language. For rightly nature is a discipline, educating understanding and the reason, and also the will and conscience. Then the transition to idealism is easy. Nature is for the education of man, and this lesson is taught us in five distinct ways. Sixthly, we arrive at the knowledge of the one spirit that originates both nature and man, and reveals its nature in the ethical and intellectual constitution of the mind and its correspondences in nature. Thus from nature we come to the over-soul, or what was called reality and subjectivity in the essay on experience. The eighth and final chapter of nature draws practical conclusions, making application of the doctrine to life: "The problem of restoring to the world original and eternal beauty is solved by the redemption of the soul. The ruin or blank that we see when we look at nature is in our own eye. The axis of vision is not coincident with the axis of things, and so they appear not transparent, but opaque. Build, then, your own world. As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, the world will unfold its great proportions." Emerson looks on the world of nature and man as the revelation that the over-soul makes to him, and accordingly looks reverently toward it and through it to the great soul of souls, and always sees, under whatever guise, some good. He finds help in everything. He helps every one, too, most by teaching the significance of the world as he has found it. This thought of the revelation of the soul in man and nature is the idea that forms the unity of all that he has written, whether it be in essays like the "Over-Soul," or in historical and critical studies like "English Traits and Representative Men," or in poems of nature like "Monadnock." One will find everywhere, though under slightly differing names, the elements of experience in this sublime poem prefixed to the essay on "Experience":

"The lords of life, the lords of life,
I saw them pass
In their own guise,
Like and unlike,
Portly and grim,
Use and surprise,
Surface and dream,
Succession swift and spectral wrong,
Temperament without a tongue,
And the inventor of the game,
Omnipresent without name;
Some to see, some to be guessed,
They marched from east to west.
Little man, least of all,
Among the legs of his guardians tall,
Walked about with puzzled look;
Him by the hand dear Nature took.
Dearest Nature, strong and kind,
Whispered, 'Darling, never mind!
Tomorrow they will wear another face,
The founder thou; these are thy race!'"

At the conclusion of Professor Harris's paper, which received the careful attention of the large audience, Mr. Sanborn introduced Mr. John Albee of Newcastle, N. H., who read a sketch of an interesting interview with "Emerson and Thoreau" in 1852.

The following is
from the Boston
Evening Transcript,
July 27, 1903.

nobody in 1841. But even among educated Englishmen and Americans, German seems to have been a rare accomplishment.

"Emerson felt the Oriental impact in another direction. He realized how the ancient Hebrew world had superimposed itself upon the Occident as to some extent a foreign and heterogeneous element. He chides Swedenborg for his 'boyishness' in preserving 'the scarf of Hebrew antiquity.' Yet his spirit was too receptive, his mental disposition too generous, to be satisfied with a purely negative and problematical attitude. Individualist as he was to the core of his being, he yet could not gaze upon the mighty institutions of Christianity, its systems of thought, its churches, rites and sacred customs, its organized efforts for the amelioration of mankind, without feeling that, if this frozen music could be thawed out by the genial warmth of the spirit of life, sweet soul-refreshing melodies would escape.

"This survey of the sources through which Emerson became acquainted with oriental thought would be of little value, if the contention were true that he only used it to illustrate his own, but that it in no wise influenced his conception of life. But we do not honor our heroes by ascribing to them an originality which would have made them insensible to the noblest impressions. The greatest spirits of the orient visited the bard of Concord and whispered their secret in his ears. Shall we think well of him by assuming that he learned

nothing from them? The magi of the East no doubt brought to him gold and frankincense and myrrh, but they also carried with them their knowledge of the stars. It consists of thought swept through him from the silent stars of the sky, he was still more deeply affected when the sons of the morning sang together in the human firmament. If, with a poet's wonder and joy, he looked upon mountains, trees and rippling waters, he gazed with greater delight upon the majestic grandeur or the delicate charm of a human soul.

"Confucius impressed him deeply. He marvelled at the supremacy of moral principles in the Chinese civilisation. It may be doubted, however, whether any of those principles came as a distinct addition to the ethical perception of Emerson. Buddhism does not seem to have had a special attraction to him, though he recognized its moral earnestness and ethical insight. Emerson appears to have been less capable of appreciating these cries of the soul ex profundis, these agonizing struggles, these plaintive yearnings for redemption.

"No phase of Oriental thought influenced him more profoundly than Brahminism. It was a fortunate circumstance that he made acquaintance with this subtlest thought of India through Bhagavagita. Here philosophy is poetry and poetry is philosophy. We are still in the midst of a process of thought. Great ideas irradiate the landscape with a glacial light; they do not yet flood its with their almost blinding sheen. Three thoughts—perhaps the most stupendous ever concerned by the human mind—come to view. These are the identity of God and nature, the overcoming of evil with good, and the law of compensation. The Sankhya philosophy looks upon the idea of a god sitting on a throne above the world or immanent in it as a crude survival of the childhood of the race. Nature is conceived to be infinite in space, eternal, exhaustless in energy, inherently right, spiritual and good.

Evil, then cannot belong to the essence and reality of the universe, but is good in the making. The highest good to man is the realization of his spiritual ascendancy, freedom and power. This comes of knowledge dispelling ignorance, love conquering hatred, good overcoming evil. By abstraction from the world of sense and concentration on the highest, the Yogin approaches to perfection. But all existence is subject to the law of Karma. Karma is the deed. The deed flows from the truer disposition, makes character and creates destiny. Retribution is not an everlasting hell for a few years of sin, nor an everlasting dream for a few moments of repentance, faith or goodness. The character formed is a brief section of the soul's existence, fashions an outward form in harmony with its nature, and this in turn issues in another. Thus there is the possibility of a perpetual rising and sinking in the scale of being. That this most marvelous adjustment of character and form of life must itself ultimately become a burden and make the mind gratefully accept the prospect of deliverances from the endless wheel of existence in the Nivorna, does not diminish the intrinsic value of so noble an attempt to solve the great mystery. It measured retribution in terms of character, and here and there the greater thought looms up that the good deed and disposition and character are themselves their own reward.

"It is obvious to every reader of Emerson that this is to a marked extent the work of thought in which his spirit moved. 'Brahma' is a translation and interpretation, but the

"The living heaven thy progress respect,
House it over and architect,
Quarrying men's rejected hours,
Builds therewith eternal towers."

as well as numerous passages in 'The Over-Soul' and other essays show the pantheistic thought of Emerson. This he did not get from Platon, or Spinoza, nor from his own unaided contemplation of nature. Mozoomda knew him for his own, and Vlockananda saw in him a kinsman. This was not merely the feeling of a sympathetic personality. It was the thought of India that met them in Emerson. It may be asked whether there are not Arabaptists, Quakers, quietists enough to account for the outcropping of the doctrine of non-resistance in a Western Quaker. The essay on war might indeed have been read with joy by Fox, and Laborie, and Spencer. But none of them would have understood the higher cosmic bearings of the principle in Uriel. And Emerson did not know Johannes Denek. In his essay on compensation, Emerson tells us how this subject had occupied his mind since childhood. His reflections upon the good parson's sermon were certainly not influenced by philosophical speculations from without. It is also noticeable that the idea of a future state, limited or otherwise, as the issue of the character formed, plays no part in Emerson's thinking. The immortality of the soul is a matter of indifference to him. But the thought of a retribution in terms of character so infinitely exact that in each moment of existence the account is balanced finds fine expression. How far this trend of thinking was influenced by the similar ideas in India must be left unsettled.

It was not the Persia dominated by Zarathustra's thought that left an impression upon Emerson. It was the later Persia that chafed under the restraints of the Koran, rebelled against the authority of the

Prophet and asserted its spiritual independence. Hafiz was dear to Emerson because he was a nonconformist, sincere and true to himself. It is profoundly interesting to watch the influence of the Persian poet on this son of the Puritans. Hafiz taught him that it is not the drunkard who loves wine, and the debauchee can neither love nor sing the praises of love. "Good Saadi dwells above." his would be a sufficient tie to bind his soul to Emerson's even if he were not so demonically wise.

"Trees in groves,
Kine in droves—but—"

In a thousand generations how many men are here who dare to dwell alone, away from creeds and rites and sacred customs, removed from greed, lust and ambition, facing the universe and the Sphinx within?

"The Church spoiled for Emerson the Bible. It was a book with seven seals, and most of Emerson's energy seems to have gone into the effort to break them. Could he have lived today and enjoyed the fruits of critical investigation, he would have gladly listened to the charming story-tellers of Bethel and Beersheba, to elders in the gates and priests at the shrines proclaiming laws of life and social ideals. His rebellious spirit fled from ancient oracles to whose fallibility he saw only too clearly, to prophets not spoiled by being canonized. Henever knew the greatness of Amos and Hosea, Isaiah and Jeremiah. His strange indifference to the Book of Job is perhaps to be accounted for by his general lack of appreciation of the tragic element in life. Goethe knew the value of the greatest poem the Semitic world has ever produced, and paid it the sincerest compliment of imitation. Emerson shrank from this abyss of mental agony and spiritual defeat.

It is of interest that Emerson's critical insight led him to discuss the true character of Canticles. With all his mysticism he rejected here, as in the case of Hafiz, the allegorical interpretation, and declared the song to be of earthly love.

"The only Jew whom Emerson really understood was Jesus. Supreme greatness attracted him, as the magnet does the needle. The Nicene creed did not prevent him from giving his heart to Jesus. He revered him too sincerely for adulation; he loved him too tenderly for genaflexion. He was not astonished and overwhelmed by Jesus as strangers to his spirit are, but comforted and inspired as a friend. No fiction of sinlessness put a barrier between them. How deep his spiritual insight was, his parting address to his church shows. This lucid discussion of Jesus's last meal also reveals his remarkable critical acumen. Nevertheless, 'the might that lurks in reaction and recoil' made Emerson emphasize against the artificiality of dogma, with force no longer needed, the independence of the human soul.

"Emerson has not unjustly been charged with being responsible for the strong hold of Oriental speculation upon our Western

World, and for what men are pleased to call 'the vagaries of anti-imperialism.' If there is today in ever-widening circles among us a disposition to listen with reverence to all the great teachers of religion in the world and to emphasize the ethical content of each form of religion, this is in no small measure due to Emerson. If there is a broader outlook upon humanity, a kinder feeling among the representatives of its different races, a fellowship not based on creed or ceremony, a recognition of the value of religious mysticism, Emerson's

share in bringing forth these fruits of the spirit is great. His hospitality of Oriental thought did not make him less the prophet of American democracy. Have the doctrines of the supremacy of manhood, the worth of spiritual independence, the overcoming of darkness with light, peace and good will on earth come from the East? There were good reasons for a generous reception. For the recognition of the worth of man, the liberty of conscience, the simple, well-poised life, the advance through peaceful growth are also the foundations of our Commonwealth. The healthy opposition to the pomp of empire, to war and subtle statecraft is not a vagary. But the dangerous disregard for the fundamental principles of the republic, the strenuous effort to advance the nation's fortunes at the expense of the nation's character, threaten us with the common fate of empires. Salvation lies in a return to those great convictions to which our Concord sage gave so courageous and unwavering expression. It is not the citizen's part to despair of the republic. However dark the clouds may seem the splendid optimism of Emerson will help to win the day."

THE DISCUSSION

Lively Remarks by Mr. Sanborn, Rev. Henry K. Hannah and Others

"After the prolonged applause which followed Professor Schmidt's concluding sentences had subsided, Mr. Sanborn said it would be difficult to go deeper into the subject than had been done "in this most remarkable paper which we have just heard."

Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, D. D., said it would be an impertinence to try to supplement the essay. The essayist had told them something definite and (referring to the essayist's fine delivery) had told it in a way that gave pleasure.

Mr. Sanborn said that but few critics realized what an early and profound reader Emerson was. The Baghavad Gita was the core of Emerson's thought.

Rev. George Willis Cooke said that two things should be remembered: In the first place, Emerson had gotten so far away from Christianity as ordinarily interpreted in his time, that his mind was free for the consideration of other forms of faith than that with which he had been made familiar by the churches. In the second place, Emerson did fundamentally recognize the fact that all religions are essentially the same in their origin and nature.

Mr. Sanborn referred to the assertion made in last Wednesday's discussion by Rev. Henry K. Hannah, rector of the Concord Episcopal Church, that Emerson was not a Christian because he did not understand the presence of sin or evil in the world or the scheme for putting evil out of the world. Mr. Sanborn declared that Emerson's doctrine of sin and Evil in the world could be found almost word for word in the writings of St. Augustine.

Rev. Mr. Hannah rose in his seat near the rear of the hall. Mr. Sanborn invited him to take the platform. Mr. Hannah declined to do so. "I rose," said he, "to speak for Miss Leavitt, but she cautions me. What I desired to say for her was that she wants to correct Mr. Sanborn in regard to St. Augustine."

Mr. Sanborn. "I should be glad to be corrected."

Mr. Hannah—"She (Miss Leavitt) says that, at one time, St. Augustine did hold the view of evil which Mr. Emerson prac-

tically held; but he (St. Augustine), I believe, gave it up. That leads me to say the only thing I want to say this morning, and that is this: I question the legitimacy of that method of substantiating the view of any man. You should not go to a man like St. Augustine, whose entire philosophy and view of life were, it seems to me, so different, and take any single thing that he may have said at any time, to substantiate any of Mr. Emerson's doctrines.

The only thing I should question in the paper would be this: I doubt whether the lecturer has a right to lump, under the title of 'Oriental Thoughts,' the whole system of thought which would come with the Old and the New Testament. True, it is Oriental thought. But, if my own thought and reading is at all true, and comes anywhere near the truth, it seems to me that there is developed in that great system of thought, something which is decidedly different from what we ordinarily know as 'Oriental thought.' While it is true, as Mr. Cooke has said, that religion is the same because we are all searching for the same God, let us keep the distinction as clear as we can. I think it would be very interesting to have the essayist say a little something on this point.

The following is from the Boston Evening Transcript of July 29, 1903.

"THE SIMPLER EMERSON"

A Feeling That He Was the Only Emerson

Interesting Paper by Rev. John White Chadwick

Before the Memorial School at Concord

His Simplest Means Always Secured Eloquent Effects

Special to the Transcript:

Concord, July 29—"The Simpler Emerson" was the topic of this morning's very interesting paper by Rev. John White Chadwick of Brooklyn, N. Y., at the Emerson Memorial School. One of the largest audiences of the school was present to hear the distinguished preacher, and recent biographer of Parker and Channing; and they were well rewarded for coming out on the lowering and sultry morning. With all his learning and talents, Mr. Chadwick is himself one of the "simplest" of men, in the best and highest sense of that word. It was fitting, therefore, that, in choosing his own topic for his essay, as he did, he should choose, for what proved to be a graphic and convincing portrayal, the "simpler" Emerson.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PAPER

The Essayist's Salient Points Noted and Summarized Below

Mr. Chadwick began by saying that one of

Emerson's most interesting and attractive perceptions was that there are several audiences in each particular audience. So there were several Emersons and more in Emerson. There was the poet, the psychologist, the humorist, the orator, the friend, the domestic person, the Concord citizen. And there was the simpler Emerson and the more difficult. Mr. Chadwick related his first experience in reading Emerson: "The book was 'Representative Men,' the time was 1858. When I read in the first paragraph of the men who tasted the earth and found it deliciously sweet, I seemed to be repeating their experience. What I could understand seemed to me better than anything that I had read before. To this day there are parts that baffle me, especially in the earlier essays. Here and there Emerson seems to use a cryptic terminology, of which he has the key, but does not lend it, nor explain the use of it, to me. In other places I appear to understand, but not to be able to interpret. If a friend asks, 'What does this mean?' I answer, 'It is so perfectly expressed that to change a word would be to change the thought.' I find in such sentences illustrations of the principle of necessity in art. The beautiful building or statue has to be so and not otherwise.

"The simpler Emerson is much more in proportion to the whole of Emerson than the simpler Browning to the whole of Browning. Reading the whole body of his writings continuously within the course of a few recent months, I was wellnigh persuaded that the simpler Emerson was the only Emerson; that the proportion of his difficult to his simple matter was that of Falstaff's bread to Falstaff's sack—hardly an appreciable quantity. At the outset the novelty of Emerson's view of man's relation to the world, so fluid in comparison with the hard-and-fast conceptions of the Lockian school, staggered a great many persons. But now science having come to the support of the idealistic view, Berkeley and Huxley having kissed each other, there is much less bewilderment. Moreover Emerson speaking ten times as the poet to once as the metaphysician, and sometimes using that superlative which he deprecated in his more deliberate moods, did sometimes seem to dissipate the objective world into a shadow of the perceiving mind. In his reaction from 'the window theory'—that the soul looks out through the senses, on the external world—he sometimes seemed to accord to nature no reality except as a reflection of mind, our mind. But he corrected this exaggeration more and more as time went on, until at length he wrote, "There is in nature a parallel unity which corresponds to the unity in mind and makes it available. Not only man puts things in a row, but things are in a row, . . . nature being formed everywhere after a method which we can well understand, and all the parts, to the most remote, allied and explicable."

"The simplicity of Emerson's discourse suffered much less deduction from its formlessness than is asserted by his harsher critics and conceded by his friends. That he lacked 'wholeness of tissue,' as Matthew Arnold discovered with his habitual light and insisted on with his habitual sweetness, is obvious, and yet if Arnold had known Emerson better he would have made less of this. Many of the Essays, lacking formal unity, have an organic unity which is better. There are degrees of this, the Divinity School address representing the most strict coherency and the most orderly

development. Architectonic he was not, and yet he liked to have a steeple to his church, a climax to his essay or address."

Mr. Chadwick particularized the Thoreau address, the first he heard Emerson deliver, and that upon Lincoln's anticipatory emancipation proclamation of September, 1862. Mr. Chadwick said: "I had heard Lincoln at his best; I had heard Everett, of whom Emerson had written, 'All his speech was music and with such variety and invention that the ear never tired'; I had heard Sumner magnificently thundering. 'Let my people go'; but till I heard Emerson saying, 'Do not let the dying die; hold them back till you have charged their car and heart with this message to other spiritual societies announcing the amelioration of our planet,' I had not heard the best that human speech could do."

"And always with Emerson the simplest means secured the eloquent effects. Never was voice more magical, but from those sloping shoulders slid off too easily the honors of distinguished oratory which he might otherwise have won. It is only a small part of the beauty of Emerson's writing that has the eloquent note, but beauty is everywhere his most commanding trait, and, in proportion as his expression is more beautiful, it is always less obscure. The simpler Emerson is the purveyor of beautiful thoughts, the poet not submitting his poetry to prosodic forms, but expressing it in his choice and novel use of words, in cadences more musical than many of his formal rhythms, in passages of such haunting loveliness that once read, they can never be forgotten. With Thackeray and some others he goes far to convince us that prose is the most beautiful form of writing possible, more beautiful than the most lovely verse."

"The fable of Emerson's difficulty has been encouraged by the character of a few poems even more, perhaps, than by a few essays among which 'The Oversoul' enjoys a particularly bad eminence. But Emerson's essay, 'Poetry and Imagination' exhibits him as a careful student of the forms of poetry, its artifices and devices, and as extremely sensitive to these. With this knowledge of his art how could he so frequently permit himself to be as harsh as Donne? His defect is the more curious because he could be, and often was, quite perfect in the music of his lines." Quoting several examples, Mr. Chadwick said: "That the same hand that moulded these perfections shaped others rough as frozen stubble is a strange thing no doubt. We must believe for one thing that the muse he courted was a fickle muse, that the goddess was sometimes 'invita,' for another that his chief concern was with his thought, not with the form. Much of Emerson's verse has, equally with his prose, the note of eloquence, the sonorous, resonant quality that invites to audible expression. And by this sign we have the simpler Emerson, for where there is eloquence there must be simplicity."

"John Burroughs says that Emerson cared for ideas not for things." Mr. Chadwick doubted whether Burroughs cared for "things" so much. "Emerson's books are full of them, and so vividly expressed that we seem to be, in contact with the things themselves, no mere report of them. He never tires of sitting by that loom which weaves of things the garment of the Eternal. Thought and listening to its joyous whirl. He thinks much of the garment. 'O mother!' said Robert Collyer's little daughter, 'when you were away from home I went into the closet and just hugged your

dressess.' Not less was Emerson's affection for the living garment of the never-absent spirit of the world."

Mr. Chadwick found other manifestations of the simpler Emerson in his liking for the homelier forms of speech and in his delicious humor which is not so much here and there as everywhere in his writings. "But it is when we pass to the more general aspects of Emerson's teaching that his simplicity is most conspicuous; he is plainest in proportion to the elevation and importance of his thought, its relative significance in the range of his principal ideas. We have in his own words 'the first simple foundation' of his 'belief that the author of nature has not left himself without a witness in any sane mind.' It is that 'the moral sentiment speaks to every man the law after which the universe was made; that we find parity, identity of design through nature, and benefit to be the uniform aim; that there is a force always at work to make the best better and the worst good.' Here is the optimism of Emerson, but it is everywhere. It is so obvious that it is frequently invoked in justification of that contemporary optimism which is characteristically a gross and sordid satisfaction in the social and political conditions of the time, a fat and lazy acquiescence in its tendencies to lower and the lowest things. But nowhere can we find sterner accusation of this bastard optimism than in Emerson. He never despairs of the republic, but, if no one cherishes a better ultimate hope, no one is keener to detect the present rottenness. Seeing the national folly and defect, he saw beyond it to the better coming time. He did not think it possible for us to defeat by any ingenuity the blessed purposes of God. At the same time he could wish that our will and endeavor were more active parties to the work."

"As with his national, so with his universal optimism. Perfectly simple in its fundamental cheerfulness, it is not exclusive of the ugliest fact that seems to militate against its validity. Further, the simplicity of Emerson declares itself in his attitude of habitual worship, his sense of God as everywhere present, urgent, insistent, informing all things with his thought, touching them all with his beauty, embracing them all with his law, saturating them all with his love."

"If Emerson could not see, he felt the 'private amity' of everything with any other, and he took a long step forward and placed himself among the evolutionists who stood eager and tremulous upon the threshold of Darwin's generalization. But the parity and identity which delighted him in nature had their best use for him as type and illustration of the parity and identity of all things natural with all things spiritual, 'the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart.' 'One world at a time' for him, and all the time a moral world, all things making for the good, and hence all things having in it their root and ground. 'Religion,' said Dr. Channing, 'is the worship of goodness,' and the whole body of Emerson's thinking resolves itself into a great 'Argon.' The moral sentiment was his 'sky that holds them all,' God, nature, man. And the door that opens on the invasions of this sentiment is self-reliance, the surrender of the soul to the highest leadings which it knows. If there was a simpler Emerson than the prophet of this burden, it was the Emerson who pleaded for the simple life and in his own person made such a life as real as the granite ledges of his ancestral town. It

is the simplicities of his character, even more than the sublimities, that draw after him so many hearts and make possible the grateful reverence of his centennial year."

THE DISCUSSION

Mr. Sanborn and Mr. Mead Express Their Differences Concerning the American Scholar

After the prolonged and very general applause which followed Mr. Chadwick's closing period had subsided, Mr. Sanborn said the school welcomed any attack upon what Mr. Emerson was, or even upon what anybody thought he was. Mr. Sanborn said that the educated class never led the multitude, but always followed. He called upon Mr. Mead, who said he was sorry that he had been called upon.

"But, so long as I have been," said he, "I wish to take up the brief for the scholar. I do not quite agree with Mr. Sanborn. Emerson and his generation are conspicuous illustrations of the other side of the shield. I cannot help remembering that it was a man, learned of all the Egyptians, who led Israel out of Egypt and that it was Paul who sat at the feet of Gamaliel who did more to spread the gospel than did the fishermen of Galilee. And, as one comes right down to the great struggle for the English Commonwealth, it was Hampton, Pym, Cromwell, Milton, Vane and all those students of Cambridge and Oxford who led the movement for the Commonwealth, and the leaders of the Commonwealth were scholars. The leaders of the American Revolution were chiefly graduates of Harvard and of William and Mary. The scholar has been too often recreant, but the scholar has done great and splendid service. With reference to Lincoln, this homely man, I cannot help thinking that, just as Oliver Cromwell found his great panegyrist in Milton, so it is a blessed thing that Lincoln lived in the Golden Age of our poetry and that every one of our great poets has paid to him so great and wonderful a tribute."

"The scholar can always be kept right and encouraged to be kept right by the fact, and the statement of that fact, that

so many scholars in the progress of radicalism and history have kept right."

"As to Mr. Chadwick's criticism I will say that I do not disagree with him even in what he thought I said about Emerson's poetry being always the best possible. He probably refers to something in my recent book. If so, that was not quite what I said. I simply expressed my feeling that many of those works which annoy the machine versifier and the lover of equal verse grow to us gradually to have a peculiar charm, definiteness and propriety."

Mr. Sanborn, replying to Mr. Mead, said, with his most sarcastic smile wreathing his lips and with a manner impossible to convey by the printed word:

"The American scholar! Ha! Ha! It reminds me of the saying that all the deacons are good, but there is a difference in deacons. The trouble with the American scholar is that he must be with the majority and does not feel easy with the minority. He cannot get out of this servitude to the Government. The business of the scholar is to support the Government when it does right and denounce it when it does wrong. When he gets down on his knees instead of standing up on his feet, he betrays his own order. He will have to repent for his want of incupidity in cask-

cloth and ashes. Emerson was peculiarly a man of courage."

Words of appreciation of the paper on the Debt to Emerson were uttered by Colonel North and Señorita Carolina H. Huidoboro, a former resident of Chile, now living in Boston.

THE DEFECT IN HIS PHILOSOPHY

As Seen from the Standpoint of the Sect of Friends Is Pointed Out by Rev. B. F. Trueblood

Rev. Benjamin F. Trueblood, secretary of the American Peace Society and one of the leading Friends in America, was the speaker at last evening's session of the Emerson Memorial School in Huntington Hall. His topic was "Emerson and the Inner Life," and his views were from the standpoint of a Friend. The address contended against what the speaker considered as a deeply religious mind for maintaining a light that was too "inner" for the attainment of aims cherished by Emerson.

The lecturer argued that the trying difficulty in a study of the theological conceptions was Emerson's talent as a phrasemaker—in the best sense of the term—probably the greatest that has ever written in English prose, as Tennyson was the greatest phrasemaker among English-speaking poets. Many of Emerson's phrases are so great, so pregnant with meaning, that they "move the world" and make one feel that a new order of things is coming to light. But not infrequently his temptation to turn a fine phrase for the mere mystic beauty of the thing is so great that he sacrifices sense to form, and it is impossible to be sure of what he is trying to say. This is particularly true of some of his expressions about God.

Emerson's simple, living faith in God was doubtless arrived at, he said, from his ancestors, and he read it into himself from English, German, Hebrew, Persian and Hindu literature, but recast it in his own mould. His faith could not harmonize with the cults and creeds and practices about him, and in his inflexible honesty he withdrew, possibly not being able to justly estimate the utterances of other men in these fields. He felt compelled to trust his own faculties and his own conscience, through whose processes he came to a knowledge of a universal moral system.

EMERSON AND GERMANY

Their Debt to Each Other Under Consideration

Affinity of Emerson and the German Character

Fifth Day of Emerson Memorial School

Today's Interesting Paper by Professor Kuno Francke

Special to the Transcript:

Cohocord, Mass., July 17—"Emerson's Debt to Germany and Germany's Debt to Emerson" was the topic of a very discrim-

inating and thoughtful paper by Professor Kuno Francke, at the Emerson Memorial School this morning.

Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, in presenting the essayist, said that, in arranging the programme, it had been thought well to have treated the mission and work of Emerson outside of his own country. "Of all such countries in the world," said he, "that which is the most akin to the spirit of Emerson and that from which he also derived a part of his own inspiration, is Germany—that very broad term which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins as well as virtues. We have the privilege of having with us this morning a gentleman from that part of the world, who is very familiar with his native country and also with ours, and also with their literatures. He will discourse to us this morning on a subject which will be new to most of this audience—"Emerson's Debt to Germany, and Germany's Debt to Emerson." (Applause.)

SYNOPSIS OF PAPER

Lecturer's Salient Points Noted and Summarized Below

Professor Francke began by pointing out the inner affinity existing between Emerson and German character, the German insistence on intellectual personality in particular. "It would be futile to deny," he said, "that the pressure exerted upon the individual by official authority is greater in Germany than in America, England, France or Italy. Indeed, there is good reason for thinking that this very subordination of the individual to superior ordinances has had a large share in the extraordinary achievements of German statecraft, strategy, industry and science of the last fifty years. What I maintain is this: In spite of the intense supervision of personal conduct, in spite of the supremacy of drill and regulation, in spite of the overwhelming sway of historical tradition and class rule, in spite of all this, there is to be found in Germany a decidedly greater variety of individual views, convictions, principles, modes of life, ideals; in short, of individual character than in America. I do not wish here to analyze the causes of this remarkable phenomenon, beyond stating that one of these causes seems to me to lie in the very existence of those barriers which in Germany restrict and hem in individual activity. It seems as though the pressure from without tended to force to light the life within. Certain it is that the German, while submitting to external limitations which no American would tolerate, is wont to guard his intellectual selfhood with a jealous eagerness compared with which the easy adaptation of the American to standards not his own come near being indifference. His inner life the German wants to shape himself; here he tolerates no authority or ordinance; here he is his own master; here he builds his own world.

"It is easy to see how closely allied Emerson's whole being was to this side of German character. The moderation and harmoniousness of his temper preserved him from the angularity, the oddities and eccentricities which often go with the German insistence or pronounced intellectual personality. On this personality itself he insisted with truly German aggressiveness. Indeed, it may be said that his definition of the scholar as being, not a thinker, but man thinking—a definition which is at the root of Emerson's whole view of intellectual life—is an essentially German conception and places Emerson in line with those splendid

defenders of personal conviction which have embodied German thought with all its rugged pugnaciousness, from the days of Luther to Lessing and Fichte, and finally to Schopenhauer and Nietzsche."

The speaker next dwelt on four important consequences of this German insistence on individuality, namely, the German contempt of sham, the German delight in small things, the German sense of the infinite, and the German disdain of intellectual compromises, showing how closely akin Emerson was in all these respects to the German temper. He then passed on to a characterization of the fundamental thought of the great German idealists of the eighteenth century and traced its influence upon Emerson. Continuing he said:

"It is easy to see that here are found side by side all the essential elements of Emerson's spiritual world—his freedom from tradition, his deep interest in man, his belief in moral freedom and in the moral order of the universe, his pantheism, his optimism, his trust in the perfectibility of the race. But it is worth noticing that in the application of these principles there is a decided difference between Emerson and his masters. The great German idealists, while embracing the human race in their thought, while glorying in the idea of a strong and free popular life, addressed themselves in reality to a small circle of elect spirits; these they hoped to influence, to them they adapted their manner of presentation; with the people at large they had little to do. They were, in other words, with all their democratic sympathies, at heart thoroughly aristocratic; they lack, for the most part, simplicity and the direct appeal to the popular heart. It must further be borne in mind that the condition of the German people at that time was one of utter political disintegration, that the very foundations of national existence were crumbling away, one after another, before the onslaught of the Napoleonic invasion, and that the task of the future was nothing less than a complete reorganization of public life. Whatever there is, then, in German literature of that time of popular appeal is dictated by distress, by the bitter need of the hour, and has to do with the death-agony of a social order sinking into ruin, and the birth-throes of a new order not yet fully formed.

"Emerson, on the other hand, although his life was spent amid the most refined circles of New England culture, although his own utterances never fail to appeal to the finest and most elevated aspirations of the human heart, yet always looked beyond his own cultivated surroundings into the wider spheres of common, ordinary life. With all his aristocratic bearing and predilections, he was at heart thoroughly democratic. And the people to which he gave his life's work was not a nation threatened in its existence, crippled, defeated; but a nation that only recently had won its freedom, a healthy young giant, teeming with untried power and latent vitality, unexperienced but perfectly normal, untouched by disappointment, a vast future in his loins. Is it a wonder that Emerson's application of German idealism should, on the whole, have been more sane, more normal, more vigorous, more genuinely popular, more universally human than German idealism itself?"

After illustrating this point by a detailed comparison between Emerson and Fichte, Professor Francke finally considered Emerson's influence upon contemporary German life. He spoke of the decay of German idealism in the second half of the nine-

teenth century, the ascendancy of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, the rise of industrialism, the absence of spirituality in scientific investigation. But a reaction against the pessimism of Schopenhauer, the cynicism of Nietzsche, the soulless monotony of specialization has ~~been~~ in a reaction closely

bound up with the rising influence of Emerson. To Herman Grimm belongs the credit of having first acquainted Germany with Emerson and of having held him up as a leader in the spiritual awakening which is surely coming. The speaker closed by saying:

"The signs of the time are full of promise. The extraordinary success of such a book as Harnack's 'Essence of Christianity'; the widespread influence of such a university teacher, such a wise, free, kindly man of ideals as Frederick Paulsen; the devoted efforts of Pastor Naumann, of Bruno Wille, Wilhelm Bölsche and others to win the masses back to spiritual hope and an enlightened faith; the new life kindled in poetry and the drama—all this is conclusive evidence that we are on the very verge of a new era of German idealism. And when it comes, there will come with it the demand: less Nietzsche and more Emerson; and a new intellectual bond between America and Germany, will have been established."

THE DISCUSSION

Interesting Debate Which Followed the Paper

After the great and prolonged applause which had greeted the conclusion of Professor Francke's extremely interesting paper had subsided Mr. Sanborn said the ignorance of the average American of German literature, in its formative period at least, was extraordinary. He supposed no country—not even England, which is the slowest in the world to receive ideas from other countries—was, up to 1825, so densely ignorant of what Germany was thinking as was the United States. This might account for Emerson's slowness in becoming acquainted with German idealism, though in its essentials he had it in himself.

Mr. George Willis Cooke said that Professor Francke had not thoroughly recognized the element of idealism in New England. In Emerson's lecture, delivered in 1842, on "The Idealists," in his course of lectures on "The Times," he indicated that idealism as it then existed was indigenous to New England. Emerson's idealism was not formed from any knowledge, second, third, or fourth hand, of the German authors, but from his reading of a wide circle of thinkers in all ages—Plato and others. In German literature he found more complete, more philosophical, more systematized, than which he had already conceived; and it was made more familiar to him.

Mr. Charles Malloy said he had read Emerson and did not read Goethe.

Mr. F. B. Hornbrook said the signal value of Emerson was, not that he said an especially new thing, or uttered a new thought—nobody ever did that—but that he gave expression to what was beginning to be in the air, and what was always in the air. Ideas were like microbes—always in the air. Emerson had the advantage over the German idealism, that he said what he had to say in the very best form, and gave it a classic expression; and that was why what he said lived. Emerson was also independent—the mouthpiece—of no party or church, and therefore could always say what he said and thought. (Applause.)

EMERSON'S PHILOSOPHY OUTGROWN

George Willis Cooke Says Its Individualism, Though the Greatest Single Intellectual Phase of American Thought, Is Outdated

George Willis Cooke's lecture on "Emerson and the Transcendental Movement," delivered at Huntington Hall last evening in the Emerson memorial course, was a new essay toward the definition of the term. It was of necessity a discussion of Emerson's philosophy, around whose name has crystallized most of what the transcendental movement meant. Mr. Cooke left transcendentalism, in his conclusion, an outgrown and outdated philosophy, though historically recognized as the greatest single intellectual phase of American thought.

The lecturer showed transcendentalism to be, first of all, a religious movement, relying in no way upon agnostic or unbelieving types of thought. Rather there was a considerable demand on human faith, founded on the belief in a set of ideas common to humanity that are not born of experience; something that comes by intuition—a spiritual sense that "transcends" the intellect. To this Emerson applied the term "oversoul," and used as he used it, the word is a substitute for God, a term, in its popular sense, that to Emerson implied limitations he would not admit. As a further development, there was introduced the element of self-reliance, as opposed to what may be called a God-reliance, in the sense that man possessed in himself resources for spiritual and ethical regeneration. The only condition prescribed was a free receptivity and acceptance of the teachings of intuition; transcendentalism being, then, the oversoul plus self-reliance. There was nevertheless the limitation that man, while self-contained and independent of other men, was by no means a free agent, as against this intuitive philosophic element. The whole modern conception of the sociality of man, as opposed to the individuality so earnestly preached by Emerson, has made transcendentalism an outdated philosophy.

The Concord of Emerson

One of the most interesting of the special Emerson lectures was attended by about two hundred people yesterday afternoon in Huntington Hall. The lecturer, Rev. Dr. Gleason, was enabled from personal acquaintance with Thoreau and from familiarity with the Concord woods to treat his subject, "Thoreau," with exceptional interest and authority. The stereopticon views of the noted spots in Concord and the homes and haunts of Emerson and Thoreau brought the famous Concord authors vividly before the audience.

Notes of the School

The Emerson Memorial Meeting will be held at the Hillside Chapel, Concord, next Wednesday, at 3 P. M. At the conclusion of the exercises there—probably at about 4.30—Mrs. Lothrop ("Margaret Sidney") invites all attendants upon the Concord and Boston lectures to a reception at her residence (which adjoins the Hillside Chapel), " Wayside," Hawthorne's old home.

There will be no lecture, either in Concord or Boston tomorrow. The sessions of the school will be resumed Monday morning.

TOWN HALL, CONCORD

At 10 A. M.

July 20—Edwin D. Moad, "Emerson's Message in Education."

" 21—Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, "Emerson and Carlyle."

- " 22—Dr. Edward W. Emerson, "The Religion of Emerson."
- " 23—Prof. Charles F. Richardson, "Emerson's Place in American Literature."
- " 24—Percival Chubb, "Emerson's Spiritual Leadership in England."
- " 27—Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, "Emerson and Oriental Thought."
- " 28—Charles Malloy, "The Sphinx."
- " 29—Rev. John W. Chadwick, "The Simpler Emerson."
- " 30—Mortfield Storey, "Emerson and the Civil War."
- " 31—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, "A Century from the Birth of Emerson."

HUNTINGTON HALL, BOSTON
At 7.45 P. M.

- Tonight—Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, "Emerson and Harvard."
- July 20—William R. Thayer, "Emerson's Gospel of Individualism."
- " 21—Dr. Francis E. Abbot, "Emerson the Anti-Imperialist, or Prophet of the Natural Rights of Man."
- " 22—Rev. R. Heber Newton, "Emerson the Man."
- " 23—Henry D. Lloyd, "Emerson's Wit and Humor."
- " 24—William M. Salter, "Emerson's Aim and Method in Social Reform."
- " 27—Rabbi Charles Fleischer, "Emerson, the Seer of Democracy."
- " 28—Rev. Benjamin P. Trueblood, "Emerson and the Inner Light."
- " 29—William Lloyd Garrison, "Emerson and the Anti-Slavery Movement."
- " 30—Prof. A. E. Dobson, "Emerson's Thought in Relation to Modern Science."
- " 31—Rev. Edward Everett Hale, "Emerson's Gospel for His Own Time and for Ours."

The following is from
the Boston Evening
Transcript, May 23, 1903

Emerson and His Present-Day Critics

An Examination of Varying Views

BY GEORGE PERRY MORRIS

ALL who have set for themselves the task of procuring criticism of Emerson called forth by the centennial celebration just at hand, and who have read it with any care, must have been forced to one of two conclusions; namely, either that his influence has been less pervasive than commonly is supposed and his appeal to the English-speaking world less irresistible than we had flattered ourselves it was, or else the editors of the leading English and American periodicals have failed in enterprise and in accurately sensing the opportunity with which the centenary of Emerson's birth provided them.

The only English journals which as yet have recognized the event in any way are Blackwood's and Macmillan, and they by anonymous contributions. Our own magazine editors are open to much the same indictment.

It has been reserved for a Chicago weekly called Unity to give, in a series of articles, a more comprehensive and instructive body of opinion respecting Emerson than can be found in any one article elsewhere. In the light of New England's contempt for Chicago's culture, the fact is suggestive. Brooklyn has sought in a New Jersey suburb for the orator at its Emerson celebration, Professor Edward Griggs, and one cannot help wondering why Rev. John White Chadwick was passed by, and what has come over the city of Beecher and

Storrs that it needs to import orators. Colonel Henry Watterson of Louisville is to be imported by the New York Society of Authors to give the eulogy of Emerson at its celebration, which seems an odd choice for a society bearing that name and having its headquarters in New York.

In reviewing current Emersoniana* one is struck squarely at the outset with the testimony of all the generations whose representatives have written as to the moral or tonic power of the man. Whether it be Ednah D. Cheney, John Albee, Frank B. Sanborn, Moncure D. Conway, W. Robertson Nicoll, G. Stanley Lee or Bliss Carman, the tribute is the same. "I cannot think of Emerson as a scholar or even as a philosopher; he always comes to me as a vital influence," says Mrs. Cheney, and she gives quotations from diaries of Boston young folk in the forties to show how profoundly he stirred the susceptible, aspiring minds. "A book of Emerson's was the star that shone above me and lighted the pathway," says Albee. "I find myself divided between the wish to portray both the Man I knew and loved and the Philosopher who uttered for me the secret of the universe so early in my youth that I escaped those doubts and that despair which so often confront the thinking man as he stands on the threshold of active life," writes Mr. Sanborn.

It was a reading of Emerson's Essay on History, reprinted in Blackwood's Magazine, that made the young Virginian, Conway, come to himself, give up slaying animals and hating the Negro, and ultimately to evolve from a Methodist circuit rider into an ultra-radical; and he now comes back, as from the dead, to say that Emerson revolutionized his life. Nicoll testifies to the mighty force with which Emerson acted on the minds of young men in Scotland in the '60s. And Bliss Carman in a suggestive bit of autobiography describes the ferment of twenty-five years ago when Science was supposed to be opposed to religion and triumphant over it, and when "there was need of a great friend whose unflinching courage might serve as a stay amid tottering creeds and overthrown convictions. That friend was Emerson. . . . We perceived that while the signs and vestments of our paternal religion might vanish like smoke, the breath of goodness at the core of things remained potent and quickening as before."

As for G. Stanley Lee, he refers to Emerson's influence upon him today in terms that are as ardent as any of Emerson's first followers. "I for one would not have it changed—not one breath or shading of it—this inhuman nearness of Emerson's. I find myself holding to it, to the very sense of it, that there is such a thing, with a kind of grim inner might. In its smaller measure it is the same kind of nearness one feels to God. . . . I know of no man who makes so marvellously real to me the kind of love that outstretches hands. There is no other man who can so flood my days with the realities I never touch, who puts realities into all of one's vast, far comradeships."

Was Emerson a poet? Bliss Carman, who is a poet, argues that so single-hearted was he, so thoroughly the preacher of righteousness, that his work "does not give us the satisfaction in sensuous beauty which we derive from many poets—his inferiors. . . . He was a speaker of maxims, not a builder in rhyme—at least not in the sense that Milton and Tennyson were." Never-

theless, Carman concedes his greatness as an artist because his style was the very image and likeness of himself, he holding, in opposition to some authorities as to what makes literature classic, that the personal and not the impersonal makes the highest art. This perfect identity of style with the man writing also is noted by Robertson Nicoll, whose final estimate is that Emerson was a great and admirable poet, with affinities more Oriental than Occidental, a poet whose verse is at variance with the ruling canons of criticism, but which remains while they may not. Incidentally he remarks that Matthew Arnold's detractor of Emerson's verse reveals Arnold's limitations rather than Emerson's.

A typical criticism from the standpoint of the aesthete is that of Charles Leonard Moore, who finds too much of the preacher and maker of moral maxims in Emerson and too little of "the instinct of a true poet who desires to multiply phenomena and to envisage the whole mass of life" to permit him to call Emerson a poet of the highest class. But even Mr. Moore has to admit that Emerson has left "indestructible crystals of verse." "Imagination failed him, the plastic gift failed him in pieces of any length; but there are a score or two of phrases, lines, quatrains, fragments which have a verbal felicity hardly equalled elsewhere in American poetry." Per contra, the man with a mingled love of beauty and duty, when told that Emerson is not a poet because so much of a moralist, says, to quote G. Stanley Lee, that such talk "fills him with impatience—childish perhaps"—because, for him "to be a poet to a man as Emerson is, to be a poet to him on his God-side, to play upon the inner senses of his senses, to relate him vividly and passionately day after day, to that which

* Bibliography of articles noted in this review: John Albee, "A Tribute to Emerson," The Independent, May 21. Edith Baker Brown, "The Modern Emerson," The Critic, May. Bliss Carman, "Emerson," The Literary World, May. Benjamin de Casseres, "Emerson: Scientific and Pessimist," The Critic, May. John W. Chadwick, "The Divinity School Address," Unity, March 19. Ednah D. Cheney, "Personal Reminiscences of Emerson," Unity, May 14. Moncure D. Conway, "Emerson the Teacher and the Man," The Critic, May. George Willis Cooke, "Emerson as a Reformer," Unity, April 9. J. Morgan Gibson, "Emerson's Influence in England," The Congregationalist, May 2. George A. Gordon, D. D., "Emerson as a Religious Influence," The Atlantic, May. T. W. Higginson, "The Emerson Centenary," Success, May. Julia Ward Howe, "Ralph Waldo Emerson as I Knew Him," The Critic, May. Gerald Stanley Lee, "Emerson as a Poet," The Critic, May. H. W. Mable, "Ralph Waldo Emerson in 1801," Harper's Magazine, May. "Concord and Emerson," The Outlook, May 2. Annie Russell Marble, "First Editions of Emerson," The Critic, May. Rev. W. P. Merrill, "Emerson's Influence in Evangelical Thought," The Interior, May 7. Charles Molloy, "Recollections of Emerson," Boston Herald, May 10, 17 and 24. Charles Leonard Moore, "A Maker of Maxims," The Dial, May 1. Paul Elmer More, "The Influence of Emerson," The Independent, May 2. George P. Morris, "Emerson: Individualist, Mystic and Optimist," The Congregationalist, May 2. W. Robertson Nicoll, "Ralph Waldo Emerson," North American Review, May. Frank Sanborn, "Emerson and Contemporary Poets," The Critic, May. "Emerson the Person and Philosopher," Unity, Feb. 19. Andrew D. White, "Emerson," Unity, April 16. T. W. Higginson, "The Personality of Emerson," The Outlook, May 23.

he cannot see. . . ." makes Emerson a poet of the highest order.

It has been contended, notably by John Burroughs and by Edwin D. Mead, that Emerson's intuitive prevision anticipated much of the results of modern science using the inductive or scientific method; and that he saw, years before Darwin what Darwin and his contemporaries and disciples have since built up as a generally accepted w-

ing hypothesis of the mode of evolution of life. Confirmation of this prevision though seen to be not purely intuitional—is found in what Moncure D. Conway writes of his memories of Emerson as a lecturer in the Divinity School, Cambridge, where, as early as 1863, Emerson was setting forth the suggestive possibilities in John Hunter's idea of "an arrested and progressive development," and was applying the idea not only to man's physical but also to his moral being. (Hunter's collected works appeared in 1835 when Emerson was writing "Nature.") Darwin did not publish the "Origin of Species" until 1859, and that year Conway, as an echo and disciple of Emerson, and entirely ignorant of Darwin's book, was publishing a tract in Albany, N. Y., and advancing the opinion that every animal was man in an arrested development; that men travel upward through the stages of animalism, and that "moral evil is only the living out among men of their arrested developments."

Consideration of Emerson at any time will inevitably lead to discussion of certain aspects of him, criticism of which was contemporaneous with his teaching. Latest attempts to appraise him really have struck out no new thoughts concerning him, unless it be in the striking paradoxical articles of Benjamin de Casseres on "Emerson as a Sceptic and Pessimist" and "Emerson as an Individualist." Present-day criticism but enforces or weakens arguments that men of Emerson's own generation were keen enough to bring.

Thus what Gordon and Nicoll—two theologians, and More and Moore, two humanists versed in classical lore, say of the defective perspective of the man as he viewed human evil, and of his over emphasis on intuition and the subjective and under emphasis on the historical and the objective is not new as to point; it is new as to setting and as to the personalities uttering it.

The poem to be read by Mr. George E. Woodberry in Symphony Hall Sunday evening doubtless will be worthy of the hour. Happily a man poet has found it in him to sing, albeit invited to. But why have not others volunteered? Is the spirit of poetry dead, or confined to women exclusively? How happens it that the only poems which refer to Emerson contributed to the magazines this month are by women. Are women our only worshippers of idealism now? Or is this fact an unconscious proof of what has been called the essential femininity of Emerson's character?

The poems follow. Can it be said that they are altogether worthy of the poet whose praise is sung? Do they accurately reveal the state of poetry among us today; and if so, why is it? Given the centennial of the birth of a great idealist and general recognition of the event by the more idealistic forces of the community, what keener spur to song could poets have to put in some form of verse their tribute to their master? The lyres seem to be unstrung, or if touched then only to give forth minor strains of a respectable but not unforgettable sort.

EMERSON

Through his own heart, as through a seer's clear glass,
He watched the mighty host of mankind pass,
And, confident, serene, assured, his pen
Pointed the path for wildered souls of men.
What matter in what place may rest today
The crumbling, toppled temples of his clay!
The unhouse'd spirit, strong, alert and free,
Still lifts the voice that thrilled humanity.
[Theodosia Garrison in Success.]

EMERSON

Kingdoms there are outside the civic state
Whose orb of power, whose boundaries are
not known,
But only this—who fine allegiance own,
By that allegiance are, themselves, made
great.

One such fair realm to thee is consecrate,
Thou of the vatic glance and orphic tone,
Whose cleaving thought the way of man
hath shown,

With Freedom as a portion of his Fate,
Emancipator of the timorous heart—
Bringing to balance hopes as large as fears,
Chastener of spirits too precipitate—
O crowned and gone! wherever now thou
art,

Receive (long due) this tribute of young
years,
And lend an influence, when the light
grows late.

[Edith M. Thomas in the Critic.]

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Monadnock calls the winds from peak to
sea—

The clarion north wind and the full-
choired west—
And bids the streams their cliff-born
melody

Blend with the airy chants above his rest;
And wakes the pines to hymn his hundred
years

In the weird symphonies he loved so well;
And listens—if perchance from starry
spheres

Some echo of a kindred song should swell.
Poet whose lofty quest no creed could bar;
To whom the secret springs of life were
known;

One with the wild rose and the evening
star;

The mountain and the mart alike thy
throne—

For thee, from nature's myriad voices now
And the deep heart of man, ascends a
psalm:

Pan was not closer to the earth than thou,
Nor Plato nearer to the empyrean!

[Edna Dean Proctor in the Independent.]

AT EMERSON'S GRAVE

What afterthoughts the rough-hewn, un-
carved stone

Which marks the resting-place of Concord's
Sage

Suggests to our time-serving, restless age!
How strong is its simplicity! Unknown
To it complexity of line! Alone—

Amid the commonplace who ever gauge

Life's guerdon by its fickle gauds and wage,
Unheeded of the world's grave undertone—
It stands, fit type of him whose soul's be-
hest

Transcended mere convention's petty bound,
The boulder's rugged outline power im-
plies;

The rose tints, gleaming through the
quartz, suggest

That inward light which energized and
crowned

A gracious spirit, kindly, keen and wise.

[Charlotte Brewster Jordan in the Out-
look.]

In connection with this Emerson centennial, it would be a serious omission to fail to note that Mr. Frank B. Sanborn has framed the dictum, that "the first qualification for estimating Emerson is to acknowledge his superiority; until that is done, the aberration due to vanity will tinge the critic's opinion with odd colors." This, apropos of Mr. Sanborn's expression of displeasure with Dr. Gordon's article on Emerson. One can admire Mr. Sanborn's loyalty to his master, while at the same time smiling at his canon of criticism. It sounds very much like some very "orthodox" opinions with respect to sacred literature and higher criticism of the Bible, which Mr. Sanborn in his normal mood would be the first to impale on the point of his pen. Mr. Sanborn has hurled too many stones at reputations dear to a majority of his countrymen to be competent to play the role of offended friend and disciple at a time when the infallibility of his

particular oracle is questioned. Was it vanity that tinged his own criticism of McKinley, or now of Roosevelt? Some have assumed that it was conscience, love of liberty, etc. Possibly Dr. Gordon, and W. Robertson Nicoll, and Paul E. More, and Charles Leonard-Moore, also have consciences.

In life Emerson seldom passed beyond the smile, says Mr. Howells. But Whipple has left testimony as to his keen sense of humor and as to his rare power of laughing with those who laughed at him.

If his immortal shade concerns itself at all with outgivings of the critics of today we can imagine it enjoying the juxtaposition of the clashing sentiments of Bliss Carman and Paul E. More. Carman, facing what he believes to be the dominant "breathless commercial spirit" of today, sighs for another Emerson. "To tell the truth, we need the Philippines much less than we need another Emerson; but since we have got the Philippines we need an original Emerson all the more." Mr. More, on the other hand, credits the unreflecting transcendental optimism of Boston with maternity of "that unformed creature called anti-imperialism," and he deems especially reprehensible Senator Hoar's "Saturnalia or excess of faith" which wantonly closes the eyes to distinctions and would see a Washington in every Aguinaldo." In short, according to Mr. More, what the country is suffering from is too much Emersonianism, "too much glorification of untried human nature preached by Channing, made beautiful by Emerson, acted by the abolitionists and reduced to the absurd by Mr. [Edward] Atkinson." Mr. More has read his Emerson to little purpose if he does not know that whatever the aberrations of some of those who clustered about him in life or whatever the follies of present day transcendentalism, Emerson was as sane and shrewd a man as lived in Concord.

There are those who are very confident as to just what he would say or do now with the nation facing new problems. As an idealist, of course, he would rebuke materialism. He did this while he lived. He would be doing it today were he alive. Mr. H. W. Mabie points out with pertinence that Emerson was singularly free from provincialism in his conception of the nation, and more than most singers of his time sang of the nation and not of a particular section of it in which he lived. Because he was a purely spiritual force there was, he thinks, more of the universal in Emerson's message than in those of other men, although he freely used the language of his time. In this fact, therefore, Mr. Mabie thinks was "the secret of his escape from the limitations of sectional America and his immense and permanent service and significance to the nation in its full, if not its final development."

Which suggests, of course, that inasmuch as we have passed from the specifically national to the international stage of our relations, the Emerson who sang of nationalism might not rise to the level of internationalism. Doubtless the new Emerson whom Mr. Carman longs for when he comes will idealize the internationalism of the present just as Emerson did the nationalism of his day. But where is he?

The following is from
the Boston Evening
Transcript, May 23, 1903.

EMERSON THE PHILOSOPHER

A Plea for a Revival of Idealism

By PROF. HUGO MÜNSTERBERG*

* An address delivered at New Lecture Hall, Cambridge, May 18, 1903.

At the hundredth anniversary of Emerson's birthday, Harvard University is to take a noble share in the celebration. For years it has been one of the deepest desires of the Harvard community to erect in the college yard a building devoted to philosophy only. Today this building is secured. To be sure, the good will of the community must still do much before the funds allow the erection of a building spacious enough to fulfil our hopes; but whether the hall shall be small or large, we know today that it will soon stand under the Harvard elms and that over its door will be inscribed the name: Ralph Waldo Emerson. No worthier memorial

could have been selected. Orations may be helpful, but the living word flows away; a statue may be lasting, but it does not awaken new thought. We shall have the orations and we shall have a statue, but we shall have now, above all, a memorial which will last longer than a monument and speak louder than an oration: Emerson Hall will be a fountain of inspiration forever. The philosophical work of Harvard has been too long scattered in scores of places; there was no unity, philosophy had no real home. But Emerson Hall will be not only the workshop of the professional students of philosophy, will be not only the background for all that manifold activity in ethics and psychology, in logic and metaphysics, in aesthetics and sociology, it will become a new centre for the whole university, embodying in outer form the mission of philosophy to connect the scattered specialistic knowledge of the sciences. Harvard could not have offered a more glorious gift to Emerson's memorial.

But the spirit of such memorial hour demands more than all, sincerity. Can we sincerely say that the choice was wise, when we look at it from the point of view of the philosophical interests? It was beautiful to devote the building to Emerson. Was it wise, yes, was it morally right to devote Emerson's name to the philosophy building? Again and again has such a doubt found expression. Your building, we have heard from some of the best, belongs to scientific philosophy; the men who are to teach under its roof are known in the world as serious scholars, who have no sympathy with the vague pseudo-philosophy of popular sentimentalists; between the walls of your hall you will have the apparatus of experimental psychology, and you will be expected to do there the most critical and most consistent work in methodology and epistemology. Is it not irony to put over the door, through which daily hundreds of students are to enter, the name of a man who may be a poet and a prophet, a leader in literature and a leader in life, but who was certainly a mystic and not a thinker, an enthusiast but not a philosopher? Not only those who belittle him today and who short-sightedly deny even his immense religious influence, but even many of Emerson's warmest admirers hold such opinion. They love him, they are inspired by the superb beauty of his intuitions, but they cannot respect the content of his ideas, if they do not wish to deny all their modern knowledge and scientific insight. Yes, for the most part they deny that his ideas form at all a connected whole; they are aphorisms, beautiful sparks. Did he not himself say: "With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall." And yet how can there be philosophy without consistency; how can we interpret reality if we contradict ourselves? If Emerson's views of the world did really not aim towards consistency and did really ignore our modern knowledge, then it would be better to go on with our philosophy work in Harvard without shelter and roof than to have a hall whose name symbolizes both the greatest foe of philosophy, the spirit of inconsistency and the greatest danger for philosophy, a mystic vagueness which ignores real science.

But Emerson stands smiling behind this group of admirers and says, "To be great is to be misunderstood." Yes, he did say, "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines," but he soon adds, "Of one will the actions will be harmonious however unlike they seem." Emerson despises the consistency of the surface because he holds to the consistency of the depths, and every sentence he speaks is an action of the one will, and however unlike they seem they are harmonious, and we can add, they are philosophical; and, what may seem to these anxious friends more daring, they are not only in harmony with each other, they are in deepest harmony with the spirit of modern philosophy, with a creed which ought to be taught by the most critical scholars of Harvard's Philosophy Hall.

What is the essence of Emerson's doctrine in the realm of philosophy? It seems like sacrilege to formulate anything he said in the dry terms of technical philosophy. We must tear from it all the richness and splendor of his style, we must throw off the glory of his metaphor, and we must leave out his practical wisdom and his religious emotion. It seems as if we must lose all we love. It seems as if we were to take a painting of Raphael and abstract not only from the richly colored gowns of the persons in it, but from their flesh and blood, till only the skeleton of the figures remained, all beauty would be gone, and yet we know that Raphael himself drew at first the skeletons of his figures, knowing too well that no pose and no gesture is convincing, and no drapery beautiful if the bones and joints fit not correctly together. And such a skeleton of theoretical ideas appears not only without charm, it appears necessarily also uninteresting, without originality, commonplace. All the philosophies, from Plato to Hegel, brought down to their technical formulas sound merely like new combinations of trivial elements, and yet they have made the world, have made revolutions and wars, have led to freedom and peace, have been mightier than traditions and customs; and it is true for every one of them that, as Emerson said, "A philosopher must be more than a philosopher."

There are, it seems, three principles of a philosophical character without which Emerson's life work cannot be conceived. To bring them to the shortest expression we might say, Nature speaks to us; Freedom speaks in us; the Oversoul speaks through us. There is no word in Emerson's twelve volumes which is inconsistent with this threefold conviction, and everything else in his system either follows immediately from this belief or is a non-essential supplement. But that threefold faith is a courageous creed indeed. The first, we said, refers to Nature; he knew Nature in its intimacy, he knew Nature in its glory; "Give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." And this Nature, that is the assertion, is not what natural sciences teach it to be. The Nature of the physicist, the dead world of atoms controlled by the laws of a dead causality, is not really the Nature we live in; the reality of Nature cannot be expressed by the record of its phenomena, but merely by the understanding of its

meaning. Natural science leads us away from Nature as it really is. We must try to understand the thoughts of Nature. "Nature stretches out her arms to embrace man; only let his thoughts be of equal greatness;" and again Emerson says, "All the facts of natural history taken by themselves have no value, but are barren like a single sex; but marry it to human history and it is full of life;" and finally, "The philosopher postpones the apparent order of things to the empire of Thought."

And in the midst of Nature, of the living Nature, we breathe in freedom; man is free. Take that away and Emerson is not. Man is free. He does not mean the freedom of the Declaration of Independence, a document so anti-Emersonian in its conception of man; and he does not mean the liberty after which, as he says, the slaves are crowding while most men are slaves. No, we are free as responsible agents of our morality. We are free with that freedom which annuls fate; and if there is fate, then freedom is its most necessary part, "Forever wells up the impulse of choosing and acting in the soul." "So far as man thinks he is free." "Before the revelations of the soul, time, space and nature shrink away." "Events are grown on the same stem with the personality; they are sub-personalities." "We are not built like a ship to be tossed, but like a house to stand." This freedom alone gives meaning to our life with its duties, and puts the accent of the world's history on the individual, on the personality: "All history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons," and "An institution is the lengthened shadow of a man."

Nature speaks to us, Freedom speaks in us, but through us speaks a Soul that is more than individual, an over-individual soul, an "Oversoul, within which every man is contained and made one with all others." Now even "Nature is a great shadow, pointing always to the sun behind her." Everyone of us belongs to an absolute consciousness which in us and through us wills its will; "Men descend to meet" and "Jove nods to Jove from behind each of us." Yes, "Man is conscious of a universal soul within or behind his individual life, wherein as in a firmament justice, truth, love, freedom arise and shine." The ideals, the duties, the obligations, are not man's will but the will of an Absolute.

Does not all this sound like a wilful denial of all that has been fixed by the sciences of our time? Does not every sophomore who has had his courses in Physics, Psychology, and Sociology know better? He knows, we all know, that the processes of Nature stand under physical laws, that the will of man is the necessary outcome of psychological laws, that the ideals of man are the products of human civilization and sociological laws. And if every atom in the universe moves according to the laws which physics and chemistry, astronomy and geology have discovered, is it not anti-scientific sentimentality to seek a meaning and thoughts in the mechanical motions of the dead world of substance? So the poet may speak, but we ought not to say that his fanciful dreams have value for scholarly philosophers. The philosophy of the scientist ought to be the acknowledgment that matter and energy, and space and time are eternal, and that the smallest grain of sand and the largest solar system move meaningless by blind causality.

And emptier still is the naive belief that man is free. Do we not profit from decades of psychological labor, whereby the finest structure of the brain has been discovered, wherein the psychological laws have been studied with the exactitude of a natural science, wherein we have studied the mental life of animals and children, and have observed the illusions of freedom in the hypnotised man and in the insane? Yes, we know today that every mental act, that every psychological process is the absolutely necessary outcome of the given circumstances; that the functions of the cells in the cortex of the brain determine every decision and volition, and that man's deed is as necessary as the falling of the stone when its support is taken away. Yes, modern psychology does not even allow the will as an experience of its own kind; it has shown with all the means of its subtle analysis that all which we feel as our will is only a special combination of sensations which accompany certain movement-impulses in our body. Can we still take it seriously, when the philosopher steps in and pushes sovereignly aside all the exact knowledge of mankind, and declares simply "Man's will is free!"

Finally, the claim for the overpersonal, absolute consciousness in man. It is a triumph of modern science to understand how the duties and ideals have grown up in the history of civilization. What one nation calls moral is perhaps indifferent or immoral for another people or for another time; what the one calls beautiful is ugly for the other; what one period admires as truth is absurdity for another; there is no absolute truth, no absolute beauty, no absolute religion; no absolute morality, and sociology shows how it was necessary that just these ideals and just these obligations should have grown up under a given climate and soil, a given temperament of the race, a given set of economical conditions, a given accumulation of technical achievements. Man has made his Absolute, not the Absolute made man, and whatever man fears make

believe, the scholarly mind cannot that these beliefs and idealizations are merely the products of the feelings and notions of individuals bound to the equal conditions of life. Leave the matters of the mystic to ignore the scientific truth, to get oversoul beyond all experience. In short, for Emerson's philosophy, the scientific say, means to be a poet where man is concerned, means to be ignorant where man is concerned, and means to be a mystic where moral and religious, scientific and logical ideals are concerned. Can such be the herald of modern philosophy?

Those who are so proud and so quick to be aware that the times have changed and that their speech is the wisdom of yesterday. In the history of human knowledge the periods alternate. Great waves follow each other, and while one tendency of scientific thought is ebbing, another is rising; and there is no greater alternation than that between positivism and idealism. The positivistic period of natural science ebbed for ten or fifteen years; an idealistic one is rising. Emerson once said here in Harvard that the Church has periods when it has wooden chalices and golden priests, and others when it has golden chalices and wooden priests. That is true for

the churches of human knowledge too, and for knowledge of all denominations. Forty, or fifty years ago, in the great period when Helmholtz discovered the conservation of energy and Darwin the origin of species one naturalistic triumph followed the other, golden high priests of natural science were working with wooden chalices in narrow, downward laboratories; today natural science has golden chalices provided in luxurious institutions, but there are too many wooden priests. The fullest energies of our time are pressing on to an idealistic revival, are blissing about a new idealistic view of the world, and turning in sympathy to that last foregoing period of idealism of which Ralph Waldo Emerson was perhaps the last original exponent. But also with his period was idealism not new. When he came to speak on the Transcendentalist, he said: "The first thing we have to say respecting the new views here in New England is that they are not new." Yes, indeed; since the beginnings of Greek philosophy, more than two thousand years ago, the two great tendencies have constantly followed each other. Each one must have its time of development, must reach its climax, must go over into undue exaggeration, and thus destroy itself to make room for the other, which then begins in its turn to grow, to win, to overdo, and to be defeated.

Glorious had been the triumph of Positivism in the middle of the eighteenth century when the French encyclopaedists were at work, those men who wrote the decrees for the French Revolution. But before the last consequences of the Positivism of the eighteenth century were drawn, the Idealistic counter movement had started. Emmanuel Kant gave the signal, he fired the shot heard round the world; and Fichte followed, whose ethical Idealism changed the map of Europe, and his spirit went over the Channel to Carlyle, and finally over the ocean to these shores of New England and spoke with the lips of Emerson. It is unimportant whether Emerson studied the great transcendental systems in the original; he knew Kant and Schelling probably at first through Coleridge, and Fichte through Carlyle. But in the meantime Idealism too had exaggerated its claims, it had gone forward to Hegel, and while Hegelian thought, about 1830, with an iron fist held in its grasp the deepest knowledge of his time, his neglect of positive experience demanded reaction, a counter movement became necessary, and in the midst of the nineteenth century the great idealistic movement with all its philosophical and historical energies went down, and a new Positivism, full of enthusiasm for natural science and technique and full of contempt for philosophy, gained the day. With logical consistency, the spirit of empiricism went from realm to realm. It started with the inorganic world, passed into physics, then forward to chemistry, became more ambitious and conquered the world of organisms, and when biology had said its positivistic say, turned from the outer nature of being to the inner nature. The mind of man was scrutinized with positivistic methods; we came to experimental psychology, and finally, as the highest possible aim of naturalism, to the positivistic treatment of society as a whole, to sociology. But naturalism again has overdone its mission, the world has begun to feel that all the technique, that all the naturalistic knowledge makes life not more worth living, that comfort and bigness

do not really mean progress, that naturalism cannot give us an ultimate view of the world. And above all, the reaction has come from the midst of the sciences themselves. Twenty years ago scientific work received its fullest applause for the negation of philosophical demands. Ten years ago the feeling came up that there are after all problems which need philosophy, and today philosophers, with good or bad philosophy, are at work everywhere. The physicists, the chemists and the biologists, the astronomers and the mathematicians, the psychologists and the sociologists, the historians and the economists, the linguists and the jurists, all are, today busily engaged in philosophical inquiries, in inquiries into the conditions of their knowledge, into the presuppositions and methods of their sciences, into their ultimate principles and conceptions; in short, without a word of sudden command, the front has changed its direction. We are moving again towards philosophy, towards Idealism, towards Emerson.

Does all this mean that we are to forget the achievements of natural science, and ignore the results of empirical labor, of labor which has given us an invincible mastery of stubborn nature and an undreamed-of power to calculate all processes of the physical and of the psychical world? No sane man can entertain such a notion. Yes, such ideas would contradict the laws which have controlled the alternation of Idealism and Positivism through the ages of the past. Whenever Positivism returned, it always showed a new face, and the teaching of the intervening period of Idealism was never lost. The naturalism of the middle of the nineteenth century was not at all identical with the naturalism of the middle of the eighteenth; and so Idealism too, as often as it returned to mankind after periods of neglect and contempt, had every time gained in meaning, had every time found increased responsibilities, had every time to do justice to the new problems the preceding period of Positivism had raised. If Idealism today wants to gain new strength, nothing must be lost of all that the last fifty years have brought us, no step must be taken backward, the careful scientific work of the specialists must be encouraged and strengthened, and yet the totality of this work must be brought under new aspects which allow a higher synthesis; yes, a higher synthesis, that is the problem of the philosopher of today. He does not want to be ignorant of natural science and simply substitute idealistic demands in the place of solid, substantial facts; and he should feel ashamed of a foul compromise with which half-thinkers are easily satisfied, a compromise which allows science its own way, that it comes over the boundaries of human emotions, a compromise which accepts rigid causality but pierces little holes in the casual world, making little exceptions here and there that human freedom may be saved in the midst of a world-machinery; a compromise which accepts the social origin of ideals, but claims a mystic knowledge that just our own private pattern will remain in fashion for eternity. No philosophy can live by compromises. If natural science is to be accepted and Idealism is to hold its own, they must be combined, they must form a synthesis in which the one no longer contradicts the other. Just such synthetic harmonization, and not at all a stubborn ignorance of the other side or a compromise with cheap concessions, was

the aim of the period from Kant to Emerson. It is merely the naturalistic period which ignores its idealistic counterpart, which delights in its one-sidedness, which is afraid of harmony because it is suspicious of demands for concessions. It is naturalism only which thinks that mankind can walk on one leg.

If we ask where such harmonization can be found, where the great Idealists of the beginning of the last century have sought it, and where our modern philosophy is seeking it again, well aware that by the progress of science in the meantime the difficulties have been multiplied, the logical responsibilities have become gigantic, we cannot do more here than to point out the direction; we cannot go the way. And it is clear, of course, too, that such an answer has its individual shape, and that no one can promise to give a bird's-eye view of the marching movement while he is himself marching among his comrades. But the individual differences are non-essential. The one great tendency, the Emersonian spirit, if it is rightly understood, is common to them all. What has modern philosophy all over the world to say about that threefold claim concerning Nature, Freedom and Oversoul? What has it to say when natural science has fully said its say and had its fair hearing, and has been approved as sound and welcome?

A philosopher might answer, perhaps, as follows: You positivists have done wonderfully with your microscopes and your telescopes, with your chronoscopes and spectroscopes; you have measured and weighed and analyzed and described, and finally explained the whole world which you perceive, and there is nothing in space and time and causality which can escape your search. But did not all that work of yours involve certain presuppositions which you had accepted and which it was not your business to look on critically, but which, nevertheless, may be open to inquiry? Your first claims granted, all may follow; but how is it with the first claims? You examine all that is in space and time, but what are space and time? You examine the material substances and the contents of consciousness, but what is consciousness, and what is matter? You seek the special applications of causality, but what is causality? Well, you reply, you give the facts just as you find them; but do you do that really? And what do you mean by saying that you find the facts? Let us look, at least for a moment, to the very simplest facts with which your work begins. You say there are physical objects made up of atoms, and you describe them as a physicist; and there are mental ideas in consciousness made up of sensations, and you describe them as a psychologist; and both, you say, you are finding. But what does it mean, what you find the physical object outside there and the mental idea of the object inside in you; is that really a statement of your immediate experience? The physicist speaks of this table here before me, outside of me; and the psychologist speaks of my idea of this table, enclosed in my consciousness. Both may do well to speak so; but will you make me believe that I find that doubleness in my experience? If I see this table and want to use it I am not aware of one table of wooden stuff and another in me of mental stuff. I am not aware of a twoness at all, and if the physicist says that this wooden table is made up of molecules and has in itself no color and no continuity, and that the mental idea in me furnishes all those qualities of

color and smoothness, but has no solidity, then they speak of two interesting worlds about which I am anxious to know, but certainly neither of them is the world I live in. If I lean on this table I am not aware of a table in my mind at all. I know the one table only, and this one table has its color and its smoothness.

I know what you will answer. You will say, in your immediate experience there are indeed not two worlds of objects, a physical and a psychical; the real thing to which our interests in life refer is not differentiated into a molecular object outside of us and a sensational object in us, but it is clear that every real thing allows a kind of double aspect; we can consider this table in so far as it is common to all of us, in so far as it is a possible object for everyone of us, and in so far as it becomes an object for the individual, and we can call then the objects, in so far as they are common property, physical; and in so far as we take the aspect of individual relations, psychical; and as it must be of highest importance for our practical purposes to discriminate between those two aspects, we have clearly the right to consider the world both from the point of view of the physicist and of the psychologist. It is, of course, an abstraction if we leave out in the one case, the one side, in the other case the other side of our objective experience; but we gain by that the possibility of constructing two closed causal systems of which each one must have its special conditions of existence, inasmuch as the one is conceived as related to individuals and the other as independent of individuals.

Very true, we should answer. Something like that saves you completely, justifies fully your claim to separate the physical and the psychical worlds of objects, the world of matter and the world of ideas; but can you deny that you have lost your case, are you not now yourself in the midst of philosophical, methodological discussions, which your physics and psychology themselves cannot settle and yet which must be settled before they enter into their rights; and above all, do you not yourself see now that your whole physics, for instance, is not at all an account of reality, but merely a certain logical transformation of reality; that you do not find the world of physics at all, just as little as you find the psychical ideas, but that you can merely work over and reshape the reality which you find till you construct out of it your world of matter and your world of consciousness? What you believed you would find you have never found, while your construction of physical things may have been most necessary for your purposes; but don't deny that you have left reality far behind you.

And so it is with all your doings. You tell us, for instance, proudly that you show us the deepest nature of the world by showing us the elements which the object contains, and that you thus bring us at least nearer to the essence of things; and yet if we begin to look into your real achievements, we are disappointed again to find that you are far away from even attempting anything of that kind. You tell us that water is hydrogen and oxygen, and if we say "Prove it," you show us simply that you can transform the water into hydrogen and oxygen and that you can transform these two elements again into water. Is that really what you promise? We want to know what the thing is, and you show us simply how the one thing can be transformed into

another thing; and whenever we turn to your wisdom, it is always the same story. You show us always, and most nicely, how the one goes over into the other, but you never show us what the one or the other really is in itself. For your practical purposes just the first may be the important aspect, but do not make us believe, therefore, that it is the only possible aspect. In short, whether science describes or explains, it never gives us what we find in reality, but makes out of reality a new ideal construction in the service of certain purposes, and never gives us the things as they are, but merely the effects and changes which they produce. Are we still, then, to be deeply impressed with the claim of the naturalist that he alone has the monopoly of knowing reality, while we see now that every step of his leads us away from reality? And have we still to be afraid to raise the voice as philosophers with the claim that reality itself must find its expression, that there must be a science which gives account of reality as we really find it, of nature before it is made up and repolished for the purposes of the physicist? Only if we have such other account of nature, then only do we speak of that nature in which we live and in which we act, and if we compare it with such an account of the fuller reality, the constructed schematism of the physicist must appear, indeed, as Emerson said,

"barren like a single sex." Not the slightest result of natural science is depreciated, not the slightest discovery ignored, if we insist that all these so-called facts have a meaning only under certain artificial conditions which set us apart from the reality of our life; and in this reality lies the interest of the philosopher. We have thus no reason to reproach the scientist so long as the scientist does not fancy that his science gives an account of nature as it really is. Both kinds of work are necessary, and the scientist may well speak, as the squirrel in Emerson's poem:

"Talents differ,
All is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

Natural science has to crack our nuts, but philosophy has to carry on its back the flourishing forests of life, in which we wander and breathe. And if Emerson is right, today and forever, in claiming that the facts of natural science are not expressions of reality, it is only a small step to see that he was not less right in saying that man is free. Consider man as a particle in the physical universe, consider his actions from the point of view of a causal science, and there is no possibility to escape materialism and fatalism. We must understand every activity as a necessary outcome of foregoing conditions. Psychology must do so, and physics must do the same. The empirical sciences would be disloyal to their own principles if they allowed there the slightest exception. The noblest gesture, the greatest word, the bravest action, must be considered by them under the category of causality. They are necessary effects of all the preceding causes. It may be interesting, it may be fascinating to follow such lines with the enthusiastic energy of scholarly research. But are we really obliged to accept the outcome as an ultimate word concerning the meaning of our freedom? "Forever wells up the impulse of choosing and acting in the soul." Is it really merely an illusion? Has responsibility still its moral value, are we the actors of our actions, are we

still good, are we still guilty, when every deed follows as necessary effect? Is not, then, the whole constitution of the world, which has made us, responsible whenever we move our hand for good or for bad?

But we know now where we are standing; we know now that the world of objects, of physical as well as of physical, is a constructed world, constructed for the purpose of satisfying our demand for causal connection; for that world holds causality because it is the world seen under the point of view of causality; and just as there cannot be anything in that world of physical and psychical objects which is not causally connected, just so it cannot have any meaning at all to ask for causal connection, before the world is conceived in the service of this artificial construction. Reality in itself is not causal, and to ask for the causes of the real experience of our inner life has not more meaning than to ask how many pounds is the weight of a virtue, and how many inches is the length of our hopes. But we must go farther. To apply the question of cause and effect to our real will means not only that we apply to the real object a standard which belongs to the artificial or constructed object, but it means above all that we consider as an object something which in reality is not an object at all. The will which the psychologist describes and must describe, the will which has causes and which is thus not free, is a will conceived as an object found in our mind like an idea, something of which we are aware, something whose happening we perceive, and yet if anything is sure it is the immediate experience that we are aware of our will in a way which is absolutely different from the way in which we perceive objects. We don't perceive our will at all, we will it, we strive it, we fight it; yes, we feel ourselves, only in so far as we are the subjects of will. Our will is our personality, which we don't find but which we are, and which stands opposed and separated by the deepest gulf from the world of objects. Those objects are means and purposes of our will, are ends and aims and instruments; but they come in question for us only as we will them, as we like and dislike them, as we approve and reject them. And if we take this world of objects and reconstruct it into the artificial world of physical and psychical things connected by causality, in this very act of reconstruction, we feel ourselves as willing, deciding, approving, aiming personalities, whose wills decide, who think the world as causally connected, whose freedom guarantees the value of our conception of a world not free. There is no knowledge but in our judgments; there is no judgment but in our affirming and denying; there is no affirming and denying but in our will. Our will chooses for its purposes to conceive reality as if it were unfree. What a climax of confusion to think that this conception of an unfree world, the conception of science can itself now condemn the freedom of the will which has chosen. "Freedom is necessary," said Emerson. We can add, necessity itself is merely a purpose determined by freedom. "Intellect annuls fate," Emerson says. We may add, fate is merely an idea of intellect. Let us be psychologists if we want to analyze, to calculate, to explain the unfree man; but let us be philosophers to understand what it means to be a psychologist. Now the synthesis is reached; the real world is free, but we choose for our purposes to conceive the world as unfree and to construct thus causal sciences.

And if we understand that in reality man is free and that the psychological aspect of man as unfree is a special way of looking on man for special purposes, then suddenly there opens itself before us the vast field of history, and the historical life, which seemed deprived of all interest by the psychological, iconoclastic mood, suddenly wins again a new importance. We feel instinctively that this free man of reality, this man who is a responsible actor of his actions, he only is the agent of history; and history is falsified and history is cheapened when it is brought down to a causal explanation of psychological man instead of real man. History had become an appendix of sociology, and what great historians aimed at in the interpretation of the few "stout and earnest personalities" seemed lost in favor of a construction in which the great man and the genius rank with the fool as mere extreme variations of psychological averages. Now suddenly do we understand that history has to deal with the world of freedom, that it has not to explain, but to interpret, that it has not to connect the facts by linking causes and effects, but by understanding the meaning of purposes, their agreement and disagreement, their growth and liberty. Now we understand why Fichte, why Carlyle, why Emerson believes in heroes and hero-worship, why Idealism has been at all times the fertile ground for writing history and for making history, while Naturalism has made technique, and thought in an anti-historical spirit. Our time begins again to think historically. It can do so because it again begins to emancipate itself from its positivistic disbelief in man's freedom and from its unphilosophic superstition that causal science alone is science, that we know only when we explain.

And when we at last stand man to man in full freedom, no longer as psycho-physical constructions but as free personalities, and when we debate and try to convince each other, will you deny that Jove stands behind each of us and Jove nods to Jove when we meet? Would it have even a meaning for us to go on with our talk, should we try at all to convince each other if you thought and I thought, everyone for himself, that our will is only our personal will, that there is no over-individual will, no Oversoul behind us? Can we discuss at all if we do not presuppose that there is really a truth which we are seeking in common, that there are certain judgments which we are bound to will, which we are obliged to affirm, which we will, but which we do not will as individuals, and of which we take for granted that everyone must will them whom we acknowledge at all as a personality; and if you come with the flippant al-

of the sceptic and tell me "No, there is no truth, all is only as it appears to me, there is no objective truth," do you not contradict yourself, are you not saying that at least this, your own statement, expresses objective truth; that you will this with a faith and belief that this will of yours is an over-individual will which is, as such, a duty, an obligation for everyone who thinks? Every escape is futile. And all the over-individuality that lives in our will towards truth comes to us again in our will towards morality. Do not say sceptically that there is no absolute obligation, that you do not feel bound by an over-individual will in your action, that you will do in every moment what pleases you individually. You cannot

even speak this sceptical word without contradicting yourself again, as you demand through the fact of your saying it that we believe that you speak the truth and that you thus feel yourself bound not to lie. If you leave us doubtful whether your word was not a lie, the word itself cannot have any meaning. Don't try to dodge the Oversoul. Men live and fight in its purposes, and men descend to meet. It is as Emerson said, "At first delighted with the triumph of the intellect, we are like hunters on the scent and soldiers who rush to battle; but when the game is run down, when the enemy lies cold in his blood at our feet, we are alarmed at our solitude." Let the sociologists triumphantly reduce the ideals to necessary social products of evolution in the same spirit in which the psychologist eliminates the freedom of the individual; but let us never forget that such a social mechanism is as much an artificial construction necessary for its purposes as is the psycho-physical mechanism of individuality. In that reality with which history deals, in which our freedom lies, there our over-individual will comes from deeper ground than from the soil and the food and the climate. Our logical obligations, our ethical duties, our

aesthetic appreciations, our religious revelations, in reality they do not come from without, they come from within; but from within as far as we are souls in the Oversoul. There is no duty in the world but the duty which we will ourselves; no outer force, no training, no custom, no punishment can make us have duties. Duty is our will, it may be the duty to think for the ideal of truth, the duty to feel for the ideal of aesthetics, the duty to act for the ideal of morality, the duty to have faith in the ideal of religion; but it is always our own will, and yet not our fanciful, personal, individual will. It is a system of purposes upon whose reality all knowledge of the world, and thus the world as we know it, is dependent forever. The wave of Idealism is rising. The shortsighted superstition of Positivism will not lurk under the roof of a new hall of philosophy. To be a true student of the most scientific, of the most scholarly, of the most insistent philosophy means to respect and to study hard the sciences, the physical and the psychical sciences, but at the same time to understand that natural science is not the science of reality, that psychology does not touch the freedom of man, that no life has a meaning without the relation to the Oversoul. We cannot write a whole system and a whole textbook on the front of the new building. It must be enough to write there a symbolic word; happy, forever happy, the university which can write over the door of its temple of philosophy the name: Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The following is
from the Boston
Evening Transcript,
July 31, 1903.

AY, JULY 31, 1903

EMERSONIANS' FINAL DAY

Concord Memorial School's Last Proceedings

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe Was Today's Speaker

Progress During a Century Her Subject

Dr. Hale Will Give the Closing Address Tonight

Special to the Transcript:

Concord, July 31—Today the Emerson Memorial School ends. This morning the last Concord lecture was delivered in the town hall by that "grand old woman" of this Emerson century—or, to use her own phrase, member of the "octogenarian phalanx"—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Tonight, in Huntington Hall, Boston, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., will utter the final word. Mrs. Howe's topic was "A Century from the Birth of Emerson." Dr. Hale will speak on "Emerson's Gospel for His Own Time and for Ours." No more fitting voices to "pronounce the benediction" could be imagined than those of the authors of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "The Man without a Country"—literature which has done so much to inspire the true patriotism and the high ideals for which Emerson himself stood.

The course as a whole has been highly successful, and reflects great credit upon the Free Religious Association of America, of which Emerson was one of the founders and vice presidents, and under whose auspices the "school" has been held. Great credit, too, is due to the committee, consisting of Edwin D. Mead, George Willis Cooke, John C. Haynes, Frank B. Sanborn, William R. Thayer, Moorfield Storey and David Greene Haskins, Jr., who have had the "practical" arrangements directly in charge. Mr. Mead, as president of the association, presided at the opening, and a few other of the Concord lectures in his usual felicitous manner. For the rest, Mr. Sanborn has been in the chair. In that position and as a leader in the discussions he has fairly shone. Never have his wide general knowledge, his keen wit, caustic sarcasm and fund of anecdote been made more manifest. If his sarcasm and his reiterated attacks on the "Harvard professors and the educated classes" have not always been a sauce thoroughly palatable to all his hearers, yet they have added a piquancy to the meetings that has sauced the listeners to forget their disagreement and to finally join in the wave of laughter that has rippled over the hall. If any hostile criticism were to be made upon the lectures—and it is the farthest possible from the desire of the present writer to seem ungracious—it will be the monotony of the laudation heaped upon the Concord Seer. Indeed, Professor Schmidt appreciated in one of the discus-

sions the lack of genuine debate. He confessed that he was somewhat wearied by the constant adulation, and longed for the scent of the woods and the pine trees. During this last week, however, there has been some debate, due to a difference of opinion between Rev. Henry K. Hannah, rector of the Concord Episcopal Church, and Mr. Sanborn and others as to whether Emerson was a Christian, whether he recognized the problem of sin and evil in the world and the scheme for putting it out of the world, and whether Emerson's views of sin and evil were the same as and substantiated by those of St. Augustine. Rev. John White Chadwick, to be sure, spoke more discriminatingly of Emerson's work. Once again Mr. Mead and Mr. Sanborn "broke a lance"—a mild one—over the educated classes. Mr. Mead "taking a brief" for the American scholar. While, as Mrs. Malaprop said, "comparisons are odorous," this may perhaps fairly be said: Emerson was such a many-sided man that one side of him appeals more strongly to a given admirer than another; so one lecture has doubtless afforded greater pleasure to one hearer than another essay. Perhaps, however, it would not be unfair to single out two lectures, besides that of this morning, which have impressed the many. They are widely contrasted. One was that of Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell University, on "Emerson and Oriental Thought." The other was that of Rev. John White Chadwick of Brooklyn, N. Y., on "The Simpler Emerson." It was to be expected that great stress would be laid upon Emerson's passion for political righteousness, and that anti-imperialism would figure largely in the lectures. The expected has happened; and, though the word "anti-imperialism" has not been uttered, its essence has cropped out in nearly every paper. The applause which always followed such utterances showed that there were many anti-imperialists present.

Today was indeed a "field day" here. The town hall was crowded with the largest audience of the "school." Mrs. Howe arrived in town yesterday afternoon, and was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Florence Howe Hall. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Sanborn. Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Sanborn sat upon the platform, leaning lightly upon Mr. Sanborn's arm, there was loud applause and the entire audience arose and stood until she had become seated. In presenting her, Mr. Sanborn said she was no stranger in Concord, and had visited the village long ago; now she came to add to its fame. Mrs. Howe, who was again heartily applauded, then read her paper. It was closely listened to throughout, and again applauded at the close. Its prevailing tone was that of Emerson's own abounding optimism of thankfulness for the progress made in the nineteenth century and of joyful prophesy for the future. Mrs. Howe stood throughout her entire delivery, the silvery and musical notes of her voice penetrated to the rear of the hall, and she showed no signs of fatigue as she sat down. Her manner would have put many a younger woman to shame. An abstract of her paper follows:

SYNOPSIS OF PAPER

Lecturer's Salient Points Noted and Summarized Below

"With halting and uneven steps we attained the year of our poet's birth, 1803, children of hope, still somewhat overbound

by the traditions of the fathers, and yet led onward by champions who combined a noble enthusiasm with a nobler courage. In view of the great material exansion which then awaited us in the latter part of the century, what could have been more providential than the Transcendental movement which preceded it? When Dives was destined to amass his millions, how instructive were the simple lives of those who gladly accepted poverty as the condition of following their heart's love, philosophy! Emerson said: 'Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind!' Yes, but the Ideal was in the saddle also, and its steed had wings.

"The nineteenth century and the one preceding it as well, were, above all, periods of question. In our modern civilizations, Luther began the religious question, Goethe the aesthetic, Napoleon the military. The question of justice, pure and simple, was left for the new continent to propose and to solve. The nineteenth century witnessed a combination of these questions, and our dear poet's manhood awoke to consciousness while this combination was approaching its height. He, entering upon man's estate, finds the whole range of polite literature within his reach. His first utterances, though in the guise of 'woodnotes wild,' have in them the rhythm of the Puritan conscience. He gradually studies and annexes the civilized world, which belonged to him before he belonged to it. What was his theme? Nature—a topic trite enough, but Nature as she had been interpreted before. His communings with her led him to

contrast with her steadfast calm the turbulence of society, the cruel uncharity of priestly rule, the degradation of humanity in the person of the slave, most of all, the unthought of the age.

"In the generation of which I was fortunate in being one, who has done more than the beloved centenarian of our present consideration? His question throughout is: 'How about this so-called philosophy of thine? Has it made thee more really wise, more energetic in fulfilling the duties, civic and personal? Does it interpret for thee beauty and glory of life in such wise that thou dost take highest pleasure in highest things? How does it reason, for example, between the slave and his master? We have emblazoned the device of freedom upon our flag—does this flag consent to sanction that desecration of its pledge? How about religion? Is it to thee the worship of any king really to be esteemed divine, or does it consist in ordinances and prescriptions which bear witness more to man's native ignorance than to the achievements of his educated reason?'

"Among the latent forces which the last wonderful century aroused to efficient action, I must include the sphere of woman's activity, as today conceded and even established. Need I say what a beneficent power has hereby been added to man's struggle with the brute force of nature? Making allowance for all the evils which we still see and deplore, I must think that the ethical and spiritual progress of the century now under consideration is its most astounding feature. The growth everywhere visible of religious tolerance does not appear to me to mark a stage of indifferentism, but one combining faith in the power of divine things with belief in man's power of apprehending them. I seem to feel in the various religious bodies a growing directness of relation to the

central source of religious power which enables, and indeed obliges, one sect to make room for others in the periphery of the circle, whose bounds are not for us to determine. How are the mighty strongholds of uncharity fallen! In respect of the relation of Philosophy and Religion, may we not find distinct evidence of the progress of the age in the present appreciation of one whose message to mankind was once difficult to read, but is now adopted in the common thought? Incarnation, the embodiment in everyday life of our best hopes and aspirations—is not this a feature of our true philosophy, married to religion? And is it not present with us in the writings of our dear friend? The familiar things of every day are woven into his beautiful verse. This twofold priesthood of man as an interpreter of nature and man as an exponent of nature, belongs eminently to our dear friend. He surely felt more deeply than most the office of culture in common human life. Mr. Emerson knew, no man better than he, the delights of study, the desk of solitary labor, the instruction of the lonely ramble in the woods, or by the seashore. In his rapt mood, he seems remote from us, a creature,

"too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

But when the cry of human need reaches him, he is with us, he is one of us, helpful and brotherly in our midst, giving, not as the world gives, of his inmost and best.

"Originality consists largely in freshness of view. This freshness of vision was conceded to our sage, and this it is which enables him to cast so new a glory over the visible world, with whose aspect we are so familiar, but in the interpretation of which we have made so little progress. This freshness, Mr. Emerson carried into his studies. Old scriptures had a new message for him and through him for us. The monumental literature of the East sang for him its cradle song. And all this newness of interpretation our sage gave to a generation wearied with logic and reason, with pounding of pulpit cushions and proving of the theo-metaphysical problems.

"In all that I have known of the Emersonian century, the new form of freedom makes itself felt—freedom of question and answer, of assertion and denial, of association and disassociation. This freedom it is which gives to the intellectual life of today so bright a colony. Under the impulse much which was formerly sealed with mystery has been brought within the domain of positive knowledge. Much, on the other hand, which was imposed upon other generations as irrefragable dogma is today happily relegated to the region of the much that we cannot know. Although we still have wars and rumors of war, the prevalence of the peace-promoting qualities over the fighting spirit is an unmistakable feature of our time. I notice this sensibly in the changed relations between young people and their elders. Teachers now intend to train their pupils by sympathy and attraction, and if parents are often over-lax in the discipline of their children, the child can fly to them without encountering the chevaux de frise of terror which in old times separated them.

"Concerning the questions which precede and accompany human progress the Emersonian century has given us some important lessons. Timid souls fear to seek to know anything beyond what has been delivered

to them of the fathers. This age, so full of interrogation, has done much to convince all that honest question, even of things most sacred, in always safe. Shall we dread to grow irreverent in proportion as we seek to understand the true inwardness of things eternal? Shall we expect to find the nearer aspect of Truth less majestic than her remote disguise? No! a thousand times, no! Of this reverent daring, our dear friend has given us an eminent example. Who has attacked more daringly than he the false commonplace which contented the social world of his time? Yet so discriminating was his touch, so delicate his perception, that not a feature of any availing belief was marred or disturbed by him.

"The rehabilitation of the Present is to me a welcome feature of the century which we are now reviewing. The apotheosis of the ancients dimly shadowed forth a truth which we more clearly recognize today, viz.: That the spiritual significance of a man's life-work does not fully realize itself until it is ended. As I stand in this place, where we have so often seen our beloved sage, I must feel that he is honored and even understood now as he would not have been in his lifetime. To me today his seat is not empty, his voice is not silent. The golden trumpets of world power carry far and wide his glowing syllables in which is distilled so much of the wisdom of the world, so much of individual fire and fervor. The beneficent countenance associated with these utterances smiles upon us with an earnest which coming ages will neither dim nor deny. A new century opens before us whose youth will soon forsake us of the octogenarian phalanx. In its inevitable course new exigencies will develop new resources. The coming hundred of years may surpass the last as far as the last one has gone beyond the wildest dreams of its predecessor. We elders think with dear affection of the generations which we shall never see with mortal eyes. If, in their onward sweep, they should pause to take account of us, let them remember us as foes of all tyrannies, as the friends of all true progress. We have made war on the supremacy of stereotype and tradition—we leave for our parting word our unalterable faith in God and man.

"In all our homage, let us remember that no man is so great as the truth which belongs to all men, the truth which it is our prerogative to pursue with our thought and to embody in our life." (Great applause.)

THE DISCUSSION

Mr. Mead, Mr. Sanborn, Mrs. A. G. Cooper and Others Speak

In the discussion that followed the paper, Mrs. Francis H. Brown of Boston said: "We came here to honor a prophet and stay to honor a prophetess," referring to Mrs. Howe. Then she went on to express her appreciation of Emerson. Mr. Sanborn read some impressions of Emerson published in the London Spectator by David MacRae, a Scotchman. John T. Michau, of St. Joseph, Mo., said that Emerson has been the lighthouse in our sea of time that points us forward in that pathward that leads us to the stars. Mrs. A. J. Cooper of Washington, D. C., a very intelligent colored woman, said that she could not sit still, having been stirred as she had been by the words of Mr. Chadwick the other day and of Mrs. Howe today. She referred to Emerson's—

"Do not let the dying die,"

and characterized it as a "grand poem," a "great gloria in excelsis," a "just and fitting companion piece to Mrs. Howe's own

"As he died to make men holy
Let us die to make them free."

Continuing, Mrs. Cooper said: "I wondered if these disciples and letters of Emerson were not ready nowadays to say: 'Do not let the dead hear it; do not let them wake up.' I wondered if those souls that flitted out with those glad tidings on their lips might not be saddened by the thought that those tidings were not all that they thought they were; that many were crying 'peace' when there was no peace." (Applause.)

George H. Albert Meyer of Paris, France, denied strongly that Emerson did not sympathize strongly with the common people.

Mr. Mead said: "These lectures will not have done their proper work unless they prove an inspiration to churches and societies in coming days to continue the study of Emerson's character. Mrs. Howe has emphasized the word 'unthought.' That was the great vice against which Emerson stood. Emerson put it in another form, and pleaded for a 'revival of the human mind.' Our danger is that, in the plenitude of material resources, we shall come to rely upon the materialities, and not upon the spiritualities, upon those forces for which the 'machine' and the dollar and the gun stand, instead of those ideals which are along the sure salvation of nations as of men. (Applause.) There was not half so much war in the nineteenth as in the eighteenth century. If our 'unthought' ceases, if our reliance upon the spiritual arm is stimulated in America as it should be, then the record of this century will be brighter still. Let us take heed; but let us not forget the words just uttered by Mrs. Cooper, which seem so solemn upon the lips of one of her race."

At Mr. Mead's suggestion, Mrs. Howe, after speaking briefly of Emerson's beautiful benignity, recited her famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic" so impressively and beautifully as to elicit great applause.

On motion of Rev. Mary Safford, pastor of the First Unitarian Church of Des Moines, Io., a rising vote of thanks was tendered to the committee who have had charge of the lectures. Mr. Sanborn then declared the Concord school at a end.

Mrs. Howe, her daughter, Mrs. Hall, Miss Julia Osgood and Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead were the guests at luncheon of Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, at her home, "The Wayside."

Through the kindness of Miss Ellen Emerson, her father's study was opened this afternoon for the inspection of all attendants upon the school who wished to visit it. Many availed themselves of the opportunity.

WAS A TRUE SCIENTIST

Emerson Formulated Theories Which Science Has Itself Accepted Decades Afterwards

It had remained for Professor A. E. Dolbear to consider before the school the subject of "Emerson's Thought in Relation to Modern Science." The speaker declared that the philosophy of Emerson was wholly scientific and proceeded to explain that Emerson had arrived at a theory of nature which is wholly in keeping with the tenets of modern science made decades afterwards.

"It is easy nowadays to believe in any of the great scientific generalizations that have been established in the nineteenth century, but it was not so seventy years

ago, when Emerson was presented with the problem," Professor Dolbear explained. "Then the world was dominated by the conception of a special creation; of some power interpolating factors in the series, by fiat, altering or controlling by supreme will or other quality, the processes of nature. The Bible was a book of final reference and nothing was so firmly established as its infallibility—on no evidence. Emerson, a child of that age, came to disbelieve in creation; to disbelieve the historical accuracy of the Bible."

"There is no other recourse for a thinking mind than to substitute a theory of nature, working by law, where the processes were continuous and miracles were not. If he was like most men of his or any age, the present included, he would not have worried a moment about theories of nature or attempt to account for the beginning, the progress and the end of things. He was not like them, but more like Socrates, or Newton, or Kepler or any of those rare, great spirits, who are not content with passive inertia in intellectual effort."

"His time-honored conceptions falling, he sought the alternative and, without necessarily following the paths of science, saw by philosophic insight that all in nature was governed by laws that were permanent and sufficient for all the manifestations presenting themselves. Such a man is a scientist."

The following is
from the Boston
Evening Transcript,
May 23, 1903.

EMERSON CENTENNIAL

Addresses Commemorate the
Philosopher

His Birthday 100 Years Ago Next
Monday

The Free Religious Association
Meets

Chief Address Tomorrow by President
Eliot

Centennial observances of the birth of Ralph Waldo Emerson May 25, 1803, began in this city today with the meeting of the Free Religious Association in Parker Memorial Hall. Emerson was one of the founders of the association in 1867, and the addresses this morning, listened to with notable interest and sympathy by an audience which filled the floor and gallery, were partly historical and partly an estimate of the Concord philosopher's character and influence. Edwin D. Mead presided, and delivered the opening address, although his remarks were preceded by an organ voluntary, and the singing of Mendelssohn's "How Lovely Are the Messengers of Peace," by the augmented choir of the Parker Memorial Church under the leadership of F. W. Wodell, the choirmaster. Mrs. G. F. Cheney was organist.

EDWIN D. MEAD'S OPENING

Mr. Mead said in opening that one of the most impressive and most cheering things of the time were the arrangements from the Atlantic to the Pacific to observe the centennial anniversary of the birth of Emerson. He thought that never in the world's history had there been so large an observance of a purely intellectual anniversary. It came as a special sacrament, and he loved to think that it represented a longing on the part of the American people for a different set of ideals from those which had obtained in this country since the war spirit swept over it in 1896. "Emerson stands for everything which is highest and best in our life," Mr. Mead said. "He has spoken in his addresses on education the most pregnant and most prophetic word which has been spoken since John Milton. In his Harvard address of 1838 he gave us the programme for our religion for a thousand years, and it is with special fitness that we come here to consider his religious influence. He was one of the founders of this association, and he was present at that original meeting in Horticultural Hall May 30, 1867, a meeting which attracted some attention and which had been advertised in the newspapers for days beforehand."

"The call was issued by Octavius B. Frothingham, William J. Potter and Rowland Connor, and the first speaker on a long list was Ralph Waldo Emerson. The only three of the list living today are Henry Blanchard, Francis Abbott and Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Some of them were there in representative character, speaking for the liberal Unitarians, for the progressive Universalists, for the progressive Friends, but Mr. Emerson, in the words of Mr. Frothingham, was chosen to speak for those worthy men who have no sect, who are strictly Universal in character. Others, like sturdy John Brown at Harper's Ferry, were there to speak for themselves. Such a one was Colonel Higginson. I like to think of his presence there, and rejoice that he is to preside at the meeting this evening."

"But I rejoice more at the long service of Colonel Higginson, who has always spoken the sane word, the helpful human word. In his eightieth year let our hearts go out to him in greeting. Francis Abbott will not be present tonight, for he is confined to his house in sickness and suffering. Let us remember that except for Emerson, whose addresses have gained world-wide currency, his words at the meeting when this association was organized, placed its highest motive: 'To hallow American civilization by a profound consciousness of the divine.'"

The president of the association then elected was Octavius Frothingham; Colonel Higginson was one of the officers of that year; and of the six directors, one was Mrs. Ednah Dean Cheney, who will be at the festival tonight. In the first speech to the association, Mr. Mead said that Emerson declared that the churches of Boston of that day had been outgrown, that the people in them felt themselves caged, cribbed, confined and pleaded for the union of men in good works, for pure beneficence. Two years later he made a much more important speech in which he pleaded for the relinquishment of theological discussions and a greater attention to good works. Emerson's great message to the Free Religious Association. Mr. Mead pointed out that the Unitarian Churches were far in advance of where they were in the time of those early addresses, and urged that

they continue to follow Emerson's teaching.

LONGFELLOW HYMN SUNG

Mr. Mead closed by asking the audience to sing Samuel Longfellow's hymn, "O Life That Maketh Old Things New," remarking that this hymn was written for the convention of the Free Religious Association of 1874, when Emerson was vice president. The hymn was sung, then Mr. Mead presented Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham as the second speaker.

EMERSON A RELIGIOUS FORCE

Mr. Frothingham took for his topic, "Emerson as a Religious Force," and remarked that Theodore Parker, in whose memory the building in which the meeting was held was erected, "was accustomed to thank God for three things—for the sun, for the moon and for Ralph Waldo Emerson."

"One of the amazing things to my mind," he went on, "is the progress of Emerson's religious thought in the succeeding years. The man who left the pulpit for conscientious reasons has done more, except perhaps William Ellery Channing, for those who still find in the pulpit an opportunity for service and the exercise of spiritual influence. Though the dean of the Harvard Divinity School, after Emerson's famous address there, was heard to say that what was not folly in it was atheism, the present dean of the Divinity School is now planning to place a tablet in the little chapel where those wonderful words were spoken."

"Emerson is only to be properly understood from the religious point of view. Though a philosopher and poet, he never

ceased to be a prophet, and as preacher he took the whole world for his parish. Though he left the pulpit he never left the ministry. He had put on righteousness, and it never ceased to clothe him with spiritual power. He may have produced no system, but in underlying unity of principle he had no equal. Essentially Emerson was a mystic. From first to last he looked into his own heart and trusted to what was written there. He listened for the inward voice, and once said that the trouble with men was that they would not listen. He believed that there was nothing in the world so sacred as a man's own self; that a man should learn to detect that bar of inward light which now and then flashes across his consciousness, and to depend upon it. Emerson belonged to that great spiritual anti-slavery society among whose charter members are Buddha and Christ, he believed that conscience was more to be trusted than conformity. Why should we not have a religion of experience rather than tradition, Emerson asked; and what we did not have he proceeded to give us. 'Let men stand on their own feet,' he said, 'And God will speak to them.' Ah, in these days of revisions which only half revise, and revelations which do not reveal, we need once again to hear the trumpet call of Emerson's truth!

"His early hearers did not understand his rhapsodies over the commonplace; they saw nothing in the daily things of nature. They wanted miracles two thousand years ago to give them revelations. Thank God, all this is changed. The lesson he has taught us is that the divine is everywhere. Nature is the word of God to the heart of man, and when a man understands and hears it he comes to himself and really lives. But that is not the only lesson he taught. His trust in democracy showed his faith in all men,

because there is something of the divine in all men that can be trusted. He exemplified the religious truth on which our fathers built. Nobody has showed more clearly than he the true foundations on which our great republic is built.

"It is a fascinating task to try to classify Emerson. Lowell called him the Yankee Plato and Holmes the Buddha of the West. More recently somebody compared him to Channing, saying: 'Channing made a map of the sky, but Emerson merely traced the course of a comet,' but Emerson's vision of the comet of the heavenly light within will endure until the end of consciousness. As a religious force he is active still to renew religious inspiration and quicken conscience. He has entered into the heart of the people."

PERSONALITY IN HIS THOUGHT

Rev. Charles Francis Carter of Lexington was next introduced to speak of "Personality of Emerson's Religious Thought." He touched upon the four cardinal points where his thought touches personality. "The first," he said, "is the principle of self-respect, which Emerson taught from first to last. He served a warrant on every man to be himself. Each should be unique in the world; stand alone in his place. Conventions he held of little account; traditions, however venerable, he was ever ready to cast off, lest they should become anchors, keeping men from being themselves. He taught always the value of the individual man. His writings bristle with taunts and challenges. But together with this principle of self-reliance he counseled men to be humble; to think very little of themselves; to get into large relations with the universe. We are nothing; the slight is everything. This is the abiding truth of all the mystics from Paul to Emerson—that the things not seen are real. How sacred is self-respect when so founded. It is only another name for faith; for, as he himself said, self-reliance is reliance on God. Here we come to bedrock; to the very essence of religion. With self-reliance and perseverance, every man can go his way a representation of the divine.

Rev. Charles G. Ames made the next address, on "Emerson's Radical Conservatism." He spoke of the fine balance of these two qualities in Emerson; his conservatism not of the kind that blocks the wheels of progress; his radicalism never reasonless. He could see the possibility of error in all systems of philosophy or belief, though he gave them honor and consideration. He called on everybody to hold studiously to the well-considered verdict of his

own faculty, and to hold even more studiously to those beliefs that come to us, we know not how, outside our faculties. The conservatism of his radicalism is shown by his picture of God walking with men as with his children; the radicalism of his conservatism is shown by his throwing off all the pretences of men's authority. Though reverently affectionate in regard to old traditions, he is not bound by them. He regarded each personality as a manifestation of one universal life. His interest was centered in the divine incarnation that made men's personalities possible. Where did men get their personalities? They were not self-derived, and that was evidence of God to him.

Mrs. Anna Garland Spencer, the last speaker, considered Emerson as the friend of those who would live in the spirit. He has given to such a faith in the eternal order; has told them that they need not be concerned

about justifying the ways of the Almighty, for the way and the end are alike secure. He has taught that our concern is with our own contribution to life, and not with another's. He has shown us that our part in the world is not anything unless it is our own, for that is the only real thing.

Meetings of Tonight and Tomorrow

Notable Emersonian Figures at the Festival Tonight—President Eliot Speaks Sunday

The afternoon session will be devoted to the subject of "Religious Education," with addresses by Professor George F. Moore of the Harvard Divinity School, upon "The Theological School of the Future;" Rev. Edward Cummings, upon "The Sunday School of the Future;" George H. Martin, supervisor of the Boston public schools, upon "Religion in the Public Schools," and Professor Henry S. Nash of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, upon "The Rational Use of the Bible."

The evening festival at the Quincy House will be in the main a continuation of the Emerson commemoration. Colonel T. W. Higginson will preside, and there will be addresses by Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Dr. Francis E. Abbot, Frank B. Sanborn, Dr. Edward W. Emerson, Rev. Charles F. Dole, Rev. C. W. Wendte, Rev. Daniel Evans and others.

The special event of the whole celebration will be held in Symphony Hall, Sunday evening. President Eliot of Harvard will deliver an oration upon Emerson and his teachings. He has had his subject in preparation for some time, and it will be a masterly effort. President Eliot, it is understood, will take up some of the leading questions of the day and show how they are influenced by Emerson's teachings, and in what light Emerson would view the problems of today. Every ticket for the celebration was long ago given out, and the hall will not hold all those who desire to hear President Eliot's address.

At the meeting of the Free Religious Association this morning it was announced that an overflow meeting has been arranged for those who have been disappointed about getting tickets for Symphony Hall. At this overflow meeting, to be held tomorrow evening in Parker Memorial, Frank W. Sanborn of Concord will give reminiscences of Emerson and Theodore Parker, and Rev. S. M. Crothers, D. D., of Cambridge, and Charles F. Dole of Jamaica Plain will also speak. There will be music by the full chorus of the Parker Memorial Choir.

Emerson's grave at Concord, his home and his haunts will all be visited by thousands during the centennial observances. The town is also preparing to entertain the thousands who will visit the historic home of its foremost citizen.

Tufts College Observances

The Emerson centennial celebration at Tufts College took place yesterday. In the library, at College Hall, a valuable and interesting collection was upon exhibition, consisting of manuscripts, autograph letters, first editions and old and rare portraits of Emerson; and during the evening the college, public and many guests gathered in Goddard Chapel to listen to readings by Professor Thomas Whittemore from both the prose and verse of Emerson. Among his selections in verse were "The Problem," "Each and All," "Voluntaries," "Forbearance," "Character," "The Fable," "Terminus," "Days," "The Snow Storm," and "The Concord Hymn." For the prose readings the professor made selections from "The American

Scholar," "Self-Reliance," "Books," "Uses of Great Men," "Work and Days," and "Speech on Burns."

Frank Sanborn's Reminiscences

He Was the Speaker Announced for Normal School English Club's Emerson Meeting

At the Boston Normal School, corner Dartmouth and Appleton streets, the English Club of that school held its annual open meeting this afternoon at three o'clock. The work for the year has been upon Lowell and Emerson; and Mr. Frank Sanborn was to address the meeting, giving personal reminiscences of Emerson.

The following is from the Boston Evening Transcript, July 22, 1903.

FRANK SANBORN'S PHILIPPIC

Harvard University Sharply Excoriated

For Early Treatment of Ralph Waldo Emerson

"Red Letter" Day at the Memorial School

Lecture on "Emerson's Religion" by His Son

Special to the Transcript:

Concord, Mass., July 22—This has been a "red-letter" day in the history of the Emerson Memorial School. This morning, in the Town Hall, Edward Waldo Emerson, son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, lectured on "The Religion of Emerson." This afternoon, in the Hillside Chapel, on Lexington road, where the famous Concord School of Philosophy used to meet, and where Emerson, Alcott, Harris, Sanborn, Davidson, Snider, Julia Ward Howe, Ednah Dean Cheney, Elizabeth Peabody and others lectured, a "memorial" meeting was held. Mr. Frank B. Sanborn presided. His address was largely an excoriation of the treatment of Emerson by Harvard University from 1838 to 1863. Mr. Sanborn did not spare his own and Emerson's alma mater. The North American Review and the "Respectable Daily," as the Boston Advertiser was called—then the two mouthpieces of Harvard—came in for their share of this well-known journalist and free lance's sarcasm. Mr. Samuel H. Emery, Jr., of Quincy, Ill., sent some interesting recollections of Emerson and the School of Philosophy. Rev. A. N. Alcott of Minneapolis, a distant kinsman of A. Bronson Alcott, sent some reminiscences of the latter and the school. There were other interesting oral and written contributions, among them a quotation from a recent letter in the London Times from its brilliant correspondent, Mr. Smalley, eulogizing Emerson.

After the exercises, a reception was tendered those in attendance upon the

school by Mrs. Lothrop ('Margaret Sidney'), at her residence adjoining the chapel grounds, "Wayside," Hawthorne's old home.

FRANK SANBORN'S REMARKS

Sharp Criticism of Harvard's Treatment of Emerson from 1838 to 1863

Mr. Sanborn, speaking from the heart upon a subject with which no man is more thoroughly imbued, said:

"Friends of Philosophy and Literature: We are assembled here today, not only to pay a personal tribute to Emerson, the man and the neighbor, but to remember him in his long and fruitful activity as the Thinker, the Teacher, and the Reformer. So far extended was his life on earth that he had seen the bigotries, the stupidities, the small prejudices and immense egotisms which greeted or ignored the first thirty years of his literary life, so far overcome, that even the university which neglected and ridiculed him from 1838 to 1863, has come to regard him as one of its treasures, and has called a stone structure, hereafter to be dedicated to Philosophy, by his illustrious name. Yet when he was sent to their shadowy and insignificant Coventry by the Philistine majority of the fellows, faculty and alumni of his alma mater, in the long years that produced his most epoch-making books, Emerson was the same wise and serene influence that he is today, when his fame has extended over the whole civilized world.

"In his endurance of long neglect and aversion, Emerson only followed the experience of all grand leaders of thought. To be great is to be misunderstood by those who stand near. Pliny, and who knows how many ancients before him? said: 'To confer benefit and get a bad name for it is the prerogative of the princely.' Bene facere et male audire, regium est; Emerson knew this as well as Pliny did, and had counted the cost of his bold venture, when he left the traditional pulpit of his ancestors, and appealed to the public at large, outside of churches and colleges. He knew what awaits the advanced believer, and he said in his essay on Montaigne: 'Great believers are always reckoned infidels, impracticable, fantastic, atheistic—or really persons of no account. Presently, the unbeliever, for love of belief, burns the believer.' This did not happen to Emerson, because burning heretics had gone out of fashion; but the unbelievers sent him to Coventry, as they thought. They woke up after a generation, and found themselves there.

"Harvard University, the alma mater of Emerson, singularly mischose the objects on which it turned its eyes and its candleabra, after it found Emerson setting up as a thinker for himself. Until 1838, it had a certain pride in him as a son who might do it credit; asked him to read a Phi Beta poem in 1834, and to give an oration in 1837; but there it stopped, and became an unjust step-mother for the next thirty years. He was invited by a few students to give in Divinity Hall the address of 1838, which brought so much opprobrium on him. Andrews Norton attacked the address in the daily organ of Harvard, the Boston Advertiser, as 'the latest form of infidelity'; the faculty of Divinity College, in whose chapel and presence he had spoken, disowned him, and for about twenty years after he was the subject of attacks in public places, or public prints, by professors of the university, which now honors his

memory and is building the sepulchres of other prophets.

"Emerson stood by his colors, and after many years the mob opposed to him gave way. But they kept up the

attack as long as they could. The two mouthpieces of Harvard at that period were the North American Review, always edited by a college professor, and the 'Respectable Daily,' whose owner was a kinsman of Edward Everett, then president of Harvard University. I have cursorily glanced through the quarterly, for twenty years, and cannot find that it ever reviewed or otherwise noticed Emerson's 'Nature' of 1836, though it had praised his centennial address of 1835; as for the Advertiser, I have not burrowed through its heaps of indifference to see; but I fancy it was set against Emerson by his gallant defence of Alcott, whom the Tiser had denounced for folly and blasphemy. Nor did the North American pay any heed to the Essays as they came out, nor to the reprint of 'Nature' in 1849. But in April, 1847, after sharpening his tusks on the novel of 'Margaret' and George Eliot's translation of Strauss, the rejecter of pearls in the North American (afterwards my college professor in what Harvard was then pleased to call 'philosophy'), rent and chewed up Emerson's 'Poems,' which had come out the winter before.

Five years after the North American had discharged its pop-squirt, I entered Harvard College (1852), and had occasion to know by personal observation what Philistinism reigned there. Of the 500 students and faculty in the college proper, it would be a large estimate to guess that a fifth part had read Emerson to any great extent; most of them had only heard his name, if even that. The faculty would as soon have thought of asking Wendell Phillips to lecture to the students on constitutional law, as of inviting Emerson to give instruction on any subject.

As the slavery contest grew warmer, and the slaveholders contemptuously tore up the Missouri Compromise, in order to push Negro-slavery into Kansas, the slow and timid conscience of Harvard began to stir and writhe in pain; but in September, 1856, when Emerson made his indignant plea for freedom in Kansas, not a half-dozen of the instructors of youth were there to hear and second him, in the village of Cambridge. It took her more than seven years to come out of her transformation; for even in 1862, a good share of her professors were unwilling that Lincoln should free the slaves. But her own darling sons dying on the field of battle brought her to her senses—and darkness.

"With this regeneration her appreciation of Emerson rose to something like justice; she invited him, after an interval of thirty years, to sound once more in her hearing that eloquence against which she had stopped her ears in 1837. No doubt she was helped to this sober second thought by the praise of him she heard from our own country and foreign lands."

MR. EMERY'S CONTRIBUTION

Tells of an Interesting Conversation with Emerson

From Quincy, Ill., Samuel H. Emery, Jr., has bene sent a paper of a peculiarly interesting account of his recollections of and acquaintance with Emerson, which was read by Mr. Sanborn. The writer said:

"My acquaintance with Mr. Emerson began in the fall or winter of 1866, when he came to Quincy to deliver a lecture, at the invitation of the 'Encore Club' of which I was president. I was then living at the house of my father, who was an Orthodox Congregational minister and pastor of a Quincy church. He very cordially assented to my desire to invite Mr. Emerson to take supper with us, and he very graciously accepted our invitation. At the table, my father, quite to my horror, asked his guest to say grace; but Mr. Emerson immediately responded in these words:

"'Spirit of all good, we invoke thy blessing.'"

I have never forgotten some incidents of the lecture. A travelling doctor (one Dr. O'Leary), subsequently to our engagement, had engaged the hall for a two week course of lectures, and, on account of our previous engagement, was obliged to suspend for one evening. He had some cheap paintings, evidently reproduced from photographs, of several important persons, among others, of Mr. Emerson. As his lectures were free, and of a popular sort, the hall had been crowded every night with a class who, for the most part, had probably never heard of Mr. Emerson. But Dr. O'Leary, the night before that on which our lecture was to come, paid Mr. Emerson such high compliments, and so urged the attendance of his audience the next evening, that, to our very great surprise, there was hardly standing room left. Dr. O'Leary had improvised a raised platform at the other end of the hall from the regular stage, and Mr. Emerson spoke from this improvised platform. It consisted mainly of loose boards, and Mr. Emerson's form of emphasis, raising himself on his toes and gesticulating downward, resulted in an unusual commotion. My remembrance is that the subject of this first lecture was "Immortality"; but that lecture, as now published, may have been delivered subsequently.

"After the lecture I went with him to his room at the hotel, where he talked to me delightfully, as long as I dared to stay. The apothegms which I enclose are what I could remember and jotted down the next day. I asked him for his autograph, and he wrote:

"So near is grandeur to our dust,

So nigh is God to man.

When duty whispers low, Thou must,

The youth replies, 'I can.'"

ANSWERS AND APOTHEGMS

"Are we as near to God as we ever shall be?"

"Yes, potentially; that is, it is in our power to be."

"Illumini are more commonly found among women than men."

"Is all Nature re-created daily?"

"The Good Spirit never antedates. He never gives us today what we shall need tomorrow."

"The one evil of the world is blockheads, and wise men save it; without wise men the world would long ago have been bankrupt."

"It is the rule that nations and races advance only by contact with other races and nations."

"When we look around upon the achievement of such souls as La Place and Newton, it seems to us that all which is in God is possible for us; that we can make ourselves archangels."

"Soul creates body forever. Swendenborg was a good prophet and seer; he says, 'I saw in Heaven streets and gardens, houses and stores—and beautiful forms.'"

"Insanity (Swendenborg thinks) is a good safeguard. When by circumstances, or even by the Will, the pressure upon the soul is too great, it protects itself by insanity; which is a shield against undue pressure."

"It would be dangerous for us to say all souls are immortal,—the soul may commit suicide. Evil-doing is death, and souls that do evil are dead."

"Marcus Aurelius said 'Tis well to die if there be Gods; 'Tis sad to live if there be none.'"

"The simplest faith is the best. Socrates

"said, 'The daemon does not tell me what to do; but when I would do what I should not, he warns me.'"

"I believe in the Esculapian theory.—in the wonderful recuperative power of the soul. Agassiz will show you a lizard whose leg you can pluck off, or whose eye you may destroy,—and the little creature will replace them. This power of the lizard seems greater than is given to man, in some directions; yet I believe the soul will, in time, cure any malady."

"Agassiz is a Darwinian,—notwithstanding that petulant, childish remark of his (totally unworthy of the man) with which he concluded a speech in Boston the other day.—'We are not children of monkeys; we are children of God.'"

"I call Bronson Alcott my test of mind. Carlyle, with his English butchers-prejudice, or an affection of it, calls him a 'potato maniac'; for Alcott is what is sometimes called a 'vegetarian'—that is, he does not willingly eat meat."

"The 'Secret of Hegel,' by Stirling, is a rugged book. If one wants to practise intellectual gymnastics, to cultivate intellectual muscle,—let him read it, if he has power and leisure to master it."

"When Wendell Phillips delivers his famous lecture, 'The Lost Arts,' it is with a sort of irony. He says: 'If you will not let me speak about the events of today,—the living things, a part of which I am,—I will take you back 2000 years and more.'"

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS

Tribute to Emerson from Mr. Smalley and to Alcott from a Distant Kinsman

After reading Mr. Emery's reminiscences, Mr. Sanborn said the testimony to Emerson's uniform courtesy and simplicity of manner was cumulative, and quoted from a recent letter of Mr. Smalley's in the London Times, detailing his first interview with Emerson, when he visited him in Concord, with his nephew, William Emerson, which said: "Nothing could be more charming than his manner. He had that air of high breeding which comes from consider-

ation for others. There was not a trace of condescension or superiority of any kind in his welcome to the two boys who stood on his threshold. I saw him often afterwards, in many various circumstances, in America and England, and his manner never altered. There was a quaint benignity which never forsook him.—His tall, slight figure was not quite straight, but easy in movement. Heroic, either in stature or feature, he was not; but the stamp of distinction was on both, and of absolute simplicity. Of affectation he was incapable."

"Bronson Alcott and the 'Concord School of Philosophy' was the title of a contribution from Rev. A. N. Alcott—a distant kinsman of Bronson Alcott—who now resides at Minneapolis, Minn., but formerly at Fredericksburg, Ohio, at which place Bronson Alcott visited him in 1880. This letter contained interesting descriptions of Mr. Alcott's personal appearance at that time and numerous anecdotes. "If," said the writer, "Pythagoras of Crotona, or Empedocles of Agrigentum had been reincarnated, and presented himself then and there, he could not have filled my ideal of a philosopher better. Notwithstanding the aspect of age given by his long white locks falling well down to his shoulders, Mr. Alcott's step was strong, quick and elastic. I knew at once that New England transcendentalism had arrived; yes, the modern Plato was there! No man native to Ohio or to the whole West could match that appearance. Under the ample brim of that tall hat I saw a broad, benevolent countenance, serene and placid as a summer sky; his demeanor was that of one evidently schooled in the great world and accustomed to men."

"But such a guest as he was! So royally

graceful and courtly in his manners, so charming, so instructive, and, best of all, so absolutely at home, and making us feel entirely at home with him."

The letter went on to speak eulogistically of Mr. Alcott as presiding over a conversation, and the grace with which he then took the intellectual throne, of the two eloquent discourses which he preached to delighted congregations, and of his addressing the school children and how instantly they became his friends because of his benignant manner and evident knowledge of their nature. "As our acquaintance grew, I asked his opinion of the Bible, of religion and of miracle. For answer I obtained very little; perhaps he feared to offend. He seemed to avoid such themes. As we were accustomed to have family worship every morning after breakfast, I at first asked him to read the scriptures and lead in prayer (the next morning after his arrival). He declined, and proposed to unite with us. I afterwards came to know that a stated form was not his idea of worship. Forms were little to him." The writer closed with an account of his visit to the Concord School of Philosophy, in July, 1881, and quotes from the journal which he kept at that time.

"THE RELIGION OF EMERSON"

Interesting Paper Before the Memorial School by Edward Waldo Emerson, Son of the Philosopher—A Breeze in the Discussion

Special to the Transcript:

Concord, July 22.—By far the largest audience that has attended the Emerson Memorial School was present this morning, notwithstanding the threatening weather, to hear Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson, the son of the Concord seer, speak on "The Religion of Emerson."

Dr. Emerson said that he might more properly speak of his father's religious life than of his "religion," for there was no separation between them. Freedom was more easy to him than religion. He always delighted to address young people. He desired, above all things else, that they should not later on become mere deniers. He always laid emphasis on the thought that "man in the bush with God may meet."

The Old Book always had its charm for him. He chafed at the traditional work in the church of his day, and, coming in from the woods, he felt suffocated by it. When he came to the Unitarians of his day, without enthusiasm even in their work, he found worship dwelling on the plane of the understanding rather than of divine reason. He left his pulpit as a man of honor and even questioned his fitness for the pastoral duties of a minister. Nature was his shrine. His constant advice to the young was "listen." If Mr. Emerson seldom attended church it was because he found that the church, as it then was, was seldom helpful to him, and was occupied with the very things he had left behind. Yet he was always more reverent than many regular church attendants. The late Dr. Bartol said of Mr. Emerson that his besetting spirituality was his only ecclesiastical sin.

His address to the young was: "Do not speak much of God." His intolerance was not for the devout worshipper, but for the stupid absence of wonder and faith in the presence of nature. He was as sorry for

the minister whose idea of God had not got beyond the Jehovah of the Pentateuch as he would be if he had not got beyond Zeas or Thor. On the lecture platform he found the opportunity that he could not in the pulpit. People, in the middle of the week, at the lecture, were not on their guard against supposed heresy.

After the Divinity School address, Mr. Emerson was denounced as an atheist. This was untrue. If he did not attack a personality to God, it was because he thought too much of God, and not too little. He was cleaving to God, and not to a name. "God everywhere" was his thought. As regards the future life, the soul should not be too curious. He was too manly and sensible to be a recluse. He loved mankind; he loved his poor. To be isolated, to him, was to be so far dead.

Mr. Emerson never sincerely enjoyed a sermon, but orations and addresses he did enjoy. The disagreeable word "sage" would never have pleased him. "Seer" was certainly better. He strove to report what he saw simply and beautifully. There is no doubt where he would have stood today. The matter of color would be nothing to him today, whether in the South, the Malayan or the Hawaiian Islands. The eternal law must be heard by America in time, for it will vindicate itself. He wrote not for 1857 but for today and all time. Mr. Emerson did not grieve very much over Harvard's treatment of him because of his Phi Beta Kappa oration and the Divinity School address, because he knew the truth was with him. He abhorred self-consciousness; the truth was the thing—not the individual. He did dislike the notoriety, the discussions in the newspapers and the sympathy offered to him by his friends.

In the discussion that followed the applause which followed, Dr. Emerson's paper, Rev. Charles F. Carter, pastor of the Congregational Church, Lexington, said that to affirm an appreciation of Emerson's religion was like trying to prove the beauty of the lily. All Emerson's writings were permeated with true religion. He was most essentially religious. We found his spiritual credential on every page of his works. There was the basal faith that God was revealing himself to every soul, and that the part of each man was to hold himself attentive to the revelation. Emerson was a first-hand reporter of the living God, and that was the very essence of religion.

Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer said she owed to Emerson the greatest debt that one human being could owe to another, when it was impersonal, and she expressed her gratitude therefor.

Professor A. E. Dolbeer of Tufts College, Rev. Loren B. Macdonald, minister of the First Parish (Unitarian) Church, Concord, also spoke briefly in appreciation of Emerson and Dr. Emerson's paper.

There was quite a breeze toward the end of the discussion. It was created by the remarks of Rev. Henry K. Hannah, rector of the Episcopal Church in Concord, who declared that Mr. Emerson was not a Christian, because he did not recognize the existence of sin and because he did not recognize the scheme by which sin was to be put out of the world.

Professor Mauleby of Tufts College differed from Mr. Hannah, defending Emerson from the foregoing charge. He said that the essence of Christianity did not consist in what Mr. Hannah thought it did.

Mr. Mead said that if anyone thought

that Emerson did not recognize the presence of sin in the world he, the speaker, would like to furnish a list of one hundred sinners whom Emerson had already judged.

Mr. Sanborn, while not participating in the discussion, said afterwards in conversation with the Transcript representative that Emerson's doctrine would be found almost word for word in St. Augustine, who was the father of Calvinism.

Emerson, the Anti-Imperialist

Dr. Francis E. Abbott Attacks a Recent View of Emerson and Touches on Current Political Questions

"Emerson, the Anti-Imperialist, or Prophet of the Natural Rights of Man," was the subject of the Emerson Memorial School lecture in Huntington Hall last evening. Dr. Francis E. Abbott, the speaker, reviewed Emerson's career as an agitator, and discussed his views on the duties of a citizen and the doctrine of democracy in general; the latter turning chiefly upon certain criticisms recently made upon Emerson, as having taught a different sort of equality than appears in the Declaration of Independence. Emerson was described as being, throughout his life, too original and independent a character to join as a member in organized efforts, though when the time for action came there was no one more prompt or earnest in seeking out the nodal points of conflict.

In Emerson's connection with the anti-slavery movement, to which Dr. Abbott referred, this would be found to be a prevailing character of his activity. In his utterances, whether on anti-slavery or political problems as they enlisted his attention, or in problems more strictly ethical, his conception of Americanism was pointed out as entirely in accord with the teachings of Jefferson and Lincoln, in urging at all times an equal freedom under the law for all. His teaching was everywhere a paraphrase of Lincoln's, that government should be "of the people, by the people, for the people"; not the Jefferson Davis conception of a purely white man's rule. Emerson everywhere urges this conception of the unimpeded, equal freedom of all men; the sovereignty of nature; to equal opportunities and equal security, in the attainment of individual aims. Nowhere does he do aught but condemn the modern contempt for moral law that grows indignant at restrictions on the game of exploiting other men. He has repeatedly taught that progress was always in successive ameliorations of conditions, from the emancipation of privileged classes to the emancipation of all from whatever conditions of servitude.

TOWN HALL, CONCORD At 10 A.M.

- July 23—Prof. Charles F. Richardson, "Emerson's Place in American Literature."
" 24—Percival Chubb, "Emerson's Spiritual Leadership in England."
" 27—Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, "Emerson and Oriental Thought."
" 28—Charles Malloy, "The Sphinx."
" 29—Rev. John W. Chadwick, "The Simpler Emerson."
" 30—Moorfield Storey, "Emerson and the Civil War."
" 31—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, "A Century from the Birth of Emerson."

HUNTINGTON HALL, BOSTON At 7.45 P.M.

- Tonight—Rev. R. Heber Newton, "Emerson the Man."
July 23—Henry D. Lloyd, "Emerson's Wit and Humor."
" 24—William M. Salter, "Emerson's Aim and Method in Social Reform."

- " 27—Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, "The American Woman's Debt to Emerson."
" 28—Rev. Benjamin F. Trueblood, "Emerson and the Inner Light."
" 29—William Lloyd Garrison, "Emerson and the Anti-Slavery Movement."
" 30—Prof. A. E. Dolbear, "Emerson's Thought in Relation to Modern Science."
" 31—Rev. Edward Everett Hall, "Emerson's Gospel for His Own Time and for Ours."



sonality of Emerson," by Frank B. Sanborn, which was issued by Charles E. Goodspeed yesterday, there is an interesting bit of Emersoniana. At the death of Mary Emerson, in 1863, Mr. Sanborn wrote of her, in the Boston Commonwealth, of which he was then editor: "Her conversation was a singular melange of sincere devotion, worldly wisdom, wit, and anecdote; and she was thought to have the power of saying more disagreeable things in a half-hour than any person living. Reproof was her mission, she thought, and she fulfilled it unsparingly. But she knew how to be tolerant, was a great humorist, and loved to meet forcible persons who would not agree with her." A kinswoman of Emerson complained to him that a young editor ought not to have told so much truth to the deceased, but the sage of Concord read the paragraph, and merely said: "I see that he was well acquainted with Aunt Mary."

+ + +

Speaking of Emerson brings up to the associated sense the names of the others of

the day of Boston's literary uncontested leadership. As The Listener was thinking of the names associated with Emerson's he received the following note from one who is peculiarly qualified to be correct as to the origin of a famous expression currently thought to have originated with Dr. Holmes:

Had the Listener listened in a certain Park street ante-room on the occasion of a seventieth anniversary breakfast, given Mrs. Howe by the New England Women's Club, he would have learned that the "seventy years young," so often quoted as from Holmes, was not original with him, but with Mrs. Howe's daughter Maud, now Mrs. Elliott, who in her invitation to Holmes wrote that her mother was not seventy years old, but seventy years young. Holmes naturally made use of the phrase in his reply, which was read at the breakfast and sent to the papers—hence the mistake. The writer learned this in an ante-room conversation with Maud Howe herself—the morning of the breakfast, and has since had it confirmed by Mrs. Howe and by her daughter, Mrs. Richards—the well-known author of juvenile books.

With his abundance, Dr. Holmes can well afford to yield up this one gem, which though by no means stolen is not his own.

A. M. D.





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VICTORIAN NOTEBOOK

LITERARY CLIPPINGS FROM NINETEENTH-CENTURY
AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS CONCERNING TENNYSON,
SCOTT, SHELLEY, BROWNING, KINGSLEY AND OTHERS

Edited by

KENNETH WALTER CAMERON



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PREFACE

This collection of Victorian newspaper clippings was put together in the 1880's and 1890's by an American who, it seems, lived in Philadelphia and subscribed to eastern periodicals, especially to the Philadelphia Public Ledger. One gathers that he was either a teacher or a clergyman interested in English and American literature with a high moral significance. Browning and Tennyson were his favorites on the European side of the Atlantic; Emerson, Thoreau, Lowell, Longfellow and Holmes, on this side.

In reediting those parts of his disintegrating notebook dealing with British writers, I have sought to prolong its life for those who might come to find values in it. I have chiefly wished to call general attention to the important historical resources still largely hidden in the yellowing newsprint of the last century.

Thanksgiving
1969

K. W. C.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle's Reminiscences and Opinions.

Phila. Ledger

Gladstone in the Debating Club at Eton and Some of the Things that Foretold Greatness—Recollections of Other Notable Eton Boys.

REMINISCENCES AND OPINIONS OF SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE. 1818-1885. 1 volume. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Such a frank, garrulous Tory as the ex-incumbent of the Oxford chair of poetry certainly never put pen to paper before. It was quite unnecessary for Sir Francis to tell us that the DoYLES came from Wicliflow, and that he is a near relative of the Willie Doyle in whose hands, after dinner Curran said Sheridan would have been a child. There is no page in his book that is not charged with that racy Irish humor which smart, but unlike the studied *jeux de spirit* of the great English wits, leaves no sting behind. As for the manner of the book's arrangement, Sir Francis himself illustrates it in this one of his innumerable stories: "Mr. Baron Maule, in one of his sarcastic moods, addressed from the bench a barrister friend of mine thus, 'Mr. Barker, Mr. Barker, could you not state your facts in some kind of order? Chronological is the best, but if you can not manage that try some other; alphabetical if you please.' Now, what Barker had to say for himself I do not know. For me the connecting link cannot be anything else but the association of ideas."

After the companionship of Mr. Gladstone, the most prominent idea associated with Sir Francis' school days at Eton is the ever-birching head-master, Dr. Keate. Of him and another more famous head-master the author has to say: "Like all the rest of our older pedagogues, he has been over-shadowed and banished into darkness by the widespread renown of the late Dr. Arnold, whose avatar is supposed to have entirely reorganized English public education. That there was much to admire in that eminent personage no one will dispute, and that he introduced new elements of great value into his professional work is equally beyond question. Still, as I am neither a Rugby man nor a Whig, but a high Tory and an Etonian, I may, perhaps, venture to point out one qualification for a head-master which Keate possessed, but Arnold did not—I mean the knowledge of God Almighty's intention that there should exist for a certain time between childhood and manhood the natural production known as a boy. Every sixth form Rubgbeian was bound under Arnold's auspices to come of age in his teens and to wield the sceptre placed by the great head-master in his hands with a solemn self-esteem too apt to degenerate into priggish self-importance." After this display of independence one is not surprised to find Sir Francis elsewhere in the volume breaking a lance with Dr. Arnold's fastidious offspring (his own predecessor in the poetry professorship) over the merits of the "Lays of Ancient Rome."

THE GRAND OLD MAN'S BOYHOOD.

Although two removes below Mr. Gladstone at Eton, Sir Francis was his senior in the debating club. He heard his maiden speech, and says of it: "It began, I recollect, with these words: 'Sir, in this age of increased and still increasing civilization.' This phrase falling from the lips of a boy destined to play so important a part in the history of his country and his race gives us much to meditate and something, I think, to mourn over." Milnes Gaskell was a member of this debating club, and trained the boys in the varieties of cheering practiced in Parliament. The following incident was the result: "It happened that my tutor, Mr. Oke, rented a small garden near to Trotman's, and by some chance found himself there on the occasion of one of these debates. To his surprise he heard three or four boys on the other side of the wall screeching, shouting and boo-hoing in the most unaccountable manner. There seemed but one conclusion open to him as an experienced Eton tutor, viz., that they were what we at the Custom-house used somewhat euphemistically to call under the influence of liquor. He therefore summoned Mr. Gladstone to his study, listened gloomily and reluctantly to his explanations and excuses and all but handed over our illustrious Premier with his subordinate orators to

be flogged for drunkenness."

Sir Francis tells some new stories of the Liberal leader's youthful high Toryism. "One day," he says, "I was steadily computing the odds for the Derby as they stood in a morning newspaper. He leant over my shoulder to look at the lot of horses named. Now it happened that the Duke of Grafton owned a colt, Hampden, who figured in the aforesaid list. 'Well,' cried Mr. Gladstone, reading off the odds, 'Hampden, at any rate, I see is in his proper place between *Zerk* and *Lunacy*.' For such in truth was the position occupied by the four-footed namesake of that illustrious rebel. But, oh, ye Schenadorists and caucusers, what an utterance, to fall from the lips of the idealized Liberal and coming regenerator of mankind!" At another time Mr. Gladstone said to his friends: "A Scotch Tory is worse than an English Whig; a Scotch Whig is worse than an English Radical, and a Scotch Radical worse than the Devil himself." When Gladstone came to us as prime minister, victorious from the Midlothian campaign of 1880, Sir Francis wrote from Madeira reminding him of this saying. It had slipped the convenient memory of the great man and he denied having uttered it, but, as a friend of Sir Francis said: "A rifle may forget that it has gone off, but if it hits the target, there the impression remains." Yet that the G. O. M. has not quite forgotten the principles of his youth is proven by a conversation held with him by Sir Francis of late years. It was "I said to him: 'If you are so anxious to have young men in the House of Commons, why did you Liberals abolish the rotten boroughs?' He answered, with some heat, 'I abolish the rotten boroughs? What do you mean? Why I was the last man in either House of Parliament who has ventured to utter a word in their behalf.' And Sir Francis mourns, 'We shall get no more Burkes, Pitts and Foxes, and Horners, and Cannings and Mackintoshes, Macaulays and Gladstones, along that covered way.'" Sir Francis thinks that Gladstone's speech against the first Reform bill in the Oxford Debating Club was the best he ever heard him make, but adds that he never had a chance to listen to any of his "greatest efforts."

SOME OTHER ETON BOYS.

Among other Eton boys Sir Francis thinks that Bruce, afterwards Lord Elgin, was, not excepting Arthur Hamilton, the brightest. He says that the great Governor General never had a chance to make the most of himself on account of his absence from England on colonial appointments. Perhaps Lord Dufferin would not agree with the implication that, to make a man governor general of Canada is to endanger his advancement. We fancy that the noble Earl would hardly care to exchange his vicereignty for the post of any of her Majesty's ministers, present or potential. His abilities have placed him beyond the reach of political imitations, and so doubtless would have Lord Elgin's had they been as great as his.

Sir Francis was called to the bar and met Samuel Warren on the Northern Circuit. He piles up a little more proof of the novelist's inordinate vanity, and quotes what an Irish barrister named Murphy said to the author of "Ten Thousand a Year" when the latter complained of his secret enemies: "Enemies! God bless my soul, you've no enemies but yourself, and you would not be half a bad fellow if you were not such a damned, vaporing jackass." "These lessons," Sir Francis naively adds, "were not thrown away upon Warren."

Sir Francis thinks that his father's life was shortened by Lady Lytton's furious temper when he endeavored to act as peacemaker between her and her husband. Nevertheless, the son long afterwards found himself in the same role. He continued in it until he received a letter from her addressed thus: "Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Bart., receiver-general of customs (however infamous), Thames Street, London." As the matter of the letter was even more outrageous than its superscription its recipient withdrew from the negotiations. Lady Byron also appealed to the elder Doyle for aid during her marital troubles, and Sir Francis thinks that as he, Dr. Lushington and Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, all three men of the world and not over-scrupulous, advised her to leave her husband, there must have been some very good reason for her doing so. This father of Sir Francis was made by his father, General Weibore Ellis Doyle, a captain at 17 years of age. He went on service in Holland and was, and was ordered to India at 14, in consequence of this being he died of nothing

ancient town of Coventry. The house in which she first saw the light was a large brick building, in the midst of a pleasant garden, plain and unpretending, but suggestive of convenience and comfort. Her father, Robert Evans, was the bailiff to Lord Howe and Sir Roger Newdigate, a place to which her brother, Isaac P. Evans, who lives in the old homestead, has succeeded. The spot is delightfully situated, and near the scene of many historic events. Bosworth is adjacent, where Richard III was slain, and in the neighborhood are the ruins of Astley Castle, once the home of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. George Eliot's parents were strict and devout members of the Church of England, and many persons still remember the future author of "Romola" and "Middlemarch," sitting as a child in the high-backed pew of Coton (Shepperton) Church, and listening to the service with curious and wondering face. She began to doubt the faith of her fathers, it is said, when she was but twelve years old.

GEORGE ELIOT is called by *The Athenaeum* probably the most accomplished woman the century has seen. She had a complete mastery of French, German and Italian, and serviceable knowledge of Latin, Greek, Spanish and Hebrew. She was widely learned in science and philosophy, and deeply read in history, and she had an intimate knowledge of music and painting.

WHERE BROWNING WROTE HIS LAST POEMS.

"What a curious place to select," was my first thought as I stood at the door of the queer old house. I walked up twelve or fifteen hard stone steps, grasping the banister to guide myself in the dark, and was soon warmly welcomed by Signora Nina Tabacchi, as, passing through the kitchen, I was ushered into the sitting-room. "Scrupulously clean and neat," was my next impression, but how plain! This cradle of "Asolando" was only a piece of the kitchen partitioned off for back parlor purposes, a glass door and window separating the two. The thin cotton curtain might possibly screen the mysteries of culinary processes from the poet's eye, but his ear must have been caught by occasional sounds of hacking and chopping, and certainly no kettle could have boiled, no wood could crackle, or incense arise from that adjacent hearth, without making itself distinctly noticeable. Such was his study and his drawing-room, a multum in parvo, about twelve feet square. The furniture is of the good old lodgings type, that is, as regards the style only, for Signora Tabacchi would not tolerate a flaw, a spot, or a tarnish as do some of the older school of landladies. There is a large round pedestal table with a red cloth table-cover, inoffensive in its pattern; one-half was devoted to his papers; on the other, luncheon was served for his sister and himself. A full-length sofa, uncompromisingly hard, takes up the greater part of one wall; a kind of sideboard stands opposite. On the chiffonier, between the two windows, rests the looking-glass; and half a dozen mahogany chairs, cane-bottomed and severe-backed, but of a good old design, complete the arrangements. On the flesh-colored walls hang a series of prints illustrating events in the history of Venice. Dogs are disporting themselves in the most conventional attitudes, the vanquished are kneeling before the victors, and one has a general impression that history involves a great amount of bowing and scraping. [From Browning's "Asolo," by Felix Moscheles, in September Scribner.]

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE LATE GEORGE ELIOT is some two miles from Nuneaton, Warwickshire, midway between Liverpool and London, on the highway leading to the

A BOOK ON SYDNEY SMITH'S LIFE AND TIMES.

Many New Sayings of the Witty Canon—
Two Notable New Novels—The

Magazines.

Hula Record June 3 '85

"The witty Canon of St. Paul's" has been so much written about, and by such competent biographers and essayists, that the reader might be pardoned who should open with some reluctance and doubt Mr. Stuart J. Reid's *LIFE AND TIMES OF SYDNEY SMITH* (New York: Harper & Brothers—Philadelphia: Porter & Coates). An agreeable disappointment would, however, await that reader, since the volume in question contains a great deal that is novel and nothing that is dull, and adds another very acceptable portrait to an already long gallery. Born in 1771, of a restless and eccentric father and a mother as refined and sensitive as she was beautiful, Sydney was sent, at 11, to Winchester, where Howley, the future Primate, was among his schoolmates, and, more by token, knocked Smith down with a chess-board for checkmating him. Thence he went with high honors to New College, Oxford, where he obtained a fellowship of \$500 a year, on which inadequate pittance he supported himself till he entered the Church in 1794. He found it hard enough to "make sixpence assume the importance and do the work of a shilling," and through pride—unwillingness to accept hospitality that he could not return—held aloof from the social side of University life. Jeffrey, then at Queen's, declared that it was possible to acquire nothing at Oxford except "praying and drinking," and Smith records that when he started in life at least one-third of the gentlemen of England, in its best society, were always drunk. Unable, through lack of means, to go to the Bar, Sydney Smith entered the Church, "with little enthusiasm and not a few misgivings," and addressed himself gallantly to its duties. For three years he was curate of Nether Avon, a Wiltshire village, peopled with farm laborers, without books, scenery or society, and having for all social sensation the weekly visit of the butcher's cart from Salisbury. The village squire, who passed a few weeks every year at Nether Avon, took a liking to the bright young Oxonian, and in 1798 sent him to Edinburgh as tutor and companion to his son, the grandfather of the well-known Conservative leader, Sir H. E. Hicks-Beach. There Smith married Catharine Pybas, who brought him a modest dowry, while he gallantly flung into her lap his entire fortune—"six small silver teaspoons, which from much wear had become the ghosts of their former selves." Mr. Hicks-Beach, however, came to the rescue of the young couple with, as a wedding present, a check for \$3750, and married life began under auspices by no means unfavorable. In 1803 the *Edinburgh Review*, a success from the first number, was established. Lord Lytton has aptly described Smith's writings as "a most exquisite contribution to the innocent gaiety of mankind," and his essays in the "Buff and Blue" were not among the least delightful of them. A master of clear statement, with a style brilliant yet familiar, healthy and genial humor, and a talent for felicitous illustration, the "Journeyman reviewer," though his judgment was not by any means infallible, nor his prejudices small, delighted his readers and did a good work in arousing and enlightening public opinion. In 1808 he went to London, hoping to find a better opening for his talent, for now a young family was growing up around him. A known Whig and Reformer, he found it difficult to get a place to preach in. "The greater part of the congregation thought me mad," he wrote, after one sermon, "and the clerk was pale as death when helping me off with my gown, for fear I should bite

him." His lectures at the Royal Institution, singularly clear and vigorous addresses, were the most notable productions of his metropolitan career. "I knew nothing of moral philosophy," he wrote afterward, "but I was thoroughly aware that I wanted \$1000 to furnish my house. The success, however, was prodigious, and such an uproar I never remember to have been excited by any other literary imposture." The Grenville administration of All-the-Talents, the solitary gleam of Liberal sunlight in that long period of Tory domination, when, as Smith said, "there was no more chance of a Whig Ministry than of a thaw in Zembla," gave him, through the influence of his friend, Lord Holland, the living of Foston, in Yorkshire, worth \$2500 a year. No incumbent had been in residence since the days of Charles II, and the parsonage was a novel, which the local authorities appraised at something less than \$250. The new rector, however, found a house at Heslington, and made close friends of Earl Grey and the Archbishop of York, Dr. Vernon Harcourt. A constant and welcome guest at the Archbishop's table, Sydney Smith was much in demand as a bore-suppressor. Once when the Archbishop had fallen a prey to a long-winded entomologist, the Rector of Foston came to the rescue by challenging the scientist's statement that the eye of a fly was larger in proportion to its body than that of any other creature, and overthrowing him with a quotation from Mother Goose—"Who saw him die? I said the Fly, With my little eye." He was not only a superb talker but an excellent listener—unlike Macaulay. "Take as many half minutes as you can get," was his rule, "but never talk more than half a minute without pausing and giving others an opportunity to strike in." Unable to exchange Foston for a living nearer London, Smith, in 1813, began building a rectory. He was his own architect and brick-maker, only 150,000 bricks, after being burned, proved worthless. The four oxen, Tug, Luz, Haul and Crawl, were so dull and unexcitable, requiring a "bucket of sal volatile daily," that he sent them to be fattened, and substituted horses. Finally it was finished, and proved a very snug residence. The roads were mere bridle-paths, absolutely dangerous in winter or at night, but by his exertions they were soon greatly improved. He worked hard in his parish, dealing out medicine and milk, visiting and relieving the poor, stocking gardens and orchards given to the villagers at a nominal rent so they were kept up, devising all sorts of little occupations to keep the village lads out of mischief. He himself farmed the rectory farm of some 300 acres with considerable success, keeping an eye on his laborers from the study with a telescope, and using a slip-trumpet to direct them from the steps.

When the long-neglected claims of the Catholics came to the front in 1825 Sydney Smith was one of the few clergymen of the Establishment who favored the removal of Catholic disabilities. At a meeting of the clergymen of the East Riding of Yorkshire he was in a minority of one, his own curate opposing him, and "breathing war and vengeance on the Vatican." "A poor curate whispered to me that he was entirely of my way of thinking, but had nine children; I begged he would remain a Protestant." "I asked the servants of the Tiger Inn what they thought of the Catholics and Protestants. The chambermaid was decidedly for the Church of England. Boots was for the Catholics. The waiter said he had often (God forgive him) wished them both confounded together." The famous Letter to the Electors was followed by Smith's last contribution to the *Edinburgh*—a plea for justice to the Catholics and religious toleration in that bigoted time which he has described as an era when "A was panting to burn B, B taming to roast C, C miserable because he could not reduce D to ashes, and D consigning to eternal perdition the first three letters of the alphabet." Again to a short-lived administration—that of Lord Goderich—Sydney Smith was indebted for a preferment, Lord Lyndhurst appointing him to a canon's stall at Bristol, and subsequently facilitating

the exchange of Foston for Combe-Florey in Somerset, "the prettiest place in one of the finest counties in England." There, as in Yorkshire, he gave himself up to works of active and practical benevolence, putting his kitchen under requisition, fitting up a dispensary, driving to Taunton and back, a distance of a dozen miles, to bring a doctor to some failing laborer. There was no figure more familiar than that of the rector, trudging along the lanes with a huge umbrella, or drawn by the two donkeys, Jack and Jill, that on company occasions were decorated with huge branching antlers and disposed upon the lawn as deer. His own struggle with poverty had given him a horror of debt and made him the apostle of savings banks and money in hand. Into the battle for Parliamentary Reform he threw himself with characteristic ardor, enriching English literature with that happy comparison of the Peers vainly opposing the measure and Mrs. Partington with her mop heroically sweeping out the Atlantic Ocean. Lord Grey acknowledged the obligations of the Whigs to their clerical champion by appointing him to a canonry in St. Paul's worth \$10,000 a year. The Earl's letter is characteristic. "My dear Sydney," he wrote, "you are much obliged to Dr. Bell for not dying, as he had promised. [Dr. Bell was a Canon of Westminster, whose stall had been promised to Smith a few weeks before, when the Canon was thought to be dying.] By the promotion of the Bishop of Chichester, a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's becomes vacant—a snug thing, let me tell you. To this the King has signified his pleasure that you should be appointed, and I do not think that you will be disappointed the second time by the old Bishop coming to life again, like Dr. Bell. I must take care that your appointment is placed out of the possibility of being recalled before we are turned out." This was almost as prudent as Lord Eldon—we believe it was he—who heard, while riding with a relative, that a very rich sinecure in his gift had become vacant through the death of the incumbent, and immediately appointed his relative, writing the appointment in the saddle, lest he might be thrown and killed on the homeward ride. Sydney Smith was, however, disappointed at not being made a Bishop, and it was one of his advisers who said, with bitterness, when it was remarked, apropos of the offer of a place in the Ministry to O'Connell, that the Whigs could forgive and forget: "Yes; they can forgive O'Connell and forget Sydney Smith."

Life at Combe-Florey was brilliant in 1831. Lord John Russell, the hero of reform, was there, and Smith assured the country folk, who were disappointed at Lord John's insignificant presence, that he was once much larger, but had diminished through extreme political anxiety. Luttrell was another visitor—the famous wit and diner-out, who hated monkeys because they reminded him of poor relations, and declared that the man who did not like a good dinner was either a fool or a liar. The marriage of Smith's daughter, Saba, to Dr. (afterward Sir) Henry Holland provoked one of his most characteristic mottos. "Announced in the papers under 'Fashionable Intelligence'—how absurd! Why, we pay our bills." It was followed by a summer of gout, the only enemy, he used to say, that he did not wish to have at his feet. Still he maintained his good spirits and his flow of wit. Luttrell having told of a peppery Irish clergyman who protested against being described as a pluralist, adding, "If you don't take care you'll find me a duelist," Smith capped the story with the assurance that in Ireland the parsons always fought when the afternoon's service was over, and that he had seen a challenge reading: "Sir, meet me on the first Sunday after Epiphany." Mr. Reid gives some letters and *jeux d'esprit* of Smith's last days that are new and good. "Thanks," he writes to Lord Lansdowne, "for the two books of Hallam's, from which I have received a good deal of instruction, clear of every particle of amusement." "I cannot accept your invitation to

dinner, because my house is full of country cousins. I wish they were once removed." Everybody knows his witty remark concerning Macaulay—"He has occasional flashes of silence that make his conversation perfectly delightful." "I wish I could write poetry like you," said Smith to Rogers; "I would write an Inferno, and put Macaulay amongst a number of disputants, and gag him." "I am tolerably well," he would reply, when asked about his health, "but intolerably old." "Mrs. Sydney has eight distinct illnesses, and I have none; we take something every hour, and pass the mixture from one to another." "I have no relish for the country—it is a kind of healthy grave." A curious mot is recalled by Mr. Gladstone, who met Sydney Smith at Hallam's house in 1833. "The conversation turned on the improvement which was then becoming visible in the character and conduct of the clergy. He dwelt upon the rapid advance and wide scope of this improvement, and good humoredly added, in illustration of what he had said, 'Whenever you meet a man of my age you may be sure that he is a bad clergyman.'" Fanny Kemble has told us how Smith exclaimed, on seeing the masculine Mrs. Grote in a pink turban, "Now I understand the meaning of the word Grotesque." No less felicitous was his characterization of her philosophic husband as a man who would have been a wise politician had the world been a chessboard. But the witty Canon never said a truer thing more neatly than our own George Ticknor did when he said of Sydney Smith that he would have been regarded as one of the wisest of men, if he had not also been one of the wittiest.

A LETTER OF KEATS.

THE following most interesting letter by Keats we publish by the leave of Mr. Addington. We print it without corrections, as we prefer to allow our readers to make them for themselves, rather than to risk the destruction of any passage:—

POST MARK.



Mr. John Reynolds,

Little Britain,

Christ's Hospital.

MY DEAR REYNOLDS,

I have an idea that a man might pass a very pleasant life in this manner—Let him on any certain day read a certain page of full poetry or distilled prose—and let him wander with it, and muse upon it, and reflect from it, and bring home to it, and prophesy upon it, and dream upon it until it becomes stale—but when will it be so? Never. When man has arrived at a certain ripeness in intellect—and one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting post towards all "the two and thirty Palaces." How happy is such a voyage of conception; what delicious diligent indolence! A doze upon a sofa does not hinder it, and a nap upon Clover engenders ethereal finger-pointings—the prattle of a child gives it wings, and the converse of middle age strength to beat them—a strain of music conducts to "an odd angle of the isle"—and when the leaves whisper it puts a girdle round the earth. Nor will this sparing touch of noble Books be any irreverence to their Writers—for perhaps the honors paid by Man to Man are trifles in comparison to the Benefit done by great works to the "spirit and pulse of good" by their mere passive existence.

Memory should not be called knowledge—many have original minds who do not think it—they are led away by custom. Now it appears to me that almost any man may like the spiders spin from his own

inwards his own airy Citadel—the points of leaves and twigs on which the spider begins her work are few and she fills the air with a beautiful circuiting; man should be content with as few points to tip with the fine Webb of his soul and weave a tapestry empyrean—full of symbols for his spiritual hive—of softness for his spiritual touch—of space for his wandering—of distinctness for his luxury.

But the minds of mortals are so different and bent on such diverse journeys that it may at first appear impossible for any common taste and fellowship to exist between two or three under these suppositions. It is however quite the contrary. Minds would leave each other in contrary directions, traverse each other in numberless points—and all last greet each other at the journey's end. A old man and a child would talk together and the old man be led on his Path and the child left thinking. Man should not dispute or assert but whisper results to his neighbour—and thus by every germ of spirit sucking the sap from mould ethereal every human might become great and humanity instead of being a wide heath of Furze and Briers—with here and there a remote oak or vine—would become a great democracy of Forest Trees. It has been an old comparison for our urging on—the Bee hive—however it seems to me that we should rather be the flower than the bee—for it is a false notion that more is gained by receiving than giving—no the receiver and the giver are equal in their benefits—the former I doubt not receives a fair guerdon from the bee—its leaves blush deeper in the next spring—and who shall say between Man and Woman which is the most delighted?—Now it is more noble to sit like Jove that to fly like Mercury—let us not therefore go hurrying about collecting honey—bee-like, buzzing here and there impatiently from a knowledge of what is to be aimed at; but let us open our leaves like a flower and be passive and receptive—budding patiently under the eye of Apollo and taking hints from every noble insect that favours us with a visit—sap will be given us for Meat and dew for drink. I was led into these thoughts my dear Reynolds by the beauty of the morning operating on a sense of idleness—I have not read any books—the morning said I was right. I had no idea but of the morning and the Thrush said I was right, seeming to say—

O thou whose face hath felt the Winter's wind,
Whose eye has seen the snow clouds hung in mist
And the black elm tops 'mong the freezing stars:
To thee the spring will be a harvest time—
O thou whose only book has been the light
Of supreme darkness which thou feddest on
Night after night, when Phœbus ~~was away~~.

Now I am sensible all this is a mere sophistication, it may neighbour to any truths, to excuse my own indolence—so I will not deceive myself that Man should be equal with Jove—but think himself very well off as a sort of scullion—Mercury or even a humble Bee. It is not matter whether I am right or wrong either one way or another, if there is sufficient to lift a little time from your shoulders.

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN KEATS.

Christian Union
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DRYDEN. June 25, 1891
BY BLANCHE WILDER BELLAMY.



HERE is hardly a more interesting sight in all London of an early June morning than the old square of the Covent Garden Market, where flowers, dewy and fragrant, and fresh, delicious fruits are piled up in splendid profusion, and fill the air

thing which breathes of old books, old paintings, and old authors." So we should have hurried on past the piazzas and the church and the fruits and the flowers to the corner of Russell Street and Bow Street, to Will's Coffee-House, the center of all of the literary life of the day; the gathering-place of wits and beaux, of scholars and courtiers. There we might perhaps have been admitted by Robin, the porter, and have met the great Duke of Ormond and the witty Earls of Rochester and Dorset, with Davenant and Waller and Sedley and a dozen others.

But we should have gone as they did, hoping to

places of the world. If we could have paid it a visit two hundred years ago, on one of the June mornings of the late seventeenth century, we should have found the marketing going on, and the fruits and flowers piled up even then knee-deep against the walls of Bedford House, under the shadow of great trees which overhung them.

We should have strolled along under the arcade or portico-walk just built by Inigo Jones, and perhaps have gone in to see his new Church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. But, after all, the great attraction then would have been what the memory of it is now, when "the place is filled with a some-

about with perfume. Once on a time, many long years—six hundred years—ago (a hundred years before Chaucer was born), the fruits and the flowers grew here in the Covent Garden, which was then the *Convent* Garden of Westminster Abbey. But the great city grew up and over the old garden, "and the place formal and quiet, where a salad was cut for a Lady Abbess and flowers were gathered to adorn images," came in time to have all the stir and tumult and riot of life and color which belong to the great market

see and hear the old potentate who reigned supreme at Will's and gave it its fame; who had the big chair by its fire in winter and the best corner of the balcony in summer—"The greatest craftsman in English letters," "Glorious John," "The Father of English Criticism," "The man who found the English language brick and left it marble," "The First Poet of the Second Class," "The noble and puissant Founder of the Age of Prose and Reason," "The man who surveyed and laid out the whole estate of modern English Prose," "The great Mr. Dryden."

We have seen the laying of the corner-stones of English poetry, the Narrative of Chancer, the Romance of Spenser, the Drama of Shakespeare, the Epic of Milton; and now for a time we leave the company of these our greatest poets and take up with the best society we can find in the last half of the seventeenth century. When Dryden was born, in 1631, in the little village of Aldwinckle All Saints, in Northamptonshire, Milton was only twenty-three years old, and Charles the First was ruling over England. But Milton never seems to belong to the Stuarts, and, indeed, has been called "the last of the Elizabethans," whereas Dryden is the representative poet of his own day, and championed its ideas and used its language and fought its quarrels with the best. Dryden's father was a gentleman of some rank and estate, and he was sent when a boy to Westminster School to Dr. Busby with his famous little birch, and then to Cambridge University, where he got into some trouble. Though he finally took a degree, he revenged himself for this trouble in his favorite way—a way which a college boy in our day would think rather disloyal—by writing in his own famous heroic couplets;

"Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own mother University;
Thebes did his green, unknowing youth engage—
He chooses Athens in his riper age."

When Dryden was twenty-four he came to London to be secretary to one of his kinsmen, a sturdy Puritan, a friend of the Protector, and when Cromwell died Dryden wrote an elegy on him. But in a very few months Charles the Second came back from the gay dissipations of his French exile to rule in England, and Dryden quickly made his peace by "Astrea Redux"—some very flattering lines on the return of the young King.

When he was thirty-two years old, he was married to the Lady Elizabeth Howard. She was without fortune, and he was poor and found that he must write. Accordingly he made up his mind to write what would be successful and well paid, for he said, "He who lives to please must please to live." Unfortunately for Dryden, what pleased the King and the Court in the times of Charles the Second, "the merry monarch," were very coarse and vulgar plays. Of these Dryden wrote twenty-eight, but they are now never acted and seldom read, and so, in spite of many fine passages in them, we are glad to take the advice of the great French critic, Monsieur Taine, and "leave them to the obscurity which they deserve." Dryden wrote many of these plays in his heroic couplets, and tried to prove that they were more classic and

beautiful than the blank verse of Shakespeare and the other Elizabethan writers, and by so doing, as Sam Johnson said, "he tuned the numbers of English verse," but he gave up the idea of rhyme in the drama himself before he died, and he never made many converts to it among other people.

In the prefaces of these plays he wrote such fine and forcible prose, and gave such clever arguments in favor of his views, that the prefaces are often quoted when the plays are forgotten.

When Charles died and James the Second, an ardent Catholic, came to the throne, Dryden, who had already changed the Puritan for the Episcopalian faith, was converted again and became a Catholic, too, and not long after was made Poet Laureate, as Spenser, Daniel, Jonson, and Davenant had been before him.

In his day "poetical and political squabbles, petty intrigues, libels, lampoons, and satires" kept all the poets busy, and Dryden gained great fame by his satires of "Absalom and Achitophel," "The Medal," and "MacFlecknoe." "The Religio Laici" he wrote to explain his early religious views; "The Hind and the Panther," to account for his second conversion; and the "Annus Mirabilis," as a description of the notable year 1666, with its Dutch war and its great fire of London.

Of his quarrels with Rochester, and the drubbing which the poor poet got in Rose Alley, and of his squabbles with Settle and Shadwell, and of his coolness with Swift, to whom he said, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet" (as Milton had said of himself, "A good rhymist, but no poet"), we hear on every side. It is pleasanter reading to turn to his work of translation.

When the English people had still one more change of rulers, and William and Mary, the Protestants, came to the throne, Dryden lost his place or Laureate, with his two hundred pounds salary, for he could not change his faith still again.

He was poor. He had lost all the Court favor which made him brilliant and powerful while he was writing his plays and his poems and his Essay on Dramatic Poesy and the like; but he set himself vigorously to work to translate the "Æneid," saying: "What Virgil wrote in the vigor of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years, struggling with want, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write." This translation, with a book of fables—stories from the early English of Chaucer, the Latin of Ovid, and the Italian of Boccaccio—was almost the last work of Dryden, who, in his forty years of sturdy labor, had written panegyrics, odes on public events, dramas, argumentative poems, essays, prefaces, prologues and epilogues, satires literary and political, translations, epigrams, lyrics, and odes, and whose busy pen had earned its honors by hard work, for "his talents were like the wings of an ostrich, they helped him to outrun the rest of the world, but they could not make him soar."

A little while before he died, an old man of nearly seventy years, he wrote his famous and splendid "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," afterwards set to music by the great musician Handel.

The stewards of the musical festival came to ask him to write it for the feast day of their patron

marshal of letters, the marked man of all Europe, and the center of the school of wits who daily gathered around his chair and tobacco-pipe at Will's."

SHAKESPEARE.

(From the Essay on Dramatic Poesy.)

He was the man who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient, poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily.

of Buckingham, had a bust placed over him in the Poets' Corner, and Pope wrote under it:

"This Sheffield raised; the sacred dust below
Was Dryden's once—the rest who does not know?"

In our day we have come to think that we "know the rest," by seeing that Dryden, if not a very great poet of the first rank, was a very great man of letters—the man whom Thackeray calls "the greatest literary chief in England, the veteran field

saint, to whom he had already dedicated one fine ode, and the story goes that this second ode was written complete in twenty-four hours, and that Dryden was so pleased with it that he said himself: "It is the greatest ode that has ever been written in the English language," and he added, "Or that ever will be."

On May Day in the year 1700 Dryden died and was buried with honors in Westminster Abbey between Chaucer and Cowley. Sheffield, the Duke

When he describes anything, you more than see it—you feel it, too. Those who accuse him to have wasted learning, give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there.

LINES ON THE PORTRAIT OF MILTON.

Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
In majesty the next; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go:
To form a third she joined the other two.

MUSIC.

Oh! lull me, lull me, charming air!
My senses rock with wonder sweet,
Like snow on wool thy fallings are;
Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet.
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

(From the Drama of Auring-Zaba.)

When I consider life 'tis all a cheat,
Yet, fooled with hope, men favor the deceit,
Trust on and think to-morrow will repay—
To-morrow's falsest than the former day,
Lies worse, and while it says we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possess.
Strange cozenage, none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain,
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tired with waiting for this chemic gold
Which fools us young and beggars us when old.

SHAKESPEARE AND BROWNING.

With the exception of Byron, no modern English poet of whom we have any knowledge ever wrote with such rapidity as Mr. Browning. Keats was a swift and sure penman, once he struggled out of the honeyed sweetness of Endymion, and Shelley was even more swift, once he was past Queen Mab, and Laon and Cythna, but the graver and greater poets—as they considered themselves—were slower workmen, out they hammering away at his ponderous epics, and Wordsworth keeping his Prelude in manuscript for about fifty years. Of the working of the mighty intellect of Shakespeare we know nothing, and it is not likely now that we ever shall; but, if we may trust intuitions, there is that in Julius Caesar and Othello and Lear which authenticates the inspiration which possessed him while he wrote them, and determines the speed of his writing. He felt his way carefully and timidly in his early comedies, Two Gentlemen of Verona, Love's Labor Lost, and the like, but in his tragedies he wrote at great heats. He seems to have seen his characters as in a vision, to have thrilled with every throb of their life-blood, and to have written their burning, mighty words with a pen of lightning and whirlwind. It was this intense sympathy with his characters and this instantaneous power of reproducing their thoughts and feelings that made him the greatest of dramatic poets, and it was this power and this sympathy that wrapt the fiery spirit of Mr. Browning, when at the age of twenty-nine he wrote Pippa Passes, and at the age of thirty-one, A Blot on the Scutcheon. This is not to compare Mr. Browning with Shakespeare—far from it—it is merely to say that, as a young man, he was gifted with more dramatic force than any of his contemporaries, or than any one since Shakespeare, and that it burns at white heat in these impassioned dramas. The conception which underlies Pippa Passes, and which may be called the unconscious might of simplicity

Robert Browning's Religious
Episcopal Belief.

A correspondent of the *Nonconformist* sends the following letter, written by Browning in 1876 to a lady, who, believing herself to be dying, wrote to thank him for the help she had derived from his poems, mentioning particularly "Rabbi ben Ezra" and "Abt Vogler," and giving expression to the deep satisfaction of her mind that one so highly gifted with genius should hold, as Browning held, to the great truths of our religion, and to a belief in the glorious unfolding and crowning of life in the world beyond the grave: "19, Warwick-crescent, W., May 11, '76. Dear Friend,—It would ill become me to waste a word on my own feelings except inasmuch as they can be common to us both in such a situation as you describe yours to be—and which, by sympathy, I can make mine by the anticipation of a few years at most. It is a great thing—the greatest—that a human being should have passed the probation of life, and sum up its experience in a witness to the

power and love of God. I dare congratulate you. All the help I can offer, in my poor degree, is the assurance that I see ever more reason to hold by the same hope—and that, by no means in ignorance of what has been advanced to the contrary; and for your sake I would wish it to be true that I had so much of 'genius' as to permit the testimony of an especially privileged insight to come in aid of the ordinary argument. For I know I myself have been aware of the communication of something more subtle than a ratiocinative process, when the convictions of 'genius' have thrilled my soul to its depths, as when Napoleon, shutting up the New Testament, said of Christ—'Do you know that I am an understander of men? Well, He was no man!' ('Savez-vous que je me connais en hommes? En bien, celui-là ne fut pas un homme.') Or, as when Charles Lamb, in a gay fancy with some friends as to how he and they would feel if the greatest of the dead were to appear suddenly in flesh and blood once more—on the final suggestion, 'And if Christ entered this room?'

and purity over the dark, cruel, bewildered passions by which it passes along its way singing, is worthy of any poet, and the execution is worthy of the conception. The strength of Una in the *The Faerie Queene* is shadowy beside the strength of poor little Pippa, who, not knowing it herself, is the conscience of Asola, and, to the guilty Scold and Ottima, the discovery of their sin, and the cry of their perdition. Nothing outside of Shakespeare is so tremendous as the morning scene between these murderous paramours. If Mr. Browning had only been content to write as he began here, and as he continued through his whole series of Bells and Pomegranates, there would have been no need of Browning Societies.—*Mail and Express*.

changed his manner at once, and stut-tered out—as his manner was when moved, ‘You see—if Shakespeare entered, we should all rise; if *He* appeared, we must kneel.’ Or, not to multiply instances—as when Dante wrote what I will transcribe from my wife’s Testament, wherein I recorded it fourteen years ago—‘Thus I believe, thus I affirm, thus I am certain it is, that from this life I shall pass to another better, there, where that lady lives, of whom my soul was enamored.’ Dear friend, I may have wearied you in spite of your good will. God bless you, sustain, and receive you! Reciprocate this blessing with yours affectionately. ROBERT BROWNING.”

ROBERT BROWNING.

ANECDOTES AND NOTES ON SOME PERSONAL ASPECTS OF HIS CHARACTER.

(London Letter to the *New York Tribune*.)

Mr. Lowell says that the characteristic of Browning’s poetry is strength. It was characteristic of the man, too, and not less characteristic of him was his cheerfulness. His entrance into a room filled it with sunshine. He had more manner than is usual with Englishmen; long residence abroad had left its mark upon him, and he had adopted some habits from his beloved Italians. He had a way of his own of greeting his friends. The right hand was raised and half extended sideways, and came down into yours with a kind of swing, the other hand sometimes supporting yours against the shock. The voice was loud, at times almost harsh, or rather strident, and by no means always subdued to the conventional tone of the drawing-room; still less often of the dining-room, where he liked to sit, as it were, on a throne, which others were always ready to build for him.

He would talk admirably in any circumstances, but he preferred a gallery, and the most successful dinners were those in which Browning himself bore away. He could hold his own against competition, if need were; his voice, when he chose, filling the room, and he struck fearlessly into the current of talk; and was far too much a man of the world to expect always to have things his own way, and every company to consist of idolators. There were, however, certain houses where only the faithful were asked to meet him; personal friends, at least, if not devotees of his poetry; and there it was that he spoke most freely, and on the subjects for which he cared most. I will not repent what I have said in these columns before about his talk. It was various, full, and full of illumination at times; at other times, if he thought his fellow-guests commonplace, he allowed his talk to suit to their level. Not that he ever suffered this to be seen; he had no arrogance and no airs of superiority; but if the people among whom he found himself preferred, like the Englishman in California, the weather as a topic, there was no one more ready than Browning to lend himself to this caprice.

His Favorite Drink.

Browning drank port wine by preference, and he has been known to say that claret was a drink for women, port for men. His robustness of nature expressed itself sometimes in an intolerance of whatever he thought less robust than his own. What he liked when dining out was to find a decan-

ter of port at his plate, and in houses where he dined often and his tastes were known the decanter was always there. He used to protest against it, but he drank the wine, moderately, and drank no other when he could get port. He was not a very good judge of the wine he loved so well. One of his oldest friends supplied him for many years with ‘54 port. I should think Browning first and last drank his full share of that famous vintage. The nectar passed his lips without a remark. When it was all gone, his host had to fall back on ‘51, a wine, in the opinion of connoisseurs, inferior to ‘54, not only in age, but in those qualities on which the perfection of port depends. Browning then for the first time praised his drink. The taste is one he shared with Mr. Gladstone, and their appreciation of the wine was about equal.

He was quite free from all the little vanities and irritabilities in which lesser authors indulge themselves, but he set a just value on his position and on the various recognitions of it which came to him. He was delighted when Cambridge, I think it was, made him an honorary Master of Arts, a distinction almost unique. His Oxford degree pleased him and his Honorary Fellowship of Balliol. When Lord Rosebery gave his state dinner to the Shah, a representative function, and guests were expected to come in uniform or court dress, Browning wrote to his host that as he was asked as a man of letters, he thought it might be proper if he wore his gown as doctor of civil law. It struck everybody as a happy thought, and Browning’s appearance in the flowing scarlet robes of the University was one of the events of the evening; pleased his host and the Shah and Mr. Gladstone and everybody else.

Browning Societies.

He was, in all essential things, perfectly simple and genuine; transparently so, sometimes. The beginning of the Browning societies was an instance. Shortly before, Mr. Furnivall had driven out of the new Shakespeare Society a great part of its best members by the extreme violence and even brutality of his attack on Mr. Swinburne and on the late Mr. Halliwell Phillips. The society was asked to disown Mr. Furnivall, but the machinery was in his hands and nothing was done, so the secession took place. Mr. Browning and some of the seceders met at dinner, and there was a discussion from which Browning, though a member, and I think Vice President, held aloof. He was pressed for an opinion, but would give none, and when asked if he intended to remain member of a society responsible for the ruffianism of Mr. Furnivall, said, rather shortly, that he did. A few days later it came out that Mr. Furnivall was about to start a Browning Society.

The formation of these Browning societies undoubtedly pleased Browning. He had lived more than half his poetic life in neglect and under a cloud of critical hostility and obloquy, all which he had borne stoutly and for the most part silently, adhering through evil report and through good to the faith that was in him. His fame grew very slowly. ‘My publishers,’ he once said, ‘know just how many copies of a new poem they can sell; they print so many; no more and no less.’ But never was a more striking example of the truth of Emerson’s remark that the influence of any writing is in mathematical proportion to its depth of thought. Whatever else there might be, or might not be, in Browning’s books, there was plenty of hard thinking, and some of it was so hard that these societies were formed to make it easier. It was an act of homage to which Browning would have been more or less than human not be sensible. It came at a critical period, and he was a more important figure in literature by reason of the existence of these societies. He was quite aware of the ludicrous side of the bustiness, and the effusive enthusiasm of his

least wise admirers annoyed him more than he chose to own. One or two American societies seemed to have been founded and worked with little regard to that American sense of humor which so often saves people from ridicule. He was patient with them, accepted their tributes of admiration, took the will for the deed when the expression was absurd, and rejoiced to know that beneath all the nonsense on the surface there was a basis of real appreciation for what he himself most valued in his own writings. When appealed to, he no more professed always to know what he had meant than Rufus Choate to decipher his own handwriting after a lapse of time.

Before the time of the societies and their practical proofs of the difficulties that beset his verse he used to be rather impatient of any suggestion that he was difficult, or more difficult than a thinker ought to be, and must be. This he expressed with startling simplicity. ‘They talk,’ said Browning one night to a dozen people, ‘of my being obscure. Do they consider that the commentators have been at work on Shakespeare for 200 years, and have not made him out yet?’ What answer could be made to that? He has been heard to assert that there is not a sentence in his poems which cannot be parsed. Carlyle said the same thing of his own prose.

Sometimes he burst out against the critics, much in the manner of Lord Beaconsfield’s celebrated explosion: ‘Men who cannot write a sentence of English complain that I do not write English. They don’t know whether I do or not.’ And there was one critic, himself a writer of verse, of whom Browning never could speak with patience. The man had misquoted him, and based his censure on the misquotation. ‘Yet I suppose he could read,’ said the indignant poet. The offender shall remain nameless.

Welcomed Foreign Opinion.

There certainly was a time when Browning and Matthew Arnold were not very cordial. No two men could be more unlike in their conceptions of literature, and Arnold had expressed his in his usual fearless way with reference to some one of Browning’s more inscrutable performances—the ‘Hohenstiel Schwangan,’ I think. When Arnold walked into the room Browning all but turned his back on him. The mood did not last, happily. The man of the world resumed his accustomed way over the poet, and before dinner was over Browning had swallowed down his wrath and found himself able to converse with Arnold with good humor, though still stiffly. No one need blame either of the two, nor is any stone to be cast at Browning because he was impatient of criticism which stood between him and the general appreciation he thought his due. He had spent his life in loyalty to an ideal, and whatever may be thought of the ideal, the loyalty and sincerity of the man are beyond praise. He used to say that he welcomed foreign opinion as the opinion of posterity. ‘You get proofs enough of it from America.’ ‘Oh, no,’ he answered, ‘I don’t consider American opinion foreign opinion.’ It is a remark commonly enough heard in these days from English lips, but it came from Browning with a meaning which the American man of letters may well consider deeply.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Robert Browning’s Funeral.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—The funeral services over the remains of Robert Browning took place at Westminster Abbey to-day. The body was placed in a polished pine coffin, on which was a small brass plate bearing the dates of the birth and death of the poet. Wreaths from Lord Tennyson and Miss Browning were placed on the top of the coffin. Wreaths were sent

by many other persons, including Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Sir John Millais, Mr. Alma Tadema and Sir Theodore Martin.

The dense fog which enveloped London to-day completely hid the cortege as it moved to the Abbey. The sacred structure was crowded with friends and admirers of the dead poet. As the funeral procession entered the Abbey and approached the altar, Croft and Parcell's choral music was sung. The coffin was carried down the aisle and placed in front of the altar steps. During the reading of the lesson Wesley's anthem, "We All Go to Our Place," and the hymn, "Meditation," were sung. The choir also sang Mrs. Browning's poem and refrain, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," to special music by Bridges.

After the services at the altar the coffin was borne to the Poets' corner in the south transept. As it was lowered into the grave the Committal service was chaunted by the choristers. Dean Bradley offered a prayer and recited the Collect, and the hymn, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," was sung, the congregation joining with the choir. The services were concluded with the benediction. As the congregation dispersed the organist played the "Dead March in Saul."

The grave is in front of Abraham Cowley's monument, within the angle marked by Longfellow's bust. The monuments of Chaucer, Edmund Spenser, Ben Jonson, Milton, Matthew Prior and Thomas Gray adorn the walls near by. The floor about the grave was covered with a black carpet, and the walls were hidden by a profusion of garlands, white and pink and purple.

Close about the grave as the body was borne to its final resting place stood the Most Rev. Edward White Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England; the Very Rev. George Bradley, Dean of Westminster; Rev. George Prothero, Canon of Westminster; Rev. Robinson Duckworth, Canon of Westminster; the choristers and the pall-bearers—Hallam Tennyson, Dr. Butler, Justice Stephen, Sir Theodore Martin, the venerable Frederick Farrar, Archbishop of Westminster; Prof. Mason, Prof. Jewett, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir James Paget, George Grove, George Smith and Prof. Knight. The dense fog which prevailed throughout the services gave an unusually sombre effect to the funeral.

Following gentlemen were present at Browning's funeral: Mr. Lincoln, the U. S. Minister; Earl Rosebery, Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Garnet W. Carey, Justice Coleridge, Lord Alton of Liverpool, the Earl of Aberdeen, Baron Hirschfeld, Mr. Brassey, Mr. Childers, Mr. Besant, Max Muller, Mr. Dicey, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Alma Tadema, Mr. Harley, Sir J. Lubbock, Mr. Grant Duff and Col. Hamilton, aide-de-camp to the Queen.

ROBERT BROWNING.

An Admirer of the Enigmatic Poet Interprets Him.

Lovers of Browning enjoyed the rare treat yesterday afternoon of hearing their favorite interpreted and eulogized by one of his warmest admirers in America. The reputation of Professor Boyesen as a literary critic and as a student of Browning attracted to Association Hall an unusually large audience, which was convinced that, whatever were the obscurities and knotty tangles of Browning, here was one who had not only extracted sense from them, but found in them an inspiration.

Professor Boyesen admitted that Browning was obscure and needlessly involved, but he pleaded that the rich veins of intellectual gold imbedded in his works were well worth the digging after. Professor Boyesen was frequently applauded as he dug out some Browning nugget and let the light of his fancy and imagination play on it.

The lecturer began by quoting Carlyle, "A man has his own style and his own nose." "A man's style," he continued, "may be peculiar, just like the bridge of his nose, but Browning's is a *poetic* nose, an ass's bridge to most readers. When Douglas Jerrold recovered from a severe illness his wife brought him some of the latest books for reading. Among them was 'Sordello.' When she returned, after some time, she found her husband in great distress of mind. 'Oh, why did you conceal it from me?' he said.

"Conceal what?" asked his astonished wife. 'That I have lost my mind,' he cried. 'Don't deceive me any longer! I have read this whole book through, and haven't understood a word of it.' Jerrold's wife then sat down and read Sordello too, and, to her husband's great relief, told him that she couldn't understand a word of it either."

After rapidly glancing over Browning's life and his personal traits, praising his rich intellect, acute perception and fine conversational gift, the lecturer turned to the examination of Browning's verse, whose chief characteristic, he said, was its intellectual quality. "The musical pleasure, the easy flow of rhythm is wanting, and his verse jolts along like a coal cart over cobblestones. His poetry is intellectual, and not emotional like Longfellow's, whose sweet, simple songs, attuned by delight in nature, love of children—subjects appealing to the common heart—seem to sing themselves. Not so with Browning. Unless we catch his clue, he makes us doubt whether the English language was our mother tongue. And the poet often neglects to furnish the clue. But if you once get it you plunge with him into the twilight depths of the human soul."

As an illustration of Browning's accumulation of curious lore, Professor Boyesen mentioned the medieval custom of the monks of crossing their knives and forks, in commemorating the crucifixion, and of drinking their orange-water in three gulps as a suggestion of the Trinity, a custom which Browning notes in the "Spanish Cloister," and which is nowhere else referred to. Professor Boyesen read the soliloquy of the monk with power, and also quoted from "Fra Lippo Lippo" and "Confessions." He thought that Bishop Tegner's proposition, that which is obscurely expressed is obscurely thought, was not true in Browning's case, his obscurity being due rather to over-vividness of vision. "He sees too much, and puts it all down without proper regard for order and sequence. He cannot bear to sacrifice anything in the interest of lucidity. And his works lose much on account of this defect. With an adequate and noble style they would be rated among the greatest treasures of English literature." The lecturer said that Browning also liked to mystify a little bit the Browning clubs, with their hyper-lucidity of interpretation. Much of his obscurity might also be charged to his grappling with the "fables that break through the meshes of language and escape." "His work," continued the lecturer, "may not be so valuable artistically as it is psychologically, but I would rather take a man at his high-water mark, and Browning's high-water mark is very high. His 'Paracelsus' deals with a problem akin to that of Goethe's 'Faust,' but with the mystical motion left out. It shows great versatility of thought and dialectic brilliancy. 'Stratford' (1827) was written for the actor Macready, but was soon withdrawn from the stage. In 'Sordello' Browning's obscurity reaches its climax, and bewilders with its labyrinthine tangle of words and thought. Tennyson said he only understood two lines of the whole poem, and they were both lies. The lines were the first and the last of the poem:

"Who will, shall hear Sordello's story told,"
and

"Who would, hath heard Sordello's story told."

Prof. Boyesen thought that the problem was, nevertheless, decipherable. "The Ring and the Book" was characterized as "a great achievement, which came near being larger." Prof. Boyesen read Count Guido's last desperate cry for mercy as if he felt himself its "tremendous tragic power and its deep flashes into the twilight depths of the soul."

The philosophy of Browning was strikingly contrasted with that of Tennyson. "A poet's philosophy is his definite attitude towards life; it is the lens of his individual vision. Shelley's was a wild, lawless aspiration, a pining for something higher, a wild lyrical yearning for the unattainable. Tennyson's was confidence in law, and the doctrine of self-subordination and averages. No wild, frenzied grief, but a mournful, brooding sorrow. No ecstasy of bliss, but a sweet, temperate felicity. Browning's philosophy is widely divergent. With him passion is the expression of personality at flood tide. He does not preach subordination of passion to duty, but the duty of passionate aspiration. His is a philosophy of aspiration that rejects even perfection, because perfection can go no higher. He is the apostle of the healthy rage, the supreme up-welling of individual energy in passion. But there is an essential immortality in the proposition, glaringly visible in Truth and Art and the Statue and the Bust."

Prof. Boyesen closed by saying that Browning was far too great a subject for one lecture, and that he only tried to give here and there a clue which would make reading him easier, and make accessible the wealth of delight and wisdom he had stored in the labyrinthine chambers of his verse.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD HONORED

ENTERTAINED BY THE LOTOS CLUB OF NEW YORK.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS AND ELOQUENT

PHILADELPHIA. SPEECHES. LEDGER

Sir Edwin Arnold, the eminent English Poet, and Editor of the London Telegraph, who will to-morrow night, the 23d instant, appear at the Academy of Music, in this city, and give readings from his poems, accompanied by descriptive remarks about them, and who, this evening, will be the guest of the Penn Club, was given a dinner on Saturday night last by the Lotos Club, of New York, regarding which the New York Times, of the 1st instant, says:

The Lotos Club, which in the past has had the pleasure of entertaining such distinguished foreigners as Winkie Collins, Edmund Yates and Charles Kingsley, was aglow last evening with the warmth of a banquet and reception in honor of Sir Edwin Arnold, poet and journalist. On every wall and in every alcove there hung such emblems as served best to enliven and refresh memories of the distinguished honors won by the club's guest.

Stagnant and Japanese flags predominated. On the wall at the poet's right hung a full-sized portrait of himself, done in crayon, and over the doorway which separated the parlors was draped the sacred emblem of the Order of the White Elephant—a Siamese decoration which has been conferred upon only three English-speaking persons—Queen Victoria, Sir Edwin Arnold and Gen. J. A. Haldeman, of this city. This decoration, among many others, glistered on Sir Edwin's breast last evening.

A hundred clubmen, with their guests, were present at the banquet, and nearly a

hundred more arrived before the speech-making began. At the right of President Frank R. Lawrence sat the guest of the evening, with George W. Childs at his right. At the President's left sat President Seth Low of Columbia. Among the other gentlemen present were Mural Halstead, Robert Edwin Bonner, Laurence Hutton, Ballard Smith, Richard Henry Stoddard, Edmund C. Steedman, Arthur Brisbane, Wm. H. McElroy, Paul Dana, Geo. Horace Porter, Elmer McKelway, Col. John A. Cockerill, Max O'Hell, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, Robert H. Roosevelt, W. J. Arkell, Major J. B. Pond, A. Frank Richardson, Thomas W. Knox, General J. A. Halderman, General Daniel E. Sickles, Isaac N. Seligman, General C. H. T. Collis, H. N. Alden, George H. Jones and E. B. Harper.

President Lawrence, in proposing Sir Edwin's health, said:

"When it became known that Sir Edwin Arnold was to visit our shores, it followed that the Lotus Club was to welcome him. As to his eminent graces of mind and heart, I need not tell you or any other English-speaking people.

"He is perhaps best known to us as a poet. I should not say 'perhaps,' but that his many estimable qualities confuse me. He, more than any other man, has brought us near Asia—the Asia of which we knew so little. We hear it said that the Laureate is in his declining days. We hear it asked 'Who is to succeed him?' We know that the high standard of English poetry will not be left to the chance of 'The Light of Asia' lives.

"Yet, gentleman, it is not alone as a poet that we meet and greet him to-night, but as a journalist as well. Well do we remember his services as a moulder of public opinion in England. It was he, on behalf of the *London Daily Telegraph*, and in connection with one of our own good Americans, who sent Stanley in search of Livingstone—all honor to that humane undertaking. As a poet, as a journalist and as a scholar; as one who might talk to us, if he chose, in many mystical tongues, we welcome and we greet Sir Edwin Arnold."

The health of the club's guest was drunk, everybody rising and cheering.

In responding to the toast Sir Edwin said:

"To-night must always be for me indeed a memorable occasion. Many a time and oft during the seven instants composing my life I have had personal reason to rejoice at the splendid mistake committed by Christopher Columbus in discovering your now famous and powerful country. When his caravels put forth from our side of the Atlantic he had no expectation whatever, contrary to the general belief and statement, of discovering a new world. He was at that time thinking of and searching for a very ancient land, the empire of Ximanga, or Japan, at that era moosh and mysteriously talked about by Marco Polo and other travellers, but by a splendid blunder he stumbled upon America.

"I have good reason to greet his name in memory apart from certain other not unimportant results of his error, owing, as I do to him, the prodigious debt of a dear American wife now with God—of children, half American and half English, of countless friends, of a large part of my literary reputation, and, to crown all, this memorable evening, *Nox canagus Deum*, which, of itself, would be enough to reward me for more than I have done, and to encourage me in a much more arduous task than even that which I have undertaken.

"I am to-night the proud and happy guest of a club celebrated all over the world for its brilliant fellowship, its broad enlightenment and its large and gracious hospitality. I see around me here those who worthily reflect, by their weight, their learning, their social, civil, literary and artistic achievements and accomplishments, the best intellect of this vast and noble land,

and I have been pleasantly made aware that other well-known Americans, although absent in person, are present in spirit to-night at this board.

"I have not the conceit to believe that your splendid welcome of this evening is intended solely for me, or for my writings. In truth, although I say this in a certain confidence, and do not wish the observation to go far beyond this banquet chamber, I have no high opinion of myself. The true artist can never lose sight of the abyss which separates his ideal from that which he has realized. I am confidently and joyously aware that in my comparatively unimportant person, gentlemen, you salute to-night, with the large-heartedness characteristic of your land and of the Lotus Club in particular, the heart of that other and older England which also loves you well, and through me to-night warmly and sincerely greets you.

The Copyright Law.

"Moreover, the lowliest ambassador derives a measure of dignity from the commission of a mighty sovereign, and the conviction that supports me this evening is that in my unworthy self the men of letters of the atlantic and transatlantic lands are here joining hands, and that if I may in humility speak for my literary countrymen they also here and now warmly salute those of your race, not the less warmly because America has wholly decreed a signal deed of justice toward English authors in her copyright act. Some years ago I wrote the little verses in the preface of a book dedicated to my numerous friends in America, which ran like this:

"Thou new Great Britain, famous, free and bright,
West of thy West sleepeth my ancient East;
Our sunsets make thy moons; daytime and night
Meet in sweet morning promise on thy breast.

"Fulfill the promise, lady of wide lands,
Where with thine own an English singer ranks;
I, who found favor from thy sovereign hands,
Kiss them, and at thy feet lay this for thanks.

"Your Legislature has since rendered my statement absolutely true, and has given full citizenship in this country to every English author. Personally, I was never a fanatic on the matter, I have always rather had a tenderness for those buccannery of the ocean of books who, in perilous bottoms, carried my poetical goods far and wide, without any charge for freight.

"Laurels, in my opinion, for they can be won, are meant to be worn with thankfulness and modesty, not to be eaten like salad or boiled like cabbage for the pot, and when some of my comrades have said impatiently about that more thoughtful work that writers must leave, I have, perhaps, vexed them by replying like an old friend, who said: 'Marquis Je ne vois pas la necessite.' An author who aspires to fame and as independent gratitude bestowed for true creative service to mankind should be content, I hold, with those lofty and inestimable rewards, and not demand bread and butter also from the high muses, as if they were German waitresses in a coffee house. Other ways of earning daily bread should be followed.

"If prodigies, of course, it is to men, poets and authors welcome enough, and justice is ever the best of all excellent things, but the one price-less reward for a true poet or sincere thinker lives surely in the service his work has done to his generation and in the precious friendships which even I have found enrich his existence and embellish his path in life. But this excursion in the literary rights now equitably established, leads me to touch upon the noble community of language which our two

countries possess.

England and America.

"I am not what Canning described as the friend of every country but his own. Rather, in the best and worst sense of the word, I am a darn Britisher, who rejoices to think that her Majesty, the sovereign, is the best and noblest of all noble ladies, and that the 'Queen's morning drum beats around the world.' But it was an American who first uttered that fine phrase, and your greatness also marches to the glorious reveille. You, too, besides your own ample glories, have a large part by kinship and common speech in the work which England has done and is doing in Asia, by giving peace and development to India; in Africa, by fostering commerce and preserving order; in Egypt, by opening the Dark Continent, as well as peopling Australia and many a distant colony with her industrious children.

"Half of all this I consider is America's, as I also claim a large and substantial part in the spread of the Anglo-Saxon race through this vast New World under that lovely and honored banner, about which I must think our old poet was dreaming when he sang:

"Her lightness and brightness do shine in such splendor
That none but the stars are thought fit to attend her."

"Beyond all I saw we share together that glorious language of Shakespeare which it will be our common duty, and I think our manifest destiny, to establish as the general tongue of the globe. This seems to be inevitable, not without a certain philological regret, since, if I were to choose an old tongue, I think I would prefer, for its music and its majesty, the beautiful Castilian. Nevertheless, the whole world must eventually talk our speech, which is already so prevalent that, to circumnavigate the globe, none other is necessary, and even the by-

streets of Japan, the bazaars of India and China, and the villages of Malaya on half their shops write up the name and goods in English. Is not this alone well nigh enough to link us in pride and peace? The English poet Cowper has nobly written:

"Time was when it was praise and boast enough,
In every clime a traveller where we might,
That we were born her children; fame enough

To fill the mission of a common man,
The Chaucer's language was his native tongue."

The English of Shakespeare.

"Let us all try to keep in speech and in writing as close as we can to the pure English that Shakespeare and Milton and, in those later times, Longfellow, Emerson and Hawthorne have fixed. It will not be easy. Conversing recently with Lord Tennyson, and expressing similar opinions, he said to me: 'It is bad for us that English will always be a spoken speech, since that means that it will always be changing,' and so the time will come when you and I will be as hard to read for the common people as Chaucer is to-day. You remember, gentlemen, what opinion your brilliant humorist, Artemus Ward, let fall to that ancient singer. 'Mr. Chaucer,' he observed casually, 'is an admirable poet, but as a spellist a very decided failure.'

"To the treasure house of that noble tongue the United States have splendidly contributed. It would be far poorer to-day without the tender cares of Longfellow, the serene and philo-philic pages of Emerson, the convincing wit and clear criticism of my illustrious departed friend, James Russell Lowell, and the Catullus-like perfection of the lyrics of Edgar Allan Poe, and the glorious large-tempered dithyrambs of Walt Whitman. These stately and sacred hurel groves grow here in a garden forever extended, ever carrying further forward for the

sake of humanity the irrevocable flag of our Saxon supremacy, and leads me to alter in an attempt to enlorge America and the idea of her potency and her promise. The most elaborate parody could seem but a weak impotence which would remind you, perhaps, too vividly of Sydney Smith, who, when he saw his grandchild put the back of a horse-tail on the window, said: 'The little maid replied: "Grandpapa, I see it to please the turtle." "My child," he answered, "you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter."'

"I myself once heard in our Botanical Gardens in London another little girl ask her mamma whether it would hurt the elephant if she offered him a chocolate drop.

Peace and Good-will.

"In that guarded and respectful spirit it is that I venture to tell you here to-night how truly in England the peace and prosperity of your Republic is desired, and that there is nothing except good-will felt by the mass of our people toward you, and nothing but the greatest satisfaction in your wealth and progress.

"Between these two majestic sisters of the Saxon blood the hatchet of war is, please God, buried. No cause of quarrel, I think and hope, can ever be otherwise than truly out of proportion to the vast causes of affection and accord. We have no longer to prove to each other or to the world that Englishmen and Americans are high spirited and fearless; that Englishmen and Americans alike will do justice and will have justice, and will put with nothing else from each other and from the nations at large.

"Our proudest are made on both sides and indelibly written on the page of history. Not that I wish to speak platitudes about war. It has been necessary to human progress; it has bred and preserved noble virtues; it has been inevitable and may be again, but it belongs to a low civilization. Other countries have perhaps not yet reached that point of intimate contact and rational advance, but for us two at least the time seems come when violent decisions, and even talk of them, should be as much abolished between us as cannibalism.

"I ventured when in Washington to propose to President Harrison that we should some day, the sooner the better, choose five men of public worth in the United States and five in England, give them gold coins, if you please, and a handsome salary, and establish them as a standing and supreme tribunal of arbitration, referring to them the little family fallings-out of America and of England, whenever something goes wrong between us about a sealakin in Behring Straits, a lobster pot, an Ambassador's letter, a border tariff or an Irish vote. He showed himself very well disposed toward my suggestion."

A number of brilliant speeches were made by some of the distinguished guests present. Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman said:

"I am glad that Sir Edwin Arnold accentuated his quality as a poet. For, although I know he is a Knight Commander of the Star of India, and is a great journalist, and a traveler, it is the fact that he is a poet that gives his name the one feature which brings us all here to-night."

President Seth Low, of Columbia College, was then introduced.

He said: "Those of us who have had the good fortune to be here before know well that the lotos flower, which of old was the symbol of forgetfulness, not only makes us now forget our bonies, but it makes those guests whom it has bidden to its feast feel entirely at home. We are delighted to meet this charming guest, and to listen to his admirable speech. We have considered him in his capacity of a poet; we must also remember that he was a teacher. He first taught in England, and afterward was at the head of a college in that great India, the beauties of which he has so gloriously sung."

Mr. Low concluded with a glowing eulogy on the works of Sir Edwin Arnold and their value as educators in this country.

After a brief speech by Paul Dana, Mr. Lawrence called attention to the fact that Mr. George W. Childs was present, but said he could not call on him to speak, as, by the rules of the club, a person who had said he did not wish to speak could not be requested to do so, and Mr. Childs had declared that he wished to be excused. There were cries of "Childs! Childs!" but Mr. Childs shook his head, and Richard Henry Stoddard, rising, said that Mr. Childs had requested him to take his place.

General Horace Porter followed in a speech which, humorous at the start, closed with a glowing tribute to Sir Edwin Arnold, which called forth rounds of applause.

"His poetry," said General Porter, "is as familiar to us as household words. The more observing, the more critical minds, while they admire the brilliancy of its style, are perhaps more profoundly impressed by the undeviating loftiness of its tone. James Russell Lowell once said that a writer should strive to put all the poetry possible into his prose, but no prose into his poetry. That distinguished author who sits with us to-night has never allowed any prose to enter into his poetry. He has uttered a lofty keynote, placed his standard high, and never once lowered it."

General Porter closed by calling attention to the regard this country owed Sir Edwin for the stand he had taken as editor of the *Telegraph* against the recognition of the Confederate States by England.

Speeches were also made by Max O'Rell and St. Clair McKelway. Among the letters of regret read was the following from John Greenleaf Whittier:

"I acknowledge with pleasure the invitation of the Lotos Club, of New York, to their dinner on the 31st inst. Age and its infirmities will prevent me from availing myself of the privilege.

"I would be glad to meet my friend Sir Edwin Arnold again. His noble poems have wisely interpreted the life of the East and have taught our self-righteous spirit the much-needed lesson that our Heavenly Father is no respecter of persons; that He has not left any people without some vestige of Himself, and that all who fear Him and work righteousness are accepted of Him."

There were also letters from Chauncey M. Depew and others.

Phila. SIR EDWIN ARNOLD. *Selden*

"I came to America her friend; I go away her champion, her servant, her lover. I have the deepest conviction that the future history of the human race depends for its happy development upon the firm and eternal friendship of the great Republic and the British Empire, which is at once so necessary and so natural. Resolve on your side of the Atlantic, along with us who know you on the other to allow no ignorance, no impotence, no foolish passing passion to shake that amity. The peace and progress of the earth are founded upon it, and those who would destroy it are guilty of high treason to humanity."

With these words Sir Edwin Arnold, one of the greatest living English writers, bade farewell to this country to return to his own. Our New York correspondent very properly says that these are words which should be read by every American and every Englishman. It is the visits of such Englishmen as Sir Edwin Arnold that bind the tie which connects us with England. His refinement, his culture, and his friendliness found

him hosts of friends who previously had only been admirers of his genius. His works had delighted them, but his personality charmed them. In this his visit resembled that of Thackeray, who found appreciative admirers, and left us with increased respect for our institutions and people.

Less known to the general public, but of equal genius in different lines, Sir Edwin Arnold, modest and unassuming, came among us. That he goes away with praise upon his lips is most gratifying. It shows that the general admiration which he excited was not misplaced and was appreciated at its worth. It shows a still more important fact, the growth of literary culture in this country. The English critic no longer asks whether any good can come out of Samaria. They have seen and read enough of American writers to value them as they deserve, and to see that the appreciation with which their own writers' works are received in this country is not the result of indiscriminate and uncultivated reading, but of growing and almost universal literary development. The peace and friendship of the two countries is guaranteed by the constant interchange of thought and feeling, and, though they be light as air, they forge links stronger than steel, binding together the two countries which boast a common literature and a common culture.

CHARLES EDWARD FLOWER.

Death of a Noted Citizen of Shakspeare's Town.

1892

NEW YORK, May 3.

On the 3d of May I received a copy of the *Stratford-upon-Avon Herald* of April 23, with an editorial beginning: "Stratford celebrates Shakspeare's birthday in a befitting manner. Thanks to the generosity of its leading citizen, it possesses a theatre which in completeness has few rivals, and which in richness and variety of scenery can vie with the leading temples of the drama in this Shakspeare-loving country of ours." In another part of the paper there are reports of the dramatic week which opened April 18. Eminent actors had brought out "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Twelfth Night," "Julius Caesar," and the festival was to close on Shakspeare's birthday with "Timon of Athens." But amid these reports my eye fell on an ominous paragraph: "It is to all Shaksperians a matter of something more than personal regret that Mr. Charles Flower has not been able to attend all the performances this week, as his worst and delight were in past years. Better fortune, in that respect at least, to the dramatic week of 1893." Across this paragraph a lady's hand had pencilled the words, "Not true." But, alas! on the very day that these words came, May 3, Charles Flower died.

It is not easy to measure such an event. It not only is the heaviest bereavement that could befall the town to which the literary world looks as its Mecca, but will be a personal grief to many men of letters in America, Germany, Holland, France, as well as in England, who have found at Avonbank something more than the hospitalities of a beautiful mansion. For

Charles Flower and his wife (she is one of the Martineau family) have given to literary pilgrims intellectual entertainment, enriching them with such treasures of local knowledge as well as of Shaksperian culture that Avonbank has come to be regarded as a kind of university in such matters. Although Charles Flower was only in his sixty-third year, he has for twenty-five years been a leading citizen of Stratford, as his father was before him.

The Flower family has enjoyed honorable distinction throughout this century. During the long struggle in England for liberty of the press, when many publishers of the 'Rights of Man' and the 'Age of Reason' were imprisoned, valiant service was done by Benjamin Flower, whose paper, the Cambridge *Independent*, remains the best record of those times that tried men's souls. The daughters of Benjamin (Sarah and Eliza) were by his will confided to the guardianship of William Johnson Fox, M.P., the Corn Law orator, who also founded South Place Chapel, which became to London what at a later day Parker's Music Hall was to Boston. Eliza Flower, friend of Robert Browning, who told me he considered her a woman of real musical genius, composed the music sung at South Place, while her sister (who afterwards married Mr. Adams) wrote hymns—among others, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," which was sung at South Place by a generation of Liberals before it was heard of in the outside world. The grandfather of Charles Flower, Benjamin's brother, was a strong reformer, and a friend of Robert Owen, with whom he and his family migrated to Indiana (1825) and shared the fortunes of New Harmony. His son, the late Edward Fordham Flower, was sent back to England for education, and was for a time under the care of George Combe. He married a lady in Warwickshire and fixed his abode at Stratford, of which he was seven times elected Mayor. His home, "The Hill," became the seat of a noble hospitality, and Americans were especially welcomed there, among others Hawthorne and Emerson. It was there that Emerson made the acquaintance of Marian Evans (George Eliot), who, while yet unknown to the world, was well appreciated at "The Hill." During the great Tercentenary festival I was a guest at "The Hill," and from that time have enjoyed some intimacy with Charles and his younger brother, Edgar, who now resides at the old homestead, whose traditions of hospitality are kept up. Another brother is Prof. Flower, F.R.S., director of the Natural History Department of the British Museum. The father afterwards removed to London, where he began his agitation for the abolition of the cruel bearing-rein by which horses were then tortured. His pamphlets were republished in New York by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. An old fox-hunter, he had wide influence with the gentry, and was able to do great service as the horse's friend.

Charles became Mayor of Stratford in 1873, and has since held important offices both in the borough and county. It was while attending the County Council at Warwick (ill as he was) that he was paralyzed, and fell dead. He was returning at the moment to the Shire Hall, leaning on the arm of his friend, the Marquis of Hertford. His popularity was unbounded.

He might have gone to Parliament, but his absorbing interest was to make Stratford a fit and complete monument of Shakspeare. His project of a Memorial Theatre was started after the Tercentenary celebration, during which the performances were in a large tent. To that he gave more than £30,000, while his donations to other public institutions have been large and constant. Besides its theatre, the edifice contains a room well filled with Shaksperian relics, and a unique library. By a gift of a thousand pounds the library was begun, its aim being to collect plays and books relating to the stage from all parts of the world. It now possesses complete editions of Shakspeare in German, French, Dutch, Russian, Hungarian, Italian, and Spanish. Of separate plays it has one ("Othello") in Hebrew, five in Icelandic, five in Swedish, seventeen in Greek, two in Latin, one in Finnish, two in ancient Welsh, two in Georgian; and in the various Hindu languages no fewer than forty-five were collected by Lord Dufferin for this library. I was sorry to find, when I visited the library in 1890, that it has received but few donations from America. ~~Only 150 American editions of Shakspeare~~ ~~only 150 American editions of Shakspeare~~ ~~only 150 American editions of Shakspeare~~

The hospitality of Charles Flower to Americans, many of whom—as Dr. Holmes and Mark Twain—have in him lost a very dear friend, was so large that he was kind even to our "cranks." He and others of the family watched day and night over poor Della Bacon, to keep her from suicide when she found that the London Times did not intend to review her book. It is said that Ignatius Donnelly anticipated martyrdom at Stratford, and was seriously disappointed on finding himself invited to dinner at Avonbank. The "Baconian" notion was not mentioned until Donnelly said, when leaving: "You do not seem to think much of my book." The genial answer was: "We smile at that." The only American who seems to have given Charles Flower serious trouble was Barnum, who actually bought the Shakspeare House with the intention of exhibiting it in America. Barnum held out obstinately, but at length yielded to the argument that if he should commit such sacrilege Tom

Thumb would surely prove a failure in England. Barnum's project benefited Stratford. There had not been much public pride in the place. There was an annual dinner of a few gentlemen on Shakspeare's birthday, but Charles Flower met with a rebuff from one of the Lucy family, by no means representative of its present sentiment, when he suggested that he should come to the dinner and even send them a buck. "Do you think I would countenance a man who stole deer from my ancestor?" The American showman's purchase of the house made Stratford blush for its neglect, and the work of improvement began. Ann Hathaway's cottage was also about to be sold recently, and Charles Flower rendered another service by securing it to the control of the Birthplace Committee at Stratford, becoming with Sir Arthur Hodgson responsible for the purchase money.

Charles Flower's memory was stored with reminiscences, and it is to be hoped that among his papers may be found some record of them. I believe that nothing but a singular humil-

ty, prevented his achieving a wider literary reputation. His mother once gave me to read some letters of his written while travelling in America; they were written in the style of Hiawatha, then engaging public attention, and nothing could be more witty and sparkling than his account of America and of his adventures. He was almost hypercritical in his Shaksperian culture, and a student of the plays will recognize the touches of a master in the Memorial Theatre Edition. In this edition the passages that may be, and usually are, omitted in acting are printed in smaller type. The plays are separately bound for the convenience of playgoers and also of family circles, and though they are by no means "bawdierized," a very few words and expressions are altered for the sake of the circles in which they are read aloud. Charles Flower has read various excellent papers before the Shakspeare Society. Two of these—"Shakspeare on Horseback" and "Shakspeare no Dog Fancier"—were passing through the press at the time of his death.

Happily for Stratford and for the literary world, the Flower family is still well represented there. During the Tercentenary Mr. Punch printed a humorous poem about them, beginning, if I remember rightly:

"On Avon's banks, where Flowers eternal bloom." It would be a sad day for authors and actors should the prophecy fail, or Stratford know no more the race which for fifty years has been foremost in preserving the town of Shakspeare, in promoting its culture and beauty, in making it throughout a memorial of the poet, and in enabling the literary world to share its happiness in being the birthplace of the greatest Englishman. MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Poets Laureate

To the Editor of "The Bulletin."

Sir: Kindly publish a complete list of the poets laureate of England with their dates of service.

J. E. A.

(This office, which may be bestowed by the English sovereign, is said to have been created by Edward IV. The appellation is believed to be from the custom of English universities, which up to 1512, followed the practice of presenting a laurel leaf to graduates in rhetoric and versification, sometimes called the King's Laureate, being a graduate rhetorician in the service of the King. Edmund Spenser was the first poet laureate in the modern sense. In their order, the poets laureate have been: 1.—Edmund Spenser, 1502-99. 2.—Samuel David, 1599-1619. 3.—Ben Jonson, 1610-1637. 4.—William Davenant, 1600-58. 5.—John Dryden, 1670-89. 6.—Thomas Shadwell, 1689-92. 7.—Nahum Tate, 1692-1715. 8.—Nicholas Rowe, 1715-18. 9.—Lawrence Eusden, 1718-30. 10.—Colley Cibber, 1730-57. 11.—William Whitehead, 1757-82. 12.—Thomas Wharton, 1783-90. 13.—Henry James Pye, 1790-1813. 14.—Robert Southey, 1813-43. 15.—William Wordsworth, 1843-50. 16.—Alfred Tennyson, 1850-92. 17.—Alfred Austin, 1896.)

ROBERT BROWNING

THERE are in every age a few men who are keenly sensitive to the influences of their time, and keenly alive also to those things which remain unchanged in all times; and this twofold genius—the genius of sympathy and the genius of insight—makes them the interpreters and inspirers of their generation. Like Hugo, they are intensely of their time, but, like Bruno's ideal scholar, they are awakeners of slumbering souls, and, like Schiller's ideal poet, they descend into their age to scourge, to reprove, and to uplift. Robert Browning was one of these leaders; his own age laid a deep impress upon him, but his message was the truth of all ages. It was the prophetic element in him which postponed so long that deep and genuine recognition which of late years has been his; a recognition for which the greatest might well have waited, since it came from the best of his contemporaries, and was based upon that which was deepest and noblest in him. There are gifts of melody which win the ear with their earliest music; there are sweet and tranquil meditations upon common experience, which commend themselves to us because they speak of things obvious and familiar; and these have their place and value. But Browning did not choose the captivating cadences of verse, although he was by no means without the gift of pure melody; nor did he concern himself with the things which lie on the surface of experience, and, like the daisies with which the meadows are starred, may be plucked by a child's hand; he chose rather to make himself the instrument of that vaster harmony in which all that enters into human life is blended and expressed. He felt with the sensitiveness of a great poet those deep and silent currents which find their constant flow through a thousand eddies and counter-currents, and those who study him find in him, as in no other modern English poet, that peculiar and momentary blending of the temporal and the eternal which gives an age its character and genius. Browning felt, long in advance of any free literary expression of its meaning, the play of the manifold influences which center upon a human soul and give it color and impulse; he felt intensely the relativity of knowledge, the incompleteness of all present attainments, the transitoriness of all existent conditions; thus far he went with the more subtle scientific minds. But he did not rest here; he felt with peculiar force this deep influence of his time, but it became to him another revelation of the eternal truth. That which led many to agnosticism led him to a fuller and more triumphant faith; that which for many set a rigid boundary about knowledge for him made the horizon luminous with the glory which is beyond.

That the hard and fast lines which once divided life and men with the arbitrariness and unreality of formal logic would disappear when science had penetrated to primal forces, and in the wide vision of knowledge had seen all things fluid, seething, constantly reshaping, was inevitable, and the world to-day is striving to secure a point of view from which all things shall again become orderly and coherent. It is Browning's chief claim on the attention of thoughtful men that he attained such a vantage ground and gained a fresh vision of the sublime movement of life. He saw life, not as an arrested current, but free and flowing; breaking

forth from new and unsuspected sources, making new channels, discovering new tidal influences. It was no seething chaos on which he looked; in this ceaseless movement nothing is permanent save the will that directs it and the law under which it works out the purposes of that will. Browning believed so profoundly in God and in the supremacy of spiritual forces that he surrenders no part of life to alien and antagonistic influences. This sublime movement, always changing, always shifting its forms, comes from God, and no part of it has escaped his control. Out of all this stir and change character is shaped as the clay in the hands of the potter; sorrow, loss, imperfection, temptation, are under the pressure of the divine hand, and all things work together for the fashioning of the soul. The end of living is, not to escape these deep and agonizing experiences, but to drain the cup to the bottom, to taste all that life offers, to live intensely in each successive experience, and to rejoice in the anguish that bares the very soul and brings it into painful but inspiring touch with the infinite purpose. The very imperfection and suffering involved in all living are prophetic of the sublime perfection toward which all things move; in incompleteness is the growing prophecy of the rounded whole. It is Browning's great service to faith that he saw life, not as a creation once perfect and now marred and broken, but as a vast and continuous growth, always aspiring, even in its lowest stages; always striving, even in its ignorance; always expanding, even in its imperfection; that he saw it as a whole, and was so near the divine point of view that he too, out of human weakness and blindness, could also say that it was good. To him God spoke in many ways, with many voices, but it was always the same message, whether uttered by history, by art, by literature, by science, by great teachers, by the incarnated Word.

It was because of this range of knowledge, this breadth of sympathy, this depth of vision, that Browning was one of the teachers and inspirers of his times; all things considered, he was the greatest master of spiritual things among our English-speaking poets. Into the work of no other English poet has there passed so sublime a conception of life, applied with such power and certainty to all human knowledge and activity. There is an impulse in his thought, a victorious assurance in his insight, which have the force of a master current among the conflicting currents of our time. Such poems as "Saul," "A Death in the Desert," "Prospice," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," are not only the evident work of genius, they are also the authentic utterances of spiritual prophecy.

It is sufficient here to indicate the sources of that power which has made Browning the greatest spiritual force in modern poetry. It is idle at this date to attempt to settle the question of his rank as a poet. In the force and rush of his convictions he reminds us constantly of Carlyle; we cannot judge him dispassionately, so commanding and potential is his personality. That time will discriminate between the work that is art and the work that is only philosophic, and that much that he wrote will be discarded, may be serenely anticipated by those who love him most; Wordsworth's work has had a like sifting, and the grain is all the more precious for the loss of the chaff. Browning wrote with immense virility and wrote for strong minds,

world will remember Caponsacchi, Pompilia, Guido, and the Pope when it forgets the forensic chapters in "The Ring and the Book;" will remember "Pippa Passes," "Andrea del Sarto," and "The Last Duchess" when it forgets "Sordello," "Fifine at the Fair," and "The Inn Album." It will remember, too, that this man was just and true, beloved by his friends, honored of all men.

Browning died as he had lived. The very last verse that came from his hand, the close of the epilogue to "Asolando," published two weeks ago, has still the ring of the splendid courage and daunt-

wrote largely for trained minds, and can never be popular in the sense in which Burns is popular; but there is in him the same splendid sweep of vision, the same organic imaginative force, that are in Dante and Shakespeare and Goethe, and all the greater poets. He cared little for the prettiness of fancy of which contemporary verse is so largely made up—a quality excellent in its way, but in no sense creative. He was strong in that penetrating quality of imagination which holds its torch aloft in the secret places of creation and the human soul and reveals the interior structure of things. The

less faith of his prime:

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,

Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

"No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time

Greet the unseen with a cheer!

Bid him forward and back as either should be,

'Strive and thrive' cry 'Speed—fight on, fare ever

There as here!"

Obiter Dicta.

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CARLYLE.

THE accomplishments of our race have of late become so varied, that it is often no easy task to assign him whom we would judge to his proper station among men; and yet, until this has been done, the guns of our criticism cannot be accurately levelled, and as a consequence the greater part of our fire must remain futile. He, for example, who would essay to take account of Mr. Gladstone, must read much else besides Hansard; he must brush up his Homer, and set himself to acquire some theology. The place of Greece in the providential order of the world, and of laymen in the Church of England, must be considered, together with a host of other subjects of much apparent irrelevance to a statesman's life. So too in the case of his distinguished rival, whose death eclipsed the gayety of politics and banished epigram from Parliament: keen must be the critical faculty which can nicely discern where the novelist ended and the statesman began in Benjamin Disraeli.

Happily, no such difficulty is now before us. Thomas Carlyle was a writer of books, and he was nothing else. Beneath this judgment he would have winced, but have remained silent, for the facts are so.

Little men sometimes, though not perhaps so often as is taken for granted, complain of their destiny, and think they have been hardly treated, in that they have been allowed to remain so undeniably small; but great men, with hardly an exception, nauseate their greatness, for not being of the particular sort they most fancy. The poet Gray was passionately fond, so his biographers tell us, of military history; but he took no Quebec. General Wolfe took Quebec, and whilst he was taking it, recorded the fact that he would sooner have written Gray's "Elegy"; and so Carlyle—who panted for action, who hated eloquence, whose heroes were Cromwell and Wellington, Arkwright and the "rugged Brindley," who beheld with pride and no ignoble envy the bridge at Auldgarth his mason-father had helped to build half a century before, and then exclaimed, "A noble craft, that of a mason; a good building will last longer than most books—than one book in a million"; who despised men of letters, and abhorred the "reading public"; whose gospel was Silence and Action—spent his life in talking and writing; and his legacy to the world is thirty-four volumes octavo.

There is a familiar melancholy in this; but the critic has no need to grow sentimental. We must have men of thought as well as men of action: poets as much as generals; authors no less than artisans; libraries at least as much as militia; and therefore we may accept and proceed critically to examine Carlyle's thirty-four volumes, remaining somewhat indifferent to the fact that had he had the fashioning of his own destiny, we should have had at his hands blows instead of books.

Taking him, then, as he was—a man of letters—perhaps the best type of such since Dr. Johnson died in Fleet street, what are we to say of his thirty-four volumes?

In them are to be found criticism, biography, history, politics, poetry, and religion. I mention this variety because of a foolish notion, at one time often found suitably lodged in heads otherwise empty, that Carlyle was a passionate old man, dominated by two or three extravagant ideas, to which he was forever giving utterance in language of equal extravagance. The thirty-four volumes octavo render this opinion untenable by those who can read.

Carlyle cannot be killed by an epigram, nor can the many influences that moulded him be referred to any single source. The rich banquet his genius has spread for us is of many courses. The fire and fury of the Latter-Day Pamphlets may be disregarded by the peaceful soul, and the preference given to the "Past" of "Past and Present," which with its intense and sympathetic mediævalism, might have been written by a Tractarian. The "Life of Sterling" is the favorite book of many who would sooner pick oakum than read "Frederick the Great" all through; whilst the mere student of *belles lettres* may attach importance to the essays on Johnson, Burns, and Scott, on Voltaire and Diderot, on Goethe and Novalis, and yet remain blankly indifferent to "Sartor Resartus" and "The French Revolution."

But true as this is, it is none the less true that, excepting possibly the "Life of Schiller," Carlyle wrote nothing not clearly recognizable as his. All his books are his very own—bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh. They are not stolen goods, nor elegant exhibitions of recently and hastily acquired wares.

This being so, it may be as well if, before proceeding any further, I attempt, with a scrupulous regard to brevity, to state what I take to be the invariable indications of Mr. Carlyle's literary handiwork—the tokens of his presence—"Thomas Carlyle, his mark."

First of all, it may be stated, without a shadow of a doubt, that he is one of those who would sooner be wrong with Plato than right with Aristotle; in one word, he is a mystic. What he says of Novalis may with equal truth be said of himself: "He belongs to that class of persons who do not recognize the syllogistic method as the chief organ for investigating truth, or feel themselves bound at all times to stop short where its light fails them. Many of his opinions he would despair of proving in the most patient court of law, and would remain well content that they should be disbelieved there." In philosophy we shall not be very far wrong if we rank Carlyle as a follower of Bishop Berkeley; for an idealist he undoubtedly was. "Matter," says he, "exists only spiritually, and to represent some idea, and body it forth. Heaven and Earth are but the time-vesture of the Eternal. The Universe is but one vast symbol of God; nay, if thou wilt have it, what is man himself but a symbol of God? Is not all that he does symbolical, a revelation to sense of the mystic God-given force that is in him?—a gospel of Freedom, which he, the 'Messias of Nature,' preaches as he can by act and word." "Yes, Friends," he elsewhere observes, "not our logical mensurative faculty, but our imaginative one, is King over us, I might say Priest and Prophet, to lead us heavenward, or magician and wizard to lead us hellward. The understanding is indeed thy window—too clear thou canst not make it; but phantasy is thy eye, with its color-giving retina, healthy or diseased." It would be easy to multiply instances of this, the most obvious and interesting trait of Mr. Carlyle's writing; but I must bring my remarks upon it to a close by reminding you of his two favorite quotations, which have both significance. One from Shakespeare's *Tempest*:

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep;"

the other, the exclamation of the Earth-spirit, in Goethe's *Faust*:

"Tis thus at the roaring loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the garment thou seest Him by."

But this is but one side of Carlyle. There is another as strongly marked, which is his second note; and that is what he somewhere calls "his stubborn realism." The combination of the two is as charming as it is rare. No one at all acquainted with his writings can fail to remember his almost excessive love of detail; his lively taste for facts, simply as facts. Imaginary joys and sorrows may extort from him nothing but grunts and snorts; but let him only worry out for himself, from that great dust-heap called "history," some undoubted fact of human and tender interest, and, however small it may be, relating possibly to some one hardly known, and playing but a small part in the events he is recording, and he will wax amazingly sentimental, and perhaps shed as many real tears as Sterne or Dickens do sham ones over their figments. This realism of Carlyle's gives a great charm to his histories and biographies. The amount he tells you is something astonishing—no platitudes, no rigmarole, no common-form articles which are the staple of most biography, but, instead of them, all the facts and features of the case—pedigree, birth, father and mother, brothers and sisters, education, physiognomy, personal habits, dress, mode of speech; nothing escapes him. It was a characteristic criticism of his, on one of Miss Martineau's American books, that the story of the wife Daniel Webster used to stand before the fire with his hands in his pockets was worth all the politics, philosophy, political economy, and sociology to be found in other portions of the good lady's writings. Carlyle's eye was indeed a terrible organ: he saw everything. Emerson, writing to him, says: "I think you see as pictures every street, church, Parliament-house, barracks, baker's shop, mutton-stall, forge, wharf, and ship, and whatever stands, creeps, rolls, or swims thereabout, and make all your own." He crosses over, one rough day, to Dublin; and he jots down in his diary the personal appearance of some unhappy creatures he never saw before or expected to see again; how men laughed, cried, swore, were all of huge interest to Carlyle. Give him a fact, he loaded you with thanks; propound a theory, you were rewarded with the most vivid abuse.

This intense love for and faculty of perceiving, what one may call the "concrete picturesque," accounts for his many hard sayings about fiction and poetry. He could not understand people being at the trouble of inventing characters and situations when history was full of men and women; when streets were crowded and continents were being peopled under their very noses. Emerson's sphynx-like utterances irritated him at times, as they well might; his orations and the like. "I long," he says, "to see some concrete thing, some Event—Man's Life, American Forest, or piece of Creation which this Emerson loves and wonders at, well *Emersonized*, depicted by Emerson—filled with the life of Emerson, and cast forth from him then to live by itself." * But Carlyle forgot the sluggishness of the ordinary imagination, and, for the moment, the stupendous dulness of the ordinary historian. It cannot be matter for surprise that people

* One need scarcely add, nothing of the sort ever proceeded from Emerson. How should it? Where was it to come from? When, to employ language of Mr. Arnold's own, "any poor child of nature" overhears the author of "Essays in Criticism" telling two worlds that Emerson's "Essays" are the most valuable prose contributions to the literature of the century, his soul is indeed filled "with an unutterable sense of lamentation and mourning and woe." Mr. Arnold's silence was once felt to be provoking. Wordsworth's

lines kept occurring to one's mind—

"Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,
Is silent as a standing pool."

But it was better so.

preter Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker" to his "History of England."

The third and last mark to which I call attention is his humor. Nowhere, surely, in the whole field of English literature, Shakespeare excepted, do you come upon a more abundant vein of humor than Carlyle's, though I admit that the quality of the ore is not of the finest. His every production is bathed in humor. This must never be, though it often has been, forgotten. He is not to be taken literally. He is always a humorist, not unfrequently a writer of burlesque, and occasionally a buffoon.

Although the spectacle of Mr. Swinburne taking Mr. Carlyle to task, as he recently did, for indelicacy, has an oddity all its own, so far as I am concerned I cannot but concur with this critic in thinking that Carlyle has laid himself open, particularly in his "Frederick the Great," to the charge one usually associates with the great and terrible name of Dean Swift; but it is the Dean with a difference, and the difference is all in Carlyle's favor. The former deliberately pelts you with dirt, as did in old days gentlemen electors their parliamentary candidates: the latter only occasionally splashes you, as does a public vehicle pursuing on a wet day its uproarious course.

These, then, I take to be Carlyle's three principal marks or notes: mysticism in thought, realism in description, and humor in both.

To proceed now to his actual literary work.

First, then, I would record the fact that he was a great critic, and this at a time when our literary criticism was a scandal. He more than any other has purged our vision and widened our horizons in this great matter. He taught us there was no sort of finality, but only nonsense, in that kind of criticism which was content with laying down some foreign masterpiece with the observation that it was not suited for the English taste. He was, if not the first, almost the first critic, who pursued in his criticism the historical method, and sought to make us understand what we were required to judge. It has been said that Carlyle's criticisms are not final, and that he has not said the last word about Voltaire, Diderot, Richter, and Goethe. I can well believe it. But reserving "last words" for the use of the last man (to whom they would appear to belong), it is surely something to have said the first sensible words uttered in English on these important subjects. We ought not to forget the early days of the *Foreign and Quarterly Review*. We have critics now, quieter, more reposeful souls, taking their ease on Zion, who have entered upon a world ready to welcome them, whose keen rapiers may cut velvet better than did the two-handed broadsword of Carlyle, and whose later date may enable them to discern what their forerunner failed to perceive; but when the critics of this century come to be criticised by the critics of the next, an honorable, if not the highest place will be awarded to Carlyle.

Turn we now to the historian and biographer. History and biography much resemble one another in the pages of Carlyle, and occupy more than half his thirty-four volumes; nor is this to be wondered at, since they afford him fullest scope for his three strong points—his love of the wonderful; his love of telling a story, as the children say, "from the

very beginning;" and his humor. His view of history is sufficiently lofty. History, says he, is the true epic poem, a universal divine scripture whose plenary inspiration no one out of Bedlam shall bring into question. Nor is he quite at one with the ordinary historian as to the true historical method. "The time seems coming when he who sees no world but that of courts and camps, and writes only how soldiers were drilled and shot, and how this ministerial conjurer out-conjured that other, and then guided, or at least held, something which he called the rudder of Government, but which was rather the spigot of Taxation, wherewith in place of steering, he could tax, will pass for a more or less instructive Gazetteer, but will no longer be called an Historian."

Nor does the philosophical method of writing history please him any better:

"Truly if History is Philosophy teaching by examples, the writer fitted to compose history is hitherto an unknown man. Better were it that mere earthly historians should lower such pretensions, more suitable for omniscience than for human science, and aiming only at some picture of the things acted, which picture itself will be a poor approximation, leave the inscrutable purport of them an acknowledged secret—or at most, in reverent faith, pause over the mysterious vestiges of Him whose path is in the great deep of Time, whom History indeed reveals, but only all History and in Eternity will clearly reveal."

This same transcendental way of looking at things is very noticeable in the following view of Biography: "For, as the highest gospel was a Biography, so is the life of every good man still an indubitable gospel, and preaches to the eye and heart and whole man, so that devils even must believe and tremble, these gladdest tidings. Man is heaven-born—the thrall of circumstances, of necessity, but the victorious subduer thereof." These, then, being his views, what are we to say of his works? His three principal historical works are, as every one knows, "Cromwell," "The French Revolution," and "Frederick the Great," though there is a very considerable amount of other historical writing scattered up and down his works. But what are we to say of these three? Is he, by virtue of them, entitled to the rank and influence of a great

historian? What have we a right to demand of an historian? First, surely stern veracity, which implies not merely knowledge but honesty. An historian stands in a fiduciary position towards his readers, and if he withholds from them important facts likely to influence their judgment, he is guilty of fraud, and, when justice is done in this world, will be condemned to refund all moneys he has made by his false professions, with compound interest. This sort of fraud is unknown to the law, but to nobody else. "Let me know the facts!" may well be the agonized cry of the student who finds himself floating down what Arnold has called "the vast Mississippi of falsehood, History." Secondly comes a catholic temper and way of looking at things. The historian should be a gentleman and possess a moral breadth of temperament. There should be no bitter protesting spirit about him. He should remember the world he has taken upon himself to write about is a large place, and that nobody set him up over us. Thirdly, he must be a born story-teller. If he is not this, he has mistaken his vocation. He may be a great philosopher, a useful editor, a profound scholar, and anything else his friends like to call him, except a great historian. How does Carlyle meet these requirements? His verac-

ity, that is, his laborious accuracy, is admitted by the only persons competent to form an opinion, namely, independent investigators who have followed in his track; but what may be called the internal evidence of the case also supplies a strong proof of it. Carlyle was, as every one knows, a hero-worshipper. It is part of his mysticism. With him man, as well as God, is a spirit, either of good or evil, and as such should be either worshipped or reviled. He is never himself till he has discovered or invented a hero; and, when he has got him, he tosses and dandles him as a mother her babe. This is a terrible temptation to put in the way of an historian, and few there be who are found able to resist it. How easy to keep back an ugly fact, sure to be a stumbling-block in the way of weak brethren! Carlyle is above suspicion in this respect. He knows no reticence. Nothing restrains him; not even the so-called proprieties of history. He may, after his boisterous fashion, pour scorn upon you for looking grave, as you read in his vivid pages of the reckless manner in which too many of his heroes drove coaches-and-six through the Ten Commandments. As likely as not he will call you a blockhead, and tell you to close your wide mouth and cease shrieking. But, dear me! hard words break no bones, and it is an amazing comfort to know the facts. Is he writing of Cromwell?—down goes everything—letters, speeches, as they were written, as they were delivered. Few great men are edited after this fashion. Were they to be so—Luther, for example—many eyes would be opened very wide. Nor does Carlyle fail in comment. If the Protector makes a somewhat distant allusion to the Barbadoes, Carlyle is at your elbow to tell you it means his selling people to work as slaves in the West Indies. As for Mirabeau, "our wild Gabriel Honoré," well! we are told all about him; nor is Frederick let off a single absurdity or atrocity. But when we have admitted the veracity, what are we to say of the catholic temper, the breadth of temperament, the wide Shakespearian tolerance? Carlyle ought to have them all. By nature he was tolerant enough; so true a humorist could never be a bigot. When his war-paint is not on, a child might lead him. His judgments are gracious, chivalrous, tinged with a kindly melancholy and divine pity. But this mood is never for long. Some gadfly stings him: he seizes his tomahawk and is off on the trail. It must sorrowfully be admitted that a long life of opposition and indigestion, of fierce warfare with cooks and Philistines, spoilt his temper, never of the best, and made him too often contemptuous, savage, unjust. His language then becomes unreasonable, unbearable, bad. Literature takes care of herself. You disobey her rules: well and good, she shuts her door in your face; you plead your genius: she replies, "Your temper," and bolts it. Carlyle has deliberately destroyed, by his own wilfulness, the value of a great deal he has written. It can never become classical. Alas! that this should be true of too many eminent Englishmen of our time. Language such as was, at one time, almost habitual with Mr. Ruskin, is a national humiliation, giving point to the Frenchman's sneer as to our distinguishing literary characteristic being "*la brutalité*." In Carlyle's case much must be allowed for his rhetoric and humor. In slang phrase, he always "piles it on." Does a bookseller misdirect a parcel, he exclaims, "My malison on all Blockheadisms and Torpid Infidelities of which this world is full." Still, all allowances made, it is a thousand pities; and one's thoughts turn away from this stormy old man

and take refuge in the quiet haven of the Oratory at Birmingham, with his great Protagonist, who, throughout an equally long life spent in painful controversy, and wielding weapons as terrible as Carlyle's own, has rarely forgotten to be urbane, and whose every sentence is a "thing of beauty." It must, then, be owned that too many of Carlyle's literary achievements "lack a gracious something." By force of his genius he "smites the rock and spreads the water;" but then, like Moses, "he desecrates, belike, the deed in doing."

Our third requirement was, it may be remembered, the gift of the story-teller. Here one is on firm ground. Where is the equal of the man who has told us the story of "The Diamond Necklace?"

It is the vogue, nowadays, to sneer at picturesque writing. Professor Seeley, for reasons of his own, appears to think that whilst politics, and, I presume religion, may be made as interesting as you please, history should be as dull as possible. This, surely, is a jaundiced view. If there is one thing it is legitimate to make more interesting than another, it is the varied record of man's life upon earth. So long as we have human hearts and await human destinies, so long as we are alive to the pathos, the dignity, the comedy of human life, so long shall we continue to rank above the philosopher, higher than the politician, the great artist, be he called dramatist or historian, who makes us conscious of the divine movement of events, and of our fathers who were before us. Of course we assume accuracy and labor in our animated historian; though for that matter, other things being equal, I prefer a lively liar to a dull one.

Carlyle is sometimes as irresistible as "The Campbells are Coming," or "Auld Lang Syne." He has described some men and some events once and for all, and so takes his place with Thucydides, Tacitus and Gibbon. Pedants may try hard to forget this, and may in their labored nothings seek to ignore the author of "Cromwell" and "The French Revolution"; but as well might the pedestrian in Cumberland or Inverness seek to ignore Helvellyn or Ben Nevis. Carlyle is *there*, and will remain there, when the pedant of to-day has been superseded by the pedant of to-morrow.

Remembering all this, we are apt to forget his faults, his eccentricities, and vagaries, his buffooneries, his too-outrageous cynicisms and his too-intrusive egotisms, and to ask ourselves—if it be not this man, who is it then to be? Macaulay, answer some; and Macaulay's claims are not of the sort to go unrecognized in a world which loves clearness of expression and of view only too well. Macaulay's position never admitted of doubt. We know what to expect, and we always get it. It is like the old days of W. G. Grace's cricket. We went to see the leviathan slog for six, and we saw it. We expected him to do it, and he did it. So with Macaulay—the good Whig, as he takes up the History, settles himself down in his chair, and knows it is going to be a bad time for the Tories. Macaulay's style—his much-praised style—is ineffectual for the purpose of telling the truth about anything. It is splendid, but *splendide mendax*, and in Macaulay's case the style was the man. He had enormous knowledge, and a noble spirit; his knowledge, enriched his style and his spirit consecrated it to the service of Liberty. We do well to be proud of Macaulay; but we must add that, great as was his knowledge, great also was his ignorance, which was none the less ignorance because it was wilful; noble as was his spirit, the range of subject

over which it energized was painfully restricted. He looked out upon the world, but behold, only the Whigs were good. Luther and Loyola, Cromwell and Claverhouse, Carlyle and Newman—they moved him not; their enthusiasms were delusions, and their politics demonstrable errors. Whereas, of Lord Somers and Charles first Earl Grey it is impossible to speak without emotion. But the world does not belong to the Whigs; and a great historian must be capable of sympathizing both with delusions and demonstrable errors. Mr. Gladstone has commented with force upon what he calls Macaulay's invincible ignorance, and further says that to certain aspects of a case (particularly those aspects most pleasing to Mr. Gladstone) Macaulay's mind was hermetically sealed. It is difficult to resist these conclusions; and it would appear no rash inference from them, that a man in a state of invincible ignorance and with a mind hermetically sealed, whatever else he may be—orator, advocate, statesman, journalist, man of letters—can never be a great historian. But, indeed, when one remembers Macaulay's limited range of ideas: the commonplaceness of his morality, and of his descriptions; his absence of humor, and of pathos—for though Miss Martineau says she found one pathetic passage in the History, I have often searched for it in vain; and then turns to Carlyle—to his almost bewildering affluence of thought, fancy, feeling, humor, pathos—his biting pen, his scorching criticism, his world-wide sympathy (save in certain moods) with everything but the smug commonplace—to prefer Macaulay to him, is like giving the preference to Birket Foster over Salvator Rosa. But if it is not Macaulay, who is it to be? Mr. Hepworth Dixon or Mr. Froude? Of Bishop Stubbs and Professor Freeman it behoves every ignoramus to speak with respect. Horny-handed sons of toil, they are worthy of their wage. Carlyle has somewhere struck a distinction between the historical artist and the historical artizan. The bishop and the professor are historical artizans; artists they are not—and the great historian is a great artist.

England boasts two such artists, Edward Gibbon and Thomas Carlyle. The elder historian may be compared to one of the great Alpine roadways—sublime in its conception, heroic in its execution, superb in its magnificent uniformity of good workmanship. The younger resembles one of his native streams, pent in at times between huge rocks, and tormented into foam, and then effecting its escape down some precipice, and spreading into cool expanses below; but however varied may be its fortunes—however startling its changes—always in motion, always in harmony with the scene around. Is it gloomy? It is with the gloom of the thunder-cloud. Is it bright? It is with the radiance of the sun.

It is with some consternation that I approach the subject of Carlyle's politics. One handles them as does an inspector of police a parcel reported to contain dynamite. The Latter-Day Pamphlets might not unfitly be labelled "Dangerous Explosives."

In this matter of politics there were two Carlyles; and, as generally happens in such cases, his last state was worse than his first. Up to 1843, he not unfairly might be called a Liberal—of uncertain vote it may be—a man difficult to work with, and impatient of discipline, but still aglow with generous heat; full of large-hearted sympathy with the poor and oppressed, and of intense hatred of the cruel and shallow sophistries that then passed for maxims, almost for axioms, of government. In the year 1849, when the yeomanry round

Glasgow was called out to keep down some dreadful monsters called "Radicals," Carlyle describes how he met an advocate of his acquaintance hurrying along, musket in hand, to his drill on the Links. "You should have the like of this," said he, cheerily patting his gun. "Yes," was the reply, "but I haven't yet quite settled on which side." And when he did make his choice, on the whole he chose rightly. The author of that noble pamphlet "Chartism," published in 1840, was at least once a Liberal. Let me quote a passage that has stirred to effort many a generous heart now cold in death: "Who would suppose that Education were a thing which had to be advocated on the ground of local expediency, or indeed on any ground? As if it stood not on the basis of an everlasting duty, as a prime necessity of man! It is a thing that should need no advocating: 'much as it does actually need. To impart the gift of thinking to those who cannot think, and yet who could in that case think: this, one would imagine, was the first function a government had to set about discharging. Were it not a cruel thing to see, in any province of an empire, the inhabitants living all mutilated in their limbs, each strong man with his right arm lamed? How much crueller to find the strong soul with its eyes still sealed—its eyes extinct, so that it sees not! Light has come into the world; but to this poor peasant it has come in vain. For six thousand years the sons of Adam, in sleepless effort, have been devising, doing, discovering; in mysterious infinite, indissoluble communion, warring, a little band of brothers, against the black empire of necessity and night; they have accomplished such a conquest and conquests; and to this man it is all as if it had not been. The four-and-twenty letters of the alphabet are still runic enigmas to him. He passes by on the other side; and that great spiritual kingdom, the toil-won conquest of his own brothers, all that his brothers have conquered, is a thing not extant for him. An invisible empire; he knows it not—suspects it not. And is not this his withal; the conquest of his own brothers, the lawfully acquired possession of all men? Baleful enchantment lies over him, from generation to generation; he knows not that such an empire is his—that such an empire is his at all. . . . Heavier wrong is not done under the sun. It lasts from year to year, from century to century; the blinded sire slaves himself out, and leaves a blinded son; and men, made in the image of God, continue as two-legged beasts of labor; and in the largest empire of the world it is a debate whether a small fraction of the revenue of one day shall, after thirteen centuries, be laid out on it or not laid out on it. Have we governors? Have we teachers? Have we had a Church these thirteen hundred years? What is an overseer of souls, an archoverseer, archiepiscopus? Is he something? If so, let him lay his hand on his heart and say what thing!"

Nor was the man who in 1843 wrote as follows altogether at sea in politics:

"Of Time Bill, Factory Bill, and other such Bills, the present editor has no authority to speak. He knows not, it is for others than he to know, in what specific ways it may be feasible to interfere with legislation between the workers and the master-workers—knows only and sees that legislative interference, and interferences not a few, are indispensable. Nay, interference has begun; there

"are already factory inspectors. Perhaps there might be mine inspectors too. Might there not be furrow-field inspectors withal, to ascertain how, on 7s. 6d. a week, a human family does live? Again, are not sanitary regulations possible for a legislature? Baths, free air, a wholesome temperature, ceilings twenty feet high, might be ordained by Act of Parliament in all establishments licensed as mills. There are such mills already extant—honor to the builders of them. The legislature can say to others, 'Go you' and do likewise—better if you can.'"

By no means a bad programme for 1843; and a good part of it has been carried out, but with next to no aid from Carlyle.

The Radical party has struggled on as best it might, without the author of "Chartism" and "The French Revolution"—

"They have marched prospering, not through his presence;
Songs have inspired them, not from his lyre;"

and it is no party spirit that leads one to regret the change of mind which prevented the later public life of this great man, and now the memory of it, from being enriched with something better than a five-pound note for Governor Eyre.

But it could not be helped. What brought about the rupture was his losing faith in the ultimate destiny of man upon earth. No more terrible loss can be sustained. It is of both heart and hope. He fell back upon heated visions of heaven-sent heroes, devoting their early days for the most part to hoodwinking the people, and their latter ones, more heroically, to shooting them.

But it is foolish to quarrel with results, and we may learn something even from the later Carlyle. We lay down John Bright's Reform Speeches, and take up Carlyle and light upon a passage like this: "Inexpressibly delirious seems to me the puddle of Parliament and public upon what it calls Reform Measure, that is to say, the calling in of new supplies of blockheadism, gullibility, bribability, amenability to beer and balderdash, by way of amending the woes we have had from previous supplies of that bad article." This view must be accounted for as well as Mr. Bright's. We shall do well to remember, with Carlyle, that the best of all Reform Bills is that which each citizen passes in his own breast, where it is pretty sure to meet with strenuous opposition. The reform of ourselves is no doubt an heroic measure never to be overlooked, and, in the face of accusations of gullibility, bribability, amenability to beer and balderdash, our poor humanity can only stand abashed, and feebly demur to the bad English in which the charges are conveyed. But we can't all lose hope. We remember Sir David Ramsay's reply to Lord Rea, once quoted by Carlyle himself. Then said his lordship: "Well, God mend all." "Nay, by God, Donald, we must help Him to mend it!" It is idle to stand gaping at the heavens, waiting to feel the thong of some hero of questionable morals and robust conscience; and therefore, unless Reform Bills can be shown to have checked purity of election, to have increased the stupidity of electors, and generally to have promoted corruption—which notoriously they have not—we may allow Carlyle to make his exit "swearing," and regard their presence in the Statute Book, if not with rapture, at least, with equanimity.

But it must not be forgotten that the battle is still raging—the issue is still uncertain. Mr. Froude is still free to assert that the "post-mortem" will prove Carlyle was right. His political sagacity no reader of "Frederick" can deny; his insight into hidden causes and far-

away effects was keen beyond precedent—nothing he ever said deserves contempt, though it may merit anger. If we would escape his conclusion, we must not altogether disregard his premises. Bankruptcy and death are the final heirs of imposture and make-believes. The old faiths and forms are worn too threadbare by a thousand disputations to bear the burden of the new democracy, which, if it is not merely to win the battle but to hold the country, must be ready with new faiths and forms of her own. They are within her reach if she but knew it; they lie to her hand: surely they will not escape her grasp! If they do not, then, in the glad day when worship is once more restored to man, he will with becoming generosity forget much that Carlyle has written, and remembering more, rank him amongst the prophets of humanity.

Carlyle's poetry can only be exhibited in long extracts, which would be here out of place, and might excite controversy as to the meaning of words, and draw down upon me the measureless malice of the metricists. There are, however, passages in "Sartor Resartus" and the "French Revolution" which have long appeared to me to be the sublimest poetry of the century; and it was therefore with great pleasure that I found Mr. Justice Stephen, in his book on "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," introducing a quotation from the 8th chapter of the 3rd book of "Sartor Resartus," with the remark that "it is perhaps the most memorable utterance of the greatest poet of the age."

As for Carlyle's religion, it may be said he had none, inasmuch as he expounded no creed and put his name to no confession. This is the pendency of the schools. He taught us religion, as cold water and fresh air teach us health, by rendering the conditions of disease well nigh impossible. For more than half a century, with superhuman energy, he struggled to establish the basis of all religions, "reverence and godly fear." "Love not pleasure, love God; this is the everlasting Yea."

One's remarks might here naturally come to an end, with a word or two of hearty praise of the brave course of life led by the man who awhile back stood the acknowledged head of English letters. But the present time is not the happiest for a panegyric on Carlyle. It would be in vain to deny that the brightness of his reputation underwent an eclipse, visible everywhere, by the publication of his "Reminiscences." They surprised most of us, pained not a few, and hugely delighted that ghastly crew, the wreckers of humanity, who are never so happy as when employed in pulling down great reputations to their own miserable levels. When these "baleful creatures," as Carlyle would have called them, have lit upon any passage indicative of conceit or jealousy or spite, they have fastened upon it and screamed over it, with a pleasure but ill-concealed and with a horror but ill-feigned. "Behold," they exclaim, "your hero robbed of the nimbus his inflated style cast around him—this preacher and fault-finder reduced to his principal parts: and lo! the main ingredient is most unmistakably 'bile!'"

The critic, however, has nought to do either with the sighs of the sorrowful, "mourning when a hero falls," or with the scorn of the malicious, rejoicing, as did Bunyan's Juryman, *Mr. Live-loose, when Faithful was condemned to die*: "I could never endure him, for he would always be condemning my way."

The critic's task is to consider the book itself, i.e., the nature of its contents, and how it came to be written at all.

When this has been done, there will not be found much demanding moral censure;

whilst the reader will note with delight, applied to the trifling concerns of life, those extraordinary gifts of observation and apprehension which have so often charmed him in the pages of history and biography.

These peccant volumes contain but four sketches: one of his father, written in 1832; and the other three, of Edward Irving, Lord Jeffrey, and Mrs. Carlyle, all written after the death of the last-named, in 1866.

The only fault that has been found with the first sketch is, that in it Carlyle hazards the assertion that Scotland does not now contain his father's like. It ought surely to be possible to dispute this opinion without exhibiting emotion. To think well of their forbears is one of the few weaknesses of Scotchmen. This sketch, as a whole, must be carried to Carlyle's credit, and is a permanent addition to literature. It is pious, after the high Roman fashion. It satisfies our finest sense of the fit and proper. Just exactly so should a literate son write of an illiterate peasant father. How immeasurable seems the distance between the man from whom proceeded the thirty-four volumes we have been writing about and the Calvinistic mason who didn't even know his Burns!—and yet here we find the whole distance spanned by filial love.

The sketch of Lord Jeffrey is inimitable. One was getting tired of Jeffrey, and prepared to give him the go-by, when Carlyle creates him afresh, and, for the first time, we see the bright little man bewitching us by what he is, disappointing us by what he is not. The aptifol remarks the sketch contains may be considered, along with those of the same nature to be found only too plentifully in the remaining two papers.

After careful consideration of the worst of these remarks, Mrs. Oliphant's explanation seems the true one; they are most of them sparkling bits of Mrs. Carlyle's conversation. She, happily for herself, had a lively wit, and, perhaps not so happily, a biting tongue, and was, as Carlyle tells us, accustomed to make him laugh, as they drove home together from London crushes, by far from genial observations on her fellow-creatures, little recking—how should she?—that what was so lightly uttered was being engraven on the tablets of the most marvellous of memories, and was destined long afterwards to be written down in grim earnest by a half-frenzied old man, and printed, in cold blood, by an English gentleman.

The horrible description of Mrs. Irving's personal appearance, and the other stories of the same connection, are recognized by Mrs. Oliphant as in substance Mrs. Carlyle's; whilst the malicious account of Mrs. Basil Montague's head-dress is attributed by Carlyle himself to his wife. Still, after dividing the total, there is a good helping for each, and blame would justly be Carlyle's due if we did not remember, as we are bound to do, that, interesting as these three sketches are, their interest is pathological, and ought never to have been given us. Mr. Froude should have read them in tears, and burnt them in fire. There is nothing surprising in the state of mind which produced them. They are easily accounted for by our sorrow-laden experience. It is a familiar feeling which prompts a man, suddenly bereft of one whom he alone really knew and loved, to turn in his fierce indignation upon the world, and deride its idols whom all are praising, and which yet to him seem ugly by the side of one of whom no one speaks. To

be angry with such a sentence as "scribbling Sands and Eliots, not fit to compare with my incomparable Jeannie," is at once inhuman

and ridiculous. This is the language of the heart, not of the head. It is no more criticism than is the trumpeting of a wounded elephant zoölogy.

Happy is the man who at such a time holds both peace and pen; but unhappiest of all is he who, having dipped his sorrow into ink, entrusts the manuscript to a romantic historian.

The two volumes of the "Life," and the three volumes of Mrs. Carlyle's "Correspondence," unfortunately did not pour oil upon the troubled waters. The partizanship they evoked was positively indecent. Mrs. Carlyle had her troubles and her sorrows, as have most women who live under the same roof with a man of creative genius; but of one thing we may be quite sure, that she would have been the first, to use her own expressive language, to require God "particularly to damn" her impertinent sympathizers. As for Mr. Froude,

he may yet discover his Nemesis in the spirit of an angry woman whose privacy he has invaded, and whose diary he has most wantonly published.

These dark clouds are ephemeral. They will roll away, and we shall once more gladly recognize the lineaments of an essentially lofty character, of one who, though a man of genius and of letters, neither outraged society nor stooped to it; was neither a rebel nor a slave; who in poverty scorned wealth; who never mistook popularity for fame; but from the first assumed, and throughout maintained, the proud attitude of one whose duty it was to teach and not to tickle mankind.

Brother-dunces, lend me your ears! not to crop, but that I may whisper into their furry depths: "Do not quarrel with genius. We have none ourselves, and yet are so constituted that we cannot live without it."

THE REAL SIGNIFICANCE OF HAMLET.

The Library Magazine

I HAVE an ingenious friend whose intimate acquaintance with the works of Shakespeare I have long learned to admire. Provoked by some recent controversies, I lately repaired to him for counsel and light on the subject with which this paper is about to deal. I found him complaisant. "They are all wrong," he said, "these critics, and would-be critics, of the master's masterpiece; they are short of ordinary insight. The real significance of Hamlet remains to be expounded, and is yet obvious enough. The so-called tragedy is no tragedy at all, it is a travestie, a burlesque; the most dexterous travestie, the hugest burlesque that the world has ever seen. Shakespeare deliberately set himself this task in writing it, and he succeeded as no one but he would, or could, succeed."

Here was a revelation! Either I had quite misjudged this gentleman's critical powers and intellect, or he had gone stark mad on his favorite subject, and there was an end of both. A third supposition remained. Could he possibly have some supposed good grounds for so extraordinary a fancy, sufficient to satisfy himself, if no one else? He assured me not only that he had, but would gladly communicate them, and forthwith proceeded to do so in this wise:—

"Let us first," said he, "consider the story of Hamlet. This as we have it in the original (i.e. from Saxo Grammaticus through Belleforest) is a reasonable and consistent tale. Gorrwendile (Hamlet's grandfather) dies, leaving two sons, Horvendile (Hamlet's father) and Fengon (Claudius), the former married to Geruth (Gertrude), daughter of Roric, King of Denmark. This Geruth is debauched by Fengon, who afterwards publicly slays Horvendile at a banquet, espouses his

widow, and succeeds to the throne. Her son Hamlet, the rightful heir, feigns madness, and is suspected by the usurper, who lays several snares to put his sanity to the proof. Among others he seeks to involve him in an intrigue with a lady of the court, and he sets a spy upon him during an interview with his mother. The first danger Hamlet escapes, owing to the warning of a friend and the honorable behavior of the lady; but his method of escaping the second by killing the spy, gives the sought-for opportunity. He is banished to England (as in the play) with sealed orders to insure his destruction, which (as in the play) he alters into others involving the destruction of his attendants. He afterwards marries the English King's daughter, returns home at the very moment that they are celebrating his own obsequies, defeats and slays the reigning monarch, and ascends the throne.

Here we have a comprehensible and consistent story, consistent not only with itself, but with the rude manners of those primitive times. Out of such a suitable, and indeed admirable, dramatic subject let us see what Shakespeare has made. The outline of the plot and a few of the principal incidents remain, but with so happy a turn of ridicule given to them as to impart an infinitely ludicrous complexion to the whole. A vicious brother murders as before a noble and heroic father but how? The King is poisoned through the ear!

"Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ear did pour
The leprous distilment."

"There is a profound meaning in this perversion. The poet is here sneering at the vices of courts where reputations are slain every day by poison introduced through

'the porches of the ear.' In his own unequalled way he is poking fun, even by the means of this grave matter of murder, at the backbiters and slanderers who infest palaces, and possibly with some concrete instances just then in view. Now see how this matter is made known to Hamlet and the retributory motive introduced. It is not enough that he should suspect his uncle's crime, though not of course the manner of it ('O my prophetic soul'), nor hate him as his own persecutor, and the seducer of his mother; these motives, or any of them, which would in all reason be sufficient justification for revenge in a mere tragedy, are by no means sufficient in a tragedy burlesqued. Accordingly another comical expedient, altogether foreign to the story, is devised, and the supernatural is brought upon the scene. The embodied spirit of the deceased monarch is found prowling about the battlements of the castle of Elsinore, and is forthwith introduced to Hamlet by his friend Horatio. From this veracious shadow (clad in 'complete steel') and variously addressed by an irreverent son as 'old mole,' 'true-penny,' 'goblin damned,' 'this fellow in the cellarage,' etc., the remarkable circumstances of the case are gleaned, and in response to its subterranean bidding the vow of vengeance is made. To rightly appreciate the significance of this episode, we must reflect on its wider meaning. We must recall the nearly universal belief in ghosts at that time; the gullibility indeed of the popular mind at all times on this head. What an opening for satire here! The whole ghost incident is indeed most diverting, and the more so, that certain sage and potent critics have actually proclaimed it quite seriously as typical, as affording a sort of key-note, as it were, to the whole piece. Let us do likewise. Marcellus and Bernardo, having encountered the apparition before, are

watching for it again, when

[Enter Ghost.]

Mar. Look where it comes again.

Ber. In the same figure like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

"Horatio is told off for the office of spokesman then, not because he was an intimate friend of Hamlet, not because he was better acquainted with the late king's appearance than the others, for they all recognize that at once, nor yet because he is held less fearful of apparitions than they—for these were good reasons—but because he is 'a scholar'! What a mine of fun is opened out for our entertainment by the employment of a single adroit word! And it is but the prelude to the rich parody of popular superstitions that succeeds, and that is continued with sustained spirit throughout the whole of the first act. We must hastily pass over all this. I have not time, for instance, to dwell upon Horatio's admirable speech in mock heroics on the ghosts of history, full of the finest sarcasms. How he rants of 'stars with trains of fire and *deves of blood*,' apropos of nothing in particular; of a certain 'moist star,' too, '*sick almost to doomsday with eclipse*;' which should be an exceedingly painful and prolonged illness for even a dry star, and how much more so (we are to calculate, I suppose) for a wet one. How for the delectation of his companions he relates that

'ere the mightiest Julius fell
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets'

"All these are side lights shed upon the main action of the piece to show it up in its proper substance. Rather must we go on to the curious divergence from the original in the love portions of the action. In the parent tale, you will remember, a woman is set out to tempt Hamlet to disclose himself; now, *he* is the tempter. Not indeed in Ophelia's eyes—who is naturally the last to think evil of her lover—but in the opinion of her father, brother, and other persons about the court: notably Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, who are so much amused at his declaration 'man delights not me, nor woman either' (Act ii., Sc. 2). This is a very subtle change for Shakespeare's purpose, and its bearings on the general conduct of the burlesque are manifold. It principally concerns us now in leading up to that bitterest sarcasm of all, that is contained in another perversion of the original, the madness and suicide of Ophelia. It is not often, indeed,

that the gentle Shakespeare allows himself so cruel a gibe at destiny, and what is known as poetic justice, as here. Hamlet, the tempter, feigns madness, and is afterwards slain by treachery; Ophelia, the tempted, really goes mad, and ends her life by suicide. Observe how complete the involution of justice, complete to mockery! So pathetic an incident was perhaps necessary to the perfection of the burlesque, but it jars on one nevertheless. There is nothing ludicrous in poor Ophelia's ravings, and it is only after deep study of Shakespeare's meaning that one is quite able to reconcile to his feelings this introduction of a genuinely pathetic element into burlesque at all. But that deeper study reveals the reason for it. It was requisite that in the travestied catastrophe poetic justice should be outraged in *all its parts*, and this could not be so completely done by disposing of Ophelia in any other way.

"In the meanwhile, however, the story is straying ever farther and farther from the original, and developing ever greater absurdities, solemnly presented with a grave and stately humor exquisite in its finish; the character of Polonius acting as chorus to the piece to let the light in upon the joke every now and then. In this character, as is well known, Shakespeare has burlesqued the privy councillor of the period, and in a special manner Cecil. We pass from it to the central joke of the composition, the familiar and ever-amusing play scene. Hamlet, it seems, has heard

'That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions;'

and on these lines he plans an entertainment to 'catch the conscience of the King.' Now this entertainment, this play within a play, is the prime pivot upon which revolves the great Shakespearian burlesque. The whole dramatic idea, practice, and function, are to be parodied at once. With incomparable dexterity Shakespeare implies this in Hamlet's dealings with the players. He receives them with mock gravity, quickly passing into open quizzing. He insists upon having a taste of their quality forthwith, 'a speech straight . . . come, a *passionate speech*' (Act ii., Sc. 2). This, according to his lights, the first player gives, shedding tears with all professional propriety towards the close, and Hamlet professes great admiration of the consummate nonsense spoken. But the actors appear before the court: 'the best actors in the world for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical

historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene-indivisible, or poem unlimited,' and the burlesque proceeds, at once represented and refracted, as humorous figures are reflected from a magic-lantern on a prepared background. The result (apparently not very generally apprehended, the accuracy of the fable being sacrificed in acting, here as elsewhere, to presumed theatric needs) is what might be expected. The King, so far from being struck by 'the cunning of the scene,' watches it all in dumb-show* quite unmoved, nor is there absolutely anything in the text to show that his sudden exit afterwards is in any way connected with the players. It is true that Hamlet affects to give it that interpretation, and it might at first sight appear that Horatio is inclined to bear him out in it. But a closer study of the dialogue reveals quite the opposite. Horatio merely shrinks the question that is put to him, which is under the circumstances quite equivalent to disagreeing with the questioner. To Hamlet's

'Oh, god Horatio,
I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound (!)
Didst perceive?'

he cautiously answers.

Hor. Very well, my lord.
Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?
Hor. I did very well note him.

"'Very well, note him,' that is all; *what* of him he does not say. Clearly the only fair deduction to be made from so cold a response is that the stratagem has failed; and this suspicion becomes a certainty when we find it never once alluded to again.

"But of course the stratagem has failed, for that is explicitly what the stratagem was for. The guilty creatures have not proclaimed their malefactions, for where would be the fun of it if they had? What Shakespeare had in view here was to ridicule those worthy persons who are always on the look-out for 'moral purposes' in everything; and especially in matters of art. The purpose of art, he would teach them, was not to frighten guilty creatures from their evil ways, or to incite guiltless ones to good ways, nor to perform any other of the wondrous deeds that are sometimes expected of it, but to 'hold the mirror up to Nature,' good, bad, and indifferent. With that view he put those words into Hamlet's mouth in the ridiculous

* The curious incident of the "dumb-show" is discussed by Knight, Caldecott, Hunter, Halliwell, and others, but they one and all seem to hesitate about pointing the obvious moral.

connection that we have seen; for that reason he lumbered up the simple story with all this stage-play paraphernalia; for the same benevolent one he presented his audience with a photograph of themselves as they would appear anticipating such results; and when all this apparently elaborate contrivance comes to nothing, Shakespeare's roguish smile from behind his double dramatic mask informs all who have penetration enough to see it, that this is precisely what he means. Does it begin to dawn upon you now?

"The concluding scenes are broader still in treatment. Hamlet, having by this time assassinated Polonius in his mother's closet, merely remarking that he 'took him for his better,' that is presumably her husband (which is false), is sent off to England carrying sealed orders for his destruction, as in the original. Not as in the original, however, does he lead back an army thence to claim his own and wreak a just revenge, but instead, presently engaged in a court fencing match to win a wager for his greatest enemy. Claudius, that is to say, having failed to get rid of Hamlet in England, as we have seen, plans his death next by means of another treachery through Laertes. To this end he dispatches young Osric to him; a new character introduced, contrary to all dramatic propriety, at the very end of the play, and so introduced and represented as a mere fop, a 'water-fly,' to stamp the more unmistakably, the author's meaning. What, under these circumstances, would be exactly the most unlikely thing to happen in sober reality? It was unlikely enough that Laertes, who is represented throughout as a high-spirited (in fact super high-spirited) gentleman should listen for an instant to the King's villainous proposal; it was sufficiently unlikely, indeed, that the latter should venture to make it in such a quarter. It was grossly unlikely that Hamlet should in any case bestir himself to gratify the tyrant's whim; but infinitely more so when it took the form of a combat with an antagonist of his own selection—and that antagonist *Laertes*! Why, here was a man whose reverend father he had killed with his own hand, whose sister he had driven to self-destruction by his conduct, who had returned post haste from foreign parts for the express purpose of being revenged on him; and it is with him—at his uncle's suggestion too—that he is to have a mock duel for the general amusement! Accordingly, it is of course precisely what he does. His mother and the rest come down to see the show, and from that time forward the rudest resources of the most immature transpontine melodrama are exhausted in pro-

ducing the climax of absurd parody. Poisoned bowls, envenomed swords, terrible stage combats, impossible incidents of fence, all that we laugh at as the stalest expedients of the clumsiest acting are brought into requisition, and the stage strewn at length with the corpses of pretty nigh all the remaining chief actors of the troupe—King, Queen, Laertes, Hamlet! Finally Fortinbras puts in an wholly unlooked-for appearance, and tells of Hamlet that 'he was *likely* had he been put on to have proved most royally;' this *putting on* of Hamlet having been the single supposed motive of the tragedy from the beginning, and the history of his failure to prove royally, or to prove or do any thing at all, being, in fact, the play itself. Thus is every principle of justice, probability, and consistency in the narrative accurately inverted. The ghost has appeared from regions which we are told no ghost ever returns, to incite Hamlet to a deed which he fails in after all; for 'the revenge which he demands is not obtained but by the death of him that was required to take it,* and it is on his own account, not his father's, that he kills the King at last. To further point the moral, Hamlet himself with his latest breath, has a parting shot at the critics:

*'Had I but time—as this fell sergeant death
Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell
you —'*

he says, and there stops dead, leaving them to guess the rest themselves; and if with those first words for a key, and after such oceans of talk, they do not guess it, well, the fault is theirs, it certainly is not his.

"Let us next consider the personality of Hamlet. 'He's fat and scant of breath;' it is his mother who speaks. He is an heroic figure for tragedy! True, the weak-minded and unfortunate Ophelia views him in another light. In her eyes, while yet undeceived by hard experience, he possesses 'the courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,' he is

*'The glass of fashion and the mould of
form,
The observed of all observers.'*

"But this is Shakespeare's fine irony. Events of course prove him all the opposite. For his courtier-like qualities, instance his scenes with Polonius, Ophelia, and the Queen respectively (Act ii., Sc. 2; Act iii., Sc. 1 and 3), where his demeanor is characterized in every case by brutal rudeness. For his soldierly qualities, take for ex-

ample his adventure with the pirate, when, even according to his own account, it was 'a compelled valor' that he found it necessary to 'put on.' Is it not somewhat strange too that he alone of all the crew was made a prisoner? and also was so soon at large again? Of his scholarly attainments the measure is accurately given in his easy over-throw in argument by the grave-diggers, where also the logical method of the time is keenly satirised. Hamlet himself indeed shares none of these illusions. He calls himself 'a muddy-mettled rascal,' 'a rogue and peasant slave.' He institutes a comparison between himself and Hercules as the most ridiculous thing he can imagine. His very first soliloquy is a weak lament over his excessive corpulence:

*'Oh that this too, too, solid flesh would
melt!'*

a characteristic feature which the ghost fails not to make a point of too in its stern exhortation to him,

*'Duller should'st thou be than the fat
weed,
That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this.'*

"The imputation of obesity indeed is made to cling to him all through the play, as that of drunkenness is to Claudius; * and with it is united cowardice, as with the other is united guile. No sooner has the ghost left, after giving him his solemn charge, than Hamlet begins already to yield to fear:

*'Hold, hold my heart,
And you my sinews grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up.'*

"But a moment before he had professed anxiety 'that I with wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love may swoop to my revenge;' but that was before he knew what was to be demanded of him.† Finally, he is ready to blame Time, Fate, his own birth, anything and everything that has brought him into danger:

*'The time is out of joint : O cursed spite
That ever I was born to put it right.'*

"It is useless to ascribe such conduct as this to a merely irresolute and hesitating disposition, as some ingenious commentators have done.* Hamlet shows no such hesitation when his immediate interests are involved and his own proper person safe (as in his dealings with Guildenstern and Rosencrantz); he is perfectly false and unscrupu-

* Burbage, a contemporary of Shakespeare's, always played Hamlet fat.

† Compare Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries*.

* For instance, Goethe in *Wilhelm Meister*; and after him a host of imitators.

* "Preface, Biographical and Critical, to the Works of the English Poets," by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

lous at all times. His treatment of Ophelia is the very type of calculated baseness. How differently does he act towards Laertes. Him he would mollify, for he can defend himself; but for her there is nothing but contumely. How fulsome is the following:

'Was't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never Hamlet;
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet, does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness?

Compare with this:

'My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music; it is not madness.
That I have uttered; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will reword: which madness
Would gambol from.'

"But then that latter description of himself was to his mother, whom he knew he could insult with impunity. In one case only does he show any apparent irresolution when he might have committed crime safely, and then he justifies himself on grounds so horrible, as to obviously disclose the grimly sarcastic tenor of the incident. It is in the scene where the King is at his prayers,* and Hamlet argues if he slew him thus the mercy of Heaven might possibly be extended to him in an after world. Therefore, he says,

'Up sword, and know thou a more horrid hent;
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in it;
Then trip him up, that his heels may kick at Heaven,
And that his soul may be as damned and black
As hell, whereto it goes.'

"The greatest monsters of whom we read in history have been content to confine their cruelty to this world; to what inconceivable (quite inconceivable) depths must a mind have declined before it could thus project its hatred into that which is to come!†

"Is it likely then that the coarse and contemptible student of Wittenberg, more deeply stained with crime than even the King himself (for he is principal and accessory in no less than *four* murders, and a suicide) before the play is done; a bad son, a worse lover, and a worst friend; that this malignant figure is to be accepted seriously as

one of Shakespeare's heroes? Is it not, on the contrary, clear that the motive of the character, as of the whole composition, is burlesque?—and there is everything in the literary treatment of the work also to favor this view. I pass by the many amusing anachronisms that abound, the constant reference to current events, in the truest burlesque spirit, and shall take merely one or two of the best known passages as instances of verbal humor. The first is almost of necessity the so-called and much quoted 'Soliloquy on Death.' Consider without prejudice such lines as these:

'Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of trouble.'

"What does it mean? That one might suffer from the *slings* and *arrows* of human antagonists is comprehensible enough, but 'outrageous fortune' is not usually accounted with these implements. Besides, why *slings* and *arrows*? The arrow is the projectile shot from the bow; but the sling is the projector, not projectile. It should have been *slings* and *bows*, and *bolts* and *arrows*, if meant in earnest, and doubtless would so have been if so meant. Again, to what conceivable advantage should one 'take up *arms*' against a 'sea'? Is it not the *last* thing that any one would be likely to do? 'To die—to sleep—no more.' What on earth does this mean? 'Aye, there's the rub.' Undoubtedly, and an uncommonly hard 'rub' the critics have found it. 'The whips and scorns of time.' This is clearly another wilful confusion of metaphors. Time might, in one sense, be provided with whips, and may in another sense be provided with scorns; but the juxtaposition of the two senses can be only designed to suggest incongruity. 'When he himself might his quietus take with a bare bodkin.' This is, I take it, the intentionally offered key to the whole address. The comical introduction of the legal terms, and the wholly ridiculous suggestion of looking to the nursery for the weapon of destruction, confer on it its final significance.* Let us next consider Hamlet's letter to Ophelia. Is it not conceived in the broadest spirit of burlesque? Detach it from the context, and from the idea that it is an integral portion of a 'sublime tragedy,' and surely no one can even affect to doubt this any longer. Here it is in full:

'To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified (*sic*) Ophelia, in her excel-

lent white bosom, these,

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers. I have not art to reckon my groans, but that I love thee best, *O most best*, believe it. Adieu. Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.'

"Now this is no mere travestie of ordinary love letters—though it is that too:—its mockery is deeper than is shown upon the surface. The obvious sarcasm is in the prose, the profounder side of the joke is contained in the verse. In Hamlet's day of course it was believed that the stars *were* fire and the sun *did* move; as to the present hour in the language of poetry they are *and* do. But not in Hamlet's time, nor at any other time, has it been believed that truth was falsehood. The upshot of the composition then is this: Doubt two things that are self-evidently true, and one thing that is self-evidently false, but don't doubt, I love; that is, do not believe any such folly! Or taking doubt in the sense of 'believe,' in which it is also possible to understand it, and correcting by modern astronomy: Believe that the stars are fire (which they are not), Believe that the sun doth move (which it does not), Believe truth to be a liar (which it is not), But most of all believe, I love—which of course least of all I do! The inference is inevitable. Is this a love-letter, or a love-letter burlesqued? One more instance and I have done. Hamlet is challenging Laertes over the grave of his sister to give some proof of affection great and consuming as his. But what are the tests that he proposes? They are these:

Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do?

Wo'ot weep? wo'ot fight? wo'o feast?
wo'ot tear thyself?

Wo'ot drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?

"Affection measured by our capacities for assimilating any kind of food and drink is surely strange enough; but when it comes to crocodiles—!

"We have thus passed hastily in review the story of Hamlet, the person of Hamlet, the action and conduct of the drama, and the sentiments and language of the actors; and confining ourselves to internal evidence alone, have perceived how everything proceeds in a nicely inverted order so as to procure the requisite *topsey-turvy-dom* of the highest form of burlesque. The external evidence in support of my contention is no less striking. Shakespeare, it is well known, was passing about the time that *Hamlet* was written through a period of

* It is usual to leave this scene out in representation, and the policy is probably a wise one.

† Richardson, apologist of Hamlet, characterizes the sentiments expressed on this occasion as of "savage enormity." 'Essays on Some of Shakespeare's Dramatic Characters.'

* But had not my friend been anticipated in these remarks? See Goldsmith, *Complete Works: Essay on "Metaphor."*

deep gloom and bitter disappointment. He had just lost his only son, whose name (Hamnet) he took slightly altered for the play. He had achieved the highest theatrical success he was ever destined to achieve, and was already weary of the career that had brought him such reward.* He had come to be attacked with violence by some of his contemporaries, whose jealous virulence had spoken of him as an 'upstart crow' decked in borrowed plumage,† and in other slighting ways. That mysterious sorrow that is the subject of so many of the sonnets had overtaken him, and his tenderly sensitive heart had apparently felt those 'pangs of despised love' which in this same play he enumerates among the unbearable burdens of life. The 'dark woman' had proved untrue, and the friend he idolized was the companion of her faithlessness.* Other signs and aspects of the times could not but minister to his despondency, and to the growing cynicism which Hallam notes of him at about this period ‡ Queen Elizabeth was on her death-bed, and had left no competent successor. The stage which he and his compeers had elevated so high was already in decline, and the public taste veering towards lower forms of art.* Penetrated with the full significance of these events, the ardor of the early struggle over, the energy of youth no longer with him, the family which he had hoped to found not now probable, his mistress faithless, the public fickle, his friends unkind, what wonder that he yielded up his great mind for a time to melancholy and dissatisfaction. In such a mood the notion of a great burlesque of all that toil and turmoil of human life with which he had often dealt seriously and so well seems to have suggested itself to him, as before and since it has suggested itself to others, to Rabelais and Cervantes and Le Sage, to Swift and Sterne. The material was ready to his hand, and, as his manner was, he took the first suitable kind that came. Out of the rude Scandinavian tragedy he would make a great philosophical burlesque. In that work the pent-

up bitterness of his heart found vent, and in ridiculing through the familiar vehicle of dramatic composition the weaknesses and struggles of ideal creatures he sought for himself relief from real pain. Read it, my friend, read the play again with this new light shed into its recesses, and come and tell me then that you know more of William Shakespeare than you have ever done before; nor fear to have to couple with the confession that you love him less."—*Temple Bar*.

The Arms of Great Britain.

My young readers have doubtless often observed upon familiar objects, such as books, china and steelware, etc., the device of a lion and a horse (sometimes represented as a unicorn) supporting between them a shield surmounted by a crown. On the shield are certain divisions called "quarterings," in one of which you will observe two lions and a horse. Attached to the whole is the motto, *Dieo et man doct*—French words, whose meaning is "God and my right."

If you inquire, you will be told that this device is the coat-of-arms of Great Britain—as the eagle, shield and olive branch is that of the United States—and that all heralds then made use of British manufacture.

In old times the national symbol of England was the rose; of Scotland, the thistle; of Ireland, the shamrock or clover. When England claimed Iceland and Scotland, these three were united on the British royal shield, as we find them in the time of Queen Elizabeth. On a victory over France, the symbol of France, a unicorn was also added, the unicorn wearing a chain, to denote the subjection of France to England.

When a new sovereign succeeds to the crown he has a right to place his own family coat-of-arms on the royal shield of Great Britain. George the First did this. The two lions and the white horse, which you see on one of the quarterings, is the coat-of-arms of the Guelphs, who were dukes of Brunswick and Hanover, in Germany. It is therefore called the arms of the house of Brunswick, and it is about this that I now design to tell you.

We read in history that when the great Charlemagne conquered the northern countries, one of the Saxon leaders, named Witikind, refused to submit to him, and that, in consequence, many bloody battles were fought, wherein the Saxons bore in their van a tall pole surmounted by a wooden horse's head. This was their ensign, and when they afterward became more civilized they retained the same emblem—a white horse painted upon a black ground—which remains to this day the standard or banner of the house of Saxony.

In the year 861—just about a thousand years ago—Bruno, the son of a Saxon king, founded a city in Saxony which he called after himself, Brunonis Vicus, now known as Brunswick. He retained as the standard of Brunswick the white horse of Saxony, and thus it remained until the end of the three succeeding centuries. About that time the reigning prince of Brunswick was a certain Henry Guelph, a leader in the Crusades, noted for his strength and daring, which acquired for him the title of "Henry the Lion." This prince refused to owe allegiance to the great Emperor of Germany, Frederick Barbarossa. He declared himself independent, and as a token of defiance set up a great stone lion in Brunswick, and had the same symbol placed upon his standard, two lions supporting a shield beneath the white horse.

Thus you now know the origin of the Brunswick coat-of-arms. But how came the banner of a small German country to be adopted on the arms of Great Britain? This I will now explain:

About the year 1650, the then reigning Duke of Brunswick, afterward also elector of Hanover, married the granddaughter of King James the First of England. Their eldest son was named George Louis. When, on the death of Queen Anne, the English were in want of a successor, they looked about among those nearest of kin to the

royal family, and decided to choose this great-grandson of King James I. Thus it was that George Louis Guelph—a Saxon German—came to be King George the First of England, and this was how the "lion and horse" arms of Brunswick and Hanover came to be also part of the arms of Great Britain. His successors were George the Second, George the Third (against whose rule the American Colonies rebelled), George the Fourth, William, and, lastly, Victoria, the present queen, who is granddaughter to George the Third. Thus you understand how Queen Victoria is descended from the prince of Brunswick—how she happens to be of German instead of English blood—and why her name is Guelph.—*St. Nicholas*, for January, 1

PRIME MINISTERS OF ENGLAND.

Now that Mr. Gladstone has again assumed the office of Prime Minister, at the somewhat reluctant commission of the Queen, in obedience to the popular mandate, it becomes interesting to notice for a moment the changes in the responsible heads of administration which have taken place since 1733. The following is a list:

1. Dec. 23, 1733, William Pitt, Conservative.
2. March 17, 1801, Henry Addington, Conservative.
3. May 15, 1804, William Pitt, Conservative.
4. Feb. 11, 1806, Lord Grenville, Liberal.
5. March 31, 1807, Duke of Portland, Conservative.
6. Dec. 2, 1809, Spencer Perceval, Conservative.
7. June 9, 1812, Earl of Liverpool, Conservative.
8. April 24, 1827, George Canning, Liberal.
9. Sept. 5, 1827, Viscount Goderich, Liberal.
10. Jan. 25, 1828, Duke of Wellington, Conservative.
11. Nov. 22, 1830, Earl Grey, Liberal.
12. July 18, 1834, Viscount Melbourne, Liberal.
13. Dec. 26, 1834, Sir Robert Peel, Conservative.
14. April 18, 1835, Viscount Melbourne, Liberal.
15. Sept. 6, 1841, Sir Robert Peel, Conservative.
16. July 6, 1844, Lord John Russell, Liberal.
17. Feb. 27, 1852, Earl of Derby, Conservative.
18. Dec. 28, 1852, Earl of Aberdeen, Liberal.
19. Feb. 10, 1855, Lord Palmerston, Liberal.
20. Feb. 25, 1858, Earl of Derby, Conservative.
21. June 18, 1859, Lord Palmerston, Liberal.
22. Nov. 6, 1863, Earl Russell, Liberal.
23. July 6, 1864, Earl of Derby, Conservative.
24. Feb. 27, 1868, Benjamin Disraeli, Conservative.
25. Dec. 8, 1868, Wm. E. Gladstone, Liberal.
26. Feb. 21, 1874, Benjamin Disraeli, Conservative.
27. April 28, 1880, Wm. E. Gladstone, Liberal.
28. June 24, 1885, Marquis of Salisbury, Conservative.
29. Feb. 1, 1886, Wm. E. Gladstone, Liberal.
30. July 26, 1886, Marquis of Salisbury, Conservative.
31. Aug. 15, 1892, Wm. E. Gladstone, Liberal.

From the foregoing it will be seen that there have been 30 different Administrations in a little more than 108 years, averaging a little more than three and a half years; that 16 of them have been Conservative and 14 Liberal; that the Conservatives have held office 67 years and the Liberals 41 years, and that Mr. Gladstone has held office three times before the present, and Pitt, Melbourne, Peel, Russell, Darby, Palmerston, Disraeli and Salisbury, twice each. Wm. Pitt was Prime Minister nearly 19 years, the Earl of Liverpool nearly 15 years, Mr. Gladstone nearly 11 years and Lord Palmerston a little over nine years. None of the others reached seven years and two of them were less than one year each.

* Sonnets, 110, 111, 112, etc.

† Greene's *A Groatworth of Wit* (1592).

‡ Sonnets, 144, 147, and others.

* Introduction to the Literature of Europe.

† Compare Ulrich, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*, book II, chap. v.

THE LOVE OF IMPRESSING OTHERS.

From the *London Spectator*.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, in the preface of her popular edition of *David Grieve*, maintains very rightly and reasonably that novelists may use any kind of interest—to it theological or speculative, or however indirectly connected with the affections and hopes and passions which chiefly determine the destiny of human beings—which they can so effectively interweave with their story, as to elicit a hearty response from the great majority of their readers. And then she goes on: "Ah, that response—how dear it is to us! Now, as I am about to launch this second book into that wider public beyond the circulating libraries to which the ultimate appeal lies, as I launched *Robert Elsmere* four years ago, my mind passes back over these years—over their hopes and emotions and surprises, their delights and their toils. I think of the many thousand persons to whom in that space of time I have become known,—of whom in the pauses of work I inevitably think with alternate yearning and dread. I remember that wave of sympathy which lifted *Robert Elsmere*; I feel it still swelling about me, waiting I trust for this new book, to carry it also into prosperous seas. I should be ungrateful indeed were I to show much soreness under criticism, however hostile, however, as I think, unjust. For the world to which they were addressed has sent out kind and welcoming hands to these books of mine. I have in my ears the sound of words which may well stir and quicken and encourage; and in my heart, the longing to keep the sympathy gained, and the ambition to deserve it more and more."

It is an entertainable doubt whether *David Grieve* will reach the same kind of public as *Robert Elsmere*, for its main interest, though quite as strong, perhaps stronger, are not really of the same type as the main interests of *Robert Elsmere*, and in the latter book, the theological interests are rather artificially and ineffectually grafted upon the story. But, be that as it may, Mrs. Humphry Ward in this frank and wistful conclusion of her new preface, has, we think, put her finger on the passion which for the most part is confounded with the desire for fame. It is not in a great many cases the desire for fame at all,—in other words, it is not the desire for a perpetuated name, and a name perpetuated by the admiration of the world; it is a desire for evidence that the writer has reached and deeply affected the hearts of others. We believe that this desire would be gratified, and perhaps almost as much gratified, if the name of the author remained nearly unknown, always supposing that he could obtain the same evidence of his success in touching the hearts of a large public, as it is by the achievement of great popular renown. No doubt there is often a positive thirst for personal renown; and when that is so, we suppose Mr. Marion Crawford would be right in naming the passion as simple vanity. But in a very great number of cases it is not so. We are persuaded that Sir Walter Scott profoundly enjoyed the evidence that his stories had stirred the hearts of multitudes long before he was even by rumor identified with the author of *Waverley*, and enjoyed it not at all less,—perhaps even somewhat more,—than he enjoyed the popularity of his later and confessed romances.

What he enjoyed was, as Mrs. Humphry Ward says, the "response," the moving of the waters under the magic of his spell, not the renown, not the personal weight and popularity. Or to put the case in a different way. Suppose that a writer like Voltaire or Rousseau, who felt that he had the key to the minds or hearts of his countrymen, were offered the choice between writing something which should cause their minds and hearts to follow his, as, in Emerson's phrase, "the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the

moon," and writing something which should be intrinsically nobler, higher, more perfect, than his countrymen could understand or appreciate, and which would therefore be still born as regards eliciting a "response," though far more worthy to live than anything that could elicit a popular response, is it not almost certain that he would have preferred the lesser achievement to the greater, the calling-out a living passion of gratulation in the hearts of his countrymen, to the barren honor, as he would think it, of failing to do so only because he had conceived what was of a higher order of imaginative power than anything which his countrymen could appreciate and enjoy? To strike a chord which vibrates through a host of living minds, even if those who answer to it cannot recognize the hand that struck it, is an intoxicating delight. To strike a chord which fails to vibrate only because the note is too deep or too lofty to achieve this resonance in living minds, would be a feat appealing to the ambition rather of an angel than of a man. It is the sudden echo which fills the man's heart with triumph, not the tone that thins off and dies away in the solitary distance even though the sweetness and purity of that tone be of a far more exalted character.

Men talk, and talk truly, of the emptiness of fame, as a bubble which just glitters for a few days or months, and then bursts, leaving nothing behind it but a hungry gaze on the spot where it disappeared. And no doubt when the "response" is over, when the echo of eager sympathy dies away, there is a sense of living death in the mind of him who had once evoked this thrill of nervous exaltation in others, and can evoke it no longer, a sense which is nearer to the consciousness of death than any other experience of living man. When Sir Walter Scott was writing the two stories in which he detected, by the blank looks of James Ballantyne, that his genius had vanished, that the great magician's word was broken, that genius gave a last flicker as he noted down the melancholy lines in which he bewailed the winter of his discontent. He went, we are told, to the window, and gazing at the heavy sky and black-falling snow, composed the fine motto for one of the chapters of *Count Robert of Paris*:—

"The storm increases,—'tis no sunny shower
Fostered in the moist breast of March or April,
Such as parched summer cools his lip with.
Heaven's windows are flung wide; the storm
Is deep.
Oft in hoarse greeting one upon another;
On comes the flood in all its foaming horrors,
And where's the dike shall stop it?"

There one sees what the feelings of genius are when the chord which used to vibrate so triumphantly is struck and no resonance, no response, only dead silence, follows. It is not sorrow for departed fame, for probably Scott's fame was never greater than it was after the power to command fame had vanished. Yet we suspect that he would willingly have exchanged all his fame for "one crowded hour of glorious life," such as those of which he had had so ample an experience. It is not, as Mr. Marion Crawford thinks, vanity which pervades the world of genius, though vanity has its full share of that world. Still, the vanity which delights in homage and notoriety, is nothing when compared with that exalted joy in commanding the springs of human sympathy which is often quite as vivid where there is no deference, no conscious homage, as where it abounds, and which often fades away in dull despair long before the homage is withdrawn.

And it is not only genius which learns to take an overpowering delight in this sort of "response." Mere beauty, and even the power to fascinate, in a lesser sphere, evince just the same sort of passionate delight in touching the springs of human emotion. The triumphs of beauty and of social charm are, of course, much more nearly related to the passion of vanity, than the triumphs of genius, for in the latter case the power of moving men

may be sharply severed from the fame and popularity which that power can bestow; while in the former case it cannot, and no man or woman who has been accustomed to exercise this power, can distinguish clearly between the delight of controlling the springs of human emotion, and the delight of the personal recognition which results from commanding them. But it is certain that even in the way which beauty or social charm and vivacity exert over men, there is a joy quite distinct from that of mere delight in homage,—namely, delight in the almost spiritual power to awaken the thrill which brings the homage. It is not the bouquets and the presents and the social competition for their company which delight popular actors, half so much as the consciousness that they can touch springs in the heart of their audience which respond in the wish to overload them with these external signs of gratitude.

It is not the consideration which the orator enjoys half so much as the eager silence which greets his rising, and the sob of relief in which the strained feelings of his hearers express themselves, when he reaches his climax. No doubt, neither actor nor orator could exert his full powers without evidence of this "response;" for without the evidence of it he would feel that he had failed, that he had not touched the springs he wished to touch. But it is not the cheering for its own sake that delights him; it is the certainty of the response. So, too, brilliant and beautiful women, like Madame Recamier, for example, cannot be satisfied without seeing clearly the signs of their power over the hearts of those whom they count amongst their admirers; for without eliciting these signs of fascination they would think their social power dead. Still, even in this case it is not at all, we believe, mere vanity which stirs them. It is the delight of exerting a kind of spell which they themselves only half understand, but which conveys to them something of the sense of an almost supernatural away.

We doubt, however, whether those who wield, and delight in wielding, this wonderful power, fully realize that it is not usually one which appeals solely to the higher elements of human nature. Voltaire could never have moved Paris as he did, if he had not possessed in a much larger proportion than ordinary French genius could boast of, the cynical wit in which Paris so much delighted. Rousseau could never have moved France as he did, had he not embodied the sickly and effeminate sentimentalism of contemporary French idealism in all his greater works. Victor Hugo could never have moved Europe as he did, if he had not incarnated the hysterical excitability of his age as well as its tender humanity. Byron could never have won his fame, had he not poured much of his selfish egotism into *Childe Harold*, and much of his scoffing profligacy into *Don Juan*. And though many of our greatest writers have but little or no cause for self reproach of this kind, yet even the best of them have reason to fear that their fame is partly due to their sympathy not only with the higher, but also with the lower elements in the character of the Zeitgeist. Even the popularity of *Robert Elsmere* was, we think, in part due to the craving of the world for a religion which would stimulate its hopes without subduing its self-will,—a religion which was too vague to fetter its liberty, while vivid enough to raise its pulses and brighten its dreams.

The Shelley Centenary

WE APPEND the handbill of the celebration of the Shelley centenary at the poet's birthplace, sent to us by a friend in England:—

THE HORSHAM CELEBRATION

Of the Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Shelley

WILL BE OBSERVED ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 4,

IN THE

Albion Hall, Horsham.

R. H. HURST, ESQ., J.P., D.L., IN THE CHAIR.

AN ADDRESS ON SHELLEY

WILL BE DELIVERED BY

EDMUND GOSSE, ESQ. M.A.

There will also be Lyrics from Shelley Sung by

H. SIMS-REEVES, ESQ., AND MISS ADA TOWLINSON;

And Recitations of Dramatic Scenes by

MISS ALMA MURRAY,

The Exponent of Shelleyan Dramas.

CHAIR TO BE TAKEN AT 4.30 P.M.

ADMISSION FREE, except to Reserved Seats, Tickets for which, price 2s. 6d., may be obtained of Mr. S. PRICE, West Street, Horsham; M. ALBERRY AND SONS, CARFAX, Horsham; Mr. W. H. ANDERSON, Middle Street, Horsham; or of the Hon. Secs., Mr. J. STANLEY LITTLE, Rudgwick, Horsham, and Mr. J. J. ROBINSON, *West Sussex Gazette*, Arundel.

MR. GOSSE'S ADDRESS

It is in the period of youth that Shelley appeals to us most directly, and exercises his most unquestioned authority over the imagination. In early life, at the moment more especially when the individuality begins to assert itself, a young man or a young woman of feeling discovers in this poet certain qualities which appear to be not merely good, but the best, not only genuine, but exclusively interesting. At that age we ask for light, and do not care how it is distributed, for melody, and do not ask the purpose of the song, for color, and find no hues too brilliant to delight the unwearied eye. Shelley satisfies these cravings of youth. His whole conception of life is bounded by its illusions. The brilliancy of the morning dream, the extremities of radiance and gloom, the most pellucid truth, the most triumphant virtue, the most sinister guilt and melodramatic infamy alone contrive to rivet the attention. All half-lights, all arrangements in grey or russet are cast aside with impatience, as unworthy of the emancipated spirit. Winged Youth, in the bright act of sowing its intellectual wild oats, demands a poet, and Horsham, just one hundred years ago, produced Shelley to satisfy that natural craving.

It is not for grey philosophers, or sage hermits wearing out the evening of life, to pass a definitive verdict on the poetry of Shelley. It is easy for critics of this temper to point out weak places in the radiant panoply, to say that this is incoherent, and that hysterical, and the other an ethereal fallacy. Sympathy is needful, a recognition of the point of view, before we can begin to judge Shelley aright. We must throw ourselves back to what we were at twenty, and recollect how dazzling, how fresh, how full of color and melody and odor this poetry seemed to us,—how like a May-day morning in a rich Italian garden, with a fountain, and with nightingales in the blossoming boughs of the orange-trees, with the vision of a frosty Apennine beyond the belt of laurels, and clear auroral sky everywhere above our heads. We took him for what he seemed,—‘a pard-like spirit beautiful and swift,’—and we thought to criticise him as little as we thought to judge the murmur of the forest or the reflection of the moonlight on the lake. He was exquisite, unfettered, young like ourselves, and yet as wise as a divinity. We followed him unquestioning, walking in step with his panthers, as the Bacchantes followed Dionysus out of India, intoxicated with enthusiasm.

If our sentiment is no longer so rhapsodical, shall we blame the poet? Hardly, I think. He has not grown older; it is we who are passing further and further from that happy eastern morning where the light is fresh, and the shadows plain and clearly defined. Over

the primal elements attend as slaves, Shelley is able to mould his verse to the expression of feeling, and to harmonize natural phenomena to the magnitude or the delicacy of his theme. No other poet has so wide a grasp as he in this respect, no one sweeps so broadly the full diapason of man in nature. Laying hold of the general life of the universe with a boldness that is unparalleled, he is equal to the most sensitive of the naturalists in his exact observation of tender and humble forms.

And to the ardor of fiery youth and the imaginative sympathy of pantheism, he adds what we might hardly expect from so rapt and so tempestuous a singer—the artist's self-restraint. Shelley is none of those of whom we are sometimes told in these days, whose mission is too serious to be transmitted with the arts of language, who are too much occupied by the substance to care about the form. All that is best in his exquisite collection of verse cries out against this wretched heresy. With all his modernity, his revolutionary instincts, his disdain of the unessential, his poetry is of the highest and most classic technical perfection. No one, among the moderns, has gone further than he in the just attention to poetic form, and there is so severe a precision in his most vibrating choruses that we are taken by them into the company, not of the Ossians and the Walt Whitmans, not of those who feel yet cannot control their feelings, but of those impeccable masters of style

who dwell by the azure sea
Of serene and golden Italy,
Or Greece, the mother of the free.

If I am right in thinking that you will all be with me in considering this beautiful passion of youth, this recapturing of the illusions, as the most notable of the gifts of Shelley's poetry, you will also, I think, agree with me in placing only second to it the witchery which enables this writer, more than any other, to seize the most tumultuous and agitating of the emotions, and present them to us colored by the analogy of natural beauty. Whether it be the network of a solitary human being, to whom the little downy sorrows and desires of Prometheus, on whom

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v. 56, no. 1439.

And now, most inadequately and tamely, yet I trust with some sense of the greatness of my theme, I have endeavored to recall to your minds certain of the cardinal qualities which animate the divine poet whom we celebrate to-day. I have no taste for those arrangements of our great writers which assign to them rank like schoolboys in a class, and I cannot venture to suggest that Shelley stands above or below this or that brother immortal. But of one thing I am quite sure, that when the slender roll is called of those singers who make the poetry of England second only to that of Greece (if, even, of Greece), however few are named, Shelley must be among them. To-day, under the auspices of the greatest poet our language has produced since Shelley died, encouraged by universal public opinion and by dignitaries of all the professions, yes, even by prelates of our national church, we are gathered here as a sign that the period of prejudice is over, that England is in sympathy at last with her beautiful wayward child, understands his great language and is reconciled to his harmonious ministry. A century has gone by, and once more we acknowledge the truth of his own words:—

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb.

WOODBERRY'S SHELLEY.—I.

The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. The Text newly collated and revised, and edited with a Memoir and Notes, by George Edward Woodberry. Centenary Edition. In four volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

A NEW edition of Shelley would not necessarily deserve more mention than a description of the paper and typography with which it is issued; but the work which is here announced presupposes the labor of years, and, in some sense, the preparation of a lifetime. It is, perhaps, the rarest sort of tribute which a man of letters can lay upon the monument of a great genius; for it represents an amount of painstaking drudgery in details which few can understand and appreciate, and which can be lightened and illuminated only by a special loyalty and devotion. This solace and pleasure undoubtedly Mr. Woodberry has felt in the course of his labors. If any one now living has a right to undertake the care of an edition that is worthy of the poet, Mr. Woodberry may claim that right; for he adds to the research and accuracy of editors like Rossetti and Forman and Dowden the delicate sympathy and insight of a mind which belongs to Shelley's own spiritual family.

Shelley was born on the 4th of August, 1792. In January, 1822, he wrote to Hunt, "My faculties are torpid and shaken to atoms; and if 'Adonais' had no success and excited no interest, what incentive can I have to write?" The scorn and indignation which the 'Adonais' expressed for the tribe of critics was not felt entirely on behalf of Keats, genuine and generous as was the sympathy of Shelley. In that lament he confesses that "in another's fate he wept his own." The generation which adored Byron and admired Moore's melodies was not quite ready for Shelley—there was no one to listen to his piping; he had fallen on evil days, and had prepared for himself a repute which he was far from deserving. Hence it was that towards the close of his short life he could write the melancholy lines we have quoted. He never felt the warm and vivifying sunshine of fame in which Browning and Tennyson spent most of their days. He never could have anti-

cipated that, before the century was out, his works were to be treated as classics, the fragments which he had slighted or flung aside would be carefully gathered together, and elaborate editions, in which every word and rhyme of his were weighed, would be published in rapid succession. The bread for which he starved is now laid by pilgrims every day upon his grave; his memory it is which keeps the warder's bell tinkling all day long at the gate of the green cemetery below the pyramid of Caius Cestius.

If Shelley has now attained the rank of a classic, he reminds us of the Greek and Latin classics in this respect, that his text has needed editing more than that of any of his contemporaries. He was not careless in composing; but he wrote at a white heat, and he published immediately. His works were for the most part printed at a distance from the author, and carelessly printed. Revision, when it was undertaken in later editions, proceeded under difficulties. Hence an unusual number of passages which are doubtful or obscure in grammar or in meaning; hence, too, unusual opportunity and necessity for the functions of the editor. Mr. Woodberry's intention has been to "summarize the labors of more than half a century on Shelley's text, and on his biography so far as his biography is bound up with the text." He has besides made use of all the original sources that were accessible; and among these he offers, for the first time in an edition of Shelley, the variorum readings of the Harvard College manuscripts, which he had already edited in a separate publication. He adds, from the printed books in the collection of Mr. C. W. Frederickson of Brooklyn, an interesting paragraph restored to the preface of 'Hellas'; and in the Notes, some extracts from unpublished letters of Shelley. His object has been to furnish the general reader with a complete and authentic text, and the student with a view of its sources, variations, and emendations. The Notes, derived from the letters and from Mrs. Shelley's introduction, supply the history of each poem. For these various purposes, it is fair to say that no other edition can be matched with Mr. Woodberry's. Mr. Rossetti, while performing for the first time the services of a careful

editor, took some liberties in his revision and emendations. Mr. Forman's work represents a reaction against these and a more literal adherence to the originals, an adherence which Mr. Woodberry does not always support in matters of punctuation or of spelling. Such spellings as knarled, desart, and extacy—such archaisms as eyne and treen, except so far as they made rhyme—were freaks of no significance and of no poetic value, in which Shelley's own usage varied. On the other hand, Mr. Woodberry has judged it no part of his editorial functions to correct grammatical errors (except in rare and obvious cases), nor to make or adopt metrical corrections. In these points, which involve the idiosyncrasy of the poet, he has been very wisely more conservative than his predecessors, while his choice of readings shows a trained judgment and a delicate ear for his author's subtle melodies. And hence he is willing to leave Shelley to himself in cases where Rossetti and Forman have thought it necessary to amend the metre. Here is one instance from the 'Prometheus Unbound' (Act II., scene v., 95):

"Realms where the air we breathe is love
Which in the winds on the waves doth move,"

where Forman and Dowden insert *and* after *winds*; on this Mr. Woodberry remarks: "The emendation corrects a faultless line merely to make it agree with stanzaic structure, and, like all metrical emendations in a poet so accustomed to irregular and original melody as Shel-

ley, is open to the gravest doubt." The same principle leads him to retain, in the fourth act,

"Purple and azure, white, green, and golden,"

where again Forman and Dowden tame the line to rule by inserting *and* before *green*; and again in the little poem to the Aziola, Mr. Woodberry is satisfied with

"music
Unlike, and far sweeter than all,"

where Forman would double *far*, to produce a mathematically accurate line. These are a few samples of Mr. Woodberry's fidelity and of his fitness for his task, which, indeed, requires a craftsman's ear for rhythm. In this matter Shelley was not only a law unto himself, but a teacher of melodies to others of his guild. He discovered new sources of rhythm and music in a language which Spenser had already moulded to the poet's use.

The complete conspectus of various readings in the foot-notes and at the close of each volume furnishes the student and lover of Shelley with all the apparatus he can desire. The taste which governed the editor's work is shown in such notes as that on the lines from "Evening—Ponte al Mare, Pisa"—

"The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut
By darkest barriers of enormous cloud,
Like mountain over mountain huddled"—

where our editor reverts to Mrs. Shelley's reading, 1839, and defends *enormous* against *cinereous* of the Boscombe MS., adopted by Rossetti, Forman, and Dowden. The variation of a single manuscript, he urges, does not prove that it was the poet's deliberate choice, while *cinereous* simply adds a trait of color, instead of the cumulative effect of mass to which the description has been ascending, and for which the epithet *enormous* prepares the way.

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The brief memoir condenses skilfully the immense mass of material that has accumulated with reference to Shelley's life and character, and traces his personal history, with justice, albeit with those gentle touches which may be expected from a friend who is a literary artist. It is quite right that this should be so. Mr. Woodberry has little room for comment or discussion, but he sets forth all the facts in an order which is very favorable to his subject. He paints a portrait that is slightly idealized, and he gives his sitter the benefit of every doubt, of every softened light and shade. He might as well confess that he is in love with that fascinating face which looks from the title-page; and really this is the best attitude for the biographer. He does not forget his good sense, as Prof. Dowden sometimes does in his most laborious and valuable biography; he has none of Prof. Dowden's *Schwärmerei* of manner; yet he is not very far from his conclusions. To our mind it is easy to draw from Prof. Dowden's facts a different set of impressions. The weakest spot in Shelley's character is, plainly, in his relations to women. "The excess of idealism in him," says Mr. Woodberry, "disturbed his judgment of women." This is surely a very tender way of summing up his illusions and disillusiones from Miss Hitchener down to Emilia Viviani; in these matters he lost his head for the time, he said, and acted absurdities. He found in feminine friendships, intimate and platonic, that freshness of inspiration, that renovation of emotional experience, which is so valuable to the poet and so trying often to the poet's wife. He was no sensualist, however. The only part of his career which is open to serious criticism is that which has to do with his first marriage, and the fate of his first wife, Harriet Westbrook.

The facts of that tragedy would seem to be a sufficient commentary on Shelley's theory of marriage, and to require no further moralizing. One would think that all would agree frankly that in his youth he committed one great error which is largely atoned for by the rest of his life. One would think it superfluous to prove that it was an error, and superfluous to preach from such a text. The singular fact, however, is that Shelley himself never professed any contrition for this fault; in his letter to his second wife, written immediately after the suicide, he apparently lays the blame on the Westbrook family and their treatment of Harriet. In a letter to Southey, written much later, he solemnly exonerates himself from any share whatever in the blame. The denial is striking, but it really only shows the state of mind he himself had reached. The readers of Harriet Westbrook's latest letters to Mrs. Nugent (published in the *Nation* June 6 and 13, 1889) will not agree with him; they will not agree with his remark, quoted by Mr. Woodberry, "that she had a heart of stone." In an earlier mood he could write to Hogg of his married life, "I am the happiest of the happy"; and to Godwin, "My wife is the partner of my thoughts and feelings"; and to Sir James Lawrence, "Love seems inclined to stay in the prison." It might have stayed in the prison all his life long, we believe, under a more fortunate star. We cannot agree with Mr. Woodberry's inference when he writes, on the testimony of Hogg: "On the birth of her child her

intellectual sympathy with him seems to have ended. Afterwards she neither read nor studied." As if the last word were said of a girl of eighteen who had just become a mother; as if, indeed, Hogg does not refute himself immediately by offering us a letter in which Harriet expresses some sentiments that are really charming in their artless nobility.

The fact is undoubtedly that the Westbrook family were vulgar and scheming; that Eliza Westbrook was a meddler and a mischief-maker in Shelley's household. It is quite clear, on the other hand, to any one who reads Harriet Westbrook's letters, that she was far from sharing either the vulgarity or the sordid designs of her family. "She was," as that cool observer Peacock says, "well educated. She read agreeably and intelligently. She wrote only letters, but she wrote them well. Her manners were good; and her whole aspect and demeanor such manifest emanations of a pure and truthful nature, that to be once in her company was to know her thoroughly." She was, in short, what Shelley wrote of Mrs. Williams, "an extremely pretty and gentle woman, apparently not very clever. I like her very much." He continued to like Mrs. Williams, and addressed to her his best love poems. He might well have continued to love his first wife. Apart from the mischievous influence of her sister, she had, as women go and as society is made, some reason for coldness and for jealousy of her husband's philandering with the Hitcheners and the Boinvilles. The household tangle required commonplace virtues for its unravelling—commonplace constancy, patience, and firmness—firmness to rout the intruder, patience to retrieve the affection of his young wife. Firmness and patience, for this emergency, Shelley did not possess, or did not choose to exercise. "He disdained to struggle with the sinister influence of his mother-in-law" (says Mrs. Shelley, who thus transforms Eliza Westbrook, in her novel of 'Lodore'), "he did not endeavor to discipline and invigorate the facile disposition of his bride. . . . He yielded her up at once to the world and to her parent." This is exactly true; and yet many a plain man has found lasting happiness in precisely the course of conduct which Shelley disdained. This much, we think, must be admitted, by all who have followed the history of Harriet Westbrook, that, while she had her husband's love, she resisted and scorned temptation; and if she had retained it, she would not have found occasion, in her desolation of heart, to go astray and to yield to that weakness for suicide which she so often professed.

This much must be admitted against Shelley, that he had a roving fancy, that he had given his wife occasion for coldness, that he dropped her of his own free will, led by another passion, and finally that he had no ground of unfaithfulness against her. The true and valid defence against this black list of errors is his youth, and the fact that he did not accept the binding character of the marriage contract. It is a great deal to say for him, that if he had accepted the ordinary view of marriage, he would certainly have avoided this ugly blot upon his life, for he was truly conscientious in carrying out his principles. Yet it was a sight for Mephistopheles to smile at—this young moralist and reformer following, with some

misgivings, the phantom of duty and of a great social principle down the flowery paths of desire; and it is a touch of Sophoclean irony and pathos when we read in Harriet Shelley's artless letters to Mrs. Nugent, "Godwin's children were to come to us; but our evil genius has stepped in and forbid that happiness"; and again, "We have seen the Godwins. Need I tell you that I love them all?" She was no mate for Shelley. Possibly not. Where, indeed, could he find his mate? Not even in Mary Godwin herself—not even in the author of 'Frankenstein.' Even with her, Mr. Woodberry can speak of Shelley's loneliness, of misunderstandings, and can write: "It is plain that he felt a lack of perfect sympathy between them; a certain coldness and something like fault-finding with him because of his persistent difference from the world and its ways. He was pained by this and made solitary." And Mr. Woodberry fancies that the fault was Lady Shelley's, and so interprets those tender self-reproaches with which every good woman torments herself over the irrevocable. May we remind Mr. Woodberry that not with impunity did Semele wed an immortal?

WOODBERRY'S SHELLEY.—II.

The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. The Text newly collated and revised, and edited with a Memoir and Notes, by George Edward Woodberry. Centenary Edition. In four volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892. *Feb. 2, 1893*

If we ask why it is that Mr. Woodberry persists in gently finding fault with everybody else, and in seeing excuses everywhere for Shelley, the answer is very simple, and is the highest compliment to Shelley. It is that the better we know Shelley, the more we read of his life in general, the more we are disposed to love and admire him. In the larger part of his life, his conduct was really angelic; it is impossible, without reading the details of Prof. Dowden's book, to conceive to what an extent the poet was magnanimous, long-suffering, generous, and just. He was not only capable of a noble disinterestedness and of great self-sacrifice for the sake of principle, as when he refused to give his consent to the entailing of his estate, but he was ready constantly with the small change of daily kindness and courtesy which counts up higher, in the long run, than the heroisms and the thousand-pound notes. He was always planning for others, working for others, impoverishing himself to pay other people's debts. His behavior towards Godwin, towards Hunt, to Keats, to Miss Clairmont, is beyond praise. "In natural piety, in purity of motive, in conscientious and unselfish action, Shelley was exceptionally conspicuous." This is Mr. Woodberry's verdict, in one of his essays, and we are quite willing to accept it. No one could help falling in love with the writer of that letter to Mr. William Baxter, a worthy gentleman who, under the frown of his son-in-law, had written to Shelley declining further intercourse between the two families. The courtesy, the friendliness, the charity, the sweet reasonableness of Shelley's reply would in themselves form a sufficient testimonial for any saint or rishi. No one could have written

such a document who had not, as the Hindus say, "his passions under complete control." No bishop, no cardinal could have exhibited more perfectly the flower and the graces of Christian charity.

Shelley was, in truth, under exile for his opinions. No poet of his time had to such an extent the courage of his opinions. Coleridge and Wordsworth began with the same radical sentiments, and wavered and changed. Shelley was too serious in his mission for hesitation or change. "I go straight on," said he, "till I am stopped; and I never am stopped." He was in opposition to some rooted sentiments of the society in which he lived. He never liked the study of history, and he had no sense of the meaning and forces of conservatism—of those slow organic processes by which society moves toward a distant goal, and will not be hurried. He felt as if, on the contrary, society were a blank page for him to write his creed on. He belonged to the "Church of the Rebels," as Swinburne said, and it was a church militant. In "Queen Mab," in the "Revolt of Islam," in the "Prometheus," he hurled himself again and again against "the fort unbreachable of the long-battered world"; and he fell back, as might have been expected, bruised and lacerated. He fell under the ban, and hence, in part, his singular destitution of honorable friends, his increasing alienation from English sentiments and ideas. "Pity me," he says, in writing to Peacock, "for my absence from those social enjoyments which England might afford me, and which I know so well how to appreciate. . . . I am regarded by all who know me as a rare prodigy of crime and pollution, whose look even might infect."

A banishment to Italian skies and the museums of Florence was certainly for him the mildest of ostracisms—we owe to it his highest inspiration and his most wonderful pictures; but it is likely that he lost by it not only the comfort and stimulus of high-minded friends, but also some strings from the lyre of his poetry, some chords that are oftenest sounded in the experience of homely English life. Mr. Matthew Arnold calls him a "beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." The phrase is so melodious that we feel it must be felicitous, yet it is really an unfair and incomplete characterization. For it must be remembered that this angel vanished from our sphere while he was still trying his wings and preparing for his greatest flight. He tried them not so much in the void as in an ethereal region of imagination and description where few, if any, had ascended, and where he alone almost was puissant and at home. Even in the "Prometheus" and in the "Cenci" he was still trying his wings, and yet what a unique achievement each of them represents in the poetry of this century! The "Cenci" was meant, as he said, to be popular; it was weighted, however, from the outset by the monstrosity of the subject and of Count Cenci's character. The pathos and the horror of tragedy rest always on our conviction that we ourselves, under certain circumstances, are capable both of the crime and of the misfortune. When both of these are abnormal, our interest weakens. *Macbeth* we can understand, and *Othello* and *Agamemnon* and even *Medea*—their evil is mixed with relents and with the shadows

of good—they are men and women of like passions and motives with ourselves; but the sheer devilry of Francesco Cenci lies too far out of our experience and our imagination—it is not merely revolting, it is incredible; and this is the main artistic blemish of a play which provokes no unworthy comparison with *Shakespeare*, and which, with the fine fragment of "Charles the First," reveals unexpected powers and possibilities in one whose genius seemed supremely lyrical.

The "Prometheus Unbound" provokes no comparisons because it is, in some respects, incomparable; it is, as we have said, unique and characteristic in the domain of imagination to which its machinery and its pictures belong, and also in the cause which it advocates. Shelley is, perhaps, the one poet who has written, with inspiration, verses that touch on the new problem of humanity, and that satisfy its altering needs and creeds. It is likely that he had some part in bringing about the reformation of social ideals which we see going on about us; it is likely that in this regard he struck the keynote of the coming century rather than of our own. While Clough and Matthew Arnold and even Browning represented stages of conflict and restlessness and discussion about fading forms and sanctions and creeds, Shelley bound over all these and attempted to substitute a positive religion of humanity. He had so much faith in this that he became something better and more powerful than an iconoclast. If he could have finished the century, he would have seen the churches taking up the very mission which he preached, joining the movement for labor and equality, and hastening to swim with the current of the century by heading the democratic tendency and leading it towards socialism. And if the Christian churches, in this action, recur to the example of their founder, it is none the less true that primitive Christian socialism has long been practically forgotten in the dazzle of the empires of this world which the Church grasped at Rome and Byzantium, not without falling down and worshipping the Spirit of the Temptation. The Church, it is true, had offered some things which were not dreamed of in Shelley's philosophy: it had furnished a home for the soul about which clustered its most sacred affections; it had promised a home in the hereafter for that *animula vagula blandula* which, without Christianity, must go forth naked to wander or disappear among the kindless elements of the Cosmos. There lingered about these, as about earthly homes, something of selfishness as well as of the tenderest sanctities. Their refuge and their sanctities did not appeal to Shelley, who was curiously emancipated from some of the commonest needs and feelings of humanity. To him the elements were not kindless. Alone of the poets he could say without affectation and without figure of speech:

"Earth, Ocean, Air, beloved brotherhood";

could call "bird, insect, and gentle beast" his brethren and his kindred. He did not replace the Church's ark in his vision of the future, nor indeed do any of the new ethical religions replace it, much as they try to build some raft which will safely bear the timid spirit out upon the sea of the unknown. But no vision, no "charm of wise words" which they have

evoked or framed, is more consistent, more inspiring, than the "Prometheus Unbound." Under its spell we are enraptured and transported, we forget the limitations of things—we forget the relic in us of the ape and the tiger, that old Adam which masquerades now as Nero, now as Ravachol; we forget Mr. Huxley's iron facts and his pessimism; and we believe, for a moment, in the perfectibility of nature and of man—we are persuaded

"to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates."

Surely this is no "ineffectual angel" who can thus transfigure us with enchantments that are the opposite of Circe's.

The "Prometheus" has certainly found a wider circle of readers than Shelley anticipated; it was written, he said, for half-a-dozen only, for the *courtesan*. The fact remains that much of the finest of his poetry needs, as it deserves, illustrations. Oftentimes he does not deal in flesh and blood. He is like his own skylark, "an unbodied joy," soaring out of sight above the heads of the multitude.

Mr. Woodberry's notes are not intended to illustrate or criticise the poems, or to give their sources, but simply to furnish the history of the circumstances and the mood in which they were created. Incidentally they include Shelley's own criticisms, which are most valuable and clear-sighted. There remains, then, one important service which Mr. Woodberry can render, and for which we have almost his promise, and that is an illustrative and critical commentary. It need not be quite on the scale of Mr. Rossetti's "Adonais"; and yet, on the other hand, we hope that Mr. Woodberry will not presume too much on the understanding of his readers, and will condescend to be a guide where so many would gladly follow.

A STUDY OF SHELLEY.

Boston Transcript, Aug. 6, 1892
Facts of a Strange Life in Outline.

The New Jersey Grandfather—"Mad Shelley" at Eton—His Various and Successive Loves—What Became of the Characters in the Drama.

[From the New York Times.]

The writer of this article was staying with friends in Sussex a few years ago, and was driven over by them to see Shelley's birthplace, some two miles from the village of Horsham, known as Field Place. It was a plain double house, very yellow looking, such as might have been the home of a substantial squire, a decidedly less imposing building than would be suggested by the picture of it in Professor Dowden's "Life of Shelley." It stood in the midst of some acres of grass, very tall and rank; there was no pretensions to a lawn.

In walking about the place, one thought of the snake Shelley is said to have here tended and loved as a child. The long grasses seemed a natural habitat for such a creature. This attachment has been mentioned as a cause of the fondness which the poet afterward showed for serpents. It will be remembered that in "The Revolt of Islam" the first canto opens with a grand description of a strife in

mid-air between an eagle and a serpent. Contrary to what would be supposed, the serpent is in this case the good emblem, while the eagle is the representative of the tyrannical power.

One hundred years ago today Shelley was born in this house. Percy Bysshe Shelley—the name Bysshe should be pronounced in one syllable—appears to have been of an old Sussex family. Mr. Forman, indeed, seems to say that the poet's family was not of the old Sussex Shelleys; that they were very recent people, and until the lifetime of the poet's grandfather, not much above farmers. There is no doubt Shelley's ancestors immediately preceding the time of his grandfather, were not at all distinguished. But Professor Dowden, who is the most recent and the best authority on Shelley, asserts that Shelley's ancestry has been traced to Sir William Shelley, brother of Sir Thomas, "that was attained for endeavoring to set up King Richard II." The branch of the family to which the poet belonged was descended from an Edward Shelley of Worminghurst, who died in the year of the Spanish Armada, and who was a son of Mr. John Shelley of Michelgrove.

The fortunes of this branch of the family were not at all flourishing until they were resuscitated by the poet's grandfather. The poet's grandfather was born in Newark, N. J., toward the middle of the last century, his father having come there from England early in the century, and having practised medicine. This man, the poet's great-grandfather, has been described as a kind of a quack doctor. We have looked up these New Jersey Shelleys in State, county and Newark histories with no result. The first half of the last century in a country so new as ours was a long time ago. If he was a quack doctor his contemporaries probably did not think it worth while making a record of him. He was perhaps not recognized as one of the Sussex Shelleys. As his son went back to England about the middle of the last century, he probably left no American descendants, and there was no one to keep from oblivion the memory of the quack doctor.

There is, indeed, a story that the doctor's son, Bysshe Shelley, who was a much-marrying man, had married and buried an American wife before he left Newark. But this must have been a very youthful episode of his career, for he was not more than twenty-one years of age when he married Mary Michell, a Sussex heiress, who was the poet's grandmother. Bysshe Shelley was six feet in height and a very handsome, stately, ambitious and successful fellow. He was a widower with three children at thirty. He married another heiress, Miss Sidney, a daughter of the owner of Penshurst, and a member of Sir Philip Sidney's family. That this was a great stroke of luck for the quack doctor's son may be easily imagined by any one who has seen Penshurst. We believe that he first met the lady in Hyde Park, and that, after a due amount of ogling and a certain number of clandestine meetings, he succeeded in persuading her that he wanted her and not her money—a point upon which the acutest of her sex is liable to deception. Bysshe Shelley was made a baronet by the Whigs in 1808.

Field Place had come to him through his first marriage. Bysshe's son Timothy lived here, having married in October, 1791, the poet's mother, a Miss Pilfold, who was a rare beauty. The poet had one brother and

several sisters. The brother was so much younger than himself as not to be a companion for him, but he seems to have been very happy in the company of his sisters. He was an imaginative child, rather fond of fun, and with a taste for harmless practical jokes. At ten years old he was sent to Zion House Academy, near Brentford. He was at this time tall for his age, slight, with abundant rich brown curls, a girl's complexion, fair and ruddy, and luminous large blue eyes. He was not happy at school, not being able to hold his own against the British schoolboy. But he seems on occasion to have been able to play the part of the British schoolboy himself; here is a perfectly authenticated incident in which he does not appear as such an angel. Mr. W. C. Gellibrand, who died in 1884, ninety-two years old, and who was Shelley's schoolmate at Brentford, said that he once had a nonsense Latin verse to write and was puzzling over his task, when Shelley said, "I'll do it for you," and took up his slate. The little boy ran out to play and only came back in time to hand up his slate to the master without copying the verse or even seeing it. The master called him up and he found that the verse on the slate was:

"Hos ego versiculos scripsi sed non ego feci."
(I wrote these little verses, but I did not make them.)

For this little Gellibrand was flogged, but he took it out of Shelley. Mr. Gellibrand used to describe Shelley as "like a girl in boy's clothes, fighting with open hands and rolling on the floor when flogged, not from the pain, but from a sense of indignity." It was in the opinion of Professor Dowden, almost certainly at Zion House Academy, and not at Eton, that there came to him in a moment of time a sense of the misery of the world's oppressors and oppressed which he expressed in this well-known stanza:

"Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first
The clouds which wrap this world from youth
did pass;
I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep. A fresh May dawn it was,
When I walked forth upon the glittering
grass
And went, I know not why; until there rose
From the near schoolroom voices that, alas!
Were but one echo from the world of woes,
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of
foes."

At Eton Shelley was, in his own way, an eager scholar. He read enthusiastically, and was devoted to natural science. His Eton life seems not to have been without happy moments, but he was dreadfully baited by the schoolboys. A "Shelley bait" was a regular Eton amusement. To surround "Mad Shelley" in the halls and tease and persecute him until the desired paroxysm of rage was brought on seems to have been one of the ameliorations of the ennui of school life. His schoolfellow Captain Gronow says that he once appeared in the pugilistic ring, properly supported by bottle holders and backers, and describes him as stalking around the ring, evidently with no notion of the business, reciting defiant speeches from Homer, until seized by a "divine panic" on discovering the havoc which could be effected by a pair of well-trained fists. If this story is true, it was the only occasion on which Shelley ever showed fear.

Shelley was much happier in his short Oxford existence than he had been at school. He was at any rate free at Oxford. He pursued his literary and scientific studies with

enthusiasm. He early formed the momentous intimacy with his fellow student, Thomas Jefferson Hogg. (Could this gentleman, by the way, have been named after the American statesman? It would seem scarcely probable, as Hogg's father was a high Tory.) Hogg was an extremely clever youth and a man of the world by nature. He is probably the best authority upon Shelley's early days. One evening at the end

of October, in the year 1810, Hogg happened to sit next a freshman much younger looking than the other youths at table, with whom, contrary to custom, he chanced to fall into conversation. The boys discussed the comparative merits of German and Italian literature. Hogg invited Shelley to continue the discussion at his rooms, which invitation was accepted. Shelley launched into a eulogy of natural science, which gave Hogg leisure to examine the personal appearance of his singular guest. He says—

"It was a sum of many contradictions. His figure was slight and fragile, and yet his bones and joints were large and strong. He was tall, but he stooped so much that he seemed of a low stature. His clothes were expensive, and made according to the most approved mode of the day, but they were tumbled and rumpled and unbrushed. His gestures were abrupt and sometimes violent, occasionally even awkward, yet more frequently gentle and graceful. His complexion was delicate and almost feminine, of the purest red and white, yet he was tanned and freckled by exposure to the sun, having passed the autumn in shooting. His features, his whole face, and particularly his head, were unusually small, and yet the last appeared of remarkable bulk, for his hair was long and bushy."

This eccentricity was at this time very marked, as the fashion was to wear the hair very short. Hogg continues—

"His features were not symmetrical (the mouth, perhaps, excepted), yet was the effect of the whole extremely powerful. They breathed an animation, a fire, an enthusiasm, a vivid and preternatural intelligence that I have never met with in any other countenance; nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual."

Hogg says that he had only one physical blemish—his voice, which, when he was excited, "excoriated the ear." The intimacy between Hogg and Shelley continued until they were both expelled for their joint authorship of the pamphlet, "The Necessity of Atheism." This happened toward the end of March, 1811.

It will be, of course, necessary in any paper on Shelley to give an account of his various and successive loves. The first of these seems to have been his cousin, Harriet Grove, who is said to have written some of the chapters of his youthful romance, "Zastrozzi." He had known her as a child—in 1809 and 1810 his acquaintances with her had ripened into an intimacy. Certainly in his eighteenth year Shelley was completely in love with Harriet Grove. She was of his age and resembled him in looks, and was, no doubt, very beautiful. Medwin wrote of her, "When I call to mind all the women I have ever seen and admired, I know of none that surpassed, few that could compare with her in beauty. I think of her as some picture of Raphael's, or as one of Shakespeare's women." There was at one time an engagement between these young people. Shelley's letters, however, with the atheistical sentiments they expressed, frightened the young girl's parents and perhaps herself, and there seems to have been no hope for him whatever after his expulsion from Oxford. The engagement was broken off by Harriet, who shortly married somebody else.

After banishment from Oxford Shelley and Hogg lived in London, and Shelley there made the acquaintance of Harriet Westbrook. She was a friend of Shelley's sisters and was attending the same boarding-school with them. She was the daughter of a man who had made a competence by keeping a coffee house, or tavern, and had retired from business. Young Shelley had only a few friends in London, and it is probable that even they were not very cordial to a young fellow with such a history. He therefore, no doubt, found all the more comfort in his visits to Harriet Westbrook when that young lady was at home from boarding-school. She was exceedingly pretty. She took an interest in Shelley and wrote to him

and received letters from him, and for this conduct she was subjected to the reproaches of her schoolfellows, who taunted her with being the friend to an atheist. The principal of the school, Miss Hawkes, one day found a letter in her hand from Shelley, and immediately dismissed her. At home she is said to have been also subjected to persecutions.

Shelley does not appear to have been very much in love with her, but decided to marry her in order to rescue her from the situation in which her devotion to himself had placed her. He eloped with her to Scotland, and the marriage took place in Edinburgh according to the forms of Scottish law on Aug. 23, 1811, Shelley at that time being a few days over eighteen. Harriet Westbrook was evidently a sweet and nice woman, although not very strong in mind or character. Had she been wisely married or rightly treated, she would, no doubt, have led a happy life. It was her fate, however, to be an unhappy and grievously-wronged woman. If Shelley was not very much in love with her before marriage, he seems to have become fond of her after marriage. With the lovely melody which is characteristic of his verse, he writes in his dedication of "Queen Mab" to her—

"Thou wert my purer mind;
Thou wert the inspiration of my song;
Thine are these early wilding flowers,
Though scurried by me."

A greater sense of duty and of the sacredness of the obligation he had assumed on Shelley's part would no doubt have resulted in the saving of this young creature. Shelley believed when he left his wife that she had been unfaithful to him. There seems to have been no ground for this belief of Shelley's. Hogg and Shelley had parted company, Harriet having accused Hogg of making dishonorable advances to her in the absence of Shelley. There is no doubt that later she wandered away from the ways of right living. She committed suicide by drowning in the Serpentine in Hyde Park in December, 1816. She had been driven from her father's house, and it is said that the desertion of one upon whom she had a claim for kindness and consideration was the immediate cause of her death. During the two years which preceded her death she suffered from no special act of Shelley's.

Shelley's falling in love with Mary Godwin was the immediate cause of his leaving Harriet. His acquaintance with Mary Godwin came about as follows: Shelley, like other youths of that day, was a passionate admirer of William Godwin, the author of "Political Justice." Toward the close of December, 1811, he was surprised to learn that the great man was still an inhabitant of this earth. Having written him some letters of an idolatrous character, he was much flattered to get a friendly response. The epistolary acquaintance ripened into a personal one. Godwin had a small book shop in Skinner street, from which he derived a narrow and precarious livelihood. His family lived over the shop.

It was a singular household to which Shelley was thus introduced. The dramatic persons were, first, Godwin; Mrs. Godwin, whom Godwin had married as a second wife, after the death of his first wife, Mary Wollstonecraft (she is usually represented by Shelley's biographers in an unfavorable light; but whatever the merits of her character may have been, she was certainly a woman much to be commiserated); Claire Clairmont, daughter of Mrs. Godwin by a former husband—about the time of Shelley's love affair with Mary Godwin. Claire Clairmont, a brilliant and attractive girl, was betrayed by Byron and became the mother of Allegra. The fourth member of the group was Fanny Godwin, daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft and Imlay, and adopted by Godwin. This sweet girl later, quite worn out with the domestic and financial vicissitudes of the household, committed suicide.

The fifth member was Mary Godwin, daughter of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. This young girl, then sixteen years of age, and Shelley fell desperately in love with

each other. Mary Godwin is described as a girl "with a shapely golden head, a face very pale and pure, great forehead, earnest hazel eyes, and an expression at once of sensibility and firmness about her delicately-curved lips." It is plain that from the first she was deeply in love with Shelley. The following words on a fly-leaf of a volume of "Queen Mab" were evidently composed at the time when she could have had no thought of a union with Shelley.

"This book is sacred to me, and as no other creature shall ever look into it I may write in it what I please—yet what shall I write—that I love the author beyond all powers of expression and that I am parted from him, dearest and only love; by that love we have promised to each other, although I may not be yours, I can never be another's."

Shelley eloped with Mary Godwin to France on the 28th of July, 1814. They were accompanied by Claire Clairmont.

It will be noticed at what a prodigious rate this young man was living. The impression of weak health which Shelley made on observers was no doubt in part due to this fact. Hazlitt said some years after this that "he looked like a plant that had been deprived of its native air." Hazlitt, perhaps, did not understand what successive shocks he had at that time lately undergone. The misfortunes of Claire had affected him; he had been dreadfully shocked by the suicide of Fanny Godwin, just as he and Mary were in a position to offer her a home. He was also just then in the midst of his suit to obtain possession of his children by Harriet Westbrook. Lord Eldon's decision, evidently a very moderate and carefully studied one, was that Shelley ought not to have the children, but that he might name some one to whose care they might be committed. It is a rather curious fact that Eldon himself, when at college, contracted a runaway marriage to Scotland.

During the eight years which elapsed between Shelley's union with Mary Godwin and his death in 1822 he lived mostly in England and Italy. The latter half of this period was spent entirely in Italy. Notwithstanding the distractions of his life, it is surprising to see what an amount of fine poetry was composed by him during those stormy years. His labors, by the way, were not confined to composition. He was during all this time a prodigious reader and student. When we take up his volumes of poetry it is astonishing to think that so much splendid performance should have been achieved by him before the age of thirty, and this in spite of weak health and calamities and distractions which might well sap the energies of the strongest. The "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" was written in 1816. "Prince Athanas" was written in 1817. "Rosalind and Helen," "Lines among the Euganean Hills" and "Julian and Maddalo," which is a conversation between Byron and Shelley, were written in 1818. The years spent in Italy were full of splendid literary labor. "Prometheus Unbound" and "The Cenci" are among the greatest of his works.

Possessed of a profound love of the poetic and the spiritual, Shelley was also a passionate reformer, a lover of liberty and a hater of oppression. To have any kind of understanding of his character or his work it is necessary to know the feelings of the lovers of liberty of that day toward the determined and panic-stricken despotism which followed the French Revolution. Yet the purely literary readers of Shelley will find the greater part of his poetry full of passages of splendid power. This is true even of some of those poems of his which are the least perfect as work of art. To the general run of readers, however, it is the shorter poems of Shelley which are and which will remain most familiar. Such poems as "The Skylark," "Arethusa," and "Stanzas Written in Dejection Near Naples" are in the minds of all readers of poetry. And there are certain strains which are even lovelier and even surer of an undying popularity, such as "Lines to an Indian Air," "Music When Soft Voices

es," "One Word Is Too Often Profaned," etc.

The story of Shelley's death has been too often told to need narration here. He and his friend Williams were drowned in July, 1822, in the Bay of Spezia. It was the belief of Trelawny that Shelley's boat had been run down by sailors whose object was to rob him. This opinion does not find favor with Professor Dowden. When Shelley's body was washed ashore it was the wish of his wife that he should be buried by the side of their child, Willie, in the cemetery at Rome. But the two bodies had been buried in the sand when washed ashore, and the Italian quarantines laws forbade that bodies cast on the shores and buried in quicklime should be disinterred.

The permission of the authorities for the removal of the bodies was nevertheless obtained. It had, however, occurred to the friends of Shelley and Williams that less objection would be made to the removal if the bodies were burned and the ashes only reburied. An iron furnace, of the dimensions of the human body, had been accordingly constructed at Leghorn under Trelawny's directions. In this Shelley's body was burned on one terribly hot and perfectly clear July day, in the presence of Byron, Hunt and Trelawny, the health officer, some soldiers and mounted dragons, and a great company of sightseers. Shelley's heart was snatched out of the flames by Trelawny. The coffin containing his ashes was buried at Rome. The relics of the heart were kept by Trelawny and were afterward given by him to Mary Shelley. After her death, in a copy of the Pisa edition of "Adonais," at the page which tells how death is swallowed up with immortality, there were found, under a silken covering, the ashes, shrunk and withered, which she had secretly treasured.

When one reads so wonderful a story as that contained in Professor Dowden's "Life of Shelley," it is natural to wish to know what became of the characters. Claire Clairmont lived to be a very old woman, dying in 1879. Allegra had died as a child in a convent. The world knows well the fates of Byron, Leigh Hunt, and Trelawny. Mary Shelley returned to England in 1823. She died in 1851. Her son, Percy Florence, had succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his grandfather in 1844, and she had shared his prosperity. The writer of this article remembers once being at dinner in London and noticing opposite him a small man, of an amiable aspect of countenance, with a bald head and a reddish complexion. When the ladies left the table, he, happening to sit near the door, rose and opened it. The writer asked who the gentleman was, and was informed he was Sir Percy Shelley. This commonplace and responsible action seemed at the moment a queer anti-climax to the poet's career. The end of all this passionate revolt, expressed in deathless verse, was that a half-century later his son should be opening the door like any nice man and good Christian.

The Nation, Mar. 2, 1893, 163ff.

WRIGHT'S COWPER.

The Life of William Cowper. By Thomas Wright, Principal of Cowper School, Olney. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Putnam's.

COWPER is now read by few except in extracts. He is not a great poet, yet he is a poet, and he has at least one peculiar charm: he is of all poets the most restful. The other day a ruthless pessimist, determined to hunt our self-satisfaction out of its last retreat, proclaimed that it was vain to seek peace of mind in books, since care would follow you into your library. His care, it seems, was too carking to be lulled even by the babbling of the Bandusian spring. We wonder whether he had tried "The Task."

As a rule, biographers of literary and scientific men give us too many details of their ordinary life. The career of a man of action affords matter for narrative, but the actions of literary and scientific men are their works. Interest, in their case, properly attaches to events or circumstances which influence thought or are sources of inspiration. What would it profit us to transcribe the entries in the buttery books of Trinity College during the residence of Sir Isaac Newton? It is conceivable, even, that if our passionate desire for the details of Shakspeare's personal history could be gratified, the antiquary might be a greater gainer than the worshipper of genius. Johnson is not a profound critic of poetry, but there is something to be said for the succinctness as well as for the good sense of his lives of the poets. The number and bulk of biographies are becoming very burdensome. Mr. Wright, however, in presenting us with this portly volume, may reasonably say that, as Cowper was a microscopic writer, in his case minute things are important. As the principal of Cowper's school at Olney, Mr. Wright has had advantages of which he has made the best use. We get not only pictures, with full histories, of houses which Cowper inhabited or visited, and topographical details of every kind, but engravings of his arm-chair and of his poker. Among the biographer's sources are unpublished letters in the British Museum or private hands, the diary, recently discovered, of Samuel Teedon, school-master of Olney, who, though a weak creature, appears to have had influence over Cowper; the ledger and day books of Dr. George Grindon of Olney, who married Lady Austen's niece; the diary of the Rev. Abraham Maddock, containing important references to Cowper, and the parish registers of Olney. Cowper's last letter to Lady Austen unfortunately has not been found.

Mr. Wright thinks that he has made a discovery which throws an entirely new light on Cowper's life. All the biographers have overlooked the "Fatal Dream." It seems that in 1773, when Cowper was forty-two years old, he had a dream in which a word was spoken awful enough to alter the whole tenor of his subsequent existence. "On that night," says his biographer, "he crossed the line that divided a life of hope from a life of despair." The word seems to have been uttered in Latin and to have been *Actum est de te, periisti*. It is true that Cowper does refer to this dream in language such as he uses when the dark fit is on him. But, with deference to Mr. Wright, we can see no reason for investing the incident with such portentous significance. It was after this that Cowper wrote "The Task" and a number of other poems, including "John Gilpin," which breathe anything but despair. It was after this that he wrote scores of playful and cheerful letters. It was after this that he enjoyed some years of happy and many of not unhappy life. It was after this that he wrote:

"Had I the choice of sublunary good,
What could I wish that I possess not here—
Health, leisure, means to improve it, friendship, peace,
No loose or wanton though a wandering muse,
And constant occupation without care?"

In the same poem he says of his spiritual condition:

"I was a stricken deer that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep infixt

My panting side was charged when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore;
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live."

The crisis to which the opening of this passage refers, evidently is the malady which forced Cowper to leave London and retire into seclusion, not a dream; while the last lines distinctly rebut the idea of despair. So the beautiful apostrophe to the stars ("Task," Book v.) concludes thus:

"So I with animated hopes behold,
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordain'd to guide the embodied spirit home
From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires
That give assurance of their own success,
And that, infused from heaven, must thither tend."

"Animated hope" could not dwell in the same breast with despair, nor "assurance" of a celestial home with a certainty of eternal condemnation. We have another dream of the same tenor later on, but it has a ludicrous sequel: a dray-horse running against Cowper, and Cowper swearing at the drayman. When Cowper was himself, he was a man of sense, and, though he might attach a fanciful importance to the visions of the night, he would hardly have allowed his life to be dominated by a bad dream. Humor, of which he had plenty, might also have shown him that Deity was not likely to display its classical accomplishments by delivering its sentence in Latin.

Too much, perhaps, has altogether been made of Cowper's disease as an influence over his general life and his productions. We might as well be spared the revolting details of his repeated attempts at suicide, and the hideous ravings of his lunacy. The hypochondria which visited him at intervals, and twice at least assumed the form of suicidal mania, and beneath the cloud of which his days ended, had no doubt a physical source. Indeed, there is an intimation in his letters of its connection with his general health. Its first access may very likely be traced to an unwholesome life in Temple Chambers, among companions of intemperate habits. It was intermittent, and in the intervals, happily long, his character and compositions were free from its influence. Its dark shadow nowhere falls upon his "Task," or, indeed, upon any of his poetry that is worth reading, with the single exception of "The Castaway." His letters are frequently playful; far from being hypochondriac, they are not very often sad. In some of his pieces, such as "The Poplar Field," there is a tinge of melancholy. But this is common to him with all sentimental writers. It would be difficult, perhaps, to name any sentimental writer who, on the whole, is more cheerful. Cowper's malady cut him off from active life, and thus led him to take to poetry. This was its most important effect. Without it he would have been a third-rate lawyer and a commissioner in bankruptcy, or Clerk of the Journals to the House of Lords. Mr. Wright aptly observes, when Cowper is called a failure in life, that "if we had no failures in life, we should have no poets." The influence of the malady (when the fit was over) on Cowper's productions was rather the reverse of saddening; they beamed with the happiness of convalescence. Chatham was liable to hypochondria, which in his case is known to have been the result of sup-

pressed gout. But when he was free from the gout, his mind was sound.

Every biographer of Cowper is bound to discuss the question of Newton's influence over him. Newton, as we know, had been in his youth a slave-trader and a profligate. Smitten by remorse, he had become intensely religious in the Calvinistic sense, and had devoted himself to the ministry. He appears to have been a really excellent man, active in good works as well as in preaching his austere creed, and more genial and rational than might have been expected from such a career. His kindness to Cowper during one of the hypochondriac fits was heroic. But it is inconceivable that he should have been a good companion and mentor for one liable to mania which took a religious turn. The sensible Lady Hesketh seems to have settled the question when she deprecated the excessively religious regimen to which Cowper was subjected by Newton, and which condemned him to spend the fine summer evenings in pious exercises instead of taking his walk. Mr. Wright speaks with contempt of those who object to Newton's interference, after his departure from Olney, with his disciple's mode of life; yet it is certain that Newton did interfere and take Cowper to task on religious grounds at a time when he was really enjoying perfectly innocent pleasures in perfectly unexceptionable company. It is also asserted that Cowper resented the interference. If Newton was misled in the particular instance, as it appears he was, by the gossip of Olney, we are not the less led to surmise that his influence must have been oppressive. While Newton was with him, Cowper wrote nothing but hymns, and had Newton remained with him, it is doubtful whether he would ever have written anything else. It was Lady Austen's company that inspired "The Task" and "John Gilpin." The best part of Newton's regimen probably was the practice of visiting the poor, for which Olney, a miserable village of depressed lace-makers, afforded ample scope. This could do neither the man nor the poet any harm.

A critical biography of Cowper, which the present hardly pretends to be, would be incomplete without an assignment of his place in the history of literature. Twice in the poet's quiet parlor, above the hissing of the tea-urn and the sound of the volume made vocal to the fair, we hear thunder peal in the outer world. In the first case it is the American, in the second it is the French Revolution. Cowper treats both lightly, as things remote from his existence; and in regard to the French Revolution it is curious to compare his nonchalant but sensible remarks with the magnificent ravings of Burke. But the events remind us of his intellectual date. He belongs to the commencement of the revolutionary era, and is, by the philanthropic sentiment to which he appealed and which was unknown to Pope, a harbinger, though the most unconscious as well as the mildest, of great social change. His affinity to the distinctly revolutionary poets is traceable though faint, and it is not only on account of his insanity, or even of his sensibility, that his name has become linked with that of Rousseau.

Cowper's Evangelicism is a thing apart. What is called the English Reformation was

the third of a series of five movements by which the religion of England detached itself from Rome. The first was the revolt against the abuses of Papal patronage, headed by Grosse-teste, in the reign of Edward III.; the second was the movement of Wycliffe; the third was the Tudor Reformation; the fourth was Puritanism; the fifth was Methodism, of which Evangelicism was a wing, though it remained within the Established Church, from which, indeed, John Wesley never formally seceded, while his brother remained until the last within its pale. Methodism, unlike the previous movements, was non-political and almost quietist. It was purely a revolt against the irreligion, levity, and sensuality of the time. In the Established Church, spiritual life had been

smothered by privilege and endowment:

"Sweet sleep enjoyed the curate at his desk,
The tedious rector drawing over his head,
And sweet the clerk below."

If Cowper wanted spiritual life and comfort, it was only in Methodism or Evangelicism that in those days he could find them. From Methodism his aristocratic refinement would have recoiled. He has expressed his dislike of the "nasal twang heard at conventicle." Evangelicism was the only haven for his soul.

Mr. Wright presents us with two new poems; one is in Latin alcaics. Mr. Wright thinks Cowper a poor Latinist. In this we cannot agree with him, for Cowper's Latin verses seem to us good. But in the first line of this set, as given us by Mr. Wright, there is an

evident omission of the preposition *ab*, which, though not necessary to the sense, is necessary to the metre. The other poem is on a thunder-storm. It exists only in a copy made by a farmer, whose transcription may have been bucolic—at all events, it is in a very rough and faulty state; yet the lines describing the coming of the storm, the prelusive hush, the premonitory gust of wind in the wood, the silence of the birds, the uneasiness of the cattle, the scurrying of the swine, the haste of the travellers to gain shelter, are in Cowper's manner, and show an enjoyment of nature, evinced by minute observation, which could hardly have dwelt in a morbid and miserable breast. When he was writing such lines, at all events, Cowper was a happy man.

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THE SPIRITUAL TEACHING OF BROWNING: "PARACELSUS."

A WEEK-DAY SERMON.

BY THE REV. RUFEN THOMAS.



HE worth of Robert Browning as a teacher of spiritual truth, as a student of human souls in all their moods of joy and sorrow, doubt, fear, and apprehension, confidence and love—"the subtlest assessor of the soul in song"—has not as yet, I think, except by a very few, been at all adequately appreciated. Differing as he does from every poet who has preceded him, and from all his contemporaries, not only in his apprehensions of truth, but in his modes of expression, we are not surprised to find him the subject of more general and varied criticism than any other literary man of our time. His genius is universally recognized. His place as a poet among poets is not, and cannot as yet be, determined. He belongs specially to the nineteenth century. No one of our great literary men seems to me to be so sensitive as Browning to all and everything in thought and feeling which characterizes our century. He has carefully and scientifically analyzed its air and its water. The moral atmosphere we are breathing is not always pure. There is no little of malaria in it. The water we are drinking is not always water of life! It is enough impure to produce a low typhoid condition. Browning has the competency to take in the situation, and, feeling the pulse of the patient, he has skill enough to write out prescriptions which, in most cases, ought to start up the failing powers into new and more vigorous action. Moving as he does in the realm of mind and spirit—giving himself to the study of the soul-life of men and women rather than to that which is external in life and in the world—he is necessarily metaphysical and psychological, which to most persons means obscure, heavy, labored, not easy to follow. As a Nova Scotia professor of literature writes, "There is no poet of our time more original, be that originality good or bad, than Browning. No poet, therefore, in whose case the disadvantages alluded to are more apparent. There is no poetry on which opinions are more divided, none so at variance with preconceived ideas; none, therefore, which it is so difficult fairly

to appreciate. There is no poet of our time so uneven, none so voluminous, none so obscure. There is no poet, then, who so much needs an interpreter." In these simple and fragmentary lectures we are not occupied with the literary side of Browning's work, not even with his poetry as poetry, not with the technical execution of his work, but with that in his work which we may be allowed to entitle the analysis of the soul of man, his unfolding of those elements in man's nature to which we apply the word spiritual. Our aim, then, is not that of a critic—very far from that; we do not suspect ourselves of any such superiority to Browning as would enable us to be his critic—simply that of an expositor or interpreter; not, however, as indifferent or unsympathetic. It would be impossible to interpret without sympathy. Mere scientific dissection, after the style of a skilled anatomist, would scarcely be adequate. In the psychological region the seeing eye depends for the clearness of its vision upon the possession of the heart to feel. And if any one should be disposed to ask for the reason of this effort to interpret Browning on these evenings, my only answer is, not that I need more work than I have legitimately, but that I am more and more convinced of the necessity for profounder instruction in psychological truth in this our age when the meat seems often more than the life and the raiment more than the body. A Christian church ought to be a school for souls capable of learning, as well as a hospital for sick souls, a refuge for tempted souls, a light-bringer to benighted souls. When a soul is brought face to face with its Christ, everything has to be done in it. It must get to know itself as well as its Christ. Christian life once begun, there is no let up. The men and women who are too indifferent or too lazy to cultivate their own spirits must relapse into darkness; there is nothing else for them. Because I find in Browning a great genius for psychological analysis, because I find in him a great interpreter of the human soul, I make the effort to bring to bear some of his thought and work on such few elect souls as may think it worth while to attend here.

The first of his poems to which I will ask your attention is that entitled "Paracelsus," one of his earliest poems, issued when he was only twenty-three years of age—a marvelous production at that age for even a man of genius. This man Paracelsus was one of the notable men of the sixteenth century—a Swiss by birth; a man who

studied medicine and natural science, visited many of the European universities, was appointed a professor of medicine at Basel in 1526, and was expelled from the city two years after, probably because of his new-departure views in medicine and the jealousy of his colleagues. His speculations in astrology and his operations in magic and alchemy put him into a position in which it was easy to denounce him as a quack. But he was a wonderful and mysterious man, and has a right to be regarded

company with three friends—Festus, Michal, and Aprile. The poem is divided into five sections. In the first section Paracelsus is filled with aspiration after knowledge; simply to *know*, that is the one dominating passion of his soul. It is the scientific spirit of this nineteenth century. Young men are certain to feel it more than others, as their impressionableness is supreme over their judgment and discrimination. What more natural than that the young man Robert Browning should feel himself under the power of this spirit "of quenchless curiosity, of dauntless inquiry, of a searching enthusiasm"? Hence he seized for poetic treatment the man whom some regard as the forerunner of Mesmer, and even of Darwin and Wallace. He gives us his soul-history. The man finds in himself "vast longings," which he cannot repress. This strong desire, this fierce energy, makes him restless. In this irresistible force which works within him he recognizes the push of God upon his spirit. "Be sure," he says to his friends, "that God ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns impart." But the motive which is underneath all his aspiration is not as yet clear to himself. He is of opinion that the time has come when the race needs new light—some master spirit to stand ahead of all who have gone before:

"Tis time

New hopes should animate the world, new light
Should dawn from new revealings to a race
Weighed down so long, forgotten so long."

He despises the men and methods of the past, and is not willing to acknowledge that there is anything in that past which can illumine or profit him. From childhood he has been "possessed by a fire, by a true fire." He will trust his soul's own workings, its high nature. The men of the past, they *knew*, and so ruled; *he* will be the medium of new knowledge, and so the ruler of men, thus becoming "a star to men forever." He is conscious of having been endued with comprehension and a steadfast will; also a special change has taken place in him, and so everything wears a different hue from what it once wore. Then follows this fine passage:

"I go to prove my soul!

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God send his hail,
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive.
He guides me and the bird. In His good time!"

And so his friends Festus, Michal, and Aprile have to consent to his setting out on his lone and perilous way in pursuit of knowledge. They plead with him, and use all such arguments and reasonings as loving, common-sense friends would use. Sometimes they chide him, sometimes humor him, sometimes suggest doubt, and sometimes own to their perception of his unusual greatness of mind. The fair and generous-hearted Michal (interesting to us, as one writes, because she is "the first in the long gallery of Browning's women—a gallery of superbly drawn portraits") says once of Paracelsus: "He is God's commissary! he shall be great and grand, and all for us."

"No, sweet!

(he replies)

Not great and grand. If I can serve mankind,
'Tis well; but there our intercourse must end:
I never will be served by those I serve."

There is a subtle pride in such an avowment, a "plague spot," as Festus calls it. He feels the heartlessness of this reply, and through it as through a window sees the great defect in the character of Paracelsus. Festus warns him that for such as cut themselves off from their kind, even though it be to climb intellectual Alps in search of something

which man needs, there are strange punishments. Michal, we feel, is full of feminine discernment when she says:

"Man should be humble; you are very proud:
And God, dethroned, has doleful plagues for such!
You will find all you seek, and perish so."

Paracelsus feels the tenderness of this sweet woman's pleadings. But he is utterly possessed with a consciousness of his own intellectual superiority—that he is no common man and has no ordinary place to fill. And if Browning's representation of him mentally be anywhere near the truth, his intellectual superiority must be admitted. The poet makes him utter these words as to what truth is:

"But, friends,

Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whatever you may believe:
There is an inmost center in us all
Where truth abides in fullness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception—which is truth.

"To know"

Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without."

And then he becomes, in the light of this thought, very humane and even democratic, asking:

"Hence may not truth be lodged alike in all,
The lowest as the highest?"

These words cannot but remind us of the teaching of the Greatest One: "The Kingdom of God is within you." Are they not in accord with the idea of the most erudite of theological teachers in our time, that the Divine is immanent as well as transcendent?

Paracelsus has dreams of the sudden elevation of the race above its present broken and evil condition by some discovery to be made by some one man; and he has in him the persuasion that himself is possibly that man. And so, after all that his friends can urge, he resolves to make his plunge:

"Are there not, Festus, are there not, dear Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the diver:
One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge;
One—when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge!"

By and by we find him at Constantinople. Years have passed in seeking to *know*—simply to *know*. Paracelsus is the type of all mere Intellectualists—men who add knowledge to knowledge as others add field to field. And where mentally is he now? Has his language changed? Or is he still enamored of a possible golden future? "Time fleets—youth fades—life is an empty dream." He is meditating words like these. He is beginning to long for rest. And yet there is something very unattractive in mere *rest*. "This throbbing brow to cease, this beating heart to cease, all cruel and gnawing thoughts to cease!" He hoped to rest in truth and power and recompense. But to rest simply from exhaustion and weariness; to lose himself among the common creatures of the world—he cannot consent to that. He becomes philosophical: "What's failure or success to me? I have subdued my life to the one purpose whereto I ordained it." But doubts begin to crowd in upon him as to his being on the right track. "I have made life consist of one idea"—to *know*, simply to *know*. He had "determined to become the greatest and most glorious man on earth." But in pursuing his end he has separated himself from men, and somehow has lost the sunshine out of life. He seems now to

"sicken on a dead gulf, streaked with light
From its own putrefying depths alone."

And he asks, with a feeling of manifest sadness

great mind in this very perception of the greatness of mind. It is at this juncture that once more Aprile meets Paracelsus. Aprile represents the emotional and æsthetic in life, as Paracelsus represents the intellectual. He is surprised at the worn and haggard look of his old friend Paracelsus.

my hair

In soft, may silken soft: to talk with thee
Flushes my cheek, and thou art ashy pale."

They converse together, and the whole of their

Mind should be precious. Spare my mind alone!

But if my spirit fail,

My once proud spirit forsake me at the last,

Hast thou done well by me? So do not thou!

Crush not my mind, dear God, though I be crushed!"

Intellectual pride is still there. He is afraid of failure and of becoming one of those unuttered, wondering people,

"Those who watch but work no more,
Who gaze on life but live no more,"

There is a nobility in this very dread—signs of a

and disappointment:

"Ha, have I, after all,
Mistaken the wild nursing of my breast?"

It seems to himself as if he is losing his intellectual superiority. Really and truly he is making progress, but it seems otherwise. We who look on can perceive that the conceit is being taken out of him—and that is always a sign of upward movement. He thinks that God is sure to respect mind, and so he exclaims:

"God! Thou art Mind! Unto the Master-Mind

discourse is concentrated in two lines. Paracelsus says:

"His secret! I shall get his secret—
I am he that aspired to *know*, and *thou*?
Aprile. I would *love* infinitely, and be loved!
Par. Poor slave! I am thy king indeed."

These two men cannot yet appreciate or understand each other. *Aprile* has beauty of face and person, and manifest beauty of character. As Paracelsus looks upon him, he exclaims:

"How he stands
With eve's last sunbeam staying on his hair—
And those clear smiling eyes of saddest blue!
Has he too missed life's end, and learned the cause?"
Aprile is full of the enthusiasm of humanity. He has a brilliant outlook for mankind, which he would fain secure for his race.

"Having thus revealed all I could love,
Having received all love bestowed on it,
I would die; preserving so throughout my course
God full on me, as I was full on men:
He would approve my prayer."

"I have gone through
The loveliness of life; create for me,
If not for men—or take me to thyself,
Eternal, infinite Love."

And then he tells Paracelsus that unless *he* had conceived this mighty aim, he could be no king for him.

Paracelsus is getting his eyes open, and confesses to *Aprile*:

"I too have sought to know as thou to love—
Excluding love as thou refusedst knowledge.
Still thou hast beauty and I power."

And then further down he asks: "Are we not halves of one dissevered world? Let us part never, till thou the lover know, and I the knower love—and both are saved." "God is the perfect poet," says *Aprile*, "who in his person acts his own creations."

Both men are defective and partial, but of the two *Aprile* is the happiest and most hopeful; yet he lacks what Paracelsus could give him, intellectual strength; but he has *vision*, which is better.

It is not necessary, for our present aim, to follow Paracelsus through all the experiences he has—through all his changes of thought and feeling before he recognizes that a mere intellectual life can never yield satisfaction or answer all his soul's wants. By and by he meets Festus again, and they move together on a very exalted tableland of discourse. Paracelsus calls Festus "my solitary luxury, my one friend." Paracelsus is still ambitious to do for the body what Luther has done for the fettered soul. He seeks not fame, nor gain, nor even love; "no end distinct from knowledge." He owns up to Festus that he has made no progress—his hopes were vain, and the truth he sought is just as far from him as ever. Perhaps that which he seeks is "too glorious to be gained." "I shall rejoice" (he says) "when my part in the farce is shuffled through, and the curtain falls."

What is Browning teaching us in the history of this ambitious soul? Surely he is teaching us the truth which in this nineteenth century we need specially to recognize—that mere philosophic intellectualism, or scientific intellectualism, or any other kind of intellectualism in itself and alone, can only create a deeper dissatisfaction, a profounder unrest; that, as the old wise Hebrew says, "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." The soul cannot rest in anything present and visible. Nothing that the eye can see, nothing that the hand can touch, can ever satisfy it. "If it does rest in anything, however relatively noble that

thing may be, whether art or literature or science, or theology even, it declines in vitality—it torpifies." The soul can never retire from business. Its infancy only is spent on earth. This life is *proving* what sort of souls we have. "I go to prove my soul," said Paracelsus. And that is what we all are doing. As Festus says, no man must hope for exemption from trial—"to be mortal is to be plied with trials manifold." "It is our trust" (he says) "that there is yet another world to mend all error and mischance," but here every one needs trial to keep his soul from going to sleep, as a traveler in the snow needs shaking lest he fall and die. Paracelsus can never rest, for he sees what the human heart is—that heart which God "cursed long ago, and devils make since their pet nest and never-tiring home." It seems to him as if that human heart were formed to *hate* rather than to love. But then this man is full of *pride*—how shall he see clearly? His friend Festus sees more clearly than he sees. Note this passage. It will apply to many more than Paracelsus:

"Listen: I do believe what you call trust
Was self delusion at the best; for see!
So long as God would kindly pioneer
A path for you, and screen you from the world,
Procure you full exemption from man's lot,
Man's common hopes and fears, on the mere pretext
Of your engagement in his service—yield you
A limitless license, make you God in fact,
And turn your slave—you were content to say
Most courtly praises! What is it, at last,
But selfishness?"

Does not this come home to us? Are we not even as Paracelsus? And is it certain that we have to be instructed and purified as he was in such way as God's providence sees fitting?

The fifth section in this poem is to me the most heart searching. Paracelsus, after many trials, "attains," but not that he sought, nor in his way of seeking.

Festus finds him all broken and lonely in a cell of the hospital of St. Sebastian, in Salzburg. And as he watches over the unconscious man he cries:

"God! Thou art Love! I build my faith on that!
Even as I watch beside thy tortured child
Unconscious, whose hot tears fall fast by him,
So doth thy right hand guide us through the world
Wherein we stumble."

The prayer rises from this friendly and faithful soul:

"Save him, dear God, it will be like thee; bathe him
in light and life."

By and by Festus comes to himself, or rather to a deeper, riper, and truer self than ever. He recognizes himself as "the ignorant and incapable fool who rushed madly upon a work beyond his wits." He has arrived at that condition in which he says to his friend:

"I, you, and God can comprehend each other."

The need of Immortality presses on him:

"Truly, there needs another life to come!
If this be all (I must tell Festus that),
And other life await us not—for one,
I say 'tis a poor cheat, a stupid bungle,
A wretched failure. I, for one, protest
Against it, and I hurl it back with scorn!"

He has attained to humility; there is very little of his pride left now—pride, which has led him wrong, the old serpent in our Eden garden which leads so many of us wrong. Listen to him:

"I want to be forgotten even by God!
But if that cannot be, dear Festus, lay me,
When I shall die, within some narrow grave,
Not by itself—for that would be too proud—
But where such graves are thickest; let it look
Nowise distinguished from the hillocks round,

If thou canst find no place for him,
He shall be king elsewhere, and I will be
His slave for ever."

The soul of Paracelsus in his furnace of affliction is being purified, or how can he say to Festus:

"Where'er I look is fire, where'er I listen
Music—and where I tend bliss evermore!"

And so thought upon thought comes from the dying man: not dark thoughts—thoughts all sunlit, all full of love and light; not such thoughts as formerly. God is teaching him, as he is teaching us

So that the peasant at his brother's bed
May tread upon my own and know it not,
And we shall all be equal at the last."

Beautiful indeed is the love of Festus for this man. He stands by him, and with him, even before the throne of God. So does he love him that he can use such speech as this:

"I am upon his side, come weal or woe.
His portion shall be mine! He has done well!
I would have sinned, had I been strong enough,
As he has sinned. Reward him, or I waive reward!"

all, poor slow-paced scholars as we are.

"I glared on power till I grew blind—
On power; I could not take my eyes from that."

So Paracelsus; there was his error—pride of soul, longing for power, despising the common run of men, and thus unconsciously separating himself from God. "What wonder if I saw no way to shun despair?" But God has taught him that power without love would be hell:
"I learned my own deep error; love's undoing

Taught me the worth of love in man's estate,
And what proportion love should hold with power
In his right constitution; love preceding
Power, and with much power, always much more love."

And so he dies, not before he has learnt something of the lesson we all have to learn ere Heaven's gate can open to our vision—that mere intellectualism is by no means sufficient, by no means the highest thing; that simply to *know* is to be miserable; that the way to peace and rest and fullness of being is along the path of love and service. As he dies, the poet puts on to his tongue language like this:

"I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day.
You understand me? I have said enough?
Fes. Now die, dear Aureole!
Par. Festus, let my hand,
This hand, lie in your own, my own true friend!
Aprile! Hand in hand with you, Aprile.
Fes. And this was Paracelsus!"

Ibid., Dec. 11, 1890 (XLII, no. 24)
pp. 812ff.

THE SPIRITUAL TEACHING OF BROWNING.¹

NO. II.—"PIPPA PASSES."

BY THE REV. REVEN THOMAS, D.D.

I.



LADY writer on Browning's work (Mrs. Sutherland Orri²) tells us of the origin of this somewhat singular but intensely interesting little drama entitled "Pippa Passes." During one of Browning's woodland wanderings in the country south of London "the image flashed upon him of some one walking alone through life; one apparently too obscure to leave a trace of his or her passage, yet exercising a lasting though unconscious influence at every step of it; and the image shaped itself into the little silk-winder of Asolo, Felippa or Pippa."

This little silk-winder is introduced to us as greeting the morning of the new year with a soul brimful of joy and anticipation because it is the one day of the year on which she need not go to her silk-winding—her one annual holiday which she can employ as she prefers. Of course it is very wonderful that a little silk-winder can speak as she speaks, but is not the business of the poet to furnish language for our deeper and richer nature, and to make us utter that which floats about amorously in us and needs just himself to reveal our latent powers to us? One of the most agreeable of all writers on Browning remarks upon the poet's inability to make his characters talk naturally, and calls our attention to the unsuitableness of Pippa's soliloquy and of many of her songs to her age and condition; also to the unnaturalness of the interview in this same poem between Jules and Phene. To utter all we feel and in such a way as is suited to the depth of our capability is impossible to any of us. If the poet can so say it for us that we shall consent to acknowledge that so have we felt and so would we have uttered our inward musings, if we could have made the thought and language ductile and docile, it can scarcely be deemed "unnatural." The nature of every one of us is a trinity in unity, and seldom the creative element in us gets its opportunity to speak as it would. A fact lets loose the inward possibilities of our souls. That in this song-singing Pippa there are no such possibilities as Browning has let loose we should

be sorry not to assume. Does it not bring more hopefulness and more happiness into our life to assume that in every one of us there are latent capabilities of feeling and thought and speech which only need their season and opportunity to declare themselves? Is it not good for us that there are poets who can idealize our commonplace selves and make us what, under the o'er-brooding influence of the Divine Spirit, we are capable of being made? And so we can forgive Browning his inability to make folks speak naturally when they are capable of greeting the morning in such speech as this:

"Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim,
Where spurting and supprent it lay—
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, than another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be supprent,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

My day—if I squander such labor or leisure,
Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!"

Very observing and discriminating is this young girl as she goes forth to enjoy her day's holiday—"her day that lightens the next twelvemonth's toil, at wearisome silk-winding, coil on coil." To-morrow she must be Pippa who winds silk the whole year round to earn just bread and milk; but this one day she has leave to go and play out her fancy's fullest games.

"I may fancy all day—and it shall be so—
That I taste of the pleasures, am called by the names
Of the Happiest Four in our Asolo!
Who are they—these happiest four?"

According to the judgment of the little silk-winder, there can be no happiness where there is no love. But the word "love" covers a territory in which there is considerable variety of landscape and climate. First of all we have the illegitimate love of a married woman for some one other than her own husband; secondly, the love of a bride for one who seems to be entirely above her in ability and education; next, the love of a mother for her son, and, lastly, man's love for God and God's for man. We are allowed to see the working of these different kinds of love. The first seems the most consuming and passionate. In order freely to indulge it, murder has been committed.

The first part of this dramatic piece is exceedingly skillful in its analysis of the states of mind into which this guilty couple have been brought by the deed of which both are guilty—one actually and the other consentingly. These two lovers are reaping the reward of their murder. They have accomplished something which seemed to them to promise freedom and happiness.

"I will pass by and see their happiness
And envy none—being just as great, no doubt,
Useful to man and dear to God, as they!"

So says Pippa—a most delightful and simple putting of a very consoling thought—showing us that God can put some of his best thoughts into the souls of his smallest, and seemingly most insignificant, creatures. That portion of the poem in which Sebald and Ottima converse together after their crime is as instructive as anything in Shakespeare's "Macbeth." These two lovers are face to face with the corpse of the murdered husband. A crime on the completed side looks much more hideous than a crime contemplated. So much so that Sebald exclaims, "I'd commit ten crimes greater to have this crime wiped out, undone. And you [he asks Ottima], oh, how feel you? Feel you for me?"

Ottima—"Oh, that little ragged girl!
She must have rested on the step: we give them
But this one holiday the whole year round."

The disillusionizing has come, and immediately
Sebald cries out:

"Wipe off that paint—I hate you.
My God, and she is emptied of it now!

How miraculously gone
All of the grace; had she not strange grace once?
Why, the blank cheek hangs listless as it likes,
No purpose holds the features up together,
Only the cloven brow and puckered chin

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled,
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world."

Sebald cries out:

"God's in his heaven! Do you hear that? Who
spoke?
You—you spoke."

"Well, then [she replies], I love you better now than
ever."

But it is all self-deception, as the sequel shows. But what has been the influence which has waked up remorse in this murderer—a remorse which all the reminders and pleadings and blandishments of this lady cannot allay? Not only is it the new, dreadful feeling which has come with the commission of the crime, but this little, insignificant Pippa has been underneath the window singing her little song:

¹ A week-day sermon.

² The book is sold by Scribner & Welford, New York.

Stay in their places—and the very hair,
That seemed to have a sort of life in it,
Drops, a dead web!"

"Speak to me, not of me [Ottima replies]—ungrateful perjured cheat!
A coward, too; but ingrate's worse than all!
Leave me! Betray me! I can see your drift!
A lie that walks and eats and drinks!"

Language which proves that all the so-called love has been lust only, and it has turned to hate; there was no lasting quality in it.

Sebald, full of the torments of remorse, only replies:

"Oh, I am proud to feel
Such torments—let the world take credit thence—
I, having done my deed, pay too its price!
I hate, hate, curse you! God's in his heaven!"

Soon, however, the deep womanhood of the woman comes to the front, and she implores him to kill her, not himself. "Mine is the whole crime," she says. "Not to me, God, to him be merciful."

The little silk-winder had thought of these lovers as among the happy ones of Asolo, because they were living in an atmosphere of mutual affection. Does Browning mean to suggest to us that repentance had come to these, and that though as to any future in this world they were lost, yet both were spiritually saved? I know not, but in the cloud which envelops them there is something else than darkness.

II.

The next scene in this dramatic poem is intended to illustrate another kind of love. Some students have been playing a practical joke upon one who is not in specially high favor with them, and, under the notion of his being beloved by a remarkably refined and beautiful woman, have got him betrothed to an unrefined and uncultured country girl of the lowest class in society. He is about to be married, and finds out his deception, but would dismiss his betrothed with a mere pecuniary consideration, when her very sorrow for the deception to which she has been a party touches the heart of the man and dispels his anger. This simple creature has a real love for the young sculptor, and he feels its purifying influence. If only she could look ever into his eyes,

"I believe [she says] all sin,
All memory of wrong done or suffering borne,
Would drop, low and lower, to the earth
Whence all that's low comes, and there touch and stay—
Never to overtake the rest of me,
All that, unspotted, reaches up to you,
Drawn by those eyes! What rises is myself;
Not so the shame and suffering; but they sink,
Are left, I rise above them. Keep me so;
Above the world!"

Uncultured girl as she is, the vision divine is in her. She distinguishes between her sin and herself. There is a pure self within her that has not sinned—which under a pure love will overtop and reign over the impure outer conditions of her nature. This is quite in accord with what we shall find the spiritual teaching of Browning—the discrimination he makes between the something that sins and the profounder something which condemns sin and does not itself sin. Do we not all of us recognize that that in us which reproves the sin cannot itself be sinful? The old dogma of total depravity proceeded upon the assumption that there was in us no spiritual something which cannot sin because it is born of God. Browning, we shall find, is a steady believer in spiritual processes about which the theologians have used the words "conversion" and "regeneration." He believes in men and women being brought into a new attitude

toward God and their future. He believes in men being "born from above" as well as from below. In all his poems which teach spiritual truth he assumes the existence of the unseen efficient action of a Spirit of God on men, co-operating with secondary causes at work everywhere. This little silk-winder thinking she is of no account in the world's work is of very great account. Through her simplicity and innocence, her purity and cheerfulness, God is working. While Jules is arranging to dismiss into the world this betrothed country girl of his, Pippa comes along with her song.

"Give her but a least excuse to love me—
When—where—
How—can this arm establish her above me,
If fortune fixed her as my lady there,
There already, to eternally reprove me?"

Is she wronged?—To the rescue of her honor,
My heart!
Is she poor? what costs it to be styled a donor?
Merely an earth's to cleave, a sea's to part!
But that fortune should have thrust all this upon her!"

So the song goes, and it sinks into the heart prepared for it, and so we soon have Jules reasoning in this way: "Here is a woman with utter need of me." He finds a woman there before him "with a new soul," and so he resolves not to cast away the woman who needs him and whose soul he has awakened. Again comes the question, does Browning intend to teach us that a pure love with a high motive in it, and a generous unselfishness animating it, can conquer difficulties and bring conditions which, without it, would be insuperable and impossible? Does he intend to teach us that all true love saves and does not destroy?

III.

We go to a third picture in this dramatic gallery, illustrating another kind of loss, that of a mother for her son. Luigi is a young man who stands for the revolutionary, nihilistic spirit in modern society. He is persuaded that his mission is to kill the Austrian Emperor. With wonderful reticence and quiet skill, his mother, who knows his nature better than anyone else knows it, tries to sow the seeds of doubt in his mind. She tells him that "half of these ills of Italy are feigned." She suggests that "evil is in its nature loud, while good is silent," and so we hear more of the evil than the good. She suggests whether he is not temperamentally disqualified for this business. It requires a "cool head, a cold heart, a calm hand. You never will escape." Then comes forth into expression the feeling which Browning wants us to recognize, that the revolutionists and nihilists of modern days are not necessarily bad men or selfish men, they are capable of regarding martyrdom coolly.

"Escape? [says Luigi] to even wish that would spoil all! The dying is best part of it. Too much Have I enjoyed these fifteen years of mine, To leave myself excuse for longer life. God must be glad one loves his world so much! I can give news of earth to all the dead who ask me."

No pleading of his mother avails. The one idea fills his soul full. At last his mother says, with quiet irony, however, on much which is called patriotism:

"Well, you shall go. Yet seems this patriotism The easiest virtue for a selfish man To acquire. He loves himself—and next, the world, If he must look beyond—but nought between, As a short-sighted man sees nought midway His body and the sun above. But you Are my adored Luigi, ever obedient To my least wish, and running o'er with love: I could not call you cruel or unkind. Once more, your ground for killing him? then go!"

the morning of the world," sings of such a king as Abraham would have been, or David, accessible to the people. "Before his palace in the sun he sat to see his people pass, and judge them every one." "Such a king [remarks Luigi] ought to live," but that is not our modern king. The song fires his patriotism afresh. Pippa is a stronger influence than mother or sweetheart. And leaping to his feet he cries:
"Tis God's voice calls, how could I stay? Farewell!"

of God's poetical promise. Then his mother tries once more the name of the girl he loves. Oh, these mothers, how full of skill many of them are! She reminds him—
"She must be grown—with her blue eyes upturned As if life were one long and sweet surprise."

Suddenly along comes Pippa, and sings one of her songs underneath the turret where mother and son are—this mother and son whom the little silk-winder counts among the four happiest people in Asolo. She sings of "a king that lived long ago, in

But Luigi cannot reason things out. Then his mother suggests:
"Why go to-night?
Morn's for adventure. Jupiter is now a morning star."

Luigi replies:
"I am the bright and morning star," God saith;
And 'to such an one I give the morning star.'
The gift of the morning star! Have I God's gift Of the morning star?"
The poor boy feels himself inspired to his murderous duty. His poetical soul grasps the meaning

IV.

The fourth and last scene in this dramatic piece is more complicated than the others. Pippa assumes that Monsignor, the great ecclesiastic, must be specially happy because he is specially beloved of God. He lives ever in the sunshine of the divine love. He is divinely guarded. In this section of the poem Browning, who had made a long study in Italy of Italian ecclesiasticism, manifestly intends to make the irony of the situation complete. This little silk-winder is Monsignor's niece—his mother's child—supposed to have been murdered. She lives, however, and is in the way of his getting complete and unassailable possession of his murdered brother's property. If the discovery of her identity is made, this ecclesiastic will find himself outside his fraudulently held possessions. Under the idea that all is right which his church does, and that to bring property into the hands of churchmen by any means is pardonable, he is a murderer and a thief. At the moment when Pippa passes under the windows of Monsignor—the much-to-be-envied Monsignor because he illustrates in himself the love of God and is specially beloved of God—he is even then plotting for this young girl's death. Under his window she comes singing of God and the divine protection—singing with that voice which pierces the heart and rouses the conscience. Suddenly Monsignor changes his purpose. Instead of using the villain before him to commit another murder, he springs up, calls in his people.

"My people—one and all—all, within there! Gag this villain—tie him hand and foot! He dares—I know not half he dares—but remove him—quick! Miserere mei, Domine!—quick, I say!"

Thus Browning represents the little silk-winder as unconsciously coming into contact with each of the four sets of people she supposed the happiest in Asolo. These people illustrate four aspects of that strangely profound and mysterious condition of soul to which we apply the word 'love.' The first kind was lust mistaken for love—there was nothing mental and spiritual in it, and, living in the dark shadow of the darkest of crimes, it could only become hate.

Secondly, we have the legitimate love of husband and wife, which may or may not last, according as it is mental and spiritual or not.

Thirdly, we have the lasting and unconquerable love of the mother for her son. But this mother's love was rather for the present and its conditions than for the whole soul life of her son. In Luigi there was really more soul, more capability of self-sacrificing greatness, than in his mother. There are not so many spiritually-minded men as there are women, but when men are spiritually minded they see farther than women see. There are in some countries fashionable deeds which women do, which deeds, if traced to their roots, would be found to express a distrust of divine providence bordering very closely upon atheism; but then women very seldom do trace them to their roots. The fact that, poetical as women are, no woman has ever yet been born who could produce anything approaching to the poetry of Homer or Dante or Shakespeare or Milton, or even of Tennyson or Wordsworth or Browning (and I am not forgetting "Aurora Leigh"), proves that God has so ordered it that, poetical and spiritual as womanhood is, woman has to depend upon man for the revelation of that which is most profoundly spiritual in human life.

When Pippa gets into her chamber, and the day is over, she has her reflections, and very delightfully expressed some of them are. We feel how pure she is. We are about persuaded, too, that

Browning means us to remember the benediction: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Her imagination has given her entrance into all these lives, and so she tells us—

"It were, indeed, a serious matter
If silk-wind like ours should put to shame
The pious man, the man devoid of blame,
The . . . ah, but—ah, but, all the same
No mere mortal has a right
To carry that exalted air;
Best people are not angels quite . . .
I have just been the holy Monsignor!
And I was you, too, Luigi's gentle mother,
And you, too, Luigi. . . .
And I was Jules the sculptor's bride,
And I was Ottima beside."

Presently she asks herself:

"Now one thing I should really like to know:
How near I ever might approach all these
I only fancied being, this long day:
Approach, I mean, so as to touch them, so
As to . . . in some way . . . move them—if you please,
Do good or evil to them some slight way.
For instance, if I wuld
Silk to-morrow, my silk may bind
And broider Ottima's cloak's hem;
Ah, me and my important part with them,
This morning's hymn half promised when I rose!
True, in some sense or other, I suppose,
Though I passed by them all and felt no sign.
God bless me! I can pray no more to-night.
No doubt some way or other hymns say right.
All service is the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first."

That is the spiritual lesson of the poem—not the only one, but the one we need most thoroughly to learn in this century of ours. God accepts our service, and he accepts the service of us all, and which of us is rendering the most service or the best is doubtful. This little silk-winder, always singing, is represented by the poet as unconsciously rendering the highest service of which mortal is capable, to each and all of these persons whom she had to force herself not to envy. Does Browning mean to teach us that the purest and most loving hearts, in simply living out their love and purity in a natural human way, are doing more of God's work in the world than they have any idea of? Who but a poet dare to have made this little silk-winder the most powerful influence in Asolo on that New Year's day? Poetry teaches indirectly, but, on that account, oftentimes much more effectively than direct prose. The great and mighty man who has had his great opportunity already prepared for him may have been doing nothing more for God's church in the world than a little maiden silk-winder of the world, with her pure soul, sweet voice, and loving, unselfish nature; we do not know. Our Lord has told us of an order of things in which many of those that are first here shall be the last there, and many that are last here shall there be first.

Ibid., Jan. 29, 1891.

THE SPIRITUAL TEACHING OF BROWNING.

III.—"SAUL."

A WEEK-DAY SERMON.

BY THE REV. REVEN THOMAS.



HIS is considered one of Browning's finest religious poems—one of the most instructive as to its teaching. In it we have the first King of Israel driven to madness by his own willfulness and the

"A something more black than the blackness—the vast, the upright
Main prop which sustains the pavilion: and slow
into sight
Grew a figure against it, gigantic and blackest of all;
Then a sunbeam, that burst thro' the tent-roof, showed Saul."
Saul stood there all "drear and stark, blind and dumb."
Soon David seizes his harp and tries the effect

strife,
And that, faint in his triumph, the monarch sinks
back upon life."

Realizing the situation, David first "knelt down to the God of his fathers," then "opened the fold-tent, once more prayed, and was not afraid, but spoke, 'Here is David thy servant.'" But no voice replied. At first he saw naught but the blackness; but soon he desoried

consequences of it. In his melancholy David is sent for to cheer him with music and song. In the poem David is the speaker. He tells us how he found Saul in his tent, in the care of Abner, the great general of Israel's armies. First comes the word of Abner telling David that—
"Out of the black mid-tent's silence, a space of three days,
Not a sound hath escaped to thy servant, of prayer or of praise,
To betoken that Saul and the Spirit have ended their

of its music on Saul. So exquisitely worded is the description of the variety of David's ability to interpret feelings and sentiments that we are tempted to quote the whole of this part of the poem as it stands. He tells us how first he played "the tune all our sheep know, as, one after one, so docile they come to the pen-door till folding be done." Then "the tune for which quails on the corn-land will each leave his mate to fly after the player"—then another tune such as stirs the sense of cricket and bird, suggesting to us how carefully David, in his sheep pastures, had studied the bird life and insect life and animal life, and had found a music adapted to move them all. Then he tries what effect the song of the reapers will have on Saul. There was a help-tune and a wine song, and another song still, a funeral song, and then the glad chaunt of the marriage, and then a great military march; and then "the chorus intoned as the Levites go up to the altar in glory enthroned." He adds: "But I stopped here, for here in the darkness Saul groaned." At this point David changes his theme, and begins to sing of the goodness of human life. He is putting forth all his various skill, and appealing to every sentiment of which the human soul is capable. After the groan which came forth from Saul, the first sign of movement, David begins to discourse on the simple joys of pastoral life:

"Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock—
The strong reending of boughs from the fir tree—the cool silver shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water—
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!"

This buoyant, healthy human heart goes on to sing of the vigor of youth and of the gratitude of age, and after descanting on all joyous and hopeful experiences he boldly connects all with Saul himself, as if he had experienced all, and were the man of all men to illustrate the good of mere living.

Again he sees movement in Saul, but not much, yet enough to show that death was yielding to life, and melancholy being disturbed in its reign over the spirit. There is a breath of spring coming into the winter. The rigidity of Saul relaxes some.

What shall David do next? He has tried pastoral music and song—he has tried to make Saul feel how good the earth-life is, merely as it is now, but the wish to live has not yet been excited in Saul. He is still in the grasp of a living death. What next? Boldly he goes beyond the present and grasps at a future. He approves the king in that he

"rejects mere comforts that spring
From the mere mortal life held in common by man
and by brute,"

and he appeals to the wish in man to live on, and have influence when, in his proper personality, he is no longer here. The vision of an earthly immortality is brought up before the soul of the king.

"Each deed thou hast done
Dies, revives, goes to work in the world."

And so the thought of an earthly immortality is made to work its effect in the mind of Saul. More awake does the king become—more himself—the melancholy, like a dense fog o'er the landscape, begins to withdraw.

"I looked up to know
If the best I could do had brought solace; he spoke
not, but slow
Lifted up the hand slack at his side, till he laid it

with care,
Soft and grave, but in mild settled will, on my brow:
through my hair
The large fingers were pushed, and he bent back my
head, with kind power—
All my face back, intent to peruse it, as men do a
flower.
Thus held he me there with his great eyes that
scrutinized mine—
And oh, all my heart how it loved him!"

And here, at this point, the poem rises to a much higher elevation. Up to this point it is Judaism and mere naturalism. But it takes a sudden leap upward as David feels himself moved to the deepest depths of his nature by his sympathy for Saul. The true David—the David who wrote the Psalms—is here revealed. As the look of Saul is fastened upon him he is made to say:

"I yearned—Could I help thee, my father, inventing
a bliss,
I would add to that life of the Past, both the Future
and this;
I would give thee new life altogether, as good ages
hence
As this moment—had love but the warrant, love's
heart to dispense!"

Notice well how Browning has made the longing for the gift of immortality to come in and with the yearning love of the soul! There are many things which cannot be proved to the understanding and yet the feeling and idea of them is ineradicably in us. Immortality is not proved to the intellect so as to remove all doubt of it. Intellectually there is no proof possible of the undyingness of a mother's love for her son. The intellect must always have doubts of any such possibility, and nothing proves it but the fact. So there may be no very vigorous intellectual apprehension for immortality and yet there may be a necessity which is of another kind—the necessity that God should accomplish in and for his creatures all that he purposes to accomplish. And so we see that only the great-hearted, regenerated sons of God can ever have anything worth calling conviction as to the soul's immortality. David had done his utmost and best to rouse Saul from his melancholy. He had tried all varieties of song, he had appealed to all parts of his nature except the deepest, he had even used the agnostic line of argument that we live on in the next generation and in our good deeds after we have gone—and he might have added, in our bad ones too; but it did not satisfy the heart of David. Nor does it satisfy any of us, when we are moved into pity and tenderness and have created in us a deep longing to comfort the troubled and relieve the wretched. This longing of pity and help in man is the best thing in him—the divinest quality in his soul. It must be in God to a godlike degree, as it is in us to a human degree. David cannot help Saul to the new life he needs. All he can do is to partially wake him to the consciousness of himself and his misery. Wreck though Saul is of his former self, he is not a total wreck. The life that God gives, a man, says David, "may waste, desecrate, never quite lose." Saul had learnt the result of self-willed pride and stubbornness. In doing his own will instead of God's will in the kingship, he had done as, in our order and degree, we all do—sunk into darkness—a darkness in his case which was all but impenetrable. He had failed as a king: had he failed totally and entirely as a man? He was cast off as a king: was he cast off as a man? Had God no pity for him and no mercy? Was there no further opportunity for him to use the knowledge he had learned? Thus David mused and mused. It is in such seasons that we think more deeply and suc-

cessfully than in the ordinary calm, commonplace days of our life. When some one very near and dear to us is in serious trouble and we are unable to help them—when a sharer of our life dies—when unexpected calamity comes—it is then that the heart asks its questions. Previously the intellect had been carelessly suggesting its inquiries, not very much caring whether it received any answer or not. In the presence of irrevocable melancholy, madness, and death—when we have done everything possible to us, and it is all of no avail, then the heart begins its questioning. So was it

with David:
"Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this
man,
And dare doubt He alone shall not help him, who yet
alone can?
Would it ever have entered my mind, the bare will,
much less power,
To bestow on this Saul what I sang of, the marvelous
dower
Of the life he was gifted and filled with? to make such
a soul,
Such a body, and then such an earth for inhering the
whole?"

And doth it not enter my mind (as my warm tears attest),
These good things being given, to go on, and give one more, the best?
Ay, to save and redeem and restore him, maintain at the height
This perfection—succeed, with life's dayspring,
death's minute of night?
Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul, the mis-take,
Saul, the failure, the ruin he seems now, and bid him awake
From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find

himself set

Clear and safe in new light and new life—a new harmony yet
To be run, and continued, and ended—who knows?—
or endure!
The man taught enough by life's dream, of the rest to make sure;
By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss
And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggle in this.

"I believe it! 'Tis thou, God, that givest, 'tis I who receive:
In the first is the last, in thy will is my power to believe.
I will? the mere atoms despise me! And why am I loth
To look that, even that, in the face too? Why is it I dare
Think but lightly of such impuissance? What stops my despair?
This: 'tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what man Would do!
See the king—I would help him, but cannot, the wishes fall through.
Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would; knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst Thou—so wilt Thou!
As thy Love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power which exists with and for it, of being beloved!
'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

I think we must all feel the glow and glory of these lines. How, with such lines on the pages of his writings, any one can miss perceiving that Browning does not teach a shallow "do as well as you can and leave the rest" form of religiousness, surpasses my ability of comprehension. In this poem David becomes the prophet of Christendom. He sees that man is in a hopeless state so long as there is no divine regenerating action on his spirit. David stands as perhaps the most gifted with spiritual insight of all Old Testament men. His Psalms express the movements of our inner life, our joys and sorrows, better than our modern hymns. We can use them in the services of the Christian Church almost forgetting their origin, their date, and their anti-Christian ideas. Why so? Because they are so full of spirituality. They trace all the windings and involutions of the inner life with a sympathy and accuracy that are surprising. Objections have been made to this poem—that it is not historic, that the ideas are beyond the competency of the speaker, that the train of thoughts is not that of 1,000 years before Christ, but of 1,800 years after Christ. It is a theological poem, and the theology is modern. I suppose such criticism is just, and yet I cannot but feel that it is very shallow. The essential Christ has been in touch with men from the first of their existence on the earth. The men in all ages who have received light have received it from this Christ to whom David points Saul. The longing in the souls of men of olden time for the coming of the Christ was as much saving faith as the resting in him who is Lord of Christendom and Redeemer of man. Wherever,

in any country or any age, men are renewed, made spiritual creatures, with immortal hopes and anticipations, it has all come from the same source—the o'erbrooding life of the Divine Spirit sent by and through the Christ of God. Browning's recognition of the relation of Christ to David and Saul is profounder, and therefore truer, than that of those who make the Christ influence to have begun only 1,890 years ago. That influence has been in the world from the first. And when Browning takes a mind diseased and brings into operation on it all that man can do with his arts and sciences, his song and human sympathy, all that nature can do for it, only to make it conscious of its own hopelessness, he shows himself a great and close student of those psychological problems which are too much for the wisest and best of men to solve. And when he points to the Christ as the reservoir of hope to the hopeless, as the source from which must come the light which is to scatter the darkness, the healing energy which is to medicine mental sickness, the balm which is to medicate our hearts' sores, the sanity which is to drive away our madness, he becomes indeed one of the wisest and most needful teachers of our very civilized, very material, and much-paganized generation. If only we will carefully ponder this poem, we shall find that Browning is again teaching us the necessity of the communication of new life to man before his own lower vitality can awake into that power of which it is capable. In all the lower parts of his nature man fails; he fails physically, he fails intellectually, he fails emotionally. Very soon his physical force wanes, his intellectual vim weakens, his emotion cools. It seems as if the life in him is destined to ebb away and leave him less and less than before. Wherefore this? Because, suggests Browning, man can never satisfy himself by mere strength or mere wisdom or mere feeling. God intends him to find this out. And then, in his extremity, God finds his opportunity. Saul fails through self-will—doing as he likes, instead of doing as God would have him. The end of it is black and unrelieved melancholy. He wants to be free from divine restraint. God's presence is withdrawn and a starless night settles on his spirit. He wants freedom, not obedience. He gets it, and when he has got it he is in worse slavery than ever. So is it always, now as much as ever. The path of obedience leads into sunshine. The path of freedom, shaking one's self clear of God, leads into dungeon depths of despondency. A new and greater truth always brings the sunlight with it. How distinctly Browning recognizes this fact is shown in the closing verses of this poem of Saul.

The teaching, then, of this fine poem is clear: Men sink into unfaith, despondency, and melancholy by self-will. The self-will in us sets itself up against the Divine Will. By and by the soul feels itself lonely and desolate. It fancies itself left of God. In that condition it is the prey of false views and opinions, and of wrong feelings. The imagination becomes diseased. It is haunted by witches of Endor and other diabolic spectral forms. All man's sanity, happiness, and usefulness depend upon his holding on to God as good, and to his purposes as beneficent. The doubt, the fear, the unrest, the despondency and melancholy of men now as in Saul's time have their root in want of obedience to God. He gives us a place to fill; we may fill it regardless of self, and regardless of him, or we may fill it as his servant. In the latter case his Spirit will be with us, enlightening and sustaining us! In the former mysteries will perplex us, doubts will befog us. And man can do nothing for us—anyway, very little. We may try all the seductiveness of music, and other forms of art; we

"All's love, but all's law."

We may also say, as in the poem said David to Saul, to each soul seeking God:

"A Face like my face shall receive thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

there is no assurance of all things working together for good here, and of a glorious fullness of life, "such as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man to conceive," beyond. Mere reform is of the earth, earthy; regeneration, the birth from above of the soul by the life of God entering into it—this is the teaching of this great poet, and the teaching also of the Christ, from whose teachings he learnt so much. And so we may say, as says the poet,

may depend on human sympathy; we may cultivate diligently the sense life; we may even rise to a moral life—but the depths of our nature send forth a hollow, aching sound. Our hope is a flickering flame, our love has no sufficient glow in it to warm a human heart. Until in us there is the settled conviction that God's love is seeking ever our present and everlasting good, that in him there is undying pity and love, and that he gives us new life, not the old life over again—that he is doing it all the time in the Christ and through him—

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TENNYSON.

TENNYSON made his first public appearance as a poet in 1837 in a volume of 228 pages, published jointly with his brother Charles. How much was Alfred's we do not know, as there is no formal indication, and the manner of the poems gives no sign. There is nothing in them of the later quality of either brother. For poems written from fifteen to eighteen they are not discreditable, but there is nothing in them to suggest a coming fame. Byron's 'Hours of Idleness' was much more prophetic. The reader is told in the preface that he will find many imitations. These are mainly of Byron, but they are very faint. Nothing was preserved by Tennyson from this volume, even when he made the follies of his youth the vices of his manhood "by an after-approbation." He went up to Cambridge chastened in spirit by the failure of his anonymous venture to make a ripple on the public mind, and glad, no doubt, that he had withheld his name. He did not withhold it from his next publication, his prize poem of 1829, "Timbuctoo." It is interesting that we have Arthur Hallam's poem on the same unpromising subject, and that Thackeray's first publication was a burlesque upon it. In 1830, while still an undergraduate, Tennyson published 'Poems, Chiefly Lyrical,' a volume of 154 pages, with very little on each separate page.

It was high time for a new poet to appear. Keats, Shelley, and Byron had gone over to the majority in swift succession. Southey, after having launched a whole fleet of epics, was discovering that prose was his vocation. Wordsworth had twenty years more to live, but little more to say. 'Poems, Chiefly Lyrical' had at least the merit of difference from all the recent verse. It was hailed by the *Westminster* with cordial praise; but Christopher North, then editor of *Blackwood*, was determined that the young poet should not be spoiled by finding himself called a new Elizabethan. One poem in the book he called "drivel," another "more dismal drivel," and a third "more dismal drivel even than that." Tennyson answered in a poem in which the refrains "musty Christopher" and "crusty Christopher" were prominent: he would forgive his blame, but not his praise. But North's praise was for the best and his blame was not without effect. Of the "Deserted House" he said, "Every word tells, and the short whole is most pathetic in its completeness—let us say perfection—like some old Scottish air sung by a maiden at her wheel or by a shepherd in the wilderness." By far the most interesting review of the little book, however, was by Arthur Hallam, whose poems would have been included in the volume with Tennyson's had not his father made demur. It hailed Tennyson as a splendid rebel against Wordsworth and his school, a successor of Hunt and Keats and Shelley, and especially of Keats—preeminently the poet of sensation. This shows how imperfectly the volume of 1830 foreshadowed the full-grown Tennyson, in whom the reflective element, which Hallam deprecated in Wordsworth, was more conspicuous

than the sensuous; and, strange to say, Tennyson's great reflective poem is a lament for the young friend who praised him for his lack of that which is his own and Tennyson's best pledge of immortality.

But the volume of 1830 was for the most part an embodiment of Tennyson's delight in sensuous things and in metrical experiments. Poe's extravagant praise of Tennyson was probably based upon these last, which, in common with much of his own verse, confused the limits of poetry and music and subordinated sense to sound. Many, but not too many, of the poems in this volume failed to appear in subsequent collections. Some of them still hold their own among the poet's second best. The richness of the sensuous coloring, the passionate delight in finding beautiful words for images of beautiful things—a delight which is perhaps Tennyson's most characteristic trait—reached its acme in "Recollections of the Arabian Nights."

In 1833 Tennyson published a second volume, including nothing that was in the first, and marking an advance on that which was so striking that it won for him, as it deserved, the reversal of many judgments unfavorable to his talents. In the first volume there was not a touch of modern interest, except possibly in the piece called "A Character"; there was no human sympathy; the sensation and emotion did not inhere in any definite personality or carry with them any tale of love or sorrow. Least of all was there any touch of homely vigor. In the volume of 1833 there was a happy difference in these particulars, while there was less capriciousness of form and far less of tinsel glitter and mere prettiness in the detail. "The Lady of Shalott" was the first note preluding the Arthurian symphony that was yet to swell. The full scope of Tennyson's genius was not revealed in this volume, but it made clear that there was much more in him than exquisiteness of lyric form or daintiness of sensuous representation. Of these poems generally, as of the lotus-eaters' land to which one of them conducts our swooning fancy, it might well be said in Tennyson's own words:

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies."

But there was more than this. There was the splendid diction and the forcible dramatic impersonation of the "Dream of Fair Women." The revolt of Tennyson from Wordsworth's theory of poetic diction is nowhere more conspicuous than here, unless it be in later corrections of the same poem, one of which substitutes "the bright death" at Iphigenia's throat for "the sharp knife." This was a very characteristic change.

From 1833 to 1842 Tennyson was a busy author, as was proved by the event; but in this interval no volume issued from his hand. In 1842 appeared an entirely new volume, 'English Idylls and Other Poems,' and a complete edition of his poems in two volumes. Of these the second was identical with the volume of

new poems; the first was made up from the volumes of 1830 and 1833. All of the latter had been kept, but with many changes, both subtractions and additions, and about half the former. In the second volume we have very nearly the perfect Tennyson, all of his energy and beauty and nearly all the fullness of his range. Had we only this volume, Tennyson's rank as a poet would be hardly less exalted than it is in virtue of his life's complete performance. Something in every kind he had before essayed was here, and better done. Something was here of nearly everything he afterwards essayed. Here as an artist he touched the height of his attainment.

Much was to come, but nothing better as poetic art, and nothing different, except "The Northern Farmer," the most homely, realistic, and dramatic of his poems, the dramas "Queen Mary," "Harold," and "Becket," and some others of a lighter cast, and—surely a very great exception, if it was really different from "The Two Voices"—"In Memoriam." But to claim for Tennyson's volume of 1842 a manifestation so nearly perfect of his poetic genius is not by any means to be ungrateful for the additions that he made to that before his death. There is no part of the 'Idylls of the King' that is more beautiful than the "Morte d'Arthur," which daringly initiated the volume of 1842; daringly, because what better wine could follow after that? Yet better wine there was to follow. But the perfection of the "Morte d'Arthur" does not make the tender beauty of "Elaine," nor the witchery of "Vivien," nor the great nobility and pathos of "Guinevere," of less account; and for what we have in spiritual suggestion and embodiment of the profoundest sentiment of the poet's time in 'In Memoriam' there are many who would gladly give up all the rest that Tennyson achieved. Another very sensible and valuable addition to the sum of 1843 is in the songs that afterwards appeared; the group occurring in 'The Princess,' as interludes and in the body of the piece, touching the highest mark. The poems that have done most to make Tennyson widely popular—a people's poet he has hardly been even with these to show—are such idylls as "Dora" and "The Gardener's Daughter," poems with a story in them, and dealing mainly with the perplexities and sorrows and catastrophes that are never far removed from the most ordinary lives. Nothing of Tennyson's is more thoroughly his own than these idylls. In Wordsworth and in Crabbe there were attempts to deal with similar situations, but the manner was entirely different. If there was more of truth, there was less of charm. In Tennyson's idylls much may be sad, but all is beautiful. Allied with these in spirit, but lyrical in form, were the poems "Lady Clare," "The Lord of Burleigh," and "The Talking Oak," even more popular than the others, because they sang themselves into the common heart. In the same volume were three dramatic poems, two of them dramatic lyrics of great force and beauty, "St. Agnes" and "Sir Galahad." But "St. Simeon Stylites" is a poem made of sterner stuff. It may be doubted whether Browning could have created a St. Simeon with so little of himself in it as there is

of Tennyson in Tennyson's Saint. The superficial humility and essential arrogance of the ascetic temper no one could express more perfectly.

Tennyson's volumes of 1830 and 1833 had contained nominal songs, but they did not sing, and they could not be sung. In the volume of 1842 appeared the first of many that sing, although unsung, but which have naturally invited the composer's skill, and so have had much wider currency than they might otherwise have had. But the cap-sheaf of beauty and of power in the new volume was the "Ulysses." When we said that there was better in the volume even than the "Morte d'Arthur," we had this in mind. When Wordsworth died in 1850, and the question of his successor came up, Sir Robert Peel was consulted, but he had never read anything of Tennyson. The "Ulysses" was urged on his attention, and he had no doubt that Tennyson would answer for the post. Thackeray's daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, tells the story, which is doubtful, but which ought to be true whether it is or not.

In the interval between his volume of 1842 and his laureateship, Tennyson had published two important works: in 1847 'The Princess,' and in 1850 'In Memoriam.' 'The Princess' was indeed "A Medley" as it was called—a medley of mediæval situation and modern thought, of pleasant humor and of serious purpose. There was much difference of opinion about it, as subsequently about 'Maud' and the second 'Locksley Hall.' But it was as a pamphlet against "woman's rights," which it was never meant to be, and not as a poem, among the lovers of good poetry, that it failed to satisfy. It did but make the "woman's rights" agitation an excuse for a semi-humorous, wholly earnest poem of ideal womanhood. As it went on, the serious purpose grew and had at length exclusive sway. It was one of many contributions from the poet to the nobilities and sanctities of wedded life. The true relationship of man and woman has never found more grand and beautiful expression than in the closing part. Strangely enough, the songs which serve as interludes between the different parts were absent from the first edition, but we have Tennyson's assurance, in a published letter, that they were not an afterthought, and that the child of the songs is the hero of the whole performance.

'In Memoriam' appeared anonymously in 1850, but the disguise was very shortly dropped. The poem throws little light on the development of Tennyson's genius, because it was not written after 'The Princess,' but, piece after piece, all the way along from Hallam's death in 1833. It is a journal of the poet's sorrow during the interval between that date and 1850. It becomes less individual, more universal, as the years go by. The poet's private sorrow opens out into a hundred aspects of the pain and mystery, the wonder and the joy, of human life. The progress of the poem is from doubt to faith. It closes to the sound of marriage-bells. Its earlier parts, relating to the death and burial of the poet's friend, were written shortly after his death. They are distinctly inferior to the later parts that take a broader sweep. These reveal him

as profoundly agitated by the deepest scientific and religious questions of his time, but holding fast his faith in God and man. The essentially poetical character of the concepts of modern science has not been so clearly conceived by any other poet, and he expressed them in the language of poetry without violation of their truth. 'In Memoriam' is a factor that must be reckoned with in the religious life of the Victorian times. It has brought strength and peace to thousands. It has winged the thought of many earnest preachers to its mark.

As the official poet of the realm, Tennyson's first poem was upon the death of Wellington. Hardly could it have been better if it had not been official. His laureate work was seldom of his best, or even moderately good. Only certain dedications to the Queen are of his proper height. 'Maud' was published in 1855, and Tennyson's own dissatisfaction with it, proved by his remorseless revision, has been widely shared. The garden song in it was its best justification. It was always difficult for Tennyson to depict a violent passion otherwise than as hysterical. In 1859 appeared the 'Idylls of the King'—"Enid," "Vivien," "Elaine," and "Guinevere." The number was afterwards increased, but the additions are not generally equal to the original set. "The Passing of Arthur" is certainly at the poet's best, but that is an expansion of the "Morte d'Arthur," and the wise reader will prefer the shorter poem in its original setting. No afterthought can make an epic poem, and it is a matter for regret that Tennyson chose at length to offer the Idylls as an Arthurian Epic. They have not that cohesion and that cumulative force which is rightfully expected of an epic. As an interpretation of the spirit of the Arthurian legend as we find it in Sir Thomas Malory, they cannot be pronounced a great success. Mr. Arnold's "Tristram and Isolt" is nearer to the mark. But they abound in noble passages, and the "Guinevere" rises at length to a height of tragic feeling that has seldom been surpassed.

We can do no more than mention in their order the principal publications of Tennyson after the 'Idylls of the King.' 'Enoch Arden' appeared in 1864, the 'Holy Grail' in 1869, 'Songs of the Wrens' in 1870, 'Gareth and Lynette' in 1872, the dramas "Queen Mary" and "Harold" in 1875 and 1876, and "Becket" in 1884, of which the first in time was first in power; the 'Lover's Tale' in 1879, and about the same time 'Ballads and Poems'; in 1881 and 1882 three minor dramas, "The Cup," "The Falcon," and "The Promise of May"; in 1886 'Locksley Hall Sixty Years After'; in 1889 'Demeter, and Other Poems'; in 1892 'The Foresters.' With the poems naming the successive books there were frequently poems of greater value than the more ambitious in whose train they followed, "Lucretius" and "Tithonus" for example. "Queen Mary" and "Becket" were put upon the stage, as also the three minor dramas, but without much success. Tennyson's lack of humor was conspicuous in his clowns in "Becket." Less "excellent fooling" it would be hard to find. "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" brought about his ears a clashing storm of rival sympathies. Mr. Gladstone

met its pessimistic plaint with a clear showing of the gains of sixty years. But Tennyson's poem was not unworthy of his fame. It contains a vision of the future as encouraging as anything in the earlier "Locksley Hall" and in perfect keeping with the even tenor of his life, not "noises of a current narrowing," but "the music of a deep."

In Tennyson the poet was exhaustive of the man to a remarkable degree. He existed for the general public only as a poet. He stood at the opposite extreme from Byron's engrossing personality. The man behind the poet was a mystery—an inviolable shade which vulgar curiosity essayed to grasp in vain. His aloofness was of a kind that makes Emerson seem in comparison the most sociable of men. In his youth he had great capacity for friendship within narrow bounds. At Cambridge he was one of Whewell's men, and among these he found his early friends—Arthur Hallam chief; Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyám, the "Old Fitz" of one of the most beautiful poems of his later life; Milnes, Trench, Maurice, Spedding, and "the lost light of those dawn-golden times," the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, to whom, with his wife, Thackeray wrote those delightful letters that were published in 1887. With Thackeray and Carlyle he had friendliest relations further on, and with Gladstone all along from the time when Hallam was their common friend. He was dining with Thackeray when his little girl asked him why he didn't write books like 'Nicholas Nickleby.' Oxford gave him the degree of D.C.L. in 1865, and his own Cambridge Trinity made haste to do the same. In 1869 he was made an honorary fellow of Trinity, and his bust was placed in the College library. In December, 1883, he was made Baron Tennyson of Aldworth, Sussex, and Freshwater, Isle of Wight.

There was never a more purely literary life, and never a literary life confined more closely to a single line of work. Many poets have written a good deal of prose, at least with their left hand. Tennyson confined himself to poetry with a tenacity and exclusiveness strangely matched by the opposing genius of his time. He was devoted to ideal excellence. He was not easily satisfied with his own performance, but ever returned upon it with a critic's eye and a courageous hand. No other poet has made so many changes in his published works. By this sign he was preëminently the artist among poets. The spontaneous conception was wrought out with infinite patience. Every cadence, every word was challenged and assayed. The result was a unique external beauty and perfection, while of high imagination and delightful fancy, soaring thoughts and earnest purpose, there was never any lack in the full tide of his career. The penalty of Tennyson's seclusion was at length a mind distrustful of all present tendencies of thought and action. When Gladstone, ever in the thick-est of the fight, grew from a straight-laced Tory into a hopeful Liberal, his friend changed from a hopeful Liberal into the representative aristocrat and Tory of his time. There was nothing in his work corresponding to the blows which Whittier and Lowell struck for freedom in America.

He was lotus-eating all the time that Ebenezer Elliott was making Corn Law rhymes. But he never lent his art to any baseness or impurity. He was ever the poet of all those renunciations and fidelities which are the safeguards of domestic peace and love, of that obedience to law which is essential to political progress, of the joy of widening knowledge and of deepening faith. Yet his most characteristic service was not in virtue of these things. It was in virtue of his lifelong passion of admiration for all beautiful things, and his creation of a body of verse which, marvellous in its range of matter and of form, and full of music, warmth, and color, has given to us many hours of stainless joy.

Phila. Ledger

TENNYSON DEAD.

HE EXPIRED PEACEFULLY EARLY
YESTERDAY MORNING

SURROUNDED BY HIS FAMILY

INTERESTING INCIDENTS OF HIS LAST
MOMENTS.

THE POET LAUREATE'S EUTHANASIA

HIS REMAINS WILL BE PLACED IN
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

LONDON, Oct. 6.—Lord Tennyson died at 1.35 A. M.

Immediately after the death of Lord Tennyson the representative of the Associated Press had an interview with Sir Andrew Clark, one of the physicians who attended the poet laureate. Sir Andrew said that Lord Tennyson's death was the most glorious he had ever seen. There was no artificial light in the room, and the chamber was almost in darkness, save where a broad flood of moonlight poured in through a western window. The moon's rays fell across the bed upon which the dying man lay, bathing him in their pale light, and forming a Rembrandt-like background to the scene. All was silent save the sighing of the autumn wind, as it gently played through the trees surrounding the house, a fitting requiem for the gentle poet, who sang of love and the beauties of nature.

Motionless Lord Tennyson lay upon his couch, the tide of his life gently and slowly ebbing out into the ocean of the infinite. No rocks of pain or sorrow checked its course or caused a ripple upon the outgoing tide. As peacefully and as gently as he had lived, so he died, looking until the end into the eyes of those dear to him.

All the members of his family were by the bedside, and Sir Andrew Clark remained by his side from the moment of his arrival yesterday until he breathed his last.

So gentle and painless was his passing away that the family did not know he had gone until Dr. Clark broke the news to Lady Tennyson, who bore the closing scenes of her great trial well in spite of her extremely delicate health.

The Hon. Hallam Tennyson, the poet's son, says that his father's death was eminently peaceful. He did not show a single trace of suffering or distress, his sorrowing relatives and friends. Once or twice during the night he lifted his eyes to the faces of

the watchers by his bedside and a beautiful smile played over his features. No doubt as to the future was in his wan face, and, as the end came, he appeared to fall asleep. So restful was he, and so calmly did he respond to the beckoning hand of the Angel of Death, that those who stood beside him scarcely knew that he had passed away.

Hallam further says that Lady Tennyson bears up with fortitude under the sorrow that has come to her. She was with Lord Tennyson throughout all his sickness, and ministered to all his wants so far as it was in her power.

All hope was practically abandoned in the afternoon. The doctors were surprised that he lasted through the previous night, so great was his debility. He could take no nourishment, and continued to grow weaker and weaker until the end.

It may be mentioned as a coincidence that a year ago to-day a man died who was as pre-eminent in his field of labor as was Tennyson in his. On October 6th, 1891, Charles Stewart Farnell, the great Irish leader, passed away.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks that Mr. Gladstone will appoint Algernon Swinburne to the post of poet laureate made vacant by the death of Lord Tennyson. It quotes from a recent article in the *Speaker*, written by Mr. Gladstone, entitled "British Poetry in the Nineteenth Century." After awarding Tennyson the palm, Mr. Gladstone wrote: "Pressing upon him or walking in the same path we have had many true poets, some extraordinary and many of very considerable powers. Among those claiming the first of these descriptions we have mentioned Browning, and merest justice requires that we add Swinburne."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* adds: "In view of the abuse Swinburne has lavished upon Mr. Gladstone, the choice would be characteristic and an instance of a great man's magnanimity."

The few privileged visitors entering Aldworth House are interested in the many things lying about the entrance hall on chairs and on the floor. On an umbrella stand is a large collection of soft broad-brimmed, half brigand-like hats, black and white, which are so familiar in the public portraits of the dead poet.

Dr. Clark saw Lord Tennyson in London three months ago. He then told Hallam Tennyson he thought his father was breaking up. Sir Andrew said to-day that death was partially the result of suppressed grief, complicated with influenza, but it was chiefly due to natural decay. He added:

"His end Lord Tennyson himself might well have pictured and earnestly desired as his lot."

Lord Tennyson spoke to his wife about an hour before he died, and his words to her were the last uttered. Lady Tennyson bent over her dying husband, and he whispered a few words to her.

His features in death bear a look of absolute peace. The Tennysons have no family burial ground, and it is expected that Lord Tennyson's remains will be interred in Westminster Abbey. His funeral will be a public one.

Hallam Tennyson is now so ill as to be confined to his bed.

A friend of the bereaved family states that yesterday afternoon, during a wakeful moment, Lord Tennyson asked for a copy of Shakespeare, and, with his own hands, turned the leaves until he found the dirge in "Cymbeline." Then he fixed his eyes on the page, but he did not speak, and whether he read the lines or not is not known. Soon again he passed into slumber, and his left hand rested on the open book until he passed away.

The Canon of Westminster Abbey has formally invited Hallam Tennyson to bury his father in Westminster Abbey.

The body of Lord Tennyson lies on the bed in which he died. He looks 15 years younger than before death, the lines and wrinkles of the face being less apparent.

The beard, which was unkempt in life, has been carefully trimmed; the hands are folded over the chest; a laurel wreath crowns the head and another lies at the feet. The coverlet over the body is almost hidden beneath the flowers which have been placed upon it. Burning wax tapers lend a subdued light to the chamber.

The Bishop of Winchester will preach the funeral sermon in the Haslemere Church on Sunday.

Phila. Ledger

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Alfred Tennyson, Baron Tennyson d'Eyncourt, of Aldworth, Poet Laureate, was the third son of Rev. G. C. Tennyson, LL.D., and the nephew of the Right Hon. C. Tennyson d'Eyncourt. He was born on August 6th, 1809, in Somersby, a little hamlet of Lincolnshire, England. Several of his brothers engaged in verse writing, but Alfred was the only one who achieved fame. He was educated at home until his 16th year and spent much of his time in wandering through the woods of Somersby. In 1826 he published, in conjunction with his brother Charles, "Poems by Two Brothers," a little volume of boyish poems. In 1828 he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he formed the acquaintance of Thackeray, Helps, Garden, Sterling, Thompson, Kinglake, Maurice, Kemble, Milnes, Trench, Alford, Brookfield, Merivale, Spedding and others. Beside these, he numbered among the friends of his early manhood Fitzgerald, Hare, Hunt, Carlyle, Gladstone, Rogers, Landor, Forster, the Lushingtons and other famous scholars and men of letters.

In the companionship of such men he found the stimulus necessary for the development of his poetical faculty. They all regarded him with feelings of warmest admiration. The young poet had at least a few appreciative readers during the ten or twelve years of obscurity when the public cared little for his writings. He was encouraged by their words of commendation to pursue the bard's divine calling, to which he was led by an overmastering instinct. He could afford to wait and smile at his slashing reviewers. Meanwhile he profited by the suggestions of his critics. In this respect he presents a striking contrast to Browning. He mercilessly subjected his productions to the most painstaking revision. He attempted various styles and experimented with all sorts of metres. Thus he served his laborious apprenticeship and acquired a mastery of his art. His eminent success has confirmed the expectations of his youthful admirers.

Not much has been learned of Tennyson's early manhood. No very definite picture can be formed of his life after he left college. He seldom wrote letters. Even his most intimate friends could not succeed in carrying on a correspondence with him. What happened to him is not, however, all a blank. A few scraps relating to his history are found in the letters of Carlyle, Fitzgerald, Milnes and others. A number of autobiographical fragments are sprinkled through the poems which he wrote between 1830 and 1850, but they refer more to his spiritual development than to the outward events which constitute memoirs.

Mrs. Tennyson and her family continued to live at the Rectory after her husband died, March 18, 1831. In the autumn of 1834, she removed to High Beach, Epping Forest ("In Memoriam," CIL, CIV., CV.), and about 1840 to Well Walk, Hampstead. Here she made her home the rest of her life with her sister, Mary Ann Fytche—nearly all of her sons and daughters having married and scattered. She died February 21, 1865, at the age of eighty-four.

Alfred's university career was cut short by his father's death. For some years he remained at home—a diligent student of books and a close observer of nature. He

roamed back and forth between Somersby and London, alternately in solitude and with his friends. Fitzgerald tells of his visiting with Tennyson at the Cumberland home of James Spedding in 1855.

Through this long period he was unknown to the great world. He lived modestly, though not in actual want. His books brought him no substantial returns till long after 1842. There was but little left of his patrimony, if any, when he was granted a pension of £200 in 1845. This timely aid was obtained for him by Sir Robert Peel, chiefly through the influence of Carlyle and Milnes.

Henceforth fortune graciously smiled upon him and made friends for past neglect. His reputation was becoming well established, and new editions of his poems were being called for. The Queen chanced to pick up one of his earlier volumes, and was charmed with the simple story of "The Miller's Daughter." She procured a copy of the book for the Princess Alice. This incident, it is related, brought him in favor with the aristocracy and gave a tremendous impetus to his popularity. After the death of Wordsworth in 1850, Tennyson was appointed Poet Laureate.

The poet married (June 13, 1850) Miss Emily Sellwood, of Horncastle, whom he had known from childhood. Her mother was a sister of Sir John Franklin, and her youngest sister was the wife of Charles Tennyson Turner. Two or three years they lived at Twickenham, where Hallam Tennyson was born in 1852.

In 1852 the Laureate's largely increasing income enabled him to purchase an estate of more than 400 acres near Freshwater, on the Isle of Wight.

In 1855 he received the honorary degree of D. C. L. from Oxford. His prosperity continued—there being considerable profits from judicious investments and immense sales of his books. In 1867 he bought an estate near Haslemere, Surrey, "for the purpose of enjoying inland air and scenery." Here he built a fine Gothic mansion, which is an ideal residence for a poet.

In 1883 the Laureate had amassed property estimated to be worth £200,000. He was offered and accepted a peerage during the latter part of this year, and became Baron of Aldworth and Farringford, January 24, 1884. He took his seat in the House of Lords March 11.

The poet's last years have been clouded by the bereavement of many old friends and relatives. Septimus, Charles, Mary, Emily and Edward are dead. He suffered a severe blow in the death of his son Lionel while on the homeward voyage from India. He mourns his loss in the touching stanzas, "To the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava."

Lord Tennyson was the recipient of many congratulations on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, August 6, 1889. The same year was marked by the publication of a new volume of poems, which attest that his intellectual vigor was unimpaired by age or bodily weakness.

Tennyson always shunned publicity, living in a world apart—removed from the gaze of the profane crowd. He rarely went into society, preferring rural retirement to social converse. As poet and man, he gained by this voluntary seclusion. His delight was to mingle with the world of nature. The woods and skies, the streams and billows, have been his comrades. How much they have contributed to his poetic greatness cannot be estimated. He was, however, a recluse with his eyes open. He watched the progress of mankind and observed the trend of the times. Realizing the needs of the age, he grandly rose to the occasion—either to lift up his voice in protest against its faults, or to sing its achievements.

Personally, his Lordship was a man who would attract attention anywhere, with his stalwart form slightly stooping, his noble face, his long flowing hair and bushy beard. He dressed carelessly, and when out of doors wore a shocking bad hat; with his cloak and walking stick he made a picture-

esque figure. He was a confirmed pedestrian. "Every morning," says a newspaper correspondent, "in hail, rain or snow, the poet dons his frowsy cap and his ironwater slouch hat, and promenades for an hour or so, none daring to disturb him."

Tennyson was tactful and brusque before strangers, whose presence annoyed him, but he was delightfully easy and spontaneous with friends. Edward Fitzgerald, in his letters to Frederick Tennyson and others, alludes again and again, in terms of enthusiastic appreciation, to Alfred's wise and pointed conversation.

The list of his works is a long one. In 1847 was printed "The Princess," Tennyson's first long poem, burlesqued in Gilbert and Sullivan's last comic opera. "In Memoriam," the laureate's greatest poem, recently called by a competent critic "the most, some say the only, influential poem of the century," was suggested by the death of young Arthur Hallam. Such poems as that on the death of the Prince Consort and the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade" show that the laureate did not consider his office an idle honor. Of Tennyson's other chief poems, "Maud" was printed in 1855; the first series of the "Idylls of the King" in 1859; "Enoch Arden and Other Poems" in 1864; "The Holy Grail and Other Poems" in 1867; a revised edition of the "Idylls," arranged in sequence, in 1870, and "The Widow" in the same year. His recent short poems are generally inferior to his best works. One of his latest and one of his best poems is "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." Like more than one great poet, he proved the delusiveness of the belief that a great poet must be also a great dramatist. "Queen Mary, a Drama" (1875), and "Harold" (1877), both tragedies in five acts, have some powerful passages, but as acting plays are dreary failures. "Thomas a Becket" is even worse. The last and perhaps the best of his dramas, "The Foresters," was recently produced by the Daly Company, New York.

Public Ledger, Oct. 7, 1892

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The English Laureateship is vacant; the late wearer of the greatest honor which British literature can offer lies dead in his quiet home, on the Surrey Downs, and two continents mourn. Grief is selfish. The world-loved poet, wearied with the great burden of many years, has entered into his longed-for rest, and yet the world which he so long charmed by his "melodious bursts" must inevitably be grief-stricken that the voice which sang so sweetly is still. The sense of loss is all the more keen, all the more personal, because the poems of Alfred Tennyson—in spite of statements that he lacked sympathy—appealed to every heart and to every home. In his writings he laid his soul bare to the gaze of the world, and he shared his thoughts—the thoughts, in many cases, of all of us—with his humblest reader. And this is especially grateful since his life, in the blamelessness of which no marble is whiter or purer, was hidden from the vulgar blaze of publicity.

Tennyson was instinctively a poet. Every day was to him a poem with a renewed meaning. He loved solitude and the communings of nature; but, although he never mingled in the world of politics, he keenly watched the course of public events, and his muse was frequently stirred by them. Especially did his sensitive temperament rebel against the social evils of the day, as "Maud" and the two parts of "Locksley Hall" vigorously evidence, and his warm heart

his sensitive temperament rebel against the social evils of the day, as "Maud" and the two parts of "Locksley Hall" vigorously evidence, and his warm heart fought for the cause of the poor and the oppressed. The endeavor to estimate the verdict of coming ages is at all times a futile proceeding, but when an eminent critic doubts "whether posterity will be able to afford room in its working library for precisely those works (of Tennyson) which are most ambitious in form," it is not an easy matter to concur. It is quite true, however, that Tennyson's most elaborate epics and dramas are not his most popular successes, and that in his simplest lyrics the most enduring, the highest and noblest thoughts are to be found. Among these, "In Memoriam" should rightly be placed, for, though this exquisite flood of melody was wrung from the poet's heart by the death of his one friend and was aroused by the anguish of the moment, it has possibly influenced more lives than any poem of the century.

The main characteristics of Tennyson's poetry are its extreme melodiousness, the vivid realism of his diction and the natural ease and grace with which he treats the slightest subject, insignificant though it were in other hands. Especially, too, is it marked by depth of thought. As the Poet Laureate it was his duty, his prerogative, to perpetuate many subjects of the day, and in every case he has ennobled his theme by the grandeur of his treatment. He was, too, in a large degree, a poet of nature, and a keen observation has enriched his writings with those delicate touches and apt similes which bring the subject so vividly to the reader's mind, as when, in "The Gardener's Daughter," he describes the maiden's hair as "more black than ash-buds in the front of March," or as in the lines:

"Listening now to the tide in its broad-
sung, shipwrecking roar,
Now to the scream of a maddened beach
dragged down by the wave."

The death of Lord Tennyson leaves a vast space, which cannot be filled until some new luminary has arisen among the hards of time. His successor, whoever he may be, cannot worthily fill the void, since there is living no English-speaking poet who is in the slightest degree comparable to the dead Laureate. His, if his family permit it, will be a place in Westminster Abbey, in that corner where the images of those singers who have gone before look down from the ancient walls.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace!

Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,

While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

LONDON, Oct. 7.—It has now been settled that the funeral service over the remains of Lord Tennyson will be held in the Parish Church at Haslemere on Monday. On Wednesday the remains will be interred in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, where they will lie next to the tomb of Browning. There will be a full choral service at the funeral.

The Times calls Tennyson "the English Virgil" on account of his "mastery of lofty, graceful and sonorous verse." "Never since Milton," it says, "has England heard as stately blank verse as 'The Idylls of the King.' He had an eye almost as true

and loving as Homer for the beautiful side of the trivial of daily life."

The *Times* understands that Lord Tennyson expressed the wish that his son, Hallam, write his biography.

"The Death of *Enone*" forms the subject of the principal poem in the coming volume of Tennyson.

The *Times* prints obituary poems by Lewis Morris and Alfred Austin.

Sir Edwin Arnold published the following poem in this morning's issue of the *Telegraph*:

No meaning of the bar; sail forth, strong ship,
Into that gloom which has God's face for
a far light—
Not a dirge, but a proud farewell from each
fond lip,
And praises, abounding praise, and fame's
faint starlight
Lamping thy tuneful soul to that large noon
Where thou shalt quire with angels, Words
of woe
Are for the unfulfilled—not thee, whose
moon
Of genius sinks full-orbed, glorious, aglow.
No meaning of the bar; musical drifting
Of Time's waves, turning to the Eternal
Sea—
Death's soft wind all thy gallant canvas
lifting,
And Christ thy Pilot to the peace to be.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

EMIGRAVIT OCTOBER VII, MDCCCXIII.

Grief there will be, and may,
When King Apollo's bay
Is cut midwise;
Grief that a song is stilled,
Grief for the unfulfilled
Singer that dies.

Not so we mourn thee now,
Not so we grieve that thou
Master art passed,
Since thou thy song didst rise,
Through the full round of days,
E'en to the last.

Grief there may be, and will,
When that the singer still
Sinks in the song;
When that the winged rhyme
Falls of the promised prime,
Ruined and wrong.

Not thus we mourn thee—we—
Not thus we grieve for thee,
Master and Friend;
Since like a clearing flame,
Clearer thy pure song came
E'en to the end.

Nay—not for thee we grieve
E'en as for those that leave
Life without name;
Lost as the stars that set,
Empty of men's regret;
Empty of fame.

Rather we count thee one
Who, when his race is run,
Layeth him down
Calm—through all coming days
Filled with a nation's praise,
Filled with renown.

—Austin Dobson.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no meaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the bound-
less deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and
Place

The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar.

—Alfred Tennyson.

TENNYSON'S FUNERAL.

Phila.

A NOTABLE GATHERING IN WEST-
MINSTER ABBEY. *Daily*

ALL WALKS OF LIFE REPRESENTED

FLORAL TRIBUTES FROM THE QUEEN
AND MRS. GLADSTONE.

IMPRESSIVE MORTUARY SERVICES

THE REMAINS LAID BESIDE THOSE OF
BROWNING.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—To-day, with all the honors which the Church to which he belonged could pay, the remains of the greatest poet England has produced in latter days were laid in their final resting place beneath the pavement of the historic Westminster Abbey. The funeral services will long be remembered. There was no affectation of sorrow; the vast crowds that attended the ceremonies were not moved by that vulgar curiosity that leads so many to attend the funerals of those who have achieved honor and reputation. On the contrary every one present felt that he had lost a personal friend, for had not the dead man in his writings touched the inner springs of their feelings, and afforded consolation for sorrows that had come to many of them?

Long before the hour set for the services to begin an immense crowd began to gather in the vicinity of the Abbey. A dense mass of people assembled in the south palace yard, between the Abbey and the House of Parliament, while an equally large crowd packed the streets to the north and east of the Abbey. A large number of police were present, but they had little difficulty in handling the crowds.

At 10 o'clock the doors of the Abbey were swung open and the ticket-holders were admitted. The congregation comprised men eminent in all walks of life, statesmen, clergymen, authors, artists, members of the dramatic profession, men whose names are household words wherever the English tongue is known. Many of those who entered the building carried wreaths, which were placed in the Jerusalem Chamber with those already deposited there. The Jerusalem Chamber contained a mass of most beautiful flowers, including two hundred superb wreaths and crosses. Among the tokens was a beautiful design sent by Princess Louise, composed mostly of *Aram illice* and *stephanotis*.

Among the most noticeable floral gifts was a wreath sent by Mrs. Gladstone on behalf of her husband and herself. This was composed of sweet-smelling leaves from the Gladstone gardens at Hawarden, and was made by Mrs. Gladstone's own hands, and its beautiful construction showed that it was indeed a labor of love. Attached to the wreath was a card, on which was written the following couplet:

"And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him; Christ receive him."

The Queen sent a wreath composed of laurel leaves, tied with a broad bow of white silk ribbon. A card was attached to this wreath, on which, in the Queen's own handwriting, were the words:

"A mark of sincere admiration and regard from Victoria R. I."

Her Majesty also sent an everlasting metallic wreath of laurel, with the letters V. R. I. in gilt, worked into a monogram and bearing the words:

"A tribute of affectionate regard and true admiration from the Sovereign."

Promptly at 12 o'clock the procession was formed in the Jerusalem Chamber. It was headed by two officials of the Abbey. Then came the coffin, borne on the shoulders of stalwart men, while the pall bearers, Mr. Henry White, Secretary of the American Legation; Lord Salisbury, the Very Rev. Henry Montagu Butler, Sir James Paget, Lord Rosebery and Professor Fronds, marched on either side, their fingers just touching the Union Jack, with which the coffin was covered.

The chief mourners followed, headed by Lady Tennyson and Hallam Tennyson, Mrs. Hallam Tennyson, Mrs. Birrell, Lionel Tennyson's widow, and the grandchildren of the dead poet followed in the order named. Included with the chief mourners was the nurse who attended Lord Tennyson in his last illness, wearing the hospital uniform. Then came the household servants. Representatives of the Queen, the Prince of Wales and other royal persons were present. Among the notables in attendance were: James Bryce, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; John Burns, the Labor Member of Parliament, and Henry Irving, the actor.

As the procession moved the deep-toned abbey bell began to toll, and as the mournful sound swept out over the city the coffin, followed by the mourners, was carried slowly around the cloisters, which were lined with biers from the Westminster School. When the procession reached the main door of the abbey it was received by the Dean, the Very Rev. George Granville Bradley, Canon Duckworth, Canon Farrar and other members of the clergy. As the cortege passed up the aisle, along which were ranged boys in uniform from the Gordon Home, in which Lord Tennyson was always deeply interested, the solemn words, "I am the resurrection and the life," of the burial service were heard, and then the choir broke forth in the processional hymn. Upon reaching the chancel the coffin was placed on a rest just below the altar. This rest was covered with a beautifully embroidered cloth. On it was a crown of flowers and the words of the last verse of "Crossing the Bar," one of the last poems written by Lord Tennyson.

Canon Duckworth opened the service for the dead, after which the choir chanted the Nineteenth Psalm. "The Heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork."

Then the lesson of the day was read and the choir sang "Crossing the Bar," which had been set to music by John Frederick Bridge, Organist of Westminster Abbey. The effect was most beautiful and many of those present were moved to tears by the words of this touching poem. Then the choir sang the latest poem written by Lord Tennyson, "The Silent Voice," the music of which was composed by Lady Tennyson. This poem consists of only 10 lines, beginning:

"When the dumb hour clothed in black,
I lie and dream about my bed,
And think of thee, my olden buck,
Who layest down beside the dead."
The poet dedicated this poem to his wife only.

After the singing was finished the coffin was re-lifted, and, followed by the choir, the procession moved to the poets' corner, where the pavement had been raised next the grave of Browning. The sides of the

grave were lined with purple and white cloth. By the side of the grave the choral parts of the service were sung. The remainder of the service—the committal to the grave, the prayer and collect—were said by the Dean. Then the hymn "Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," was sung, and the Benediction was pronounced by the Right Hon. and Most Rev. Edward White Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan. Following the Benediction the "Dead March in Saul" was played on the organ, and as its strains filled the Abbey the mourners slowly dispersed.

The services throughout, though extremely simple, were very impressive. The weather was fine, and the bright sunshine, streaming through the windows of the Abbey, rendered artificial light unnecessary. The music was perfectly rendered by the choir, which was composed of 40 singers. The rendering of Lord Tennyson's poems by the choir greatly affected the vast congregation.

Immediately after the services concluded there was a great rush to the grave. A number of stalwart policemen were obliged to form themselves in a cordon about the grave to prevent the crowd from pushing those in the front line into it. Only the union jack and the wreaths of the family were allowed to remain at the grave.

The services in the Abbey began at 12.30 and lasted exactly an hour. The large crowd outside waited until the ceremonies were over. Hundreds of people flocked to the regular early service, hoping that they would be allowed to remain during the funeral services. They were disappointed, however, for the Abbey was cleared before 11 o'clock. Not even those holding tickets to the obsequies were admitted until noon. When the gates leading to the Abbey were opened there was a tremendous rush along the pathways and across the green for the entrance.

Inside the Abbey everything was well arranged. All the available space was occupied, but there was no over-crowding. William Tennyson looked pale and worn. The pall bearers all wore black frock coats. Lord Salisbury, looking ill, wore a dark gray overcoat and a skull cap. He walked just behind Lord Rosebery.

Outside the Abbey the crowd eagerly watched and discussed the notable persons as they arrived and departed. Hawkers were plentiful in the vicinity of the Abbey, selling a tawdry memorial card and cheaply printed copies of "Crossing the Bar."

LONDON, Oct. 12.—The *Star* this afternoon makes a covert attack on the Prince of Wales' absence from the services. It was announced two days ago that the Prince of Wales would be present, but he did not attend. The *Star* prints a letter saying that the Prince of Wales prefers to go shooting or to attend the New Market races to attending the funeral of such a man as Tennyson. The writer protests, as a patriotic tax payer, that the Prince of Wales finds the popping over of helpless birds more congenial employment than attending funerals of great men, and urges that his dereliction on this occasion should not be allowed to pass without official protest.

[From the Pall Mall Gazette.]

TENNYSON'S GIFTS TO HIS AGE.

Mr. Bagehot used to say that the equipment necessary for a great statesman consisted of "first-class abilities and a second-class mind." One might suppose from some of the notices of Lord Tennyson that something of the same kind was held to constitute the equipment of a great poet. That Lord Tennyson said what he had to say in perfect form is the first thing admitted on all hands; but the second seems to be that he had nothing very striking to say. Indeed, the suggestion is freely made that Lord Tennyson was a trimmer and that his ideas were only echoes and echoes, so to say, which came round to drown each other. Thus we read of him in one place as if his voice had been

that of an official harmonizer in an Established Church. "His religious instincts," we are told, "were of the broadest and most liberal kind, and the doubts of the time found full expression in his verse. Yet the most rigid orthodoxy has never viewed him with suspicion, and passages of distinctly latitudinarian tendency are watchwords with the devout"—a "sensible, temperate, sober, well-judging person," in fact, in Newman's sarcastic phrase, "to guide his generation between the Scylla and Charybdis of aye and no. And in a similar strain we find a statement elsewhere to the effect that when "all the best people" (as it were) were liberal, Lord Tennyson was liberal; but that latterly, when all the best people had become conservative, he had become conservative also. There is some truth, doubtless, in the estimate of Lord Tennyson's genius implied in such judgments, but we do not think that it is the essential truth.

The real influence of Tennyson's ideas—as, apart from "the fairy palaces" of beauty which he has built "for our souls to live in"—is to be found, we think, in his earlier work. To how many ardent spirits wherever the English language is read has not the first "Locksley Hall" been the gospel of buoyant progress! And, though in the sequel to that poem he has sided with the dismal army of croakers, he has at any rate kept in touch, in his stirring songs on the navy and the colonies, with the spirit of federal expansion which marks the later period of the Victorian era. In the sphere of speculation later times have arrived, perhaps, at other modes, and by "advanced" thinkers of to-day Lord Tennyson is voted shallow and unsatisfying. But it was not always so. What his influence was in the intellectual aprising of forty years ago, "when the old lightships had broken from their moorings," has been admirably described by one of the greatest of his admirers. "The best and bravest of my own contemporaries," says Mr. Froude, "determined to have done with inincerity, to find ground under their feet, to let the uncertain remain uncertain, but to earn how much, and

what we could honestly regard as true, and believe and live by it. Tennyson became the voice of this feeling in poetry, Carlyle in what was called prose. Tennyson's poems, the group of poems which closed with 'In Memoriam,' became to many of us what the 'Christian Year' was to orthodox churchmen." The advance of speculation has, it seems to us, led to a distinct tendency of recent years to underrate the value of the poet's substance to the greater aggrandisement of his form. We would not, however, have it supposed that we in turn undervalue the latter. Undoubtedly it is the perfection of his workmanship which constitutes Lord Tennyson's highest claim. Let us grant that Browning can beat him at great thoughts; but then, as some one has wittily said, though Browning was unrivalled at reading men, not every man can read Browning. But in Lord Tennyson there is all the simplicity that comes from perfection of poetic form. He is the Andrea del Sarto of poetry: "all is placed and perfect in his art." And herein is the justification for the prediction that Lord Tennyson will hereafter live as the one great poet of the Victorian era. In an age when the English language is on the one hand permeating the globe and on the other being corrupted and vulgarized by that extension at every turn, the poet laureate has cultivated the purity of diction, the correctness of metre, the limpidity of verse, which characterize the classics of the world. This purity of diction is of itself no slight service to the English-speaking world. But that is not all. Mr. Pater, in an article in this month's *Fortnightly Review*, says of Raphael's search for perfection that one seems to read in his canvases the declaration, "I am utterly purposed not to offend." The same lesson is writ in exquisite letters throughout Lord Tennyson's verse; and the spectacle of so long a life showing such devotion to his art, such passion for excellence, and such affection for things lovely

and of good report, is perhaps the greatest of Lord Tennyson's services to a bustling age and a perverse generation.

A CHILD'S APPRECIATION OF TENNYSON

[Annie Fields in *Harper's*.]

There is a keen remembrance, lingering in-credibly with the writer, of a little girl coming to school once upon recitation-day, with a "piece" of her own selection safely stored away in her childish memory. It was a new poem to the school, and when her turn came to recite, her soul was full of the gleam and glory of Camelot. She felt as if she were unlocking a treasure-house, and it was with unspeakable pleasure to herself that she gave, verse after verse, the entire poem of "The Lady of Shalott." Doubtless the child's voice drifted away into slingsong, as her whole little self seemed to drift away into the land of faery, and doubtless also the busy teacher, who was more familiar with Jane Taylor and Cowper, was sadly puzzled. When the child at length sat down, scarcely knowing where she was in her sudden descent from the land of marvel, she heard the teacher say, to her amazement and discouragement, after an ominous pause, "I wonder if any young lady can tell me what this poem means?" There was no reply. "Can you tell us?" was the next question, pointed at the poor little girl who had just dropped out of cloudland. "I thought it explained itself," was the plaintive reply. With a slight air of deprecation, in another moment the next recitation was called for, and the dull clouds of routine shut down over the sudden glory. "Shades of the prison house" then and there began to close over the growing child. One joy had for the present faded from her life, that of a sure sympathy and understanding. Not even her teacher could see what she saw, nor could feel what lay deep down in her own glowing heart. Nevertheless Tennyson was henceforth a seer and a prophet to this child and to the growing world, but for some, who could never learn his language, he was born too late.

POET LAUREATE.

THE PLACE MADE VACANT BY THE DEATH OF LORD TENNYSON

OFFERED TO THE ART CRITIC, JOHN RUSKIN

"The Most Eloquent and Original of All Writers Upon Art," and One of the Most Beautiful Descriptive Writers of the English Language—As a Poet He Has Not Achieved Distinction—He Has Been Living in Strict Retirement for Several Years at Brantwood.

LONDON, May 8.—Prime Minister Gladstone has offered the place of Poet Laureate, made vacant by the death of Lord Tennyson, to the distinguished art-critic, John Ruskin.

John Ruskin is justly called "the most eloquent and original of all writers upon art," and one of the most beautiful descriptive writers of the English language. As a poet he has not achieved great distinction, a prize poem at Oxford and an octavo volume of poems, published in 1850, being among the earliest of his printed productions, both of which have long been forgotten in the splendor of his prose writings.

He was the son of a rich wine merchant of London and was born in Hunter street, Brantwick square, London, in February, 1818. In his infancy (1821) his family removed to Barmouth, where he was brought up chiefly under

his mother's care in solitary childhood. His companions were nature and books and when he went abroad in 1833 his mind was filled with the wonderful images created by the works of Scott and Byron, of Rogers's "Italy" and the "Sketches in Flanders and Germany." In 1838 he was matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, and in the following year he wrote his first really significant piece of prose criticism, "An Introduction to the Poetry of Architecture," published in the "Architectural Magazine." In 1839 he won the Newdegate prize for his poem, "Salssette and Elephanta," which was recited in the theatre at Oxford. Ill health interfered with his studies, and he passed the winter in Italy, taking a pass degree from Oxford after his return. In 1842 the family moved from Herne Hill to Denmark Hill, where the first volume of "Modern Painters" was written. In the following year it was published and excited the most diverse and vehement criticism. It is impossible to speak of the work at this day without approbation, but, published as it was almost anonymously and attacking as it did all the accepted canons of art as then understood, it is not surprising that it excited the most violent controversial discussion. Written as it was by a young man with a comparatively narrow subject—for at the outset his object was to introduce Turner and his works to the artistic public—the effect which it produced was little less than marvellous. His theme widened as he wrote, and the work, which extended to five volumes, and was not completed until 1850, is now one of the recognized works on modern art, which was fairly revolutionized by his writings. They became, after the great success of his first volume, world-famous, all being devoted to the study of art and architecture, at Christ Church, Oxford, and in the following year he wrote his first really significant piece of prose criticism, "An Introduction to the Poetry of Architecture," published in the "Architectural Magazine." In 1839 he won the Newdegate prize for his poem, "Salssette and Elephanta," which was recited in the theatre at Oxford. Ill health interfered with his studies, and he passed the winter in Italy, taking a pass degree from Oxford after his return. In 1842 the family moved from Herne Hill to Denmark Hill, where the first volume of "Modern Painters" was written. In the following year it was published and excited the most diverse and vehement criticism. It is impossible to speak of the work at this day without approbation, but, published as it was almost anonymously and attacking as it did all the accepted canons of art as then understood, it is not surprising that it excited the most violent controversial discussion. Written as it was by a young man with a comparatively narrow subject—for at the outset his object was to introduce Turner and his works to the artistic public—the effect which it produced was little less than marvellous. His theme widened as he wrote, and the work, which extended to five volumes, and was not completed until 1850, is now one of the recognized works on modern art, which was fairly revolutionized by his writings. They became, after the great success of his first volume, world-famous, all being devoted to the study of art and architecture. His subsequent history is one of almost uninterrupted labor, his writings, lectures and labors for the poor making up his whole volume of it. The mere catalogue of his published books is a long one, and these have been supplemented by hundreds of lectures, which he delivered in many parts of England.

"The Seven Lamps of Architecture" were published in 1849, and was followed in 1851 by the first volume of "The Stones of Venice," the second and third volumes of which appeared in 1853. The illustrations in the last-named productions, which excited some of the same professional hostility that his first publication evoked, displayed to much advantage his artistic powers. Mr. Ruskin has expounded his views both in lectures and in newspaper

pers and reviews, having, as early as 1837, contributed articles to the "Quarterly" on Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art." In 1851 he advocated Pre-Raphaelism in letters to the Times, and in 1853 he lectured in Edinburgh on Gothic architecture. In addition to the above-mentioned works, Mr. Ruskin has written "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds," and "King of the Golden River," illustrated by Doyle, in 1851; "Two Paths," "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," in 1854; "Notes to Pictures in the Royal Academy, Nos. 1 to 5," in 1854-5; "Giotto and His Works in Padua," written for the Arundel Society, of which he was a member; "Notes on the Turner Collection," in 1857; "Cambridge School of Art" and "Lectures on Art: Political Economy of Art," in 1858; "Elements of Perspective," and "Lectures on Art: Decoration and Manufacture," in 1859; "Unto This Last: Four Essays," republished from the "Cornhill Magazine," in 1862; "Ethics of the Dust: Ten Lectures," "Sesame and Lilies: Two Lectures," and "Study of Architecture in Our Schools," in 1865; "Crown of Wild Olive: Three Lectures," in 1868; and "The Queen of the Air: Being a Study of the Greek Myths of Cloud and Storm." To the "Art Journal" he contributed "The Cestus of Aglaja," and has written for various periodicals. Mr. Ruskin was appointed Rede Lecturer at Cambridge in April, 1867, and the Senate conferred the degree of LL. D. upon him, May 1861. In 1871 he proposed to devote £500 for the purpose of an endowment to pay a master of drawing in the Taylor Galleries, Oxford, and this handsome offer was, with some modifications, accepted by the University in January, 1872. During that year he published "Arata Pentifid: Six Lectures on the Elements of Sculpture, given before the University of Oxford," in 1870, where he had been elected Slade Professor of Fine Art. He was re-elected to that position March 1, 1876, but resigned in 1878 on account of ill health. In the same year he was sued by Mr. Whistler for libel, the offense consisting in an article in *Pora*, where Mr. Ruskin had expressed surprise that a "coxcomb should ask 200 guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." The suit was decided against Mr. Ruskin, but the damages were assessed at one farthing.

A collection of his letters was published in 1880, under the characteristic title of "Arrows of the Chase." In 1883 he was again elected Slade Professor, and at his inaugural was received with unprecedented enthusiasm. So great was the crowd that thronged to hear his lectures that it was impossible to accommodate his audience, and Professor Ruskin undertook to deliver each lecture twice. The strain was too much for him, and he was compelled to resign in 1884 on account of ill health. For several years he has been leading in parts his autobiography, under the title of "Proserpina." In 1882 he published "Hortus Inclusus: Letters from Mr. Ruskin to the Ladies of Thwaite." He has been living in the strictest retirement for several years at Brantwood, and the fact of his seclusion has given rise to many unfounded rumors of his illness, physical and mental, and even of his death. His coronation as laureate of England has fitting tribute to one of the most useful and beautiful writers of the present day.

GEORGE ELIOT.

PROFESSOR BOYSEN'S FINAL LECTURE ON THE MODERN NOVEL.

Realism in Fiction—George Eliot's Ethical Motive—Her Philosophic Training—Interesting Reminiscences.

Professor Boyesen delivered the last lecture of his series on "The Modern Novel,"

on Friday afternoon, at Association Hall. Professor Boyesen's lectures have been attracting general attention in literary circles in Philadelphia, and at the close of his lecture there were many among the large audience who expressed the wish that the University Lecture Association would again invite him to this city.

"George Eliot" was the subject of Prof. Boyesen's last lecture, and under this title he made a strong plea for realism in fiction, and showed how this realism found its fullest and most powerful exponent in the novels of George Eliot.

Professor Boyesen began by saying that the novelist's first duty was not to be entertaining, but to be true. "The wonder-tale," he said, "has gone out of fashion, though there are remnants of it in the Rider Haggard blood-and-thunder stories. The writers of the Stevenson school treat of the possible, but still the improbable." To W. D. Howells belongs the credit of having weaned this country from a taste for the crude sensationalism of earlier fiction, both by his own realistic novels and by his domestication of the views of the great realist, Tolstol. But Howells falls short of being a full exponent of realism, in that he too often makes the common and the commonplace synonymous. Realism deals with what is common, but not on that account always with what is commonplace.

George Eliot's Realism.

"But in George Eliot realism finds its fullest and most profound application. George Eliot was first and last a realist. Her first and last aim was truth and fidelity. The laws of reality she followed unflinchingly, inexorably. But she has ever the desire to elevate her readers, and this is not incompatible with her realism."

Professor Boyesen then showed our dependence on English literature. "The currents that still hold sway over our imagination started in England. This is illustrated by our very nursery rhymes. We still sing a song of six pence and not of six cents, and the cat that we know so well went to London to see the Queen, and not to Washington to see the President. One of the principal agencies through which English ideas hold their sway over us is the English novel. James Russell Lowell says that it is never desirable for one nation to depend on another for its intellectual food, and certainly the Anglo-maniacism of to-day is the result of the spirit which is imbibed by the wholesale reading of English novels." Professor Boyesen deprecated the cheap publication of English books in this country, and said: "As long as publishers steal English books English authors will steal our hearts." He would not have us exclude the English novel, but he would have us pay for it and thus put it on an equal basis with the native novel, which would bring about a natural selection in which the fittest would survive. Now the selection was unnatural on account of the excessive cheapness of the English novel, which was due to its being stolen.

George Eliot as a Moralist.

Reverting to his theme, Professor Boyesen said: "Dickens was a moralist in his way, so was Thackeray; but the conscious moral tendency in English fiction has reached its pinnacle in George Eliot. She made her art subservient to the higher interests of humanity, but her moral novel was not the commonplace tale, with an occasional 'Be good' interspersed, of the E. P. Roe and Mrs. Whitney style. George Eliot's moral reflection often comes in like the chorus in the ancient Greek drama that asserted the universal moral judgment against the passionate bias of the actors. And though some would criticize her for this from the standpoint of art, I cannot censure her for taking one thus into her confidence."

"It is significant that George Eliot drew her first inspiration from the French positivist school of Comte; and its modified form in Herbert Spencer; that one of her

earliest literary efforts was a translation of Strauss's 'Liber Jenu,' that she derived into Spinoza's Ethics, and wrote philosophical essays for the 'Westminster Review.' This was the worst possible school for a novelist, and when she took to novel writing it was rather an experiment. She had something to say, and she wanted to use the novel as her mouth-piece. The ethical purpose was predominant. The result was not a number of dreary didactic tales, as we might, perhaps, expect, but so great was her genius that she combined the two elements without allowing either to suffer. Only in her style do we find any evidence of her philosophical training.

"As a psychologist, a soul painter, she is without rival. While Balzac's power is in the external, hers is in the internal. Balzac takes a body and invests it with a soul. George Eliot takes a soul and invests it with a body. It is the great spiritual crises on which her plots always hinge. When conscience meets conscience, and character is confronted by character—this forms the groundwork of her novels. In 'Romola' it is Tito Melema that calls out all the hidden force in Romola's character. In 'Middlemarch' it is Cassaubon that disillusions Deronda. In 'The spiritual results are with her always the main thing; and in all this she never does violence to reality.

The Ethical Problem.

"The ethical problem is the same in all her novels, and it is always solved with the same regard for truth; and the problem is this: Man's attitude to moral law as the determining factor of his fate. Happiness is not in escape from duty but in submission to duty. And even where this submission does not bring happiness, the unhappiness is greater when its demands are not heeded. Another of George Eliot's great moral axioms is: We cannot tear asunder the iron net of our past actions; each links with each and forms our character."

Professor Boyesen then showed how this problem was treated in her different novels. In 'Romola' the heroine makes the mistake of marrying the unworthy wretch, Tito Melema. As she begins to look into his soul her strong, pure womanhood revolts. She flees, not into pleasure, but into renunciation. Duty comes to her in the form of Savonarola, who commands her to return: Take up thy cross and bear it; do not weakly throw it away. Though Romola does not gain, by her adherence to duty, ecstatic bliss, she does gain a peaceful gentle resignation that shows itself in beautiful charity. Professor Boyesen traced the same ethical motive in 'Daniel Deronda,' where Gwendolen H. Holt makes the same mistake in marrying Grandcourt, though she is attracted by less worthy motives. Deronda is her Savonarola. ~~At the end of the same inexorable law, though in the more polite phrases of modern times.~~ In speaking of the 'Mill on the Floss,' which Professor Boyesen said was the novel of George Eliot which had most narrative power, he said that the character of Maggie Tulliver was autobiographical.

George Eliot's Life.

Professor Boyesen took this opportunity of saying something about George Eliot's life and giving some of his reminiscences. "I have purposely avoided so far mentioning anything about her life, because so little is known. The biography of Cross is conspicuous for its abundance of everything but facts." Professor Boyesen then described how, when he was at London, he called at the house of Mr. Lewis with a letter of introduction, but did not find her in. "Just as I turned away," he continued, "I saw a carriage drive up and a woman step out. I knew immediately that it was George Eliot. For a moment I debated with myself whether I should take advantage of the situation and present my letter of introduction. But it seemed ungenerous to me to do so then, and I simply bowed and

raised my hat. That was an act of generosity which I shall always regret, as a second opportunity never offered itself. But her face, even though I had but a passing glance, made an impression on me which I shall never forget."

Professor Boyesen then said that her face reminded him of a horse, that there was something equine in those features, combining strength and ruggedness with an expression of deep habitual sorrow and resignation. "On a visit to Turgenev I asked him to tell me what animal her face reminded him of."

"Don't tell me, but write it down," said Boyesen, he himself writing his comparison on a slip of paper.

On exchanging slips they found that both had written "horse."

"George Eliot herself," continued Professor Boyesen, "was very modest. She never talked about her novels and never ever read the reviews on them. On one occasion when Turgenev was calling on Mr. Lewis the former asked: 'Which do you consider the best of her novels?' Mr. Lewis answered: 'Daniel Deronda.' Turgenev expressed his astonishment, and said that he should have inclined to mention that one last. 'But Daniel Deronda,' rejoined Mr. Lewis, 'is the only one in which she embodied any of my views.'"

In speaking of George Eliot's relation to Mr. Lewis, Professor Boyesen said that the German critic, Julian Schmidt, had told him something that had not been made public. Owing to a technicality in the English marriage laws, Mr. Lewis had not been able to obtain a divorce from his first wife, and marriage was, therefore, impossible. With George Eliot the moral aspect was the supreme one, and, after she had satisfied herself as to that, the legal question was subordinate. "However," continued Professor Boyesen, "Julian Schmidt told me that when George Eliot and Mr. Lewis were in Germany they had, very quietly and unceremoniously, a marriage ceremony performed."

George Eliot's Conception of Sin.

Pursuing his delineation of George Eliot's moral teaching in her novels, Professor Boyesen said: "Another great ethical motive is her conception of sin. Notice that she does not paint the conventional, deep-dyed villain of the Quip brand, the kind that makes us shudder, but with a kind of comfortable romantic shudder, because we shall not meet him outside the book. George Eliot's villains are the real villains that we do meet. She shows that men do not sin from any sinister delight in evil-doing, but from weakness. She shows how each little action has its influence in moulding character. We do not give our characters to our children as we receive them." To illustrate this point Professor Boyesen led his hearers through George Eliot's gallery of sinners; he showed how Tito Melema, who has been called "the most consummate villain ever created," was a charming, soft-mannered youth, who above all hated to inflict pain on anyone. But he lacks the strength of character to meet duty, and step by step, not suddenly, he goes downward. In Arthur Donnithorne, in 'Adam Bede,' the same general characteristics are noticeable; Godfrey Cass, in 'Silas Marner,' and Bulstrode, in 'Middlemarch,' are modifications, but show also how the predominance of egoism leads to moral ruin.

Prof. Boyesen finally sketched the plot of 'Middlemarch,' which he called "the greatest novel in the English language." In conclusion Prof. Boyesen said: "The tender, vox humana of Thackeray, the excited tremolo of Dickens, are drowned by the deep diapason which George Eliot has sounded."

THINGS WORTH NOTING.

A Professor at Eighty.—The Herald of Health prints a letter to its editor from Pro-

fessor Newman, the brother of Cardinal Newman, that one of the *parvuli fratrum* who has gone as far in the grammar of dissent as John Newman has towards assent.

Professor Newman attained his eightieth birthday June 27th of this year. He is in undiminished strength of mind and remarkable health of body. His life has been a period of labor, but not altogether of sorrow. His home, Norwood Villa, is beautiful, and is situated in one of the most delightful seaside resorts of England. Although he is a vegetarian, except as to eggs, there is no asceticism about him, and it is wonderful what a luxurious table is spread before his guests. The poverty of English tables as to vegetables is notorious; but there is no such poverty at his hospitable board. It may interest some of our readers to know how Prof. Newman became a vegetarian. When the cattle plague was raging in England all meat became very expensive, and he thought that the poor, who imagined flesh eating essential to their strength, should be undeceived, and that persons of influence ought to set them the example of abstinence from that luxury. The custom thus adopted from simple friendship for poor people was continued because found so beneficial to himself. During his 75th year he gave to the world two powerful essays and, as an amusement, translated Robinson Crusoe into perfect Latin. His essays on "Diet," published a year or two ago, are marvels of vigor and clearness. His work on "The Soul: Her Sorrows and Aspirations," has given great comfort to very many persons. The interesting letter from him concerning his health habits will be read with much pleasure.

DEAR SIR: You request me to furnish you from my own experience with hints that may be useful to others, on the habits of intellectual life as conducive to the welfare of the brain and nerves. If I were so egotistic as to reply by a minute history of my physical experiences, it might afford, I presume, good material for rumination to the wise; but my circumstances have been always exceptional, generally advantageously so, making it useless to bid others do as I have done. For instance, if I give a hint to any one: "Never overwork yourself," which I make no doubt is a wise precept, I know, alas! that many will say: "I dare not stop work when I first feel fatigue of brain; I should lose my employment. I need to be manifestly ill and gravely disabled before others can see that I must stop." In every profession a man, for years, perhaps, labors with very scanty and poor pay; then when his merits at last are known he gets too much work, but reluctantly admits this. He thinks to "make hay while the sun shines," to make up for the past ill remuneration. This I believe to be a serious danger to every successful practitioner; though it is hard to believe that if he be earnest to take less work with smaller income, it is not in his power. I have known intimately and cakes of successful professional men thoroughly ruining their health from dread to lose the moment of bonedding their families.

As for myself, all my life I have had less, far less, of ostensible and necessary work than I was able to perform, and I have studied and written from love of it more hours by far than my public duties required or needed. Hence I have always been able to relax and take my ease as soon as I had incipient symptoms of mental strain. Nevertheless, at one time I sadly suffered from sleeplessness, through the excitement of imagination. I first suffered in this way (which took the form of writing letters home, with head on pillow, to my mother and other friends), after partial recovery from a terrible fever at Aleppo. I may say in parenthesis that I now impute that fever entirely to my ignorance continuing to eat heartily of flesh meat during the heat of the summer in that climate. Five immense efforts of nature by violent sweating did but temporarily throw the fever off; a sixth was successful. But meanwhile my physician, my kind and tender companion, treated me according to the mode of that time (1831) and put 20 leeches on me, causing enormous laceration and reducing me to a skeleton. The fever left me the seventeenth day, but I could not stand up, if I remember, for three weeks after, and then had to learn to walk again, like an infant, starting from chair to chair. This fever, or, perhaps, rather the treatment, permanently wrecked my nerves. A tap

at the door will make me jump; previously I could have borne the report of a pistol in the room. I also had sleeplessness from inability to control my mind on going to rest. This returned upon me much later. To this day what is called a *soirée*, where one meets many people and talks on numerous subjects, is very apt to destroy my sleep; so does ascending any great height, where I look down on depths. Though there has been no possible danger, absolutely nothing to alarm, yet when I am about to sleep I start up as from the side of a precipice. This is a peculiarity proving that my nerves never recovered their original robustness.

That I entirely recovered (at first by horse exercise) my muscular strength does seem to me remarkable. Whether at all imputable to the fact that I have never in my life had the habit of making alcoholic drink an ordinary beverage, and have retained my childish dislike for it, others must judge. In my own estimate I had always good appetite, but others called me a small eater. I only knew that my habit was to dine on the first solid dish which presented itself. This goes a great way to save one from eating too much. I have maintained the same weight all my life since early youth, that is, for more than fifty continuous years, and have remained wiry, without any fat. If I may advise any one, it is to eat the very least in quantity which will keep him in health. Any superfluous food must either derange health or use up, in chemical processes to get rid of the superfluity, force which else would be at his disposal. It is a great thing in advancing age to be light as a boy. My digestion was always painful until I became a vegetarian, in 1867; but though painful, I make no doubt it was successful, to judge by the state of my skin and my unchanged weight. But I regard abstinence from flesh meat to be an advantage to an intellectual and sedentary person scarcely inferior to abstinence from wine, ale, etc. Sedentary I suppose I must be called; yet I have from youth been an active walker, and still walk very sharply, though seldom long distance. Above all I *love* sleep. The more I sleep the better I am. No student should grudge himself sleep. I count seven hours normal and six *so little*; if I can get now and then eight, my brain is stronger for it, and I can work more hours after it.

Perhaps I ought not to conceal that I am sadly out of harmony with the prevalent doctrine of the day concerning hardihood. When I was a young man I had my own theories about bracing and hardening my body. I slept on a hard straw mattress. I generally scorned a great coat, at least a warm one. In Asiatic travel I had plenty of necessary hardships. I slept with open windows in most seasons, but travel brought me round to an opposite conviction. At University College, London, I found that the young men with open necks had no such immunity from cold and cough as I enjoyed through my wraps. One of my great distresses there was speaking (loud) against their coughs and nose blowings. Except in warm summer seasons I seldom rise early, because I become cold in sitting still, especially after the night has chilled the room. Once only in 17 years was I absent from my lecture room in London through inability to use my voice; an inability caused by struggling against the mowes of coughs, &c. But my dear wife said that in more than 40 years she had never known me have a cough; yet at this moment I am the weaker for having foolishly "roughed it" years ago, when, in the month of September, sudden cold came on after great heat, and I had no winter dannels with me.

Let me add that I hold to Cicero's advice, given to a student: "Take exercise, so much as is needful for health, but not so much as will conduce to the highest bodily strength." I have no doubt that hard, muscular work stimulates the brain. I have as much manly strength as my duties require. Not long back a person standing at my side while I spoke, loud to a large audience for an hour and a quarter told me that my last sentence was uttered as vigorously as my first, and that he had watched in vain to hear me falter.

Of course, in lifting weights, etc., I should not be called anything but a weak man. What does it matter? Each has his own speciality. With no padding of fat, I am clad in good thick clothing, and in bed, of soft undercloath or feather bed. I shun linen sheets and everything that is glossy, preferring rough cotton. In short, I try to purrish and cherish my skin, and find it succeeds. Dry rubbing suits me far better than cold baths. I am, respectfully yours,
F. W. NEWMAN.

Weston-super-Mare, England.

LORD TENNYSON'S BODY INTERRED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

At twelve o'clock the procession was formed in the Jerusalem chamber. It was headed by two officials of the Abbey. Then came the coffin, borne on the shoulders of stalwart men, while the pall-bearers, Mr. Henry White, Secretary of the American Legation, Lord Salisbury, the Very Rev. Henry Montague Butler, Sir James Paget, Lord Rosebery and Professor Froude, marched on either side, their fingers just touching the Union Jack with which the coffin was covered.

The chief mourners followed, headed by Lady Tennyson and Hallam Tennyson. Mrs. Hallam Tennyson, Mrs. Birrell Lionel Tennyson's widow, and the grandchildren of the dead poet followed. Included with the chief mourners was the nurse who attended Lord Tennyson in his last illness, wearing the hospital uniform. Then came the household servants. Representatives of the Queen, the Prince of Wales and other royal personages were present. Among the notables in attendance were James Bryce, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, John Burns, the labor member of Parliament, and Henry Irving, the actor.

As the procession moved, the deep-toned abbey bell began to toll, and as the mournful sound swept out over the city the coffin, followed by the mourners, was carried slowly around cloisters which were lined with boys from the Westminster school. When the procession reached the main door of the abbey, it was received by the Dean, the Very Rev. Geo. Granville Bradley, Canon Duckworth, Canon Farrar and other members of the clergy. As the cortege passed up the aisle, along which were ranged boys in uniform from the Gordon Home, in which Lord Tennyson was always deeply interested, the solemn words, "I am the resurrection and the life," of the burial service were heard, and then the choir broke forth in the procession hymn. Upon reaching the chancel the coffin was placed on a rest just below the altar. This rest was covered with a beautifully embroidered cloth. On it was a crown of flowers and the words of the last verse of "Crossing the Bar," one of the last poems written by Lord Tennyson.

Canon Duckworth opened the service for the dead, after which the choir chanted the nineteenth psalm: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork."

Then the lesson of the day was read, and the choir sang, "Crossing the Bar," which had been set to music by John Frederick Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey. The effect was most beautiful, and many of those present were moved to tears by the words of this touching poem. Then the choir sang the latest poem written by Lord Tennyson, "The Silent Voices," the music of

the grave, the prayer and collect, were said by the Dean. Then the hymn, "Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," was sung, and the benediction was pronounced by the Right Honorable and Most Rev. Edward White Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan. Following the benediction, the "Dead March in Saul," was played on the organ, and as its strains filled the Abbey, the mourners slowly dispersed. — *Baltimore Sun.*

On and always on." Lord Tennyson dedicated this poem to his wife only ten days ago. After this singing was finished the coffin was re-lifted, and, followed by the choir, the procession moved to the poet's corner, where the pavement had been raised next the grave of Browning. The sides of the grave were lined with purple and white cloth. By the side of the grave the choral parts of the service were sung. The remainder of the service, the committal to

This Tennyson. Which was composed by Lady Tennyson. poem consists of only ten lines.

"When the dumb hour, clothed in black,
Brings the dreams about my bed,

Call me not so often back,
Silent voices of the dead.

Toward the lowland ways behind me,
And the sunlight that is gone,

Call me farther, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track,

Glimmering up the heights beyond me,

A FORGOTTEN POEM.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

One of the most famous poems of the sixteenth century was "The Sphere" of the celebrated Scotsman, George Buchanan. It would now be impossible to name a poem more completely forgotten.

The poem owed its great reputation to two circumstances. It was written in Latin, then the language of educated Europe, and in verse which, in the judgment of the best scholars of that day, rivaled that of the great Latin poets of antiquity. In the second place, it treated of a subject which, at the time the poem appeared, was exercising all instructed minds—the new theory of Copernicus. The epoch-making book of Copernicus, in which he announced his discovery of the earth's revolution round the sun, was published in the very year of his death, 1543. From the first his theory was received with contempt, and by none more than by the great scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. . . .

This contempt on the part of those who led the opinion of educated Europe, taken together with the scruples of the Church, explains how it was that nearly two hundred years elapsed before even learned men had assimilated with their daily thinking the fact that it is the earth that revolves round the sun, and not the entire heavens around the earth. Milton's "Paradise Lost" was published in 1669, more than a hundred years after the appearance of the work of Copernicus; yet Milton's poem is based on the Ptolemaic theory that the earth is the center of the universe. . . .

We must not, therefore, regard it as a proof of mere blind dogmatism on Buchanan's part, that, some fifteen or twenty years after the death of Copernicus, he should have written a poem for the express purpose of combating that great astronomer's discovery. At the time he began to write it, Buchanan was acting as tutor to a son of one of the great marshals of France, and it was for his pupil's edification that the poem was in the first place intended. It is written in Latin hexameters, and is divided into books, each dealing with a different part of his subject. . . .

It is the first book of the poem which is especially interesting, as it deals expressly with the recent teaching of Copernicus. It is strange for us now to read how the great scholar solemnly adjures his pupil to shut his ears to a doctrine unworthy of man, irreconcilable with reason, worthy to be ranked only with old wives' tales.

Here are a few of the arguments with which he seeks to make good his case. Think, he says in his magnificent Latin verse, of the sound made by a boy's sling when whirled around his head—think of the sound made by a pair of bellows, and conclude from this what sound would be produced by the earth's moving round its own axis with all its mountains, seas, forests, and cities! Again, if the earth revolved, and at the speed necessary to meet the case, how could any temple, house, or city be left standing?

The sea, moreover, could not keep its bounds, but would rush wildly over all the earth's surface. When a bird should fly into the air, before it could descend its nest would be some hundreds of miles from the spot where it had left it. Suppose two armies engaged in battle, the arrows of the one, indeed, would reach the enemy, but those of the other would be borne round by the earth's motion, and never reach their aim. If the heavenly bodies remained fixed, he proceeds, where would be our seasons, our division of time into days and months and years? The earth must be the center of the universe, otherwise the sun and the stars would vary in magnitude, whereas we know they do not.

Another interesting part of the poem is where it treats of the rotundity of the earth and Columbus's comparatively recent discovery of America. This is one of the poet's most highly wrought passages, but one at the same time, that utterly confounds a modern reader by its exhibition of utter incapacity to appreciate the significance of Columbus's great achievement. Avarice, he exclaims, is at the bottom of it all, and the opening up of new lands has led to nothing but increased misery and vice.

The question who is to succeed Tennyson as Laureate will probably be the main interest of intellectual England during the next few weeks. There is, unhappily, no heir apparent to the illustrious poet, nobody whose title to his place is clear. In quality of verse Swinburne undoubtedly stands at the head of the list, and Mr. Gladstone is in a measure committed to this view of him; but his personality is unpleasing and he has made poetry a furious political partisan. Part, and no small part, of Tennyson's equipment for the place he held in the national affection and admiration was the purity of his life. He was essentially a gentleman in the highest and best sense of the term. It will be hard for the Queen to accept and for Mr. Gladstone to propose anybody for the Laureateship of whom this cannot be said. Sir Edwin Arnold's claims do not seem to be even considered by anybody, although Major Pond, when he came to this country last fall, put forth an amusing tale of his succession to the Laureateship having been settled, and of his having had to get a special permit both from the Queen and from Lord Salisbury to come to this country, the Laureate *in posse* not being allowed to absent himself from England when the Laureate *in esse* was old or infirm, lest the kingdom should be left even for a day face to face with the horrors of a vacancy. Even if this were true, we fear his memorial verses on Tennyson in his *Daily Telegraph* would settle Sir Edwin's fate, for they are enough to make the great poet turn in his grave and exasperate his family.

Youth's Companion, June 28, 1873

For the Companion.

THE SCHOOL AND COLLEGE LIFE OF CHARLES KINGSLEY.

p. 269

By E. P. Whipple.

Charles Kingsley has been one of the Forces of the present generation. He literally pitched heart-foremost, if not head-foremost, into all the social, scientific and political problems, thoughtfully discussed by the more careful thinkers of the time, as a kind of "free lance," committed from the start to a championship of the emotional side of every question which his calmer contemporaries were inclined to consider from its reasonable side.

If the difficulties which trouble all thinking men in their endeavors to advance the human race could be overcome by gushes of philanthropic sentiment, Kingsley would have rapidly risen to be the first man of his time.

In his early books he opposed all the established principles of social and political economy, and made "good-will to men" to consist in favoring those economical fallacies which, in the end, produce "ill will to men."

The same vehement passions which urged him at first to violate those established laws which age the slow but sure conditions of the welfare of humanity, made him, at the end, a defender of what may be called retrogression as opposed to progress. He lived long enough to assail almost every intelligent practical measure intended to advance the cause he really cherished in his heart.

He became, owing to the absence of clear reason as a guide to his conduct, an earnest supporter of Eyre, the Governor of the British Colony of Jamaica, on account of the "energy" he displayed in his senseless crusade of murder and massacre against the unoffending Negroes of that island, on a mere pretence of their disloyalty; and he was one of those prominent Englishmen, especially loved and honored in the free states of America, owing to the philanthropic element which inspired their many books,—who still took the Southern side in our great War of the Rebellion.

The trouble with him was that, from youth to age, his sensibilities and impulses predominated over his learning and intelligence, though as his works plainly show, he had a large share both of intelligence and learning.

His life, edited by his widow, is one of the most popular biographies which have appeared during the past fifty years; but it contains hardly a single opinion which a trained economist or statesman would admit without large qualifications.

John Stuart Mill, for example, though a radical, could never in his boyhood have gone so far in radicalism as Kingsley did in his early manhood; but Mill was both a reasoner and a reasonable being; and Kingsley's strange and sudden deviations from the logical results of his early passionate convictions must have impressed Mill with a kind of compassionate contempt. Yet Mill would have never doubted that Kingsley was as honest in the freaks of feeling which made him a Tory as in the freaks of feeling which made him a socialist.

The Lesson of His Life.

—The real lesson taught by Charles Kingsley's life is this, that he was the most impulsive, the

most inconsistent, the most passionate, and, at heart, the most conscientious of human beings. It is this fact that makes the account of his school and college life so interesting. Young students will find in it much to inspire them with a desire to emulate his virtues; but his solid virtues were so bound up with his fascinating defects that whoever emulates him must take care not to imitate in whole what is only valuable in part.

Kingsley never arrived at intellectual and moral manhood. He was a boy, a grand, a glorious boy when he first appeared as a dogmatic man, assuming to direct English thought; and a boy, a splendid boy, he remained to the last year of his life.

All his vagaries of opinion and sentiment, all the strange inconsistencies of his career, all the sense and all the nonsense which alternately shocked or attracted his contemporaries, were properly to be referred to the plain fact that he never became a mature man.

All the learning he acquired, all the experience of life he accumulated through long years, all his contacts and collisions with the minds of friends who represented the most advanced intellect of the age, never could cure him of the boyish defect of substituting impulse for intelligence, even in the consideration of those complicated problems in which intelligence should manifestly be the supreme guide and arbiter.

At Home.

His father was an excellent clergyman of the old English stamp. He was what is called a "hunting parson," a man of sound religious sentiments and principles, who did not think "following the bounds" at all disqualified him to be a preacher and an example of righteousness and a consoler of death-beds.

"Muscular Christianity" was palpably the atmosphere into which the young Kingsley was born. But a certain sense and impulse of right characterized the boy from his cradle, accompanied with that moral fastidiousness which feeds juvenile self-importance. He wrote sermons at an early age. Indeed, while his mind and character were in the process of formation, he had become infected with the moral disease of talking as if he loved everybody, and of acting as if he loved only a chosen few.

The slightest contrast of character in the boys with whom he played and studied, quickly roused his antipathies. A lover of the whole human race in the abstract, he still found hardly a companion with whom he could individually sympathize. He was a childish type of some of our modern philanthropists, whose comprehensive, benevolent feelings include all the inhabitants of America, Europe, Asia and Africa, but who practically belong to that class of conservative citizens who are most ready to call in the constable to kick a common beggar from their inhospitable door-steps.

Shy in behavior toward his fellow-students, Kingsley, as a boy, still recognized them to a certain extent;—that is, he condescended to assure them of his superiority to them all because while he was their equal in Latin and Greek, he had, before the age of eight, developed a taste for the poetical aspects of Nature, which they did not feel, and had acquired some knowledge of botany and geology, of which they knew nothing.

This conceit would have been quickly knocked out of him had he gone to one of the public schools of England; but his private tutors unconsciously

fostered it. They felt that they had to do with a boy of genius; but their management of him was not judicious.

The Rev. R. C. Powles admits that Charles, while under his care, was not popular among his school-mates. "He did not consciously snub those who knew him; but a good deal of unconscious snubbing went on; all the more resented perhaps because it was unconscious."

Up to the time he went to college his instructors, without knowing it, educated him in self-will; and when he entered Cambridge University he was soon distinguished for the recklessness with which he doubted everything which the orthodox professors believed, and the fierceness with which he threw himself into fishing, boating, hunting, driving, boxing, fencing, shooting and field sports generally.

An Under-Graduate.

He still contrived that his wildest recreations should assist him in his studies in natural history; and his quickness of apprehension enabled him to keep fairly up with his fellow-students in the classics and mathematics; but his mind, bright as it was, was in a state of anarchy during his whole university life; and the anarchy of his mind was fairly represented in the anarchy of his character.

The only thing that saved him from ruin was the force and purity of his emotional nature. He loved his father and mother, his brother and sisters, dearly. He wished to do nothing which would bring sorrow to them by bringing disgrace on him. He therefore kept himself morally upright; but of intellectual uprightness, of that fine mental conscientiousness which characterizes thinkers



CHARLES KINGSLEY.

of the first class, and which ranks a comforting sophism in the class of serious offences, he never appears to have formed an adequate idea.

It is pitiable to state that all his theological doubts were solved, not by patient thinking and investigation, not even by deep religious experience and earnest prayer, but by his early love for the young maiden who eventually became his wife.

She states that there began, when he was at the age of twenty, "his doubts about the Trinity and other important doctrines. He revolted from what seemed to him the bigotry, cruelty and quibbling of the Athanasian Creed, that very creed which, in after years, was his stronghold."

We are left to surmise that all his doubts on the most awful questions which can exercise the faculties and test the strength of a vigorous mind, were practically decided by a girl of eighteen, operating by the magnetic power of love, on the affections of a rash and "green" youth of twenty, not yet even a graduate of the university, the very conditions of admission to which he had presumptuously disregarded.

His Fascinating Qualities.

Enough has been said of the doubtful side of Kingsley's character and his career at school and college. It is pleasant to turn to its fascinating side. The boy had, first of all, courage. He never flinched from danger, he never showed any weak sensibility to pain. In the playground he never hesitated at attempting feats of skill and strength which involved the risk of broken bones.

In his thirteenth year he climbed, three or four days in succession, a high tree to take an egg from a hawk's nest. On the fifth day, it happened that

the mother hawk was in her nest. She attacked Charles both with beak and claws. He retained his self-possession, though cruelly punished for his intrusion.

An ordinary boy, thus surprised, would have dropped at once from the tree, and, perhaps, broken his neck. Kingsley came down as coolly and steadily as he had gone up, though the blood was streaming from his lacerated hands as he descended.

On another occasion, when he was troubled with a sore finger, he remembered that somebody had told him it might be cured by canterbury, and becoming his own physician, he heated a poker red-hot by the school-room fire, and calmly applied it two or three times until the cure was effected.

In his earliest boyhood days, his father was rector of a church in a fishing-town. This town (Clonelly), was something like Gloucester, in Massachusetts, as far as regards its tragedies of shipwreck. Delighting as Charles did in the wind and waves, he had early experience of the human woe which often accompanied the storms, and in after years he described some of the calamities he had witnessed as a boy, with a vividness of imaginative vision which shows how indelibly the incidents were stamped on his memory.

Thus he speaks of a vessel blown by a storm "on a slab of rock, rising slowly on every surge, to drop again with a piteous crash as the wave fell back from the cliff and dragged the roaring pebbles back with it under the coming wall of foam. You have heard of ships at the last moment crying aloud like living things in agony? I heard it then, as the stumps of her masts rocked and reeled in her, and every plank and joint strained and screamed with the dreadful tension."

And afterwards he described another scene, "when the gray columns of water-spouts came stalking across the waves before the northern gale, overwhelming the tiny herring-boats, and the beach beside the town was covered with shrieking women and old men, casting themselves on the pebbles in fruitless agonies of prayer, as corpse after corpse was swept up at the feet of wives and children."

So frequent were such calamities, that Kingsley said, a few years after, that hardly one of the playmates of his boyhood survived. "One poor little fellow's face," he writes, "starts out of the depths of memory as fresh as ever, my especial pet and birds'-nesting companion as a boy—a little, delicate, precocious, large-brained child, who might have written books some day if he had been a gentleman's son; but when his father's ship was wrecked they found him, left alone, of all the crew, just as he had been lashed to the rigging by loving and dying hands, but cold and stiff, the little soul beaten out of him by the cruel waves before it had time to show what growth there might have been in it."

Such early experiences as these must have awakened and deepened Kingsley's sympathy with his race. The intensity with which he describes them proves that they had originally impressed his imagination as well as his heart, and the imagination never forgets.

A Triumph of Energy.

It is also to be said, in respect to his university life, that the same physical energy which made him neglect his studies for fishing and field sports, was converted into mental and moral energy, when he had reason to fear that at the end of his residence in Cambridge his rank as a scholar

would be very low.

He condensed the results of studies which should have been spread over three years into six months of continuous and desperate work. He came out, in the examination for honors, first-class in classics, and "Senior opt." in mathematics; but he did all this at the expense of a strain, both on his mind and body, which at the time threatened serious consequences to his health, and which would have driven an ordinary student, who did not possess his quickness of perception, into imbecility or insanity.

"My brains," he wrote at the time he was preparing for his examination, "are in such an over-worked and be-Greeked state, that I cannot answer for always talking sense just now. . . . I read myself ill this week, and have been ordered to shut up every book till the examination, and, in fact, the last three weeks in which I had to make a rally from the violent exertion of the mathematical tripos, have been spent in agonies of pain with leeches on my head, just when I ought to have been straining every nerve."

"Violent exertion!" that is the impression which Kingsley's books and clerical work convey equally to the reader of his works and to the reader of his biography. He had no repose in that life of his—especially none of that repose which comes from continuous and comprehensive thought. He read the book of nature and the book of life by flashes of lightning, not by steady sunlight. One wonders that, after reaching what are called "the years of discretion," but which, with him, were always "years of indiscretion," some kind wife or friend had not always been ready to apply "leeches to his head," when his blood was palpably getting the mastery of his brain. His intellectual and moral life was a series of "violent exertions."

The young student, who may justly admire and strive to emulate his earnestness of spirit and kindness of heart, should also be warned to be proof against all those outbursts of sensibility which Kingsley mistook for principles.

Standard of The Cross and the Church
April 20, 1889, p. 19.

Rev. Charles Kingsley.

BY REV. S. F. HOTCHKIN.

THE broad theology of the English clergyman whose name heads this article is outlined in Riggs's "Modern Anglican Theology." A key-note is found in the following words: "A noble, holy, godly, manful, Christlike, Godlike life, bred and nourished in us by the spirit of Christ." God was near at hand to this strong writer. His "Village Sermons" made a sensation in the religious world by their freshness and directness. He used short Anglo-Saxon words in a terse way which people could understand, and brought theology down to the hearth and home. The "Good News from God" was another volume of sermons of a like character, and we do not wonder that the strong preacher, Dr. Tyng, wished that he could compose such sermons as Kingsley. Simplicity and strength characterized his writings, and there was a frank honesty, and courage, and earnest Christian faith that made them attractive and powerful; and to read them was almost like hearing the living speaker. Kingsley saw plainly the troubles and abuses of life, and delineated the wrongs needing remedy with a vigorous hand, but he was an optimist in theology, and ever took the bright side as to the relations of man to his heavenly Father, God. His novels were not written merely for the sake

the most touching ballad of the "Three Fishers," "For men must work, and women must weep, For there's little to earn, and many to keep," we see a deep sympathy with humanity in suffering and death, such as shines out in Hood's "Song of the Shirt." The term "muscular Christianity" has been used of Kingsley, but he said he did not know what was meant by the expression. Philadelphians will remember the historical address of Kingsley at the Academy of Music, when he was introduced by the Rev. Dr. Morton. Kingsley was a dear lover of nature. Like Cowper he looked "from Nature up to Nature's God." He also had a happy, gushing love for his brother man, which showed itself on all occasions. There was a ready excitement in pursuit of natural wonders, which the

reader finds contagious. His "Glaucus; or, the Wonders of the Shore," is very good, but there is another volume by this prolific writer which may serve to show the wide heart of the man. There is an almost childish enthusiasm in the title of the work referred to, which is "At Last; a Christmas in the West Indies." In the first two words we seem to hear the sigh of relief of this hard toiler, as that of a school-boy when the kite and top are to take the place of the lesson, and the school-room door is open, and vacation has come. The long desire is at length gratified. The paradise of nature, in all its rich luxuriance, is to be spread before the eyes of an attentive and devout observer. Such a man cannot go alone. He must take his readers with him, and cannot help writing for his beloved audience. He wishes them to share his joy. A ship-load of human beings is but a large family, and they soon become well ac-

of delineating a story, but for a burning purpose. The glowing pages of "Hypatia," or "Westward, Ho!" and the volumes entitled "Yeast," and "Alton Locke" were meant to teach certain views which the writer deemed important. This sturdy upholder of the rights of the people once, in a confused meeting of Chartists, gained a hearing by boldly saying: "I am a Chartist, and a clergyman of the Church of England." On the other hand, when he wrote his work on the "Hermits," while his life differed widely from that of the men whom he was describing, he showed his deep appreciation of the ascetics who wished to serve God in isolation. In

quainted. So our author quotes a good rule to begin with:

"Be to their faults a little blind,
Be to their virtues very kind."

The writings of Kingsley are full of suggestive thoughts. His scholarship was fine and his classical allusions apt; while he possessed great botanical and geological knowledge. He had also a boyish heart, which never grew old. He was great in his innocence and humility, and belonged to the child-like class whom our Lord declared to be of "the kingdom of heaven." He was a true "seer," for his eyes were ever wide open, and he saw for others as well as himself, and rejoiced in giving information; indeed, he could hardly retain it, but as a child gave a shout with every fresh natural or religious discovery.

Kingsley deemed certain West India islands, with "their exquisite little land-locked southern coves," places to live and die in—

The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

He found a cove where a Scotsman lived with a "handsome Creole wife and lovely brownish children, with no more clothes on than they could help." The sea gave them fish. The cocoanut palms afforded a small revenue. Poultry, kids and goats' milk more than supplied his needs. There were "corn and roots, sweet potatoes, yam, tania, cassava, and fruit too, all the year round. He needs nothing, owes nothing, fears nothing. News and politics are to him like the distant murmur of the surf, which is naught to him. His Bible, his almanac, and three or four old books on the shelf are his whole library." Kingsley is delighted with this specimen of happy and natural life, and asks himself, "Why do not other people copy this wise Scot?" Why should not young, refined married people live simply? "The Gentle Life?" Our author does not seem to

*A reference to Hain Triwell's work with that title.

consider what a dull life this might be when prolonged to him, or to most active and literary men; the contrast and the quiet please him. It is a day dream—a beautiful poem. He would soon have needed a telephone to London, that he might hear the beat of the heart of the world. He admires the peace and restfulness and constant summer at San Josef, but desires the telegraph cable to the islands, then expected to "hear a little more swiftly and loudly the beating of the Great Mother's heart at home." Then he thinks the place would be a "most delectable spot" to live in. Still he desires improvements in Trinidad. He thought this island, "and the whole of northern South America, ought to become some day the paradise of wood-carvers," who could copy the "numerous vegetable and animal forms around," and perhaps far surpass the old wood-carving schools of Burmah and Hindostan.

At Savanna Grande Kingsley had a strange experience. In preaching he found the stalk which sustained the pulpit bending under his weight, so that he had to speak quietly lest he should fall into the pews of the "brown ladies below." Some richly dressed Chinese ladies were also present. Loyalty to England, hatred to slavery and faith in human nature shine out in this book. Kingsley might be called "Greatheart." His interest in English history was shown in his Philadelphia lecture on Westminster Abbey. In the review articles of this many-sided man, the Puritans, Walter Raleigh and Froude's History of England find a place.

In "Leaves from Noble Lives" we have a striking description of Kingsley. The "Winter Funeral in the Country Churchyard," with the reverent crowds, and the representative from the Prince of Wales, and the poor men with uncovered heads, and the gypsies, and the huntsmen in scarlet, with "horses and hounds" without

the yard, testified their love to the dead, who loved all men.

The country parson, who was his father, was worthy of such a son. When the herring fleet was about to sail from his parish the father would take his wife and boys to the quay and "hold a short service," and sing the 121st Psalm with his fishermen, before they parted from their families on their dangerous voyage.

The Bible was Kingsley's companion in school days, as he wrote his mother. Kingsley's parish work was nobly and lovingly done, and the pursuit of natural studies and the cutting of wood varied his time of "prayer and humiliation." He was a whole man, and cared faithfully for the poor and watched by the sick and dying, and "taught in the school." The officers from Aldershot were welcome to the church at Eversley. He was seen once hatless, sitting by a "tramp outside his gate," listening patiently to his story.

In his last illness the glories of the West Indies and the Rocky Mountains and California would rise before him and he would describe them to his nurse. Such thoughts led him higher, and on one of the closing nights of his life he exclaimed, "How beautiful God is." He was at home with the navvies in a town alley, instructing them in godliness, or in a drawing-room he could command attention to his instructive conversation. Children were drawn to him. The writer of "Leaves from Noble Lives," who has afforded the facts which have just been given, closes the account of this faithful clergyman, sweet poet, philosophic writer and loving man thus: "He wrote once, 'I sometimes feel that eternity will be too short to praise God in if it was only for making us live at all. . . . What blessings we have had!' Now those blessings were for him merged in the great unknown joys of a better life, and the eternity of praise has, we think, begun for him."

Kingsley was born at Holne vicarage, Devonshire, June 12th, A.D. 1819. The Kingsley family were of Cheshire and could trace their ancestry to the Conquest. They suffered for service on the parliamentary side in the civil wars. A younger branch of the family came to America, as the *Eclectic* notes. Charles Kingsley was a pupil of Rev. Derwent Coleridge, the son of the poet. The pupil distinguished himself at Magdalen College, Oxford. In the second year of his curacy at Eversley, A.D. 1844, he became rector. He was also Canon of Middleham. His wife was a daughter of Pascoe Grenfell, Esq., M. P. Her sister was the wife of the historian, J. A. Froude. The reader is referred to Kingsley's Life and Letters, edited by Mrs. Kingsley, for further information concerning this remarkable and entertaining author.

Youth's Companion

For the Companion.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By James T. Fields.

I have known few things in the world more delightful than to meet people who have met and conversed with Sir Walter Scott. It has been my good fortune to make the acquaintance of several persons who lived near the great man and were on intimate terms with him for years. To hear them describe the delightful traits in his character, imitate the tones of his sympathetic voice and dwell upon his genius, was indeed something to delight in.

One of his old Edinburgh friends, the excellent Adam Black, told me that when Scott came stumping along the road with his cane and his dogs, and raised his cheery voice of greeting, it seemed as if his merry laugh cleared the whole air, and Nature herself rejoiced to have him abroad amid her glories. Mr. Black declared him to be the best humored man that ever lived; a man whose sympathy was always ready and whose kindness was enduring.

One of his contemporaries said it was impossible to decide whether he had the clearest head or the soundest heart in all Scotland. How they loved him on Tweed-side we may gather from his son-in-law's beautiful anecdote of the poor music-master who offered Scott all his savings when the great novelist fell into pecuniary embarrassment.

It was a thing to be remembered to hear Washington Irving discourse of Scott. To the end of his life our own charming writer of "The Sketch Book" could not speak of his friend without enthusiasm. How kind in advice the author of "Waverley" was to the timid young American when Scott received him in 1817 at Abbotsford!

People who knew him prior to the 7th of July, 1870, were unfortunate in one respect if no other, for on that day was published the first of the "Waverley" romances. A world without Scott's novel in it must have been rather a lean place to live in surely; and we can never quite estimate the dulness and vacuity of a globe

"The glorious old minstrel," said Irving, "came limping (for he was very lame) to the gate, took me by the hand, and we were friends in a moment. I cannot express to you my delight as to his character and manner. He was a sterling, golden-hearted old worthy, full of the joyousness of youth, and his deportment towards his family, his neighbors, his comets, the

which existed before that immortal story-teller was born into it.

Mr. Rufus Choate told me he well remembered seeing, when a youth, a bookseller in Salem one morning hang up a show-bill outside his shop-door, on which was printed in large letters, "This day published a New Novel, *Waverley*, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since.'" And an old lady in Philadelphia once described the intense enthusiasm the coming out of those novels produced in that city.

She said she remembered, when a child, seeing a woman rush into a shop where, in those days, they sold everything, and bearing her cry out in an excited tone: "Give me 'Peveril of the Peak' and two candles as quick as possible!"

Sir Walter Scott's boyhood has been most pleasantly described by himself and is full of interest. When only a year and a half old a fever deprived him of the use of his right leg, and he never wholly recovered from the lameness. They carried the little fellow into the country, and tried all sorts of prescribed remedies, hoping to cure the poor boy's malady.

Among other things this one he remembered, and often laughed about it in after life. Whenever a sheep was killed for the use of the family at the farm, little Walter was stripped and swathed up in the skin, warm from the animal's carcass. Then they laid him down on the parlor floor and tried to make him crawl about, in order to get strength into his damaged limb. His grandmother and grandfather were his playfellows in those early days, and used to tell their small grandson stories of Scottish heroes, grave and gay, and amuse him as best they could with old books and songs of the past. When the day was fine they carried the child out into the air and laid him down beside an old shepherd among the crags and rocks where the sheep were feeding.

By degrees the boy got strength to stand, then to walk, and then to run, but he never was wholly cured of his lameness. At Bath he lived a year for the benefit of the waters, and it was there he first learned to read at a dame's school. I think his lameness gave him many hours of leisure within doors which he might not have had if his limb had been sound. At any rate he devoured books at a rapid rate, and early became an fire for deeds of chivalry. He read with avidity everything he could lay his hands upon in the form of history and poetry, and when some odd volumes of Shakespeare first fell in his way he read the plays with a kind of rapture, sitting up half-dressed and rapidly perusing them by the light of a midnight fire when the family had retired to bed.

As he grew older a benevolent old man who owned a library recommended him to read Ossian and Spenser, and these books excited him to a wonderful degree. All this time he was a scholar in the High School of Edinburgh, getting into his head as much Latin and Greek as he had room for. Soon he became inspired by the beauties of the natural scenery on the banks of the Tweed and the Teviot, and this early worship of the beautiful in God's world never deserted him.

After he left college and his father had entered him a student at law, he began to compose legendary romances, and stirring ballads which he repeated with much applause to a knot of cronies who were never tired of listening to Watty Scott, as they called the young man.

Lane as he was, he was a great walker in those days, and frequently accomplished thirty miles a day in visiting ruins and old battle-fields. Wandering over the field of Bannockburn gave him exquisite pleasure, and he explored many an old castle with James Ramsay, his fellow law-apprentice. Sir Walter lamented all his life long that he had not studied more thoroughly the essentials of a good education, and often said he had neglected his school advantages in early youth. But during his pupillage he certainly learned many things worth knowing.

When Walter was a boy of fifteen, Robert Burns, the Bard of Scotland, came up to Edinburgh for a first visit to the capital. Young Scott would have given the world to speak with Burns, he so loved his poetry and so honored the man, and at last his great desire was gratified. Burns came to Prof. Ferguson's one day

When Scott and some half-dozen other youngsters were present. An engraving of a dead soldier in the snow, with his dog by his side, and his widow and child watching near, was handed about among the company. Under the picture were some lines descriptive of the sad scene.

Burns was so affected by the picture that he shed tears, and asked who was the author of the lines. Nobody remembered them but the boy, Walter Scott, and he whispered the author's name to a friend standing near, who informed Burns. The poet turned and looked kindly at the knowing lad, and Scott remembered that look all his life.

Walter Scott is indeed a literature in himself. His genius throws a lustre on the art of story-telling, and renders fiction a boon to the human race. His imagination had a range of eight centuries to unfold itself in, and he roamed through them with a masterful power and beauty. No good reader ever outgrows Sir Walter. Once take him to your heart and there is no parting company with him after that. In age he will be just as fresh as he was to you in childhood, and you will never tire of his delightful companionship or have a misunderstanding with him.

Lockhart's description of Sir Walter's last hours, in the year 1832, once read can never be forgotten. He says, "As I was dressing on the morning of Monday the 17th of September, Nicolson came into my room and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last stage of feebleness. . . . 'Lockhart,' he said, 'I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.'

"About half-past one, P. M., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

The Literary News, p. 135.

Lord Beaconsfield.

HIS WONDERFUL CAREER.

From the New York Herald.

Earl, Knight of the Garter, ex-Premier of England—Benjamin Disraeli, born a Jew at a time when Jews were under civil disabilities, and in turn student, dandy, littérateur and statesman, has passed away. Viewed in any light his career was as extraordinary as it was brilliant, for his qualities were not what are called solid ones, and solidity is the one quality the world looks for in the real ruler of modern England. To find such a man for six years the blindly trusted leader of a people at once so intelligent and so jealous of innovation as the English, would, no matter what his party or what his steps to power, argue the possession of some of the most masterly qualities; but to know that he was during that period not merely the idol of the Commons, but the chosen leader and champion of the Lords; the master of the proudest dukes; the patron of the aristocrats of the oldest lines in England; the special personal adviser of the Queen; the chief, in a word, of the conservatives of the British Empire, is to recognize a genius predestined to sway. Of what that genius was compounded should, in the close scrutiny of his seventy-six years of life, be well known. It has been analyzed brilliantly and unsparringly by friend and foe, but all the explanations leave something unexplained. When the best and most merciless critics have written their lines they have turned aside and declared there was a residue of mystery. He was an Oriental

With high ambitions he was capable of stern resolves, and brought a patience as great as his persistence to his aid in making for the goal. That goal, declared fifty odd years ago, was the Premiership of England, Premier with a coronet. Such a man may have belief in fatalities, but he gives adverse destiny no chance. His novel of "Vivian Grey," in which all this was outlined, saw the light when he was twenty-two. He was thirty-two before he entered Parliament, thirty-five before he would be listened to, forty-eight before he held a Cabinet office, sixty-four before he was Premier and seventy-two before he put a coronet on his brow.

Extracts from the Boston Traveller.

Benjamin Disraeli belonged to a Hebrew

without illusions in another, fervid and cynical, persevering and flippant, he came into London society more than fifty years ago. Looked at within the past few years you might see the wrinkles, the poor old curls, the old parchment hue, the stoop that years had brought, but the *geist*, the spirit of the man was the same. Fourteen years ago his career, if ended, would have been called a brilliant disappointment, so late did the grand fruition of his endeavors come to him. But at no time in his life can it be said that Disraeli was inconsistent with himself. He played baited-door with principles; he forsook and forswore; in the brilliant game he used tactics that warred with his declarations, but he ever was true to himself, to the line he had marked out. He would be novel-writer, biographer, traveller, as the event served,

sphinx, an Asian mystery; he was anything vague and mystic that would cover what lay beyond the critic's reach of definition. The panegyrist made it some luminous quality that God only gives to one man in a hundred millions, while the satirists called it a thing of mere tricks and jugglery. It will require the cold hand of history to draw forth the inner details of that remarkable life and make the picture of the man complete, but the materials are now at hand by which he can be fully outlined. It is a strange figure, looked at in any phase of his career, but it only becomes grandiose toward the close. Benjamin Disraeli, the boy, was gifted in no ordinary way. Well educated to begin with, easy in means, beautiful in person, gay and polished in manner, observant, ready in conversation, mystical in one vein,

From McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times."

family of great note in the middle ages. The connection of the Jews with Spain is well known; and the ancestors of the future British Premier were of the sufferers from Christian persecution in the fifteenth century. They quitted Spain, and settled in Venice, then the most tolerant of European nations. There they were successful; and one of their number took up his residence in England, about the middle of the last century, where, through his ability as a merchant, he rose to opulence. His only son was the celebrated Isaac Disraeli, who would have nothing to do with commerce, but devoted himself entirely to letters, in which he achieved great fame, and became, in the opinion of his more distinguished son, "a complete literary character, a man who really passed his life in his library." The son, who was a competent judge in the matter, very justly characterized the father, of whom he had drawn a very pleasing portrait, as Mr. Horace Grey, in his "Vivian Grey." Isaac Disraeli married a Jewish lady, of the name of Basevi; and Benjamin Disraeli was their eldest son. There is some obscurity over the time of his birth, and though the point has never been made perfectly clear, it is generally supposed that he was born in December, 1803. His birthplace is London. He revolted against his father's purpose to make him an attorney as determinedly as that father had revolted against his father's decree that he should become a merchant. He was devoted to literature and politics, when he was hardly more than a boy; and he was admitted into very good society. From the first his ambition early met with encouragement, as every one saw that his talents were almost equal to genius. His "Vivian Grey" appeared in 1826, or early in 1827, and it took the world by storm. His "Voyage of Captain Popanilla" was published in 1828, and is a satirical work; though it has some good points, it is not to be compared with its predecessor. In 1829-31 he travelled extensively in Southern Europe and the East. Returning to England, he gave to the world "The Young Duke," a very clever novel, which is still in favor; and which has the flavor of the time that saw Catholic Emancipation accomplished. His next work (1832) was "Contarini Fleming," and it stands alone in the catalogue of the author's productions, because of its peculiar character. "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy" and "The Rise of Iskander" appeared in 1833. "Henrietta Temple," which is generally held the best of his love stories, dates from 1836, and "Venetia" from 1837. He wrote and published much, politically, while engaged on the novels named. In 1844 he published "Coningsby; or, The New Generation," which was a sort of Bible for the white-waistcoated of Old England. It is a very striking work, better even than "Sybil; or, The Two Nations," which appeared in 1845; but most of the characters in the latter work are of a higher order than most of those in "Coningsby." His "Ixion in Heaven" belongs to 1847, but it never commanded much attention. It was, we think, written years earlier (1833). "Tancred; or, The New Crusade," also published in 1847, had a better reception. Queen Victoria elevated Mr. Disraeli to the peerage (1876), and for some years he has been known as Earl of Beaconsfield, a title that had been intended for Edmund Burke, fourscore years earlier. It is a title, too, favorably regarded by its late bearer, for he bestowed it upon one of his characters in "Vivian Grey." His "Lothair" was published (1870) early in the interval between his first Ministry and his return to office in 1874. "Endymion," his last novel, appeared at the close of 1880. Of his graver works, his "Memoir of Lord George Bentinck" is the best.

Mr. Disraeli's novels belong in some measure to the school of "Pelham" and "Godolphin." But it should be said that Mr. Disraeli's "Vivian Grey" was published before "Pelham" made its appearance. In all that belongs to political life Mr. Disraeli's novels are far superior to those of Lord Lytton. We have nothing in our literature to compare with some of the best of Mr. Disraeli's novels for light political satire, and for easy, accurate characterization of political cliques and personages. But all else in Disraeli's novels is sham. The sentiment, the poetry, the philosophy—all these are sham. They have not half the appearance of reality about them that Lytton has contrived to give to his efforts of the same kind. In one, at least, of Disraeli's latest novels the political sketches and satirizing became sham also.

George Eliot's Portrait.

C. Kegan Paul, in *Harper's for May*.

In more than one striking passage in his novels Mr. Hardy has recognized the fact that the beauty of the future, as the race is more developed in intellect, cannot be the ideal physical beauty of the past; and in one of the most remarkable he says that "ideal physical beauty is incompatible with mental development and a full recognition of the coil of things. Mental luminousness must be fed with the oil of life, even though there is already a physical need for it." And this was the case with George Eliot. The face was one of a group of four, not all equally like each other, but all of the same spiritual family, and with a curious interdependence of likeness. These four are Dante, Savonarola, Cardinal Newman, and herself. We only know one such other group, and that consisting of three only. It is that formed of the traditional head of Christ (the well-known profile on a coin), Shakespeare, and St. Ignatius Loyola.

In the group of which George Eliot was one there is the same straight wall of brow; the droop of the powerful nose; mobile lips, touched with strong passion kept resolutely under control; a square jaw, which would make the face stern were it not counteracted by the sweet smile of lip and eye. We can hardly hope that posterity will ever know her from likenesses as those who had the honor of her acquaintance knew her in life. Only some world's artist could have handed her down as she lived, as Bellini has handed down the Doge whom we all know so well on the walls of the National Gallery. The two or three portraits that exist, though valuable, give but a very imperfect presentment. The mere shape of the head would be the despair of any painter. It was so grand and massive that it would scarcely be possible to represent it without giving the idea of disproportion to the frame, of which no one ever thought for a moment when they saw her, although it was a surprise, when she stood up, to see that, after all, she was but a little fragile woman who bore this weight of brow and brain.

MEN'S WIVES.—One may smile respectfully at what Carlyle says of his "Jeanie." But remembering Mill's similar wife-worship, it is a slight shock to one's feelings to read Carlyle's disparaging allusions to his friend's bride. It would be interesting to know *en revanche* what Mill thought of Mrs. Carlyle. — *Scribner for May*.

CARLYLE AND LAMB.—Precisely why Carlyle thought so ill of Lamb is thus explained. The two

TENNYSON'S DEPARTMENT. — A charming story concerning the poet Laureate comes from the Isle of Wight. A popular dancing-master there, who had taught the young Tennysons, was one day crossing to the mainland in the same boat with their mother. After a little talk, during which the Professor dismally referred to the success of Mr. Tennyson's poems, this true artist mournfully shook his head for a space and at last uttered his sad thought, "Ah, Madam," said he to the wondering Mrs. Tennyson, "he may be a very fine poet, but I grieve to say that any one with an eye can see that his deportment was shamefully neglected in his youth!" — *N. Y. Tribune*.

"In sounding great Wellington's praise,
Dizzy's grief and his truth both appear;
For a flood of great Thiers he lets fall,
Which were certainly meant for Saint-Cyr."
— *The American*.

were once members of a party who were taken to see a pair of exceptionally fine game-fowls. Carlyle, in his high moral manner, began to improve the occasion by expatiating upon the lessons to be learned from the birds. At last poor stammering Lamb broke in "P-p-p-perhaps you're a p-p-p-poulteret?" *Hinc ille lacrymæ!* — *Boston Traveller*.

DISRAELI AND WELLINGTON.—None of the obituaries mention the story of Mr. Disraeli's panegyric on the Duke of Wellington, which proved to have been cribbed from Thiers' article, in a French review, on Marshal Gouvion de Saint-Cyr. A neat epigram on the affair appeared in *The Examiner*:

